The Laurens Advertiser.

VOL. III. LAURENS, S. C. WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 19, 1887. NO. 12.

HAMPTON AT BENTONVILLE.

THE GREAT CAROLINIAN SAVED JOHNSTON FROM DESTRUCTION.

The Brilliant Coup by Which Mower was Baffled—Hampton and Butler and Their Staffs the Last to Cross the Bridge—Major Barker's Heroism.

To the Editor of the News and Courier: The article written by General Hampton on Bentonville is another illustration of that modesty which has so much endeared him to his people. The General has not given all the facts in regard to that critical moment, when the army of General J. E. Johnston was imperiled by the advance of General Mower's division on the extreme left of the Confederate position. He has not stated fully the part he bore in the repulse of that most serious attack. It is due to him and to the truth of history that those who were present should record their testimony as to the facts before they become silent forever. "Honor to whom honor is due."

On the third day of the battle General Johnston's army was almost surrounded by the legions of Sherman. The Confederate lines extended in the form of a horse's shoe around Bentonville, the base being a boggy creek or run, called Mill Creek, over which there was but one bridge, and that one near to the village. The columns of General Sherman were converging around the right and centre of General Johnston's works, which were rather crude and constructed hastily. On our extreme left, near the village of Bentonville, the line was held by skeleton regiments of dismounted cavalry, and your correspondent, then in command of the 10th Georgia regiment of Young's brigade, Butler's division, was near the extreme end of the works. Young's brigade was then commanded by Colonel Wright, of the Cobb legion, which command, with the Jeff Davis legion, the Phillips legion and the 10th Georgia, constituted Young's brigade.

When the head of Mower's division made its appearance, covered by a cloud of skirmishers, there was no force to resist it in our works. It swept past the line, and was moving towards the bridge over Mill Creek, thus throwing itself directly upon the line of General Johnston's retreat and his only way out, because it would not have been possible for General Johnston to have fought his way out at that late date through the fast closing lines of General Sherman's army. General Hampton, with scouts and couriers only, brought into action a battery of artillery which was near Bentonville village and ordered Colonel Wright to attack the flank of Mower's column with his dismounted men. The order was promptly obeyed, and a melee ensued, in which the commands got intermixed and engaged almost hand-to-hand in a severe struggle. Balls flew in every direction, and the colors of the 10th Georgia were shot down twice in ten minutes. It has always been a wonder to your correspondent how General Hampton escaped on that day. Whilst these troops were hotly engaged General Hardee's column came in sight and charged with the Rebel yell. This put a stop to the advance of General Mower, and in a few moments his whole column was in full retreat and our lines re-established.

The naked truth is that but for General Hampton's prompt action, with inadequate means, as it was, the charge made by General Mower's division would have resulted in the occupation of Bentonville by the Federal troops, and to dislodge them would have required more force than General Hardee had, his small command being all that was in reserve. Any conflict of a serious nature in the rear of General Johnston's works would have have demolished his troops, already worn-pressed and under a heavy fire, both of small arms and artillery. It follows that although General Hardee did drive back General Mower's division, it would have been impossible, had it not have been checked by General Hampton, with his dismounted cavalry and his scouts and couriers. General Sherman may say that he ordered Mower back, but that column was forced back, and did not wait for orders. The ground where the contest took place was littered with dead and wounded of both sides.

Had not General Hampton attacked the advancing column of General Mower it would have had time to correct its alignment and cover the earthworks, which they had passed, with sharpshooters and artillery, so that General Hardee would have found it a difficult task to dislodge him. It was the suddenness of the attack and the fact that it was made from both flanks at once which checked the advancing troops. Just after the line was reformed and the works reoccupied the matter was talked of by the officers present, and it was then the general opinion that Hampton, and not anyone else, had saved the army from being taken in reverse and doubled up on itself. It is true that the final disaster soon followed, but had the Confederates at Bentonville been compelled to fight their way out the loss of life must have been very great, and possibly unavailing at last.

On the retreat a stand was made at Smithville. Your correspondent was detailed to prepare the covered bridge at that point for destruction. The infantry and almost all the artillery passed over first, whilst the cavalry was holding the town. Kilpatrick, with infantry supports, and several light batteries, pressed forward with sanguine hopes of cutting off the Confederates, who were on the east side of the bridge, and he had actually reached the banks of the river above and below the bridge before the last of the cavalry crossed. Bullets were sawing the air from both direction when Generals Hampton and Butler, with their staffs, rode into and through the bridge, and at once the torches, already lighted, descended, and the whole structure, which had been previously hacked and supplied with rosin and turpentine in heaps, was enveloped in lurid flames. In that way a start was secured to our retreating forces and the eagerness of Kilpatrick baffled, General Butler covered the rear of Johnston's army and was constantly engaged in holding the Federals in check.

On the occasion, during the retreat from Smithville to Raleigh, the artillery, which was quite a large body, as it had most of the guns of General Johnston's army, with much reserve ammunition, became embedded in a morass or bog on the road, and time was necessary to extricate it and corduroy the road. Major T. G. Barker was sent to the rear to use such means as might be at his command to gain the necessary time. The 10th Georgia was then in the extreme rear of our column. It was faced about and deployed in a piece of wooded land crossing the road. Major Barker took his position in the front of the command without even availing himself of the cover of the large pines, which gave some protection to the men of the regiment.

Before long the advance skirmishers of the Federal force came in sight. They extended entirely across the large open field in our front and overlapped our troops on both flanks.

It was manifest that our position was untenable, yet Major Barker was sent there to hold it until a gun should indicate that our artillery was once more on the march. Any man who looked at his clearcut profile and compressed lips could read there the determination to carry out those orders, even if we lost our whole command. There are many sorts of perils in war, and various types of courage may be seen, with sometimes a conspicuous absence of that quality. Of all trials none can exceed that of a man who knows and realizes his danger, yet faces it firmly for duty's sake.

Major Barker had been twice wounded, he knew that it was only a question of a few moments when the whistling bullets would give as more music than we wanted. He knew that there was to be no excitement to nerve us; that we were too weak to make a charge, where all sense of danger is drowned in the mad whirl of the blood. He knew well that if shot there our bodies, alive or dead, would fall into the hands of the enemy. Yet there he sat, his fine face looking like a carved cameo. Your correspondent admits that he was very badly scared, but what was to be done? Nothing, except to wait and make the best we could of the coming unequal contest, and hope for success. Our chances were slim, indeed. Their guns could out reach ours, they were about, we were mounted. They had large supports approaching, we had none. They were elated with a year of past success, we were depressed with past and present misfortunes. It was a trying time. Yet there Barker sat, inexorable as fate and calm as a monument.

Presently the fire opened and by good luck the Federals overshot us. They were using long range rifles and we were too close. They cut the tree limbs over our heads and caused us to wince with the scream of an occasional shell. We returned the fire—and the line stopped. We were ordered to continue to fire rapidly so as to cause our number to be overestimated. We did so—and the effect desired was produced. How anxiously the sound of that gun was waited for no man can tell. Before its boom was heard the Federal line had been reinforced and had recommenced its advance. The signal came none too soon to save our whole command from capture or from destruction.

Many a time since in thinking over the events of the war-time your correspondent has seen in his "mind's eye" the form of Major Barker sitting still waiting for the sound of that gun, whose detonation his living ears might never have heard, a man chained by inflexible obedience to orders to a post where duty looked squarely into the jaws of death.

E. W. M.

Mining at the North Pole.

It may not be generally known that important mining operations are carried on within the Arctic circle. Cryolite is brought from Greenland to Philadelphia by the shipload to be used in the making of candles. At Alten, near the North cape in Finmark, extensive copper mines have been worked for a long time. When it is remembered that most of the work has to be done under ground, and that heat is what the workmen suffer most from, it becomes apparent at once that mines may be almost as profitable in these high latitudes as they would be on our coast. The main thing is to have communication open a year for bringing supplies and carrying away the ores.

An engineer who visited the mines at Alten a few years ago, to study the condition in which they were worked, found that the climate interposed no obstacle. The mines, when fairly deep, are warmer in winter than in summer.

In such work as has to be done above ground, there is scarcely any interruption. During the three dark months, when the sun does not shine, there is no lack of light to the eye accustomed to the conditions. The sky is clear and starry, the aurora is playing most of the time, and whatever light there is the reflection from the snow increases and intensifies.

More than 150 years ago mining was carried on extensively about the shores of the White Sea by Saxon workmen. Silver, copper and lead were produced in quantities.

Now that the whale fishery has declined, mining enterprises seems most likely of anything to promote exploration and settlement within the Artic circle.—Youth's Companion.

Bartholdi's Statue of "Liberty Enlightening the World"

Will be a reminder of personal liberty for ages to come. On just as sure a foundation has Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery" been placed, and it will stand through the cycles of time as a monument to the physical emancipation of thousands, who by its use have been relieved from consumption, consumptive night-sweats, bronchitis, coughs, spitting of blood, weak lungs, and other throat and lung affections.

Pianos and Organs.

All of the best makes. $25 cash and balance November 1, at spot cash prices on a Piano. $10 cash and balance November 1, at spot cash prices on an Organ. Delivered, freight free, at your nearest depot. Fifteen days test trial and freight both ways if not satisfactory. Write for circulars.

N. W. TRUMP,
Columbia, S. C.

ITALIAN AMBITION.

An Earnest Purpose to Become the Head of the Latin Nations.

Had he wished to publish his whole thought, it is probable that Signor Crispi, on his return from Friedrichsruhe, would have made a declaration more impressive than a mutilated echo of the message borne from Berlin by Beaconsfield, "I bring peace with honor." Unquestionably a firm league between the three central powers should tend to the maintenance of peace in Europe, and might even be deemed to guarantee tranquility, if the policy of France were not so likely to be shaped by passion, and if the course of Russia were not determined by the feelings of an autocratic ruler. By anything that even postponed the outbreak of an European war, all the States of the Continent cannot but profit, and among them Italy. But, besides a share of the general blessings flowing from peace, the Italian Prime Minister is believed to contemplate certain special advantages to accrue to his country from partnership with Germany and Aunstria. It was not, in other words, peace only that Signor Crispi brought back from Friedrichsruhe, but the conviction that Italy, whether peace or war awaits her, has at last a prospect of recovering the headship of the Latin nations and the preponderance which once belonged to Genoa and Venice in the Mediterranean.

In the breast of every patriotic Italian since the unification of the peninsula, the belief has been rooted that he, and not the Frenchman, is the rightful representative and distined upholder of the Latin civilization and the Roman fame. He contends that his country, if the principle of nationalities were faithfully carried out, would even now contain as many inhabitants as France, while its population will expand much faster through the operation of certain physiological tendencies. Wretchedly poor as are the masses of the Italian peasantry and incessantly depleted as they are by emigration, they yet increase so rapidly that Italy, it has been computed, must, even without territorial accessions, overtake and outstrip France in the course of a single generation. There are, moreover, many millions of Italian-speaking human beings that are still outside of King Humbert's dominions. They belong to that Italia irredenta, the longing for which, although of late for politic reasons less loudly uttered, remains inextinguishable. Could Italy incorporate all that pertains to her by race, language and historical associations, she would take from the French Republic Nice, Savoy and Corsica, and from Austria not only the Trentino and Trieste, but the whole Istrian, Schavonian and Dalmatian coast of the Adriatic, which once was Latin and afterwards Venetian. From Turkey, also, she would claim Albania, thus acquiring the whole Illyrian and Epirot sea coast down to the Strait of Otranto, and making the Adriatic what it used to be before the advent of the Ottoman, an Italian lake.

That is what all Italians believe they ought to have, but, having recovered their hereditary possessions, they would not stop there. Conceding to their Austrian copartners Salonica, the whole northern seacoast of the Ægean and the probable reversion to Constantinople, they would claim Candia and all those islands of the Archipelago, now Turkish, but which fell to Venice on the partition of the Greek empire. They would claim Tripoli and that coast track of Barca which was so populous and fruitful under the name of Pentapolis. Nor would they, in the event of a successful war with France forget that in Tunis the resident Italians out number the Frenchmen ten to one. At Alexandria, also, and throughout the Delta, they constitute, next to the Greek, the strongest element in the European population, and through the good will of England and support of Germany, they may look forward to acquiring the influence formerly possessed by France in the Nile Valley. Throughout the Levant, in fact, Italy, if she act in concert with England, may dream of supplanting France, particularly if the Euphrates Railway is built with English capital. Meanwhile at the western gate of the Mediterranean, Italian, German and English ironclads are preparing to co-operate for the defeat of French designs upon Morocco, on the theory that no European power but Spain can safely be allowed to occupy the Strait of Gibraltar. From Spain Italy has nothing to fear and much to gain.

Such are the perhaps unacknowledged but really cherished visions of every Italian who loves his country and believes her destined to prove by her achievements that she is an example, not of national decrepitude, but of unexhausted youth.

When to Sow Oats.

In order to escape danger of winter killing, oats should be sown early in the fall. Throughout the northern part of the cotton belt September is the best month. South of the middle line, October and November sowings will answer. The idea is to get a strong root development before cold weather sets in, giving the plants a firm hold on the soil. Notwithstanding somewhat discouraging failures of late years, we think it good policy to sow a large area in the fall. If killed by cold the seed sown will be the principal loss, as the land may be reseeded in January or February, or can be planted in other crops in the spring. The old winter oat should be brought again into cultivation. It has often proven a good practice to sow oats in the present cotton fields. This may be done without serious injury to the cotton, plowing in with a cultivator, harrow or sweep, just as if cultivating the cotton, the operation to be preced d by the cotton pickers if there is any cotton. On our own farm we have had fine results from this plan. The standing cotton stalks can be easily "knocked down" cold mornings in January or February, and prove small obstacles in the way of harvesting.

* * * * Nervous debility, premature decline of power in either sex, speedily and permanently cured. Large book, 10 cents in stamps. World's Dispensary Medical Association, 663 Main street, Buffalo, New York.

A new car coupler is being tried at the C., C. & A shops, as we go to press. It is the invention of a gentleman from Florence and has attracted much favorable notice from railroad men.

PASTEUR AND THE DOGS.

A Pitiful Account of the Dumb Victims of Inoculation—Doctors at Work—Doubts of the Invention's Value.

(Paris Correspondence of the N. Y. Tribune.)

Pasteur has scored another fanfare. Padre Luiz, the Portuguese priest who was bitten by a mad wolf last July and placed under treatment at the institute in the Rue Vauquelin, died two days ago. It is not true that the youth who met with a similar misfortune at the same time and place and came with him to Paris has also shared the Padre's fate. On the contrary he has not yet shown systoms of hydrophobia, but is in good care. He was bitten in eye, cheek and nose. A peasant who was fearfully lacerated by the mad wolf's tusks and who was not treated according to the Pasteurian method is quite well. I went to-day to the Rue Vauquelin where the institute has been created. It is very new, not massively built, but airy, clean and spacious. Howls of the most dismal sort proceed from the basement story. They are sent up by dogs which have been or are to be martyrized for the glory of Pasteur and (to believe him) the good of humanity. If the saints under the altar cried half as piteously "How long, oh Lord? How long?" Heaven must have soon lent an ear to their supplications and angels have been sent to minister to them. One can distinguish the bark of the dogs which feels that rabies is stealing on him, or that his trepanned brain is festering and driving him mad. There is the bark that comes, as it were, from almost outside the throat, which is a sign that lungs and larynx are getting paralyzed. Then there are varieties of plaintive bowwows which say "I know that I am going to show myself a wild, wicked beast, but it's not my fault and I implore your pardon." There's no sadder sight on earth than that presented by a dog which knows rabies is coming on it and is not yet frenzied. It looks so supplicant, and sad, so sorry, and every one of its gestures begs pardon before hand for what it is doomed to try to do. The dog which is captured by Pasteur knows there is no room for hope in the inferno into which it has been thrust. Its de profundis is a thing to make the flesh creep. I can't believe that such cruelty as that to which it is a victim can be practiced with impunity in the name of science.

On traversing the court rendered dismal by this de profundis I went into the ante-chamber to the dispensary. It is large, airy, sunny, and merely furnished with benches that run along the wall on every side. They were all occupied. Those who were newcomers had a relatively fresh look. The ones who had been some days undergoing the treatment had a fagged or jaded air. There were five children on maternal laps. The children were all pretty, all gay, all restless, and the mothers all haggard from anxiety. Bigger youngsters were crying as if nervous and scared. A little girl wanted to know if she were to be again punctured. Another whom I knew said she was feverish and thought she was sure to go mad.

Pasteur was out of town—"at a hygienic congress," said to me one of his assistants. "Whom could I see in his stead?" I asked. "For what?" "To know for a newspaper all about the Padre Luiz." I was shown into the dispensary, where Dr. Chenu was at work. "When I've attended to these people," he said, "I shall be at your service." They came in in Indian file, and each in passing before him bared the pit of the stomach to be inoculated with the timed virus. Each file was a category. There were ten categories and ten glasses with stuff like yellow starch in them. The different files had their several glasses. The doctor worked in silence and seemed not to realize that he was operating on human beings. There was not a ray of sympathy shown for the poor creatures, who were gushingly grateful. When he was through with his task I went up to him. He took a telegram out of a pile of telegraphic messages. It announced the death of the priest. He then opened a day book in which was this entry: "Rodriguez Barro Luiz, age 58, priest, coming from Cabannas, Province of Iras os Montes, Portugal. Bitten on July 5 at 7 in the morning. Five wounds, namely, one in the neck, one in the cheek, one in the forehead, one in the lip and one in the arm; the one on the lip greatly tumefied and most dangerous; admitted to treatment August 3. Said he had been cauterized by a country chemist with a yellow burning liquid, but did not know what it was."

The doctor then shut the register and put it in its place. He proceeded to say that nothing short of a miracle could have saved the priest. "Why?" I asked. "Because," he answered, "he came too late. He should have come before the tenth day of incubation. That would have saved him." "But," I said, "I remember that M. Pasteur claimed ability to save after even a month's incubation." "You remember more than I do," replied the doctor. "When did he say so?"

"Why, when he appealed to the whole world to subscribe to his institute. He distinctly announced that dwellers on the Pacific Coast of North and South America would, if bitten by rabid animals, have time to come to Paris to be saved from rabies."

The doctor did not answer. After a brief pause he said: "Pasteur's remedy, like every other cure, is only efficacious when not applied too late. Patients come to us twenty, twenty-five, thirty and forty days after they have been bitten. We take them in simply to calm their nerves. If they die the system is not at fault."

The Mayor sent down John Simmons, drunkenness and conduct, for ten days.

On the introduction of a resolution in the Knights of Labor Convention providing that no charters should be granted to assemblies of "rat" printers, Mr. Powderly and the General Secretary stated, amid great applause, that no such charters had ever been issued and none ever would be.

A sensation has been developed by the announcement that the municipal authorities of Louisville, Ky., are about to secure indictments against the President and Directors of the Louisville Gas Company for buying the election of certain State legislators with the idea in view of securing a charter from the Legislature giving this company the exclusive right to make and sell gas in Louisville. It is charged that at the last election the company spent $15,000 to elect legislators.

ALL MEN EDITORS.

The Man Who Would Acknowledge that He Could not Run a Newspaper Not Yet Discovered.

("Hieronymous Crank" in Memphis Times.)

I have never yet discovered the man who would acknowledge anything else; he might confess that he had mistaken his calling in becoming a minister; he might say that he was never built for a lawyer, or that medicine was not to his taste; he might own up that he could not run a saw mill, a locomotive, a school, a hotel, a steamboat or a saloon; but never admit that he could not make a newspaper a howling success.

I discovered this psychological fact several years ago when a friend of mine took a trip to Europe and asked me to run his paper for him while he was away. Now, if there was any one thing that I thought I could do then, it was to conduct a newspaper; so I promptly acceded to his request and was installed as editor. I determined in the first place that I would sound public sentiment, and find out accurately what my readers wanted. Here are a few of their opinions:

"Your editorials are too long. People don't read anything longer than fifteen lines nowadays. They believe in paragraphs."

"Why don't you give us some editorials. Those short comments are not worth reading. They give us no idea of a subject."

"You ought to give more personal and society news. Surely the movements of respectable people are of much more importance than the records of the police court."

"What makes you fill your paper with all this slush? No one cares to read that kind of stuff."

"I can't see why you fill your paper with so much trival local news when so many important events are taking place elsewhere."

"For goodness sake give us a rest on the foreign news. Nobody here cares what the royal idiots are doing in England."

"Why don't you cater more to the ladies? They are the greatest newspaper readers and it seems to me you slight them entirely."

"Look here! You are making a mistake in publishing a woman's paper. If you expect to succeed, you will have to put something stronger in it."

"As soon as you quit publishing this infernal base ball news you can renew my subscription."

"What's the matter with your paper now? It has no base ball news in it. That's the only department I read, and if you can't give us more than you do, why, you can stop my paper."

"You could greatly improve your paper by publishing articles of the best humorists occasionally."

"I can't understand why you stuff your columns with the vapid humor of Bill Nye, Bob Burdette and the funny papers. No one wants to read that kind of stuff."

"Well, I see you are publishing a red hot prohibition paper now. You will make a great many enemies by embracing that folly."

"I hear a good many complaints among prohibitionists of the lukewarmness of the paper. They say that you have gone back on the cause."

"There is one thing lacking in your paper. You are not spicy and personal enough. People want personalities nowadays. They want to be shook up."

"You ought not to indulge so much in personalities. Maintain a judicial tone, and avoid anything like heat or malice."

"If the paper had more sporting news in it and fewer religious notes, it would be more popular."

"Religious people complain a great deal about you filling your paper with sporting news, and neglecting the affairs of the church."

Such was the advice I got. It was plain that in order to satisfy everybody I had to double the size of the paper or discontinue its publication entirely. I concluded to adopt the advice in sections. I became by turns raptuously religiously and sublimely skeptical. I wrote like a literateur one week, and like the correspondent of a sporting journal the next. I constructed ponderous articles on the tariff and as an offset penetrated the giddy of the giddies and dashed up an editorial on society. I wrote earnestly about base ball and developed an easy cowboy style in my literary critiques. I noticed every local plank walk that had been laid and every watermelon lawn party that had been given one week; and the next I wrote about the early extermination of Europe. I gave my views about agriculture in a way that infatuated the entire Granger element. I wrote up a public official in a judicial way, and no one paid any attention to it. I denounced another official in a lurid, red-headed style, and contracted a serious case of doctor's bill on account of it.

When I had been an editor for six weeks I became aware of the fact that if the owner of the paper did not return soon he would find nothing of his paper left except the mortgage on the type and press.

Nut Bearing Trees.

It is somewhat strange that among the undeveloped industries of the State so few persons have thought of investing money in nut bearing trees when it could be made one of the most important branches of horticulture, and, unlike most industries, is safe from the dangers of over production for at least a century. Among nut bearing trees the hillert, walnut and chestnut deserve special notice, but the pecan is indeed the prince of all—the most beautiful and symmetrical, the most hardy and long lived, the most popular and the most profitable. No one industry in the short cultural line will pay so large returns—not even the famous orange groves of Florida. This tree is not at all choice of soils—will grow almost anywhere, on hillsides, in rocky places not suitable for cultivation, or on high sandy ridges—but will grow faster and larger if planted on moist fertile soil. Broad areas of land in our State, now valueless to the owners, would, in a short time, almost without expense, yield immense profits if planted in pecan trees. Surely it is time our people were giving this industry attention, and every farmer should have a grove of stately pecans—"the pride of the neighborhood, the admiration of the sojourners, the fortune of its owner."

The sparkle of repentant tears reaches heaven.

LABOR'S CAUSE HOLY.

Why Pope Leo Believes I Upholds the Rights of Labor—Are Our Delegates at Home—Powderly Says Prosperity Is Blowing Terms—The Order Spreading Abroad.

ST. NAZARIUS, October 9.—The letter prepared by General Master Workman Powderly upon the attitude of the Catholic church toward the Knights of Labor, and which has been awaited with more than ordinary interest by the members of the order throughout the country, was finally completed to-day, and will be presented to the General Assembly tomorrow morning. It reads as follows:

"In the month of October of last year Cardinal Gibbons called the archbishops of America together to discuss serious matters appertaining to the church in this country. The prestige among these being the relation of the order of Knights of Labor with secret societies. Protestants and Catholics became deeply interested in the action which these twelve powerful prelates, who are at the head of the American hierarchy, would take with reference to the labor problem.

"It had been represented to the ecclesiastical authorities that the Knights were seeking to revolutionize generally accepted fundamental principles by claiming for labor the right to dictate to capital and in this manner were seeking to bring into full force papal sovereignty in opposition to private rights; that they were following the example of the French socialists and arrogating to themselves the right of confiscating strikes whenever it suited their purposes, and by these strikes causing the loss of life and the destruction of private property; and that should the order prosper with such pernicious principles it would inevitably lead its members and the working classes generally from insubordination to anarchy and socialism. If the principles of the Knights were ever to prevail among the people, faith and religion would be forever destroyed in our country.

"These spoke the enemies of organized labor.

"Immediately after the close of the last session of the General Assembly in Richmond, our general master workman received a courteous invitation from his Eminence the Cardinal to come to Baltimore, as his presence there was required to give good and sufficient testimony on matters concerning the order, and upon which the cardinal desired particulars in his possession.

"Accompanied by Messrs. John W. Hayes and Frank Farrell, I left my home for Baltimore.

"The cardinal immediately had that man who was the chief spokesman of the prelates, the Bishop of Richmond, introduced to me. The bishop said: 'Mr. Powderly, we have heard much about the Knights of Labor. We have read your constitution and laws, and we have discussed them among ourselves. We have also read the proceedings of your last session, and we have come to the conclusion that there is nothing in your society that should prevent a Catholic from joining it.' The cardinal then said: 'Mr. Powderly, we