The Dillon Herald

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THE SAME OLD CATCH PHRASES

This early in the game—12 months before the 1922 primary—men who aspire to the governorship are at the same old game—harping on lower taxes. Next summer they will be as plentiful as hops on a Pennsylvania farm and you will hear them shouting from the house-tops, "Elect me and I'll lower your taxes!"

At the first political meeting we ever attended some 33 years ago we heard the same cry, and every political meeting we have attended since that time we have heard the cry repeated over and over. In the meantime the taxes on visible property have gone higher and higher.

The candidate for governor or any other state office who goes before the people and raises the "high tax" cry and tells them if they will elect him he will lower their taxes is the very man who should be left at home. He is misleading the people before he gets into office and he will fool them after he gets there. No individual or group of individuals for that matter can bring about reform. It is too big a task. It is an improvement that must have the support of the people themselves, and without that support the most earnest efforts for tax reform must fail.

North Carolina has an ideal tax law—a law that has equalized taxes, reduced assessments on real and other visible property, and placed the burden of taxation where it properly belongs. We use the word "burden," but it is not a burden. The taxes in that state have been so equalized that taxation is no longer a burden. It has lifted the burden from the shoulders of the people.

But before we can adopt North Carolina's tax law we must elect to the general assembly men who will work for the equalization of taxes — men who will pledge themselves to do all in their power to bring about the equalization of taxes—not men whose only song on the campaign is "We must have lower taxes and if you will elect me I will see that you get them!" We have heard too much of that kind of stuff.

It is there that the beginning must be. The demand must come from the people themselves. The banker, the merchant, the manufacturer are carrying the tax burden and the power to equalize taxes is in their hands.

They have a majority vote and in the next primary they should let it be understood that only red-blooded men of courage and independence are wanted — not peanut politicians who, the moment they are elected to the legislature, have visions of the white house. They should let it be understood that the people are tired of the gallery stuff; that we don't care a hang how many cur dogs there are in the state; that we don't care a continental even if there is too much sulpher and not enough carbon in the steam coal the railroads use; that the question as to how the 54 working hours in cotton mills should be distributed over the week is something that should be settled between the cotton mills and their operatives.

The tax problem is the biggest problem South Carolina has ever had, yet for session after session the members of the general assembly have apparently side-tracked this big measure, have shied away from many good bills that would have equalized taxes by taxing the many instead of the few, while useless measures have had the right-of-way.

When we send to the general assembly men who go there for the sole purpose of working unselfishly for the good of the state, with no thought of what effect will my vote on this or that measure have on my political future, then and not until then will we begin to have some progressive legislation; men of such courage and independence that if a measure is progressive and he is a man of progressive ideas and knows it is a good and just law and will benefit his constituents, although they may not be progressive enough at the time to see it, that he will cast his vote for it even though he knows it means his defeat in the next primary.

We do not mean by this that every member of the South Carolina general assembly is a weakling who is so afraid of the political bosses back home that he will not do his duty as he sees it, regardless of the effect on his political future. There are lots of good and fearless men in the South Carolina general assembly, but when you compare South Carolina to the more progressive states of the union you are forced to the conclusion that the non-progressive element in our general assembly is in the majority.

Begin on the general assembly. Vote only for the man who pledges himself to help in the work of equalizing taxes by adopting an income tax law, an inheritance tax law and an occupation tax law. The adoption of these laws will provide additional revenue and lower the tax on visible property.

But in the meantime don't be misled by the candidate for governor who tells you that if you will elect him he will lower your taxes or reform your tax laws. He is either a knave or he takes you for a fool. There is not in the whole state of South Carolina a man who can go into the governor's office and without the assistance of the general assembly raise or lower taxes one iota. There is not in the whole state a man who has a personal or political following large enough or strong enough to do it. Ben Tillman had the strongest personal and political following of any man who ever sat in the governor's chair, with the possible exception of Wade Hampton, and Ben Tillman was not strong enough or big enough to change the tax laws without the help of a majority of the members of the general assembly.

The average governor can help so far as individual help goes; if he is a good and just man who has the confidence of the people he may be able to influence some of his personal friends and followers to vote his way, but when it comes to voting he has less power than the humblest member of the general assembly. He cannot participate in the floor debates of either house and he cannot cast a vote. He has the privilege of sitting on the "side lines" like any other ordinary citizen, but he cannot, except in transmitting a message to the general assembly, express his views on any measure that comes before that body.

So don't be fooled and bamboozled by any candidate for governor who shouts from the house tops that "if you will elect me I will lower your taxes and run the state on a different system." His duties are to carry out the laws—not make them—and he is powerless without legislative authority to raise or lower taxes or put into effect any reforms that he thinks will be of benefit to the people.

The beginning must be made on the members of the general assembly, and if you sincerely desire to see taxes lowered and equalized and other reforms brought about vote for the man who in your judgment has the courage to go to Columbia and do his duty, regardless of the effect his course will have on his political future.

STORIES OF OUR SOUTHLAND.

Gen. Robert Toombs, the Unreconstructed Rebel.

(By T. Larry Gantt.)

Men who are most blatant in advocacy of involving their country in war, when the hour of danger arrives, are invariably found holding some bomb-proof position and have also taken care to keep their own sons outside the danger zone, and require men who had no hand whatever in provoking hostilities to do the fighting.

But there are exceptions to all rules, and Gen. Robert Toombs, of Georgia, was an exception to the above named class of skulkers. Long before even South Carolina seceded he was a rampant secessionist, and while in congress nothing delighted him more than to defy and enrage the members from New England. They never forgave Toombs for declaring that he intended some day to stand on the summit of Bunker Hill monument and call the roll of his slaves; and after the surrender he was hated by the North next to Jefferson Davis, and great efforts made to capture him.

And the father of Mr. Davis and Bob Toombs are of the same county, Wilkes. This is one of the most interesting spots in Georgia or the South and rich in historic interest. In Wilkes was fought the battle of Kettle Creek and which turned the tide in favor of the struggling colonists. Here the wagon train, following Mr. Davis and carrying the gold and silver belonging to the Confederacy and the Richmond banks, while encamped at night, near the town of Danburg, was raided and looted by disbanded Confederate soldiers as the Federal troops were in close pursuit and would have captured it. And in Washington, the county town of Wilkes, Jefferson Davis and his cabinet held their last meeting, the Southern Confederacy was disbanded and Mr. Davis, with his family and a few tried and true friends, began his journey to the seaboard, to be captured while encamped at night in a pine forest near Irwinton, Ga. So it was almost within a stone's throw of Tombs, whose overpowering eloquence did so much to bring on the war, that the sun of our Lost Cause set and that stainless banner, the Stars and Bars, sanctified with the blood of the chivalry of our Southland was furled forever.

Gen. Ben Heard, who owned that historic house (since demolished) and was present at that last meeting, showed me this room and had marked the spot where Mr. Davis chair stood. It was a handsome, old style, three-story brick building, and that last sad meeting was held on the upper floor. I have also visited the scene of Mr. Davis' capture and noted the bullet-scarrerd pines. These spots to me seemed hallowed ground. There is not one word of truth in the published story that Mr. Davis had on a woman's dress when captured. He had retired and had donned his night robe as had always been his custom.

But I am wandering from my subject. When war was declared, Bob Toombs was among the first to enlist and fought valiantly until the surrender of Lee at Appomattox.

I did not know Gen. Toombs personally until he was in the decline of life, but he was then a remarkably handsome man, and would be singled out in any assembly. We lived in adjoining counties, and Gen. Toombs being an eminent lawyer attended court twice every year, besides being a frequent visitor to my town of Lexington.

In his younger days Toombs is said to have been one of the handsomest men of his day, with erect and imposing stature. To Lee and his army as a cavalry commander Toombs was what Prince Rupert was to Charles I and Murat to Bonaparte—undaunted courage combined with dash and a most picturesque bearing.

He was one of the most eloquent and convincing speakers his state ever produced, and in defense of a cause he believed to be right and facing an antagonist his words were charged with vitriol and fairly blistered the party assailed. The severest arraignment of a public man was at what is known as the "Brush Arbor Meeting" in Atlanta where Toombs denounced Gov. Joesph E. Brown, who had joined the Republican party and was rewarded with high office. He closed his denunciation with the words, "He rots as he rises and he rises as he rots."

Gen. Toombs was intensely Southern and his devotion to his country and its cause amounted almost to fanaticism. His spirit was unyielding, uncompromising and unconquerable. Had Toombs the power he would have continued the war so long as a man was left to pull a trigger and he would have died in the last ditch with them. He refused to take the oath of allegiance and died as he had lived an unreconstructed rebel. He refused to accept a pardon when tendered by President Grant who was at West Point with Bob Toombs and was his friend and admirer. He told Grant he had done nothing to be pardoned for and was ready to try it over the first chance.

After Gen. Toombs' visit to Washington, he was asked if he met the president?

"Certainly," replied Toombs, "I always call on the chief of police when I hit a town, for I don't know when I'll get in trouble. Grant tried to get me to take the oath of allegiance," continued the general, "but I told him that I'd boil down hell to a pint and drink it before I'd swallow the d—d thing."

When Gen. Toombs visited Lexington a chair was always placed for him on the sidewalk in front of the Roane house, which he took and was surrounded by every one on the street to ask the general questions on current matters and hear him talk. During the big fire in Chicago Toombs was occupying that seat. A newcomer, after shaking hands with Toombs, asked, "Well, general, whats the latest news?"

"Glorious news!" replied Gen. Toombs. "Chicago is burning like hell and the wind is still in our favor!"

Because H. L. Kimball with Republican money began rebuilding Atlanta, he spent a good part of his time denouncing the town as a pest hole of radicalism, and did not modify his language even when on a visit to that city. But when the Kimball house was burned Gen. Toombs was induced to go on a note to rebuild it and was left with the bag to hold. This stripped him of a considerable part of his wealth.

Gen. Toombs would go to any length to assist a man he liked, but they had to toe the political line he had chalked. He furnished Henry Grady, Bob Alston and St. Clair Abrams money to start the Atlanta Herald, but when Grady wrote an article eulogistic of Jos. E. Brown, Gen. Toombs made the sheriff foreclose his mortgage and so cleared the way for the Constitution. The only bitter article Grady ever penned was in denunciation of Gen. Toombs on this occasion, which concluded with, "He loans his money like a prince and collects it like a Shylock."

After Lee's surrender a small army of Federal troops were scouring the country after Davis and Toombs, who were looked upon by the Washington authorities as the chief instigators of the war. My family had refugeed from Charleston, S. C., and my father had traded seven negroes for a farm in Elbert county, Georgia, as a temporary home. The war had ended and squads of Yankee cavalry were seen on every road in search for Davis and Toombs.

Late one afternoon, Mr. James M. Carter, another of Toombs' old soldiers, rode up to our gate and asked if my father was at home. I replied that he had gone to a neighbors. Mr. Carter then told me to say to my father to be without fail at the home of Col. L. H. O. Martin that night at 12 o'clock sharp; and as Mr. Carter stuck spurs in his horse and dashed off, he turned in his saddle and added, "And tell him that it is not beyond his cable tow."

My father reached home a little after dark. I gave him the first part of the message he said he was tired and had no idea of taking such a long ride that night, but when I added about the "cable tow" he had a servant saddle a fresh horse and rode away and he did not return home for several days.

It was not until years after and when I had grown to manhood and had myself joined the Masonic fraternity that I learned the sequel of that message. The Federal troops were closing around Gen. Toombs when he slipped through their lines and went to the home of Col. Martin. A number of his disbanded officers and soldiers were summoned to protect and try and get him to Cuba, as Spain was a friend to the South and the only European country to acknowledge the independence of the Southern Confederacy. Toombs had never joined the Masons, but that night he was slipped into a rear room of Major John H. Jones' store in Elberton and all the degrees in the Blue lodge administered to him; and Toombs is said to have been the aptest candidate to ever go through the ordeal. And in after years he became a high Mason and a pillar in the order.

Gen. Toombs was then carried to an island in the Savannah river (the Seaboard railroad now crosses the upper end of this island) and there fed and guarded for weeks. When an opportunity occurred, with one of his brave soldiers named Irvin as a guide, he embarked on board a sailing vessel and safely landed in Cuba. From thence he went to England landing there almost penniless, but was treated with great honors.

Even when a student attending Franklin college at Athens did Gen. Robert Toombs display the unconquerable spirit that characterized his entire life. It is said that one night when young Toombs and other students were engaged in a carouse in a room in the dormitory, the meeting was invaded by several of the faculty. The boys escaped through windows and other outlets except Toombs who was too drunk to get away. Looking at the invaders, he said, "The wicked flee when no man pursueth, but the righteous are bold as a lion."

Before graduating Toombs, for some breach of discipline, was denied the privilege of delivering his address, but while the commencement exercises were in progress he mounted a chair beneath a large oak in front of the hall and by his eloquence drew the entire audience from the chapel. That tree was ever after known as the "Tombs Oak." Some years ago it died but the remnant of its trunk is still preserved as a relic by the institution.

Toombs was refused a diploma, but years after when he attained fame and distinction, the university sent him a diploma, which Toombs returned with a note stating that when the document would have honored and helped him in his start in life it was refused him, but now that his acceptance would honor the college he would not accept it.

WHY SUFFER SO?

Why suffer from a bad back, from sharp, shooting twings, headaches, dizziness and distressing urinary ills? Dillon people recommend Doan's Kidney Pills. Ask your your neighbor. Could you ask for stronger proof of merit?

W. A. Weaver, shoemaker, Main St., Dillon, says: "I had pains in my back and was sore and lame in the morning. My sight became blurred and the secretions from my kidneys acted irregularly. I had other symptoms of kidney trouble. Friends recommended Doan's Kidney Pills and I got a supply at the McLaurin Drug Co., now the Moody Drug Co., and they soon relieved me of my trouble and fixed me up in fine shape."

The above statement was given December 22, 1914 and on January 29, 1918, Mr. Weaver said: "I have never heard of a kidney medicine that can equal Doan's Kidney Pills. They have completely cured me of every symptom of kidney trouble and I am only too glad to recommend them again."

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NOTICE.

This is to forbid any and all persons from employing or harboring my wife, Daisy Price.

Ness Price,
Lake View, S. C.

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