

# THE PEOPLE.

THURSDAY, JULY 4, 1875.

JOHN W. HOLMES, Editor.

We are not responsible for the views of our correspondents.



## Our Ticket.

For Governor,  
WADE HAMPTON.  
For Lieutenant-Governor,  
W. D. SIMPSON.  
For Secretary of State,  
R. M. SIMS.  
For Superintendent of Education,  
H. S. THOMPSON.  
For Comptroller-General,  
JOHNSON HAGOOD.  
For Adjutant and Inspector-General,  
E. W. MOISE.  
For State Treasurer,  
S. L. LEAPHART.  
For Attorney-General,  
LEROY F. YOUNG.  
For Congress,  
GEORGE D. TILLMAN.

## Blister for Miss Miggs.

This ill-conditioned female through listening to quack and political empirics still continues hysterical. We deem it necessary, in view of the chronic nature of her malady, to have recourse to strong remedies. We premise by disclaiming any participation in Miss Miggs' "domestic broils"—a phrase unhappily worded, seeing we are a bachelor and have no desire to be dragged within the stormy circle. We have already extracted from the lovely lady, whose name adorns the caption of this article, confessions of her infamous career as a journalist. But playing the role of Mrs. Jenkins she still endeavors to brazen it out. In her last compulsory confession, we say compulsory for there is no virtue in confessing that of which there was abundant proof, she lets out the true inwardness of her base dealings with the Radical party in Columbia, and admits that she paid 40 per cent. for license to plunder the people of South Carolina. So far so good, Miss Miggs, but what of the sums you paid the Senators and representatives. Out with it—make a clean breast of it. It will do your sin-burdened conscience a power of good. The people want to know all about it.

With miserable quibbling and hypocritical cant and whining, this hard featured old maid endeavors to cram the people to whom she dispenses her poison-dose breath, with the suggestion that the end justified the means, and to use her own words "a grievous necessity" and not inclination forced us into business communications with carpet-bag miscreants and native renegades consorting with them." Miss Miggs, what "necessity," so urgent in its compulsory process, forced you to eat so much dirt? Nothing certainly except your own sordid nature and inordinate love of gain. You danced for money at Radical bidding and the party paid the fiddler. You held the light for the burglars and got your share of the plunder out of the public purse. Just so, Miss Miggs, and let us tell you here that *necessity is the plea of every rascal who violates position or natural law*, and if the people of Barnwell county, upon a plea so threadbare ever condone your infamously selfish truckling to Radical rascality, they must in justice extend the same grace to the worst of Radical plunderers with whom it appears you consorted and contracted.

After this we desire to hear no further denunciation of even the worst of citizens from such a source. *The censure of the Barnwell Sentinel shall henceforth be every man's best praise, his commendation a badge of infamy.* May all good angels deliver us from its adulmentation for one single approving paragraph would assuredly set us to inquire, "What evil thing have we done?"

If the editor of THE PEOPLE had fatigued on the abundant fare drawn by the Sentinel from the public crib his complexion might be as rubicund as that of the editor of the Sentinel. The editor of THE PEOPLE is rejoiced to know that he bears no personal resemblance to the editor of the Sentinel.

For his conduct in the General Assembly the editor of THE PEOPLE recognizes his responsibility to the Democracy of the county who sent him there. He does not recognize the power or obey the dictum of the Sentinel or any other apologist for Chamberlain and admirer of Fred Nix.

The editor of the Sentinel admits that he received thousands of dollars from Radicals for public printing. He acknowledges that he paid hundreds of dollars to Radicals for his contracts, but his economical patriotism is shocked because Democratic legislators received a per diem of five dollars, about one-half of the amount to which they were entitled under laws of the Radical State government.

The University of London having obtained its charter for admitting women to degrees, University College at once takes the step for which it has been steadily preparing during the last ten years, and next October classes in all subjects of instruction within the Faculties of Arts and Laws and of science will be open to both male and female students, who will be taught in some cases together and in others separately.

never sought issue with you any more than they would with any other chimney sweep. Without just cause you attacked this journal. It has turned upon you and trampled you under foot, but you still continue to cry "I want some one to tell, I have nothing particular against the editor, but please take your hand from my throat and your finger out of that eye of mine which has ever been single to its owner's interest." We will do it when you enter into a bond of peace with all men, even your brother Radicals, and when you learn some slight sense of what is due to decency.

In your last issue you say, "It was our proposition to the present county officers to do their advertising at a lower price than that public necessity, THE PEOPLE, could do it." Now you know that this is downright prevarication. You know that you did offer to one of our present county officers a bribe of one hundred dollars per annum if he would give his advertising to you; but as an honest, upright official he rejected your proposition. We tell you plainly of your sins and are prepared to prove the truth of every word we utter. We do not seek, like you, to fight the visionary creations of a disordered brain, but the realities of your infamous record.

Again, among the many claimants demanding of the county payment of illegal and fraudulent accounts, we find the Sentinel and hear his hoarse voice calling for cash. Hence these tears. Now that charge is specific, and we do not have to wince when we make it to render it significant. Is not that so, Miss Miggs? Go search the records, then fall upon your knees crying out, "I have sinned. Alas! wretched man that I am."

We next present you, Miss Miggs, with the following claim, presented by you to the Commission appointed by Governor Hampton to investigate the bona fide indebtedness of Barnwell county:

County Commissioners to Barnwell, Dr. H. H. Miller, Dr. 1875—March 12. Notice to merchants and others, 4 squares 3 times, 1st \$1, 2nd and 3d 75 cents. \$10 00 March 12. Notice as to bridges, four squares 3 times. . . . . 10 00 March 20. Final notice to county creditors. . . . . 6 75 May 21. To publishing Auditor's appointments, 7 squares for 9 weeks at \$1 for 1st, 2nd & 3d times 75 cents 52 50 \$79 25

Personally appeared E. A. Bronson, editor and proprietor of the Barnwell Sentinel, and made oath that the above account of seventy-nine dollars and twenty-five cents is justly due him, and that no part thereof has been paid, either by discount or otherwise.

Sworn before me October 27th, 1877.

M. G. TURNS, N. P. E. A. BRONSON.

Not even the sanction of the solemn oath taken by the editor of the Sentinel as to the correctness of his claim will

convince any school boy that figures will lie, and that his calculations are correct. Miss Miggs will claim that "It was a mere mistake, sorry it happened, best of females will make mistakes, small affair anyhow, mean to mention it," and all that sort of thing, see if she don't. Let alone Miss Miggs for wriggling—why she would work her way out of a six foot grave covered with iron grating to keep off the resurrectionists from body lifting. If the public charity accept his excuse then, indeed, its quality is not strained.

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## The Bear-Man Again.

Mr. Editor.—On the evening of the 26th inst. I rose early for the purpose of enjoying the breeze—a pleasure known only to the farmer. While seated in my piazza, smoking my peaceful pipe, I heard a noise approaching my place equal to that made by Joe Johnston's artillery train in crossing a corduroy bridge. At first I thought Hampton and the red shirts were marching through in another campaing, but soon the words, geo. Tom, haw. Teddy, shouted in stentorian tones, from the brow of a neighboring hill, dispelled the illusion and presently in obedience to the command "go by the house"—two patient looking oxen drew a red wagon from behind a thicket and stopped in front of my gate. A long, lean, lank individual, wearing a big hat, a huge mustache and a suit of rag streaked and striped clothes, hailed me and I recognized in him the bear-man of Spur Branch, several sleepy looking campions raised up and commenced to ask in a chorus for the loan of fishing poles, but the bear man, with the oily tongue of an auctioneer, began to extol the merits of his turn-out. Sir, said he, "I can make better time than a buck before uncle Bill's dogs, I can out-travel a Georgia cyclone, I can out-yell the telephone and I am going to catch more fish than the law allows and I respectfully ask the pleasure of your company to dinner at 12 o'clock sharp." At this time my little boys came out rubbing their eyes, and bringing two poles about six feet long which they turned over to the fishermen. I gave them my promise and they went on their way rejoicing—singing, "Hold the Fort and The Sweet Bye-and-Bye." At eleven o'clock I was informed that the thermometer was about to cease operations on account of the extreme heat, but, being a man of my word, I took my stick and started, first telling the folks at home not to clear away the dishes until I returned or until they were satisfied from the length of my absence that I had secured my dinner. All along the hot road I was thinking of fish, bream, trout, red-horse, blue-cats, rock and jack and when I reached the mill I had concluded that I would make my dinner off three nicely fried jack, each about a foot in length, some corn-bread and a little Radway's Ready Relief, made of corn, which is a popular remedy in these parts for snake bites and pond water. Just then, the lazy man of the party, a short, stout man from Augusta called me up into the mill-house, where he was taking his ease at full length on the floor, with a soft chunk under his head. With tears in his eyes he assured me that he believed that there had not been a fish over three inches in length in that pond within the last forty years, but just then a fine worn-mouth perch captured his hook and the lazy man reluctantly walked down the log-way—pulled him out, threw fish-line and pole down in the hot sand, walked back into the mill and lay down again with a contented sigh. He was not too lazy to talk for he began to compare courting and fishing. They are both, he said, hot work this weather, and hard to understand. A courting character gets hooked as often as he goes a fishing—his lines get tangled, sometimes he catches a tarpon instead of a silver fish, sometimes a war-mouth in the person of a scolding wife, and occasionally he gets whaled. Overcome by this last, he dropped asleep just as the bear-man and his slim partner Charlie came out of a blackberry patch where they had been eating lunch. They invited me to head-quarters under a neighboring tree, and at the command of the bear man, the smaller members went skirmishing in search of the fish and presently returned, bringing on switches and vines, the spoils of the mill-pound—a few fish—relatives beyond doubt of the sardine and herring family. An animated discussion then arose as to the proper method of cooking them, but as chief engineer of the expedition, the bear man decided that they should be cooked in Indian style as it would be a waste of time and rations to take offins and scales. With the intention of explaining ill luck the bear man insisted that they would have emptied the pond of fish, but for Charlie's love of blackberries, but Charlie advised him—if he wished to do at home, to send for the editor of THE PEOPLE who was, he thought, from his treatment of the Sentinel, a good doctor. In order to check this rising mutiny the bear man mounted a log and commenced a stump speech. He warned Charlie and Tom and Albert of the dangers surrounding them—a track similar to that of a bear had been discovered that morning in a neighboring watermelon patch, an alligator had lifted up his voice that very hour and it sounded in his ears like the war-whoop of Sitting Bull, the wondering Jew was on his travels, and the rabid serious was growing hungry. Like oil upon the troubled waters his speech brought peace—visions of the homes and peach orchards, the melon patches and base-ball grounds they might never see again passed before the eyes of the young fishermen, they gave three cheers for the bear man and swore to follow him as he promised to lead them safely homeward. A sadder and a wiser man I took my stick, went home and ate a cold dinner, and as I sat resting in the shade, I thought how much better it would have been if I had gone and sat in the "bar" would learnedly observe (between a glass of whisky and a quid of tobacco) "Inter arma silent leges."

But how we school boys leaped at the first tap of the reveille, eager for the realization of our golden dreams. How hopefully we scanned the eastern horizon for assurance of a clear day. With what miserly delight we counted over our stock of coppers, hoarded for the occasion, and calculated their equivalent in cakes, beer and sticks of tally. How doubtfully we considered the worn effigy of "Georgius Rex" on a coin we had found in a dirt pile, and wondered if we could pass it on old Murphart for a "gunner." Then how we watched the dusty roads as the wild mountaineers came trooping in to swell the buzzing swarms already gathered around the fair, groceries and street corners. And with what sublime emotion we mingled with the crowd, saw the plumed heroes hurrying to and fro, as with ceaseless rub-a-dub dubbing, sounds of bugles, waving of banners, flashing of swords, with the thunder of the captains and the shouting, this incoherent and refractory mob was at length marshalled into some resemblance of a line of battle. Then the march afield, with its exciting accidents and incidents, several hours of tactical manœuvres, such as we might imagine fitting Bull and staff would execute with a herd of buffaloes. Then the return of the dusty, thirsty veterans of the day's campaign, and the final resolution of martial organization into a storm of drunken anarchy and fistfights; for, besides the prescribed military duties, it was well understood that general muster day, being reckoned among the dies non in civil law, afforded the people a convenient opportunity for settling all the standing accounts, jealousies, rivalries, quarrels, horse trades and swindles of the current year after their own fashion; and the solution of these difficulties by whisky and judicial combat was considered quite as satisfactory as a resort to lawyers and far more economical. For, all in all, it was a day worthy of six months' eager anticipation and six months of pleasant remembrance.—*Porte Crayon in Harper's Magazine for July.*

## Old-Time Militia Masters.

The "rude militia" companies, according to law, met twice a year at their respective headquarters for a day's drill and instruction. The regiment was assembled once a year, usually in the month of May, at the county town, where it was encamped and instructed rather after Dryden's system than of those prescribed by Congress.

Preparatory and for three days immediately preceding the general muster the officers of all arms were assembled and drilled together as a light infantry company, commanded by their field officers. They were instructed in the manual of arms, company tactics, regimental manœuvres, and wound up by a ceremonial rehearsal of the part they were to play in the grand review next day.

Although this company exhibited the

elite of our regimental splendor, glittering with tinsel and flaunting with feathers, a more heterogeneous and unsightly parade could scarcely be imagined. There were the elect from the mountains, who sometimes marched to the rendezvous barefoot, carrying their tents and soldier-chairs in a bundle—the ambitious cobblers, sailors and ploughboys from cross-road hamlets and remote rural districts, short, tall, fat, skinny, hulking, sheep-shanked, cock-eyed, hump-shouldered and sways-backed—equipped by art as economically, awkwardly and variously as they were endowed by nature, uniformed in contempt of all uniformity, armed with old flintlock muskets, horsemen's carbines, long squirrel rifles, double-barreled shot guns, bell-muzzled blunderbusses, with side arms of as many different patterns, from the old dragon-sabre that had belonged to Harry Lee's legion to the slim basket-hilted rapier which had probably graced the thigh of some of our French allies in the revolution. The officers of the volunteer companies, on the other hand, were generally selected for their handsome appearance and martial bearing, and shone with a certain elegance of equipment, each in the uniform pertaining to his company. There was also a sprinkling of ex-veterans of 1812, recognizable by a certain martinet precision in their deportment and a shadow of contempt for their crude comrades, but quick to resent any extraneous comment derogatory to the service. A city daddy who undertook to ridicule the old-fashioned way in which some officers carried their swords was silenced by the snappish reply, "Young man, I've seen the best troops of Great Britain beaten by men who carried their swords in that way."

This harlequinade of equipment, costume and character was duly paraded twice a day, marched through the streets, and put through its manœuvres on the green common adjoining our village, much to the satisfaction of all emancipated school boys, negroes, rag-muffins, idlers, tavern-keepers and cake and beer venders, and somewhat, perhaps, to the weariness of our Quaker element, industrious mechanics who had apprentices to manage, and busy housewives who depended on little negroes for help.

Then came the great day of days, when all vulgar industry was for the time suspended, and all hopes of domestic discipline deferred. Even the law students were constrained to close their communities on Blackstone, and as they met at the "bar" would learnedly observe (between a glass of whisky and a quid of tobacco) "Inter arma silent leges."

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## Steam Engine and Boiler for Sale.

A SECOND HAND SIX-HORSE POWER ENGINE, in good condition, for sale low. June 27th. J. A. BUCKMYER, Blackville, S. C.

## For Sale

A thoroughbred, Berkshire, Boar, 17 months old, 1350 pounds, registered stock. He was brought from one of the best stock farms in Kentucky. For price address, JOHN R. HAIR, Elko, S. C.

## Application for Final Discharge.

THE undersigned gives notice that he will apply to the County of Pickens, for the final discharge of his estate, on the 1st day of June, 1875, at 10 o'clock a.m., for a final discharge as administrator of John Dalzell, deceased. June 20th.

## FIRE INSURANCE

### The St. Paul Fire

—AND—

### Marine Insurance Company

CAPITAL . . . . . \$1,704,889

### THE SAFEST COMPANY IN THE UNITED STATES.

Will underwrite on all kinds of property, real and personal, in Barnwell county, including gins, gin-houses, mills and machinery, cotton-gins and gins at the lowest current rates.

H. M. THOMPSON, Local Agent, Williston, S. C.

N. B. Policies issued in best English Fire Companies, if preferred, confined to dwelling houses, stores and contents.

June 27th.

### Dr. Henry J. Mouzon,

Surgeon Dentist.

Has located at Blackville, and respectfully offers his professional services to the citizens of Barnwell and adjoining counties.

References—Rev. W. D. McMillan, Messrs. Dibble & Izlar, Blackville; Major J. Brabham, Barnwell C. H.; Rev. W. P. Mouzon, Elmore.

DR. MOUZON will be at Barnwell on the first Monday in each month, June 13th.

J. H. E. M. L. HOUSE, DENTIST.

Will be at Blackville Mondays and Tuesdays, Office at Court House building. Will attend calls throughout Barnwell and adjacent counties.

July 21-23.

B. J. Quattlebaum, DENTIST.

Williston, S. C. R. R.

Will attend calls throughout Barnwell and adjacent counties.