

The Abbeville Messenger.

VOL. 2.

ABBEVILLE, S. C., TUESDAY, APRIL 6, 1886.

NO. 31.

Fighting for Free Trade.

[From the New York Star.]

The Hon. John J. Dargan, a prominent citizen of South Carolina, was in New York a few days ago in the interest of his pet theory, free trade, which he says is growing more and more popular in all the Southern States. Mr. Dargan is a well-preserved man of forty-five, with a wealth of black hair and a wiry, black mustache. He is the son of a slave-holder, and owns a cotton plantation of over five hundred acres. His opinion on all political and industrial questions is highly valued in his native State, and he is much respected throughout the Western and Middle States, where he is well known.

Mr. Dargan has made a close study of the tariff question in the broadest philosophical sense. He employs trenchant arguments to show the iniquity of protection, which he says, robs the poor and wealthy alike to enrich a few. "John C. Calhoun," said Mr. Dargan to a reporter, "was the apostle of free trade. He announced its benefits in thundering tones in the Senate, and was backed up by Webster. Away back in 1824 both Webster and Calhoun voted against protection, and Massachusetts and South Carolina, with the exception of one representative, voted with them.

"Protection at best is only a provisional scheme. It is a relic of the war, and like other useless and hurtful mementoes of those bloody times, it ought to go. It first sprang up in New England, and for a long time was exceedingly unpopular. It gradually undermined shipping and commerce, which are the mainstay of every country, and drove capital into manufacturing channels. Nobody pretended that it was not wrong in principle. In the course of time, however, capitalists found they could thrive upon the necessity of the situation, and placed millions upon millions of dollars in manufactures. They were protected from healthy competition by the high tariff placed upon imported goods, and that left them free to charge what they liked for home products.

"The consequence was that the buyer paid from 10 to 40 per cent. more than it was worth for almost everything he bought. Labor, of course, received a slight benefit from protection, but the cost of living was advanced out of all proportion to the average man's income. Naturally the country soon began to suffer from over production, and the price paid for labor dropped, without any corresponding decrease in the cost of living. That brought on hard times and the labor troubles which have been agitating the entire country for the last ten years.

"As I have said, Massachusetts taught South Carolina the lesson of freedom. Now the time has come for South Carolina to pay back the debt—to teach Massachusetts that there is a higher and broader freedom than the mere immunity from chains—the liberty to go where one wills, do what he wills and buy what he wills without being obliged to pay tribute to iniquitous taxation. Cotton was king once, and the advocates of slavery claimed that it could not be swept away without destroying the bulwarks of national prosperity. Slavery was at length wiped out, however, and the South still stands firmer than ever, with the cotton crop fully twice as great as it ever was at any time before the war. The same holds good with respect to tariff protection. It will be wiped out at no distant day, and the utter wreck and ruin which its advocates claim to see in its abolition will fail to follow. Unjust taxation has been the bane of the American Republic from the start. We can never be a prosperous people until all class discrimination, which protection directly favors, is abolished. Protection as it now stands shelters the capitalist at the same time that it cripples and crushes honest toil.

"Not long ago a wealthy miner in Pennsylvania asked Congress to place a heavy tariff on iron. His reason for so doing was as follows: His mines were hard to work, because the veins were imbedded deeply in rock and were traversed and cut up into rocky sections. It cost him considerably more than it ordinarily would to get the iron out. On that account, he said, he could not begin to compete with foreign producers, and he wanted Congress to help him out of the difficulty. He would have to raise the price of his iron, of course, because of the expense of digging the ore, and

he seriously supposed that the protection of home industry under the circumstances would be the natural result. It apparently never occurred to this miner that his argument was unsound and pernicious. Carried into effect, the principle he acted on would compel consumers to pay exorbitant prices for his iron, without the privilege of going elsewhere to buy cheaper and better goods. It was pure and simple selfishness, and that is the bottom principle of protection. Protection doesn't take the buyer into consideration at all.

"In the good old Democratic days before the war the South supplied the lion's share of statesmen and political economists. George W. Jones, of Tennessee, was for twenty years known as the Watchdog of the treasury, and it is a matter of record that he saved the country over \$50,000,000. No Southern Senator or Congressman could be bribed. Now, as a matter of fact, I think the South will eventually solve the tariff problem, and it is determined to begin the fight at once. The Northern people are so devoted to manufacturing that they fail to see the evils of protection on account of the accidental benefits attending it. In a Massachusetts town, for instance, where nine-tenths of the population and wealth are hid in factories, it is only natural that they would want to kill off all opposition by unjust tariff taxation. The farmers and other industrial producers and all the consumers suffer, and even the protected few are injured in the long run.

"The South is going to take its proper stand in the matter of protection. It will take its proper place also in the government of the future. By that I don't mean that it should jump into saddle and override the bounds of equity, but it will raise its voice against corrupt legislation, and will labor to stamp out that hydra-headed monster, protection. We are even now in danger of being swamped by excessive taxation, and what will the future bring forth?

"Garrison, Sumner, Phillips and Beecher preach free trade: so did the bulk of the statesmen. Protection is a modern makeshift, but is as far from being an improvement. It is as great a curse to the protected industries as slavery was to the slaveholders, and those who snatch it from them, like the abolitionists, will be their best and truest friends. The advocates of protection say it would never do to tinker with the tariff at this late day—it might unhinge and unsettle our entire political and economic scheme. The same thing was said of slavery: yet slavery was abolished, and the whole country was immeasurably benefited in consequence. But even if there should result a temporary upheaval, protection, like its twin sister, slavery, must be destroyed, because it is morally and in principle wrong."

Effect of Dargan's Speech in Columbia.

COLUMBIA, S. C., March 30.—[Special.]—The Free Trade Club is somewhat disturbed over President Dargan's "parallelism" address in Brooklyn. Some of the members do not realize the necessity for making comparisons between African slavery and industrial slavery. They think there may be some resemblance between these subjects but don't like the comparisons all the same. They may now believe that negro slavery was wrong, but they cannot promise the Abolitionists who they believe brought on the war, that desolated so many bright homes in this land of ours. These men, they are willing to admit, may have been actuated by good motives, but they are not ready to applaud them for the course they pursued in advocating their principles. Perhaps the Northern papers object just as much to the address of Mr. Sherman, who introduced Col. Dargan, to the Brooklyn audience, and who said that no Southern Congressional Representative had ever been accused of dishonorable actions in the discharge of his public duties, while this could not be said of the Congressmen from Mr. Sherman's section of the Union. The free traders of the North need the assistance of the free traders of the South, and a portion seems to have agreed that they will concede much to each other by acknowledging what they believe to be sectional sins and then unite for the future. Col. Dargan may be wrong in his position, but no man can charge him with insincerity. He is bold, brave, pure and patriotic. He may allow his enthusiasm to carry him too far, and he may say things distasteful to his friends, but he is always actuated by high and honorable motives. —Richland in the Augusta Chronicle.

Running the Blockade.

Twenty-six years ago to-day on the 1st of April, 1865, an incident took place off Galveston harbor in which Capt. Sim Adkins the Nestor of Charleston harbor then the gallant commander of a dashing blockade runner, the *Fox*, bore a prominent part. The story is best told by John F. Mackie, then a sergeant in the marine corps, and doing duty on the United States Steamer *Seminole*, one of the blockading squadron off Galveston harbor.

Mr. Mackie relates how the *Fox* was discovered about 10 o'clock in the morning "right abeam," how all hands were called to quarters and the *Seminole* started in pursuit of her prey, a long, low steamer about eight miles to the eastward, burning black smoke, steaming rapidly to the northward and westward. The stranger sighted the *Seminole* and changed her course instantly from west to north-west, and steamed directly for the Texan shore, distant about eight miles, which trends rapidly to the northeast above Galveston. By this course the stranger would strike the shore in about an hour, unless prevented by us from so doing. If successful, she could make an inner channel which runs between the shore and a sand bar which runs along the Texan coast, distant about half a mile from the mainland; but on this bar there is only about ten feet of water; inside there is twelve, and sometimes fifteen feet.

The *Seminole* overhauled her prey gradually and prepared to open fire on her from our eleven-inch pivot, exploding a shell right under her bow and nearly deluging the ship with water, but doing no further harm. While we were reloading the pivot she put her helm "hard a-starboard" and ran across our bow, heading directly for the shore—distant about a mile and a half—apparently intending to run herself ashore. While this was being done we were not idle; the change, of course, compelled us to "shorten sail."

As soon as the last man reached the deck Capt. Clary shouted "Put your helm hard a-starboard, sir." "Hard a-starboard, sir," answered the officer at the wheel the same moment, putting the wheel sharply about, and the ship turned on her heel as if she knew what was expected of her and started now right abeam, starboard side about a mile off, bringing our whole battery of five guns to bear on her. The captain cried out to forward rifle: "Fire as soon as you are ready and without further orders, only don't waste the ammunition. Pivot there, sir; fire carefully, and aim at the wheel-house and at no other place. Sink her if possible; go ahead and show us what you can do. Quarter-deck battery (six eight-inch guns), take good aim and fire as rapidly as you can; aim at the wheel-house; don't let her get away from us."

All this was done in less time than it takes to describe it, and as we were now nearing her rapidly it seemed impossible that she could escape us. A shell from the rifle exploded over her; a shell from the eleven-inch burst close beside her, and the three and eight-inch shell guns were sending their compliments thick and fast, but strange to say not a single shot had struck her. She seemed to bear a charmed life. We were about a half a mile distant from the shore when she suddenly changed her course to south-southwest and started to run down along the coast, heading directly for us.

It was now nip and tuck. The stranger was going to run for it, and had the bar between us. Our only chance was to sink her before she got in. Nothing now could save her, as the steamer *Peguin*, which had been after the other sail, which, by the way, was a passing friend, now joined us in the chase, and opened upon the flying steamer with no better success than before, her shots flying wide of the mark. The most tremendous excitement prevailed on board each vessel. Capt. Clary raved and swore and stamped in an intense but subdued tone, but all to no effect. Shot after shot went over and exploded beyond on the shore; some exploded short and covered the steamer with spay, some in the air, others cut the water just ahead, some just grazed the stern, but not one touched her apparently. It seemed impossible to strike her. The men worked the guns as if they were only toys in their excitement, and loaded and fired as if their lives depended

on the accuracy of each shot. So rapidly did we fire that we had to wait for the smoke to lift before we could see for the next shot.

We were now rapidly approaching Galveston harbor, and it seemed as if she was going to get away in spite of us. Since changing our course last time we were both sailing, or steaming rather, dead to windward, but she being the lightest draught was making better time than we, and slowly but surely getting away from us. Her captain for the last hour had been walking the bridge between the wheel-hoses, with both hands in the pockets of his pea-jacket, smoking a cigar very unconcernedly; but that there was a feeling that their lives and property hung only on a single thread was manifest in the way those wheels flew around, leaving a boiling, foamy sea far astern, and the thick, huge volumes of black smoke that poured out of the funnels told a story that did not need trumpet to announce. The channel now began to widen, and if she could only hold her own for twenty minutes she would escape. What must have been the thoughts of that captain as he walked to and fro on that bridge, with the air full of flying missiles, now hid in their smoke, the next minute drenched with their spray; few feet above his head! He never flinched an inch or changed his manner, but kept quietly on as though it was an everyday affair.

Fate, says Mr. Mackie, decided in favor of the flying steamer. In spite of every effort that could be made to prevent her, she reached the Bay of Galveston, which is nearly three miles wide, and as the channel is very dangerous to vessels drawing more than ten feet of water, and as we were getting into three fathoms again, with intense chagrin we gave up the chase, sending as a parting compliment an eleven-inch shell with our regrets.

As the flying stranger passed out of range her captain hoisted the Confederate flag and dipped it three times, at the same time taking off his cap waved it towards us and bowed gracefully in our direction his adieu, steamed in under the guns of the fort at Galveston and dropped his anchor, safe at last. We returned the salute and went back to our station for the night, as it was now nearly sundown, after one of the most exciting days that we ever spent, with less credit to ourselves than could possibly be supposed under the circumstances.

The *Galveston News*, of April 14, 1865, published an account of the escape of the *Fox*. Shot, shell, grape, shrapnel, says the *News*, every ingenuity which Satan and his children, the Yankees, have invented, were thrown with the rapidity of lightning and the abundance of hail at, around and over, and in the water beneath the doomed victim; elongated shot and shell shrieked before, behind and over her, or struck the water and ricocheted over her decks like—well, like a flock of sheep over a pair of bars. Strange to say, although hundreds of shots were fired, but four took effect. An ugly shell, a foot and a half long, exploded a few yards from the ship and a portion of it burst the sheet plate two feet above the water, but the missile rebounded and fell into the sea.

A ten-inch shell, nearly spent, came over the rail on one side and passed out beneath it on the other without doing any harm, though the wind fanned a couple of persons who stood near. The shrouds were cut beneath another as he ascended, but this Daniel was as little hurt as his namesake among the lions. A piece of shell cut the 'scapegoat above the deck, but nobody was hurt and no one scared. There were some old veterans—Morgan's men and others—who had escaped from Fort Douglas, on board, who looked upon the whole affair as a very small one, or being only passengers took no interest in it, and the officers and crew seemed to take it as a matter of course. They received three cheers as they steamed gaily into port with the utmost composure and did not appear like a man answering a fulsome toast to regard it as the proudest moment of their lives; in fact, they did not seem at all proud, though they fill the bill for an old-time Mississippi steamer:

A bully craft and a bully crew,
A dandy mate and a captain too.
The *Fox* loaded cotton at Galveston and successfully running the gauntlet of the Federal fleet, reached Havana in safety.

Thomas Jefferson on the Farmers Movement.

BEECH ISLAND, S. C., Mar. 26.

Editor *Edgefield Advertiser*: The alarm excited by the Farmers movement, having led some patriotic journals to forecast many fearful things, among others a McClane and Russell raid on the solid Democracy of the State, I have thought the following extracts from the letters of Mr. Jefferson bearing directly on the present movement might relieve the anxieties of some.

Letter of Thomas Jefferson to Daniel Williams, of S. C., Nov. 4th, 1803.

"Agriculture is a science of the first order. It counts among its hand-maids the most respectable sciences * * in every college and university a professorship of Agriculture and the class of its students might be honored as the first. Young men closing their academic education with this as the crown of all other sciences, fascinated with its solid charms and at a time when they are to choose an occupation, instead of crowding the other classes would return to the farms of their fathers, their own, and those of others and replenish and invigorate a calling now languishing under contempt and oppression. The charitable schools instead of storing their pupils with a lore, which the present state of society does not call for, converted into schools of Agriculture might restore them to that branch qualified to enrich and honor themselves, and to increase the productions of the nation instead of consuming them. * * The general desire of men to live by their heads rather than by their hands, and the strong allurements of great cities to those who have any turn for dissipation threatened to make them here as in Europe the sinks of voluntary misery."

One of the last letters ever written by Mr. Jefferson was to Wm. B. Giles, of Va., 26th Dec., 1825. After alluding to the attempt of the Eastern States to dissolve the Union, of which the Hartford Convention was a subsequent chapter, he says, the next chapter "opens with a vast accession of strength from younger recruits who having nothing in their feelings and principles of '76, now look to a single and splendid government of an aristocracy founded on banking institutions and monied corporations, under the guise and cloak of their favored branches of manufactures, commerce and navigation, rioting and ruled beggared yeomanry."

Since those days the proportion of town to country population has increased seven fold; the money power has developed a financial network sensitive to the slightest variations in the great markets, about every interest and person however remote and obscure; the monied aristocracy have become giants, more astonishing than those of ancient fable, while agriculture and every rural interest languishes. These results are in part to improvements in the mechanical arts, but in still larger part to legislation which these improvements have suggested and rendered practicable. How far they are desirable can not be discussed here. But certain admitted facts must be borne in mind; the death rate of cities greatly exceeds that of the country; the proportion of crime and poverty are much greater there; the cost of city governments is many times greater than that of administering the laws in the country and they are the breeding grounds of political corruption; they seem to be morally, politically and physically an unhealthy growth.

I therefore commend to the consideration of the public the opinions of the great father of our Democracy.

Very Respectfully,
HARRY HAMMOND.

Carolina Congressman.

"Richland," the Columbia correspondent of the *Augusta Chronicle*, suggests some probable changes, or attempt at changes, in the Congressional delegation.

In the 1st District, Jennings W. Perry, of Waterboro, will oppose Samuel Dibble.

In the 2nd District, ex-Senator Henderson may oppose Geo. D. Tillman. No doubt he will if he sees any chance of success; but our Uncle George is pretty solid with his constituency, and would be a hard man to beat.

"Richland" says, "Hon. George Johnstone, of Newberry, has been mention-

ed as a possible candidate in the 3rd District." We quote further from "Richland:"

Col. Aiken being practically out of the race, there will be a "go-as-you-please" fight in that section. Hon. George Johnstone, who may be a candidate, is one of the most distinguished lawyers in Carolina, and probably the best equipped politician in the State. He is handsome, polished in his manner, possessing a certain amount of personal magnetism, a ready debater and a natural orator, qualities which eminently fit him for the high and honorable position of a Congressman. He would make a splendid Representative. He stands a fine chance for the nomination, unless some candidate appears, which is probable, who will inherit the vote of the Granger element that has heretofore constituted Col. Aiken's strongest backing. The race, in this event, will be interesting.

We have heard Capt. Jas. N. Lipscomb, of Newberry, the present Secretary of State, also mentioned as a candidate. And Mr. W. C. Benet, of Abbeville, has also been mentioned.

In the 4th, 5th and 6th Districts respectively, Messrs. Perry, Hemphill and Dargan will not likely have any opposition.

Smalls will have no opposition in the 7th, the "Black District," unless some other "brother in black" rises up to contend with him.—*Newberry Observer*.

A Curious and Interesting Incident in the Family History of the Bayards.

The subject of presentment concerning death and fatality in families spoken of in Hancock's case recalls some sad points in the Bayard history. Few families have been more depleted by sudden death than the Bayards, and in many instances there have been forewarnings and presentments. It is said that Miss Bayard wrote a letter indicating her approaching death. There are now in Washington many old naval officers who remember the interesting circumstance attending the death of Miss Bayard's cousin, Charles C. Bayard, at Mount Vesuvius. He was the favorite son of Richard Bayard, of Philadelphia, whose father and Secretary Bayard's father were brothers. In 1843, while on board the United States ship *Congress*, in company with several young friends from on board, he made the ascent of Mount Vesuvius. It was the same *Congress* that went down in Hampton Roads before the *Merrimac*, and in the party was the same Joseph Smith, who as commander of the *Congress* had his head taken off by a cannon ball and of whom his father said, when he heard that the *Congress* was taken: "Then Joe is dead." In the party also was Leham B. Ashmead, of Philadelphia, with whom young Bayard afterwards went to Jerusalem to visit the Holy Sepulchre. While there they both had tattooed on their arms by an old dragoman the heraldic arms of Jerusalem, with the date of their visit. In the case of young Bayard the tattooed cross developed virulent features, festering and finally he became sick, and the arm became greatly swollen. He continually declared that he would die, and even after it appeared to grow entirely well he was in the habit of saying to Ashmead and other friends: "This arm will be the death of me yet." Ten years afterwards young Bayard left for a cruise in the *Columbia* as flag lieutenant of Commander Morris. Before leaving he took a sad farewell of all his friends he declared to one and all that "they would never see him again." He was very dejected and despondent. Ten years to a day from his previous visit in company with young Carroll Tucker, of Maryland, and a few friends, the *Columbia* being then at Naples, he made the ascent of Vesuvius during an eruption. With him were Rear Admiral Simpson and Rear Admiral Calhoun, who were the lieutenants. He had the arm of a Prussian army officer. He was quite gay. Just near the Hermitage, where he had halted ten years before, the party stopped, finding it would be dangerous to go nearer the crater. As they were turning a mass of lava and rock struck young Bayard on the arm where he had been tattooed, cutting it fearfully and obliterating the cross, and before the party could reach the foot of the volcano he died. His mother is still living upwards of ninety years of age. His body is buried near the foot of Vesuvius.