



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.

WALHALLA, SOUTH CAROLINA, THURSDAY, AUGUST 5, 1880.

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At the Pasturo Bars.

Returning lonely from the field
She met me at the pasturo bars;
The moon was like a golden shield,
The firmament was lit with stars.

As morning dawned, her face was mild;
As evening, so her limpid eyes,
God never gave a sweeter child
For weary man to idolize.

So winsome seemed her artless mirth,
Her soft caress and ardent kiss,
I thought, all delights of earth,
The angels surely covet this.

I know they mean to do no ill;
But when they love they lure away,
Good angels, love her as ye will,
But leave her with me, while I stay.

Just as she is; for I would set
The hand of time behind an hour
If that would say a little yet,
The bud from blooming to the flower.

And when at length we homeward went
The fragrant azure shone so clear—
The great familiar firmament,
I thought, had never seemed so near—

So near, the moon above the trees
An airy globe of silver swang,
And in the dewy tops of these
The stars in mellow clusters hung—

So near that I could scarce forgo
The thought that one who languing waits
Might hear a whisper, sweet and low,
Across the golden portaled gates.

Communicated.

A Trip to the Methodist District Conference and Return via Pendleton, Townville, &c.

On the morning of the 22d of July two of the citizens of Walhalla started en route for Central, a little town on the Air Line Railway, about five miles North of Pendleton. As one of said visitors has an unquenchable repugnance to breaking the morning rest, out of regard to his comfort, the other visitor proposed horse and buggy as means of travel instead of railroad. This proposition was most heartily accepted, and accordingly at 8 A. M. on said day we began our journey. The clouds were dark and lowering and for the first two hours we were exposed to occasional showers.

As we were passing friend McElroy's we were hailed by some friends from Laurens, who are seeking a retreat from the hot suns of a lower latitude. They represent the crops of corn and cotton in Laurens as promising a fair average yield; some sections of the county as suffering for the want of rain up to the time of their leaving home; but the supposition is that all parts of our county were refreshed with abundant rain on Wednesday and Thursday last. It was somewhat remarkable that our friends from Laurens, in telling us the news, would not confine themselves to health, crops and the like, but would talk more about Laurens politics than anything else. So enthused are all the citizens upon the subject of the coming elections that it makes up a great part of their conversation. There is an unusual excitement all over the county of Laurens with regard to what is called the liquor question. The candidates seeking the nomination at the primary election are divided upon this question, and the consequence is that there is not only a division in the voting population, but every man, woman and child takes the one side or the other—license and anti-license. It is to be hoped that this unusual excitement is an index of a moral revolution going on in the minds of the people which will result in moral progress.

We were soon reminded by passing time we must hasten on if we reached our proposed destination that day. So on we went without further halt, until we reached Seneca City, where we spent a few minutes in conversation with the Rev. J. J. Neville, who, by the way, is so improved in health that he is now making arrangements to re-join the Conference and report himself ready for active work as a minister. This we know will be good news to his many friends.

Nearly all the growing crops from Walhalla to Seneca is that of cotton. What this means we can not tell, but one thing is certain, that this crop is very promising. From Seneca we followed the public road running side by side with the Air Line Railway until near the Seneca River. We crossed the River on Ravenell's Bridge, which, if we are judges, is a fine piece of substantial workmanship. On either side of the river is a splendid growth of corn. One of our party having some taste and considerable experience in the farming business, greatly admired the mode of culture to which these river side crops have been subjected, especially that on the East-

We passed in sight of Fort Hill and were surprised to learn that an effort had been made by the present occupant to have the remains of Carolina's illustrious statesman (John Caldwell Calhoun) removed to this place. Why this was attempted we cannot tell. Enough to say that the attempt proved a failure, and doubtless the ashes of our beloved Calhoun will remain in their sacred deposit in the City by the Sea, until the last "great day." The name, fame and remains of Calhoun are the property of South Carolina, and certainly should not be at the disposal of any man, however nearly related to the deceased.

We drew up at the gate of Mr. Jos. Crawford, in order to make enquiries as to the way to Central. Mr. C. met us and gave us a cordial invitation to tarry with him until evening. We accepted the proffered hospitality, but were sorry to find the family greatly troubled by a distressing event which had occurred about two hours prior to our arrival. A young man, Master Sloan Crawford, while out sporting with his gun was bitten on the hand by a poisonous snake, known in this part of the country as the rattlesnake's pilot. Two physicians from Pendleton were summoned and by their prompt attention and prescriptions the circulation of the poison was counteracted and when last heard from the young man was convalescent. Mr. C. is a prominent and successful farmer. No one can pass his place on the river without being attracted by the evidences of neatness and system that present themselves on every hand, and one interesting scene among many others, was the fine herds of cattle grazing on the rich pasture by the way. Judging from appearances Mr. Crawford is certainly deserving of the title, "the model farmer." Would that many of the young men of our country were imbued with his spirit, and would give themselves to a practical, intelligent culture of those marketable crops which our soil is capable of yielding. What we need, in order to the redemption and prosperity of our country, is educated farmers; men who will bring the powers of well cultivated minds to bear in devising and putting into successful execution systems of farm labor. Such men are powerful factors in the development and prosperity of the land.

After enjoying the hospitality of Mr. C. we started for Mt. Zion Church, near Central, where the sessions of the District Conference were held. At this place we drew up late in the afternoon. The singing of the doxology within reminded us that we need not loose our jaded steed, as the hour for adjournment was at hand. We were soon met by a committeeman, who assigned us to a place, which was to be our home during the sessions of Conference. This was the home of a good Baptist brother, Mr. T. Martin, an intelligent and prospering farmer. By the way, he has several promising sons and promises to become a patron of Adger College. We did not attend the services the first night (Thursday), as our quarters were too far distant for walking, and we were too merciful to the faithful horse who had brought us thus far to put an extra tax on him. So we spent the evening in conversation with our most generous host, who impressed us most favorably as to his intelligence and worth to the community in which he resides.

On the second morning of the Conference we were on hand at roll call, and as one of our party belongs to a different branch of the church, he was conducted, in accordance with a ceremony peculiar to the M. B. Church, to the presiding officer and formally introduced to the Conference.

The chief business of the Conference is first to hear reports from the various circuits. These reports embrace all matters of essential interest to the church; the spiritual status and progress of the several congregations; the finances, including ministerial support and contributions made by each circuit and station to all the benevolent schemes embraced in the operations of the church. It indeed was interesting to listen to these reports, and hear the comments frequently made by the presiding officer, by way of commendation, encouragement and exhortation to renewed diligence and perseverance on the part of the ministry. These reports in the aggregate showed a healthy religious state throughout the District. By the way, the report from the Walhalla Circuit showed quite an improved and hopeful state of things. The writer could not but be impressed while listening at the reports of the brethren what a great though silent and unseen work was going on throughout this Piedmont country. He thought of these brethren before him in their different fields of labor, daily moving to every point of the compass, carrying the "glad tidings" into every nook and corner of this mountain region, reaching out to every place where man has pitched his tent.

along the track of these way worn, patient laborers, the "Rose of Sharon" and the prayer would spontaneously rise that they would continue to go forth and sow in all places and by all waters until all this wilderness region should blossom with the rose. What an enduring work is being done by these patient, self-denying servants of God. What would our land be without their work?

There was a sermon every day at 11 A. M. It was our privilege to hear two of these, one by Rev. England, on Friday, and one by Rev. Coke Smith, on Saturday. The writer felt that he was more than paid for his visit to the Conference by his enjoyment in listening to these sermons, especially the latter.

We would like to give a pen sketch of all the members of Conference, both lay and clergy, but for this we have not time and you have not space. We regret that our engagements were such that we were compelled to leave the Conference early on the afternoon of Saturday. The most interesting time doubtless was occasioned by the discussion elicited by reports of committees, especially that of education. But duty called and we had to bow to its mandates and turn our backs on the Conference where we had spent two days most pleasantly and our faces toward Townville, where we were due Sabbath at 10 1/2 A. M.

We spent Saturday night at the hospitable residence of Maj. Benj. Sloan, who is now in Columbia, attending to preliminary matters connected with his professorship in the State University.

On Sabbath morning we listened to a forcible and eloquent sermon preached by Rev. A. W. Moore in the Presbyterian Church at Townville.

After enjoying the hospitality of Captain Frank Sitton, we returned to our homes via Seneca, without further incident worthy of note. VIATOR.

The Mustard Seed that Developed a Thriving City.

SPRINGFIELD, O., July 27.—It was my good fortune "to step over" at this point in the course of a tiresome journey to cooler latitudes. I say good fortune because the visit gave me an opportunity to look at a town that owes its prosperity and rich promise solely to its own industry. The town is something over seventy years old, but down to its fiftieth year it had no ambition, or if it had any, it was of that vague and dreamy sort that plans but never executes. It was simply a comfortable county town in a fertile section. It very gradually grew, as trading points and courthouses sites do grow, until at the end of fifty years it contained perhaps five thousand people. It was not even strong enough to attract railroads. The English capitalists that built the long road which connects Cincinnati with the oil regions, would not deflect their line two miles in an open level country to touch its limits. They considered a little depot out among the surrounding farms sufficient.

But all this has been changed. The sleepy country town has become a wealthy, prosperous city, railroad lines have been built for its especial use, and the managers of all near at hand roads are glad to place tracks at the very doors of the crowded warehouses. The village population has increased to twenty three thousand, and the activity in building is not exceeded in the State. Another decade will surely double, and it may treble, its population. And all this remarkable prosperity, present and to come, has overtaken a town that has no stream as large as peachtree Creek, no available water power at all, that is eighty miles distant from iron or coal mines, and that was not naturally placed in the stream of travel or traffic.

The story of its rise and progress is very plain and simple. About twenty years ago a very verdant and unginally laid came to the Sleepy Hollow from a neighboring farm with his clear head full of an ideal reaper. He had no money, no powerful friends, but he had found a kindred spirit in a local carpenter, who was both a popular man and an excellent workman. The partner had no money, but the two struggled along together in a very insecure way, making during the year a dozen or so machines. They called them from the start "Champion," so great was their faith in the work. About this time one of Springfield's earliest gold seekers returned from California, with five thousand dollars in his pocket. He saw the Champion machines, and either sympathy for or faith in its two plucky manufacturers, led him to put his entire fortune into the venture. This made up the firm as it stands to day. The rest of the story is briefly told. Shop after shop was added to the business, until thirteen acres of floor were in use, and as I write another shop is going up, the outer walls which are to be one mile in length. I do not know how many men are employed in these vast buildings. I know that one shop which is as large as the Atlanta cotton factory is devoted exclusively to the making of the bars and knives, that another still larger is employed in the manufacture of its malleable iron, that the yearly product of the Champion factories is between 40,000 and 50,000 machines, the value of which is about eight million dollars. Need I add that the green lad from the country, the village carpenter and the enterprising forty-niner live in palaces? Even their

foremen do that, and very many of their mechanics are handsomely housed.

But this is not all: Successful factories invariably breed other factories. Grain drills are now manufactured in happy, smiling Springfield at the rate of 10,000 a year. Among her other products are horse powers, separators, cultivators, cider mills, horse rakes and hominy mills. Nor should I forget to mention her heating furnaces, the Lefell turbine water wheel or her sewing machines. So extensive are the products of the city that its fame has become world wide, and the very name of the town on a machine or implement is a guarantee of merit. Its products are sent in large quantities to distant Australia, to critical Germany, to slothful South America. The hum of its reapers is heard on the steppes of Russia and the plains of Dakota. The seed that pours through its drill changes the monetary condition of the world, and the apples that are crushed in its cider mills upset the equilibrium, I fear of thousands of sovereigns.

Congressional Nominations.

As no nominations for Congress have yet been made in this State, we should like to see the experiment of selecting a candidate by a primary election tried. This mode of nomination possesses several attractive features, which will, in our opinion, amply repay for the slight inconvenience it will occasion. By this system the most popular, and hence the most acceptable man in the district will be put forward for election. It gives a freer canvass of the merits and demerits of any aspirant, and the question is decided by a greater number of people than by the Convention, and therefore the decision is apt to be more impartial, and is more sure to condemn an improper aspirant. The greatest advantage, however, we think is to be derived from bringing members of Congress face to face once in every two years with their immediate constituents, which will keep them in harmony with their party, and prevent the new departures which erratic statesmen who feel over-secure in their seats sometimes indulge. By this necessity to please the ordinary voters they would study the wants and condition of their constituents to better advantage by personal observation and association during the canvass for the nomination, and could render more efficient service after election. We are willing to try this plan in the Third District with the three gentlemen who have been spoken of for the nomination. It will be fair to all of them, and we know that we fully express the feeling of Col. Orr, who is the preference of this and at least two or three other Counties for the position, when we say that he does not desire the nomination unless he is the choice of the majority of the Democratic voters of the District, and we presume it is also the case of the other gentlemen named for the nomination. It would give to Col. Aiken the opportunity to face his constituents and render an account of his stewardship, thus giving to him the advantage of an intelligent review, and at the same time affording the opportunity for such open and fair criticism as is healthful and proper. It will give an equal chance to all, and allow the people to render their own verdict, after seeing and hearing all the candidates, their opinions and the objections to them. We are, therefore, highly in favor of referring the Congressional nominations generally, and in this District particularly, to a primary election. It will be fair to all—fair to none—and the result will be satisfactory to the friends of all parties.—Anderson Intelligencer.

The Code in South Carolina.

It looks as though the blood of Colonel Shannon, the last South Carolinian who fell in a duel, had not been shed in vain. Any fatal duel involves murder, but this was a murder so black and so wanton, in view of the character of the deceased and the trumped up issue upon which he was made to fight, that public opinion even in South Carolina could not be blinded to its enormity, and the consequence is a discussion upon the whole subject of dueling which must be most salutary in its results. The *News and Courier* deserves the highest praise for its efforts to set the code of false honor before the people in the proper light. Before the Cash-Shannon murder that journal had begun the good work by calling for the organization of anti-dueling societies, and it now uses the old arguments with a fresh and powerful illustration of a form of wickedness which it justly denounces as a relic of barbarism and a curse to the South. The *News and Courier* is called to account by a son of the Shannon murderer, but the editor treats with contempt and defiance his demand that adverse criticism must "cease from date." More significant, however, is the publication of a letter from Senator Butler, in which he says that while in former days the most punctilious decorum and chivalric courtesy distinguished the conduct of gentlemen in "affairs of honor," and grounded in correspondence was a brand of cowardice, now the swash-buckler style seems to be fashionable, and "it is about time we are finding out where we are and whether border ruffianism is to govern this country or civilized institutions shall be maintained." From such a source this means a good deal. There was a time when a Senator from South Carolina would not have dared speak so contemptuously of an "affair of honor." General Butler does himself honor in the new departure. If his words are sustained by example he can do much to bring about a better order of things. It is safe to say that if Hampton and Butler and the *News and Courier* would organize themselves into an anti dueling league there would be no more dueling in South Carolina. [Philadelphia Times.]

The Crime of '76.

NEW YORK, July 28.—The Democratic campaign in this state was formally opened to night by a very largely attended ratification meeting at the Academy of Music, over which Hon. Samuel J. Tilden presided. Mr. Tilden was enthusiastically applauded, and in taking the chair said: "I thank you, my fellow citizens, for the cordiality of this greeting. I have come down this evening from my country home to join with you in expressing and declaring the purpose of the Democrats of New York to sustain the nomination of Hancock. I have come under the stipulation of my constituents, that in consequence of my hoarseness of voice I shall not be expected to make a speech. What I have to say, therefore, will be but briefly to touch upon two points. The welfare of the people of the United States demands a change in the administration of the Federal Government. Reform is necessary to remove the abuses which have grown up during twenty years of continuous power, profligate of false principles and bad counsel. The Republican party, stifling its conscience, has made itself responsible for the intrusion, under color of law, into the chief magistracy of our great republic of 50,000,000 of people of a man who was not elected by the people. They have set an example which, unless condemned by the people, and signally condemned, too, will subvert the elective system of the government of which we are so proud and substitute in its place the rule and dynasty of office holders holding over against the will of the people. The complete overthrow of the Republican party in the election of 1880 will be retributive judgment and will prevent the repetition hereafter of the crime of '76 against the sovereignty of the people. I congratulate you upon the nomination, I congratulate you upon the auspicious prospects of success I see in every quarter and now we will proceed to the order of business of the meeting."

Here Mr. Tilden sat down, and the applause was loud and long continued. During his brief address he was frequently cheered.

In the Harvest Field.

Governor Brown on his way to Canton a few days ago, remarked to some men who were near Canton, "That is the field, gentlemen, that I was tying wheat in the day I was first nominated as Governor of Georgia," pointing out a field lying along Town Creek. "I was then Judge of the Blue Ridge Circuit," he continued, "and I came home one day and after dinner I went to this field to see how my hands were getting along with their work. I had four men outting wheat with common cradles and the binders were very much behind, and I pulled off my coat and pitched in about half after two o'clock P. M., on the 15th of June, 1857. The weather was very warm, but I ordered my binders to keep up with me, and I tell you it made me sweat, but I pushed my binders all the evening. About sundown I went home, and was shaving myself and preparing to wash myself for supper, when Col. Samuel Weil, now an attorney in Atlanta, then living in Canton, rode up rapidly to my house. He came in and said to me excitedly: 'Judge, guess who is nominated for Governor at Milledgeville?' I had no idea that I was the man, but I thought from what I had heard that John E. Word was the most prominent man, so I guessed him. 'No,' said Col. Weil, 'it is Joseph E. Brown, of Cherokee.' Col. Weil was in Marietta when the telegram came announcing my nomination. I subsequently ascertained that the nomination had been made about three o'clock that day, and at the very time I was tying wheat in this field. They say in Canton that two or three men have been trying to buy this field lately. They want to sow it in wheat year after next."

In Philadelphia the other day, a colored Democrat was driven away from the polls by a colored Republican. In the South this would have been called intimidation. In Philadelphia it is called suppressing a rowdy.

Remember thy Creator in the days of thy youth.

LEARNING TO SEW.—To be handy with the needle, is one of the sterling accomplishments of every educated woman. To be able to take the "stitch in time," is worth all the time and trouble that are required to learn the art. Like walking, reading and the many other things which we come to do without special thought, the learning to sew is a slow process, and should be begun while the child is quite young. The girl should not only have the use of the thread, needles, and patchwork, but be instructed how to take the stitches, turn the corners, and do the various things connected with needle work. We are not excluding the boys in our remarks, because they should learn to thread a needle and do general sewing. Men are sometimes so situated that they must depend upon themselves for their necessary sewing. Even if it is an age of sewing machines, it is best that all children should learn to use the simple, common, old-fashioned kind, which can never be wholly superseded. The amusement and occupation that sewing furnishes little folks, afford sufficient reason why mothers should see that their girls and boys, too, learn to sew—but the very practical use of the needle in after life, is the principal thing after all.

A Southern Republican at present on the fence, gives what he calls his judgment of the political result in South Carolina thus: "The extent of the Democratic majority is very doubtful. If Hampton keeps off the stump in South Carolina, as he should do, the State will go Democratic by about thirty thousand majority. If he opens the campaign by himself, as it is said he proposes to do, and goes among the colored people, Hancock will carry it at least by one hundred thousand majority. That is too much. Let it stay at the first figure and let Hampton go to New York and Pennsylvania, where I understand he is to be invited. He is not needed in South Carolina, but will, I think, be welcomed and liked in those States. Pennsylvania especially learned to appreciate the gallantry of Hancock and knows that brave men are good men."

THE CAUSE OF TEMPERANCE.—An interesting meeting of the Ladies' Temperance Union was held over Bee's book store, at 6 o'clock yesterday evening. Very encouraging progress has been made during the past week by the earnest workers of this excellent association, and many new names secured to the petition against the sale of whiskey in this city. It may be interesting in this connection to say that during the past year \$95,000,000 were spent in the United States for schools and \$800,000,000 for liquor. There were 145,000 schools and 160,000 bar rooms. [Charleston News and Courier.]

A Washington telegram says that President Hayes has assigned Maj. Gen. W. S. Hancock, in addition to his present duties, to the command of the Department of the South during the absence of Brigadier Gen. C. C. Augur, who has been ordered to duty in Washington city. What does it mean? It looks to us as if it was a Radical trick to place Gen. Hancock in an embarrassing position, and force his resignation from the army.

CUCUMBER PICKLES.—Put 500 cucumbers in a tub with four quarts of salt; cover with boiling water and let stand 24 hours; take them from the brine and put them in jars with three dozen onions and eight peppers; cover with boiling vinegar, in which you have put two tablespoonfuls of cloves, allspice and cinnamon, a lump of alum the size of an egg, and one pound of brown sugar.

FIRE AT ABBEVILLE.—The residence of Colonel Robertson, at Abbeville, one of the finest and handsomest private houses in the town, was destroyed by fire early yesterday morning. The building is well known as the former residence of Colonel Foster Marshall. The fire spread so rapidly that much of Colonel Robertson's and Major Burr's furniture was destroyed. The insurance is only \$4,000.

A handsome show case composed of glass and South Carolina pine and walnut has been placed in Commissioner Butler's office and filled with specimens of marble, phosphate rock and mineral specimens gathered in this State. [Columbia Register.]

CURE FOR CATARRH.—Squeeze the juice of an onion into a wide necked bottle, and inhale through the nostrils. This is said to be an infallible remedy for catarrh, and it is so simple and inexpensive that one can easily give it a trial.

The population of Charleston is now 24,005 whites and 25,991 colored, against 22,749 whites and 26,207 colored in 1870. The voting population is 5,629 white and 5,943 colored.

If you are caught in a mean act own it