

## NOW "A CLERICAL SUIT IS A SOLDIER'S UNIFORM"

The Profession that "in 1861 to 1865 Slept with Bible Under Head and Gun in Arms" Shall Not Now Stand Cringing.

To the Editor of The State:

Please allow me space to address a final call to the voters of the State before our ship crosses the bar on the 27th of this month. If things go contrary to what we expect, we have the promise of a rough voyage under our present captain: The passengers, sailors, stokers, oilers, engineers and the captain himself will be so sick that to many it would matter little whether she swims or sinks. But, personally, we entertain no such thought; for when the ship of State is loosed from her moorings on that day, Capt. Jones will be at the helm, the flag of freedom flying, the prow parting the waters of a placid sea, the band playing "America," passengers saying in earnest—what was said in jest—"Praise God from whom all blessings flow." My optimism is based upon accumulative evidence, history, statistical reports and the belief that our State, in a normal condition, is not even as bad as some in the Union. We are voting now with our eyes open, and are going to convince "the world, the flesh and the devil," by at least a majority of 9,500 votes, that we want good government and are going to have it. But should it not be so, I, for one, will not place an interrogation mark after our prayers and laborious efforts; but interpret this providence as a merciful act on God's part in keeping the lash on our backs (all—not some) until we come to our senses; for sometimes God raises up a man like Pharaoh, and employs him as you would a lash with which to chastise a disobedient people (Rom. 9.) He has some vessels to honor and some to dishonor. There is not waste in providence. And there is more providence in this situation than some seem to realize. They "had ears and hear not, eyes have they and see not."

Got is neither dead nor indifferent! He forges out his decrees on the anvil of man's wrath, but I want some one else to be the striker! Keep cool and act your part well! Still water runs deep; empty wagons make much noise; the truth has never been conquered; The design of this article is to ENCOURAGE "WE FREE" and to urge the advocates of righteousness to cheerfully make any reasonable sacrifice to vote for civic rights and SELF-PRESERVATION. Let us not be guilty of the black crime of CRIMINAL INDIFFERENCE! Can we not beat it into the EXCUSE MAKERS' heads that it is not Jones, nor Irby, nor Hampton, nor any other creature that we are after? But it is the destruction of bad government and the ENTHRONEMENT OF CIVIC RIGHT-EOUSNESS! It is pitiable to hear grown men talking like babies; pitiable to observe the lack of manly individuality. To be indifferent at such a time is to be backboneless, to be nerveless, senseless, pitiable, merciless to one's home and country, and cowardly. Such a man is a perfect "It." He is a leech sucking the life blood out of the State and giving nothing in return.

Man! you ought to be ashamed to wear trousers, to look a dependent woman in the face, ashamed to bear the sweet appellation of Fathers! When a man will not vote, he is guilty of criminal neglect, his heart is wrong or he has a defective brain. Quite a multitude of us are going to lay aside pleasure and leave the mountains in order to be on duty the 27th. We want to help the WEAK-KNEED and SOFT SHELLS, whose stomach, as Job says, are filled with "East winds." We want to get such a victory this time that this part of South Carolina's history will never be repeated.

To the women, let me say the Bible (Tim. 2:9-15) forbids you entering into civic affairs—keep your God-given crown on—home, sweet home—but urge the men of your home to act the part assigned them as citizens and redeem the reputation of this State by snatching her from the hands of demagogism; for the other side will have a full representation at the polls.

The wing's of Seneca's wax bird are melting under the sunlight of truth. I believe everything I see in the papers for the simple reason that any man with a little horse sense knows that to publish slander against one is to run the risk of being prosecuted for libel. God bless the brave editors of our papers. We ought to give them and the engineers a badge of honor for heroism. What are the newspapers for, if not to publish the whole truth, which if they did not do, we would be in darkness.

In conclusion, I wish to thank my many appreciative friends for words

of gratitude and letters of congratulation respecting the feeble contributions I have made, at the risk of so-called friendship. To those who made a feeble and unsuccessful attack on my article of July 24 I would say that I do not expect vice to understand virtue; that politics never enter my pulpit in any form or shape; that the church and State are separate; that I would not desecrate God's church with such filth. But I remind you of the following recognized facts: That I am a citizen of this State; that a clerical suit is a soldier's uniform; that in '61 to '65 our profession slept with Bible under head and gun in arms; that in '76 our cloth was in the lead; that, according to history, Jno. Witherspoon, a Presbyterian minister, whose name is on a monument in Washington, was the leader among those who signed the Declaration of Independence, which saved this country for civic and religious liberty, and that when truth is at stake I do not recognize man—a handful of dust! And yet when these pious frauds realize the power of the church, they say, "Keep the preachers out of it."

If the "indictment" in the State, August 15, First Part, page 8, will be published in every county paper and all of our party will go to the polls on the 27th some of those campaign flowers will be put on political graves.  
E. C. BAILEY.  
Edgefield.

### THE MAELSTROM.

Tides and Wind Cause the Whirl and the Hole in the Sea.

"What is the maelstrom that is between two of the Loffoden islands, off the coast of Norway? Where the water sinks there must be a subterranean passage or an outlet farther north," writes a correspondent. In answer we reply that there is no opening in the ocean's floor. The whirling motion is caused by tides and winds. The water rushes in channels between the islands, whose configuration aids in twisting. The current runs during six hours from north to south and then six hours from south to north. This reversal and friction against rocks set up the whirling motion. "Suction through a hole in the bottom of the sea" does not exist. Winds in from the ocean when in the right direction increase the rotation of the water, which in the center of the whirl, is about twenty fathoms in depth, but just west of the straits the soundings shows depths of from 100 to 200 fathoms.

Many modern ships, in the absence of winds, have traversed the troubled wastes, but they keep away when the wind is blowing against the changeable currents, especially at high tide, when the danger is very great. Many fables regarding the maelstrom have been handed down from ancient times, from medieval also, and moderns still invent them. Of course ships have been wrecked there as elsewhere.—N. Y. American.

### The Fastest Growing Bean.

Through the instrumentality of Mr. Field, of Boston, who has no other known name, it is said, the foreign plant introduction office of the department of agriculture has come into the possession of a wonderful bean, which Mr. Field, as he dropped in upon David Fairchild, in charge of the office mentioned, likes to call the bean of the plant celebrated as the vine from which sprang Jack's celebrated beanstalk.

The bean Mr. Field had with him came from Jamaica and is known there as the canaveleta. The natives say it grows faster than a man can walk and they attribute to it fairy properties. The department will try to grow some of the vines for ornamental purposes in Washington this summer if it shall be able to endure the kind of temperature Washington offers. If the plant does not come to maturity a good bit of it is expected to make its planting worth while. Washington has lots of spots it would like to cover with something that grows green in a hurry.

### Lightning Kills Rider and Mount.

Pelham, Ga., Aug. 16.—During a heavy rain and thunderstorm this afternoon, Calvin Rackley, a prosperous farmer, was instantly killed by lightning, as was also the mule he was riding, near here. He leaves his wife and several children. The storm is not known to have caused other loss of life or damage.

Light weight rain proof automobile dusters, also fine for traveling men, price \$6.00. Write F. G. MERTINS, Augusta, Ga.

Bob.

One of the quaint characters of the Saltkeatchie was Bob. If all his queer sayings could be collected it would be a remarkable chapter. His quaint sayings and laughable demeanor brought him into prominence, for miles along the Saltkeatchie. On many grand occasions and in many elegant homes, Bob was a central figure, the one who received the most attention, simply for the fun there was in his ways and sayings.

In the fall of the year he bought cows, which he drove to the Charleston market, and in this way added to his slender income, for he was not rich. Along the road to Charleston he had stopping places with the best people, where he himself could rest at night, also his cattle could have needed attention. It so happened that the night of the great meteoric shower, about 1840, he was spending the night with Aunt Betsey, and in her spacious lot was a large drove of cows resting and ruminating, the property of Bob.

The family had retired. There was midnight gloom and stillness. The slumbering world was resting in the arms of Morpheus, and the clarion chanticleer was crowing the midnight watch. By chance, one of Aunt Betsey's slaves was up, and saw the stars begin to fall, or rather the meteors begin to shoot, and he lost no time in giving the alarm, and soon every slave on the plantation had congregated in Aunt Betsey's front yard, calling upon her and her sons to arise at once, that the stars were all falling; that the general judgment was near at hand; that in the morning the trump of Gabriel would sound; that there would be a mighty marshalling of the quick and the dead.

These slaves were awakened suddenly, and when they saw this awe-inspiring phenomenon, they took no time to dress, but came out of their cabins as they had retired for the night, and to say they found a quaint group, puts it mildly. More than half present had on nothing except a white night dress, and their black heads and faces made quite a contrast with the snowy garments upon them. Coming as they did, wailing and screaming upon the sleeping household of Aunt Betsey, they, too, came out upon the long, broad piazza in their night clothes.

Thousands of meteors were flashing on every hand, zip, zip; and the wail of the sorely affrighted and half naked slaves, on one hand made a picture pathetic and picturesque, while the shooting meteors on the other was fearfully grand, and awe-inspiring. It looked as if all the stars in the bending skies had left their moorings, and were dashing through space as a thousand lightning flashes. It was almost as light as day. The frantic slaves were wailing, screaming, singing, praying, and calling upon the "precious Master ter save us sinful niggers." Somehow Aunt Betsey got something like order among the frantic slaves, and she called upon Bob to explain the awful, yet grand phenomenon. He was standing at the time upon the piazza, arrayed only in a long, white night gown, looking very ghostly in his now quaint appearance. Drawing himself to his full height, he said:

"Why, Aunt Betsey, can't you see it's the beginning of the awful day of judgment. Don't you see it is the coming of the mighty Master in all His glory, in His flaming chariot of fire, and this you see is but the sparks from His powerful and wonderful chariot wheels, that will roll up in fearful thunders by daylight or before. And oh! Aunt Betsey ain't I in a most deplorable and wretched condition to meet my Master, for I ain't got a dollar—nary cent in my pocket. For the love of the Lord, Aunt Betsey, lend me five dollars!"

This little speech even among the affrighted slaves created a ripple of laughter, and it began to dawn upon some of the older negro women how ridiculous the crowd appeared. One of them approached her husband, who wore only a shirt, none too long and said:

"Jim, fer run back home en draw on dem britches."  
"Britches be danged! Whatter nigger want wid britches en de judgment—shirt-tail good er nuff fer Bob ter be tried en!"

Bob now made another characteristic address, and by this time the meteoric shower had passed, the slaves returned to their cabins and the family retired again.

Lower down the country Bob would always stop with Honorable Bill. On one occasion at Bill's, Bob said:

"Yes, sir, when I gets to town, (Charleston) I mean to sell my ducks, chickens, guinea fowls, turkeys, geese and poultry, and buy me some powder, shots, caps and ammunition, also a twenty-five-dollar broadcloth coat, let her cost what she may!"

Some time later, Bill met Bob at campmeeting. A Bishop was there,

(Continued on page 7, column 3.)

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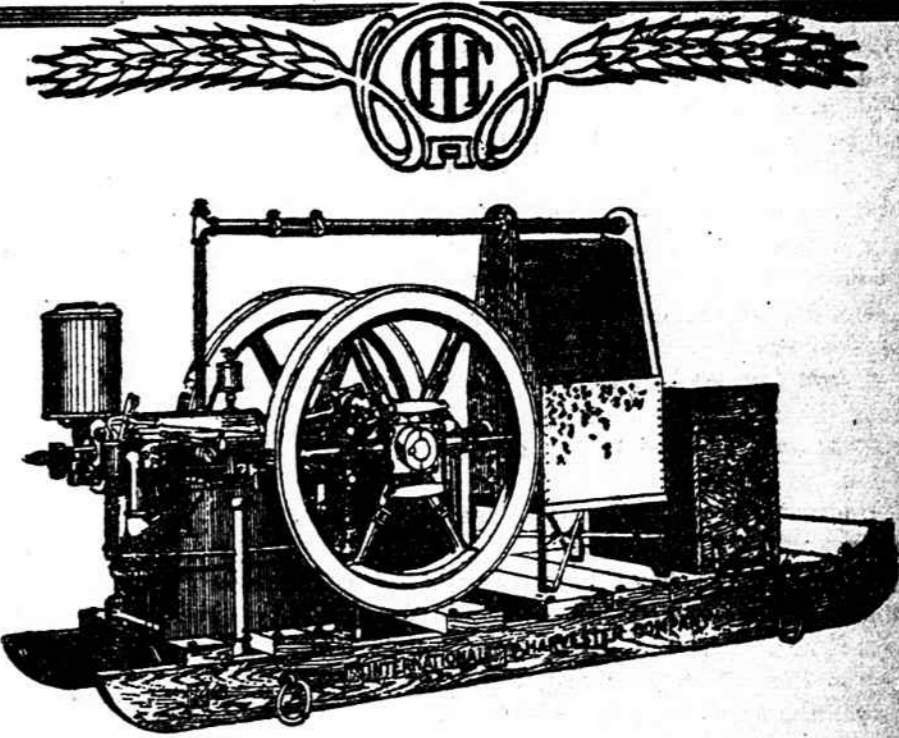
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