

# The Watchman and Southron.

"Be Just and Fear not—Let all the Ends thou Aims't at, be thy Country's thy God's, and Truth's."

SUMTER, S. C., TUESDAY, APRIL 15, 1884.

THE TRUE SOUTHRON, Established June, 1866. New Series—Vol. III. No. 37.

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## GRANDMA'S ANGEL.

"Mamma said: 'Little one, go and see if Grandmother's ready to come to tea. I know I mustn't disturb her, so I stepped as gently as I could, and stood a moment to take a peep—And there was Grandmother fast asleep!"

"I knew it was time for her to wake; I thought I'd give her a little shake, Or tap at her door or softly call; But I hadn't the heart for that at all—She looked so sweet and so quiet there, Lying back in her high arm chair, With her dear white hair, and a little smile That made me solve you all the while."

"I didn't make a speck of a noise; I knew she was dreaming of little boys And girls who lived with her long ago, And then went to heaven—she told me so."

"I went up close, and I didn't speak One word, but I gave her on the cheek The softest bit of a little kiss—Just in a whisper, and then said this: 'Grandmother dear, it's time for tea.'"

"She opened her eyes and looked at me, And said: 'Why, Pet, I have just now dreamed Of a little angel who came and seemed To kiss me lovingly on my face.' She pointed right at the very place! 'I never told her that only me; I took her hand, and we went to tea.'"

From Random Recollections of a Long Life. By Sydney Deane, in St. Nicholas.

The extract published below, taken from the Southern Presbyterian, is from the manuscript of a book written by Mr. Edwin J. Scott of Columbia. The author says: "The book is intended mainly to describe the habits of living and doing business among our people from 1806 to 1876, and the advance and improvement in their condition during that period."

## BILL ARP.

He Talks of the Time When his Father was Postmaster and he was Mail Rider. Atlanta Constitution.

Two cents—only two cents. When I look at a postage stamp it carries me away back. Back to the time when my father was postmaster and I was his clerk, and had to make up the mails in a country town. The difference between now and then shows the world's progress in a privilege and a pleasure that is hardly equalled in any other branch of improvement.

The school house, built of logs, had a stand at the eastern end, that served for a pulpit whenever a stray Methodist preacher happened to call and hold divine service, which was done by at least one in my time, who declared that he was not ashamed to be called "old bawling Jenkins." He was widely known as a zealous Christian, had been a faithful soldier in the revolutionary war, and bore an excellent character in every respect, which together caused him to be elected doorkeeper of the Senate in his extreme old age.

In that building I first went to school, my teacher being a Mr. Rivers from the low country. Many years afterwards, when visiting my friends in Salem, I was delayed several hours at the Manchester station on the Wilmington Railroad, about a mile below the old village, and walked up to it, where I found two boys remaining—that former, occupied by my father, and the old school house, looking both inside and out, exactly as I had left it half a century previously.

The slave trade was then in operation and many Africans were brought into the district by the planters. I saw quite a number of them bright-looking, smooth-faced, and slender in form; but clean-limbed and very active. So fond of whiskey were they, that for a dram of whiskey they would strike him in the forehead with his fist.

The occasional, and always welcome, advent of a Yankee peddler, driving a good horse in a covered wagon supplied families with tin ware and other light goods. And a few Catawba Indians visited us every winter, with bows and arrows, moccasins, and earthenware pots and pans of their own manufacture, some very neatly made and prettily colored; the women carrying infants wrapped in blankets on their backs, so that the little ones could peep out over their mothers' shoulders. To complete my reminiscences of Manchester, it may be stated that we had a bright comet and several severe earthquakes; that shad were so abundant as to sell by the hundred at 12 1/2 cents each, that myself were given a small quantity of whiskey before breakfast every morning, and that I had learned to play cards before I could read.

## THE PUBLIC OF SOUTH CAROLINA.

DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE. COLUMBIA, S. C., April, 1884. The World's Industrial and Cotton Centennial Exposition, to be held in New Orleans beginning December, 1884, under the joint auspices of the United States, the National Cotton Planters' Association and the City of New Orleans, will be an event of the greatest consequence and of vital interest to every Southern State.

All the civilized nations of the world have been asked to participate in this Exposition, and many of them have already accepted the invitation and have given notice that they would make exhibition of their products and representation of their industries. All the States of the Union will be fully represented.

As this is the Centennial celebration of the first exportation of cotton from America, it is the peculiar province of South Carolina to occupy the most conspicuous place in the picture, as the first cotton exported was sent from Charleston. We have good reason to believe that the cotton gin was invented in South Carolina, and we are now about to give to the world the first and only successful cotton picker.

The South needs capital and immigration. This all will admit. How is she to obtain these? Just as every thing else is made successful—by judicious advertising. What better advertisement can we get than the exhibition to those who control capital and those who desire to purchase homes, of the splendid products of the soil, specimens of our mineral and samples of our manufactured goods.

The amount appropriated by the Legislature for making the exhibition is inadequate for the purpose unless we can obtain the voluntary assistance of the people throughout the State. This we feel sure we will receive, and now confidently appeal to them for their aid and encouragement.

In addition to the help that may be employed, representatives of the Department will be appointed in every Township in the State, who will constitute a Commission for the State, and who will be requested to see that local organizations are perfected; and it is desired that these organizations will see to it that all the resources of their Townships are made fully known. This appeal, however, is addressed to the people generally, who are urged to take this matter in hand without delay, and communicate with the Commissioner of Agriculture promptly, freely and frequently.

## What Our Editors Say.

Greenville News. The Militia Board of this State acted wisely and gracefully when it fixed on gray as the color of the uniforms of our State troops. The most glorious period in the history of the South is identified with the gray; the grandest men she ever produced achieved the fullness of their grandeur in it; her plowmen became heroes in life while wearing it and it wrapped their dead forms in the splendors of martyrdom; all the glory of Southern courage, endurance and devotion culminated in the ragged gray of Lee's and Johnston's veterans, and our sweetest song and most splendid rhetoric will always be concentrated around them as the years take us further away.

Identified as it is with the vindication and elevation of our character as a people inseparable as it is from memories of Southern heroes and heroism, sanctified as it is by the sufferings, blood and glories of men who wore it, gray should always be the color of Southern soldiers whatever cause they may bear arms in. They can follow the flag of the Union with loyal hearts while wearing it, and they can march shoulder to shoulder with their brethren in blue, but when they forsake it they forsake the glory and honor of their own blood and their own country, and commit treason against that which all true men cherish.

Why Not Give Shoes and Clothing to Old Soldiers? Abbeville Press and Banner. We have several hundred convicts in the Penitentiary. In that institution we have a shoe manufactory, which turns out a great number of the best shoes, and which are exported off sold. What we want to know is, why cannot provision be made for issuing a pair of those good shoes to every needy Confederate soldier? Surely the old soldiers may receive this much from the convicts, at a time when our people are paying a quarter of a million of dollars for the negro education.

Another matter, why cannot other machinery be put in the Penitentiary which will enable the convicts to manufacture clothing for our old needy soldiers? This certainly would be better employment than the present foolish waste of time, money and labor in the development of a water power which is not needed, and never will be profitable.

The "Business Interests." Palmetto Post. The protectionists in and out of Congress have a great deal to say as to what the 'business interests' require. This is a very comprehensive term. Agriculture, for instance gives employment to 7,670,498 persons, and represents a capital of over \$10,000,000,000. Is not this a 'business interest'?

Whereas the farmers benefited by a perpetuation of the war tariff, under which 75 per cent of the duties are collected from the necessities of the people, and agriculture receives no direct advantage, although it supplies more than three-fourths of all of our exports? The merchants and traders of all degrees certainly belong with the 'business interests.' Are they more benefited by a high tariff than they would be by a reduction of taxes that would leave \$100,000,000 in the pockets of the people that are now taken out to swell a treasury surplus? To hear the politicians talk one would suppose that the only 'business interests' worth considering are the coal and iron mines, the lumber mills, the salt blocks, and the few other industries that enjoy government subsidies at the expense of both the great body of producers and of consumers. The logic of their position likewise is that the prosperity of a people depends upon the maintenance of high taxes. These assumptions are absurd and unjust.

## The Squatter's Fool.

"I am looking for a stray horse," said a man stopping at the house of an Arkansas farmer, and addressing a native who came out and leaned on the low fence.

"What sorter horse?" "Sorrel, with a white star in his forehead." "How long's he been gone?" "About a day and a half." "Good work nag?" "First rate." "Wanter swap him for a better one?" "No, I believe not." "White star in his forehead, yet say?" "Yes."

"An' yer don't wanter swap him?" "No, I believe not." "Certain he's a good work nag?" "Of course I am." "An' yer don't wanter swap him for a better one?" "Here, my friend, I haven't time to talk such nonsense. I want to know if you have seen anything of the kind of horse I described."

"Why didn't yer say so?" "I did." "Yer didn't. Said that the kind o' hoss you was a looking fur, but yer didn't ax if I'd seen him." "Excuse me, for I intended to. He got loose and I have looked for him nearly everywhere."

"Good work nag?" "Splendid, the best I ever saw." "Don't wanter swap him for a better one?" "I told you no." "But that was before you axed if I'd seen him." The searcher after information looked at the squatter with a hard stare, but the squatter, unabated, leaned on the fence, while tobacco juice showed a disposition to trickle from the corners of his mouth.

"I thought that I had seen the biggest fool in the country, but you take the lead, said the inquirer with a deliberation that left no room for mistake. "I thought that my wife's father was the biggest fool in the universe, but you are the captain." "Well, now, here, stranger, ef you're out lookin' for fools, jes' git down an' wait till my son-in-law comes from the still house. Talkin' 'bout fools, mister, 'y's you're way behind the latest dickeries. Tell you what that son-in-law o' mine done. We was killin' hogs the other day an' the first thing I knowed he had scalded himself an' hung himself on the pole, suth'er yer he'd done. Come from meetin' 't'other night an' put that mule in the house an' went out an' stood all night in the lot. Stranger, don't talk about fools in this neighborhood less yer want ter git flogged. 'W'y's he a fellar issued my son-in-law 't'other day and he kicked himself 't'other road." "That has nothing to do with my horse, and I want you to tell me whether or not you have seen him."

## The Secret of Happiness.

Palmetto Freeman. There's philosophy in everything, and the true philosophy of life is to pass through the world with a kind of quiet and conservative dignity which is neither aggressive nor offensive. There is no use in putting one's self to extra trouble, or going out of the way just for the luxury of stirring up a strife and exciting opposition. There are some people who never seem to have a pleasant word for anybody, and 'ere never so happy as when they are running against sharp corners so as to have something to quarrel at. Those who live in a storm and prefer fishing in muddy water, are not usually the ones that prove to be the benefactors of their race, or leave the world any better for having lived in it. Many has been made by diplomacy than war, and peace has its conquests as well as strife, and they are not so costly and are much more to be desired.

If you would have friends you must show yourself friendly, and not stand coldly aloof and expect others to make all the advances. Live and let live, is the true maxim, but how few there are that set up to it in the various associations of social and business life? Every man for himself and the devil take the hindmost; enviousness, in the main, the policy and ruling sentiment of the day. Poverty and selfishness, founded on the plausible fallacy of big I and little you, would seem to symbolize the watchword and reply of the hosts-for-place and preferment in the ever changing scenes which mark life's great battle field. We are so engrossed with our own affairs, and so much of our time is taken up in promoting selfish ends and purposes, that we have little or no time left to help our neighbor and look after the interests of those that may need our help, either in the way of material aid of counsel and encouragement.

The State Convention. Aiken Journal and Review. The Chairman of the State Democratic Executive Committee has issued a call for a State Convention to meet in Columbia on the 26th of June, 1884, for the purpose of nominating candidates for electors for President and Vice-President of the United States. To elect eighteen delegates to the National Democratic Convention that convenes in Chicago on the 8th day of July. To nominate candidates for Governor and Lieutenant Governor, and the State officers, to elect the State Democratic Executive Committee, to serve for the ensuing two years.

We believe the call for nominating State officers in June a grave mistake. Before the campaign has fairly commenced,—before the people have had time to discuss the matter—before the two great National parties have nominated their candidates for President we are called upon to put up our candidates for State officers. At the present time no one knows what may turn up in the political campaign or what new issues may be brought forth, issues that may be particularly on South Carolina. Being a Presidential election year, a strong effort may be made to capture South Carolina for the Republican party. It is then not the part of wisdom to wait quietly and let the tactics and aims of both parties be developed before we nominate State officers? Why this hurry? Why force the party so early in the campaign to

show its hand? It is inexplicable to us. The cry of the expense entailed is too thin to be given as a reason for holding both conventions as one in June. Fortunately we have many patriotic citizens who are willing to attend State Conventions at Columbia two or three times just for the luxury of stirring up a strife and exciting opposition. There are some people who never seem to have a pleasant word for anybody, and 'ere never so happy as when they are running against sharp corners so as to have something to quarrel at. Those who live in a storm and prefer fishing in muddy water, are not usually the ones that prove to be the benefactors of their race, or leave the world any better for having lived in it. Many has been made by diplomacy than war, and peace has its conquests as well as strife, and they are not so costly and are much more to be desired.

No difficult job: "I hate to see a man hesitate a half-hour before making up his mind," said Fishbon. "It don't take me a half-minute to make up my mind." "I shouldn't suppose it would take nearly so long as that," was Fogg's laconic remark.

## Lily Langtry's Luxuriousness.

That Mrs. Langtry has a soft and luxury-craving nature is made plain by everything that surrounds her both off and on the stage. That she also has a keen eye for the beautiful wherever found is proved by her purchase of draperies. She has the lavish but refined tastes of a woman gently born and bred and not those of an actress who has suddenly sprung into rich success and who spends vulgarly in the attempt to be splendid.

Mrs. Langtry's manners toward the members of her company and all the humber attaches of the profession to which she has allied herself are declared affable and charming, and with the true instinct of the woman of society she takes pains to make herself agreeable to every one with whom she comes in contact. She is far more sincerely admired behind the curtain than before it, and if you have any doubt as to her claim to greatness consult the stage-door keeper or call boy—who have none.—New York Letter.

An Editor's Business. An editor is a male whose business is to investigate a newspaper. He writes editorials, grinds out poetry, inserts deaths and wedding, sorts manuscripts, keeps a waste basket, blows up the "devil," steals mail, fights out other people's battles, sells his paper for a dollar and fifty cents a year, and takes white beans and apple "sassa" for pay when he can get it, works nineteen hours out of twenty-four, nose no Sunday, gets dunned by everybody, lives poor, dies damned and often broods making "music in the sinners' ears."

From Sumter we moved to Manchester for the sake of health and society, by the Moores, Ramseys, Ballards and the other rich planters who owned lands on the Wateree River. Besides their residences, it had a tavern kept by my father, a shoe shop, tailor shop, blacksmith shop, a school house and two or three stores—the principal one owned by Drake Goodman, who soon after went to Charleston, where he became a leading cotton factor and Methodist exhorter. He was said to have once concluded the two professions and shown

A fair Pharisee: "She—I think it's a sin and a shame to kill the dear little feathered songsters. If I had my way I'd make 'em against killing birds. Guess people wouldn't starve if they let the birds alone." He—"But what would the ladies do without hat ornaments?" She—"Oh, that is an entirely different thing. Of course when there is an actual necessity for shooting the dear creatures one must wife one's feelings you know."

Help the weaker party: A timid young man has married a lady whose weight verges closely upon 200 pounds. "My dear," says he to her, "shall I help you over the fence?" "No," says she to him, "help the fence!" Naomi was 86 years old when she was married. This should encourage old maids, upon whose heads the frosts of time are sprinkling their white marks, to inscribe nil desperandum upon their banners, and keep right along hoping and hoping and hoping.