

The Watchman and Southron.

Consolidated Aug. 2, 1881.

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

THE TRUE SOUTHRON, Established June, 1866.

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WHERE I LOVE I LOVE FOREVER.

She was a blithe maid who sang,
Close by the cottage window sitting;
Sweet and clear were the notes that rang
Out on the air where birds were fitting;
Merely, merrily, sang the birds,
But none could exactly guess their words,
While the maid so sweetly,
And blushing ever,
Sang "Where I love, I love forever!"
He was a youth just passing by
While the maid was singing, oh, so sweetly!
Who to the garden-gate drew nigh
And listened there, entranced completely;
For the sound of a voice so sweet and clear,
Was rapturous music to his ear,
And he said, "Ah, never
Would I wish to sever
From one who loves and loves forever!"
The maiden smiled on her lover's face,
When at her feet he made confession;
Her eyes were bright but her voice was mute,
When she gave her heart into his possession.
But now together their lives are set,
They sing in unison this duet:
"We'll discover
Never—never!
For where we love, we love forever!"

Senator Butler's Letter on the Educational Bill.

UNITED STATES SENATE CHAMBER, WASHINGTON, April 5, 1884.

MY DEAR SIR—I am in receipt of yours of the 2d inst. this morning, and send by to-day's mail a copy of my speech on the Educational Bill.

A few years ago I entertained the opinion that it would be a good thing for the South to have this federal aid to education in the States and introduced a Bill (not like the Blair Bill, however) and went to work to prepare a speech in support of it. I had not previously examined carefully the Constitutional power of Congress to pass such legislation, and determined to satisfy myself by a thorough study of the question.

This investigation convinced my mind that Congress has no such power, and thereupon abandoned the Bill and did not call it up. This Blair Bill under discussion is much more obnoxious to the Constitution as I read it than mine, and of course I oppose it.

But if the Constitutional power were clearly expressed and I had no doubt on that score, I should vote against it as a matter of policy.

Yielding to and sympathizing with an almost universal anxiety among our best people in regard to public education after we recovered possession of the State Government in 1876, I favored national aid to education, but as I have remarked, I had not considered maturely its Constitutional bearings nor its general effect and probable consequence of such a policy. I was simple minded enough to believe that the Republican leaders were sincere in their professed desire to see the negro educated. I am convinced now that in this regard I was also mistaken. They are quite willing to vote the money in aid of common schools if they can control its disbursement from Washington, and thereby again get control of the negro vote as they had through the Freedmen's Bureau and Union League. This at least is my opinion and every day's discussion confirms it.

I know it is urged by some of our Southern Senators that this is not the purpose and they are perfectly sincere in this opinion, but I have seen too much of their crafty designs upon the South to trust them in a vital matter like this.

If South Carolina should receive one million of this money and expend it for the schools with the most perfect and scrupulous impartiality between the two races, nothing would be easier than for the Republican managers to send emissaries among the negroes and food Congress with statements from them that we had ignored them practically and given the whites the full benefit of the money. Investigation by Congress would follow. The negroes would prove their statements by evidence made to order and ultimately federal school inspectors would be appointed and finally entire control of the schools would pass into federal hands.

What would be the result. Every common school in the State would be required to use school books from which our children would be taught that you and I and every man who felt he was doing his duty to the South during the war are vile traitors, and that those on the other side actuated by no higher sense of duty, were pure and unselfish patriots. This may come in time in spite of us, but I do not intend to help it along if I know it. A proper and healthful national feeling may be created in the South and will be without condemning the dead and living. You say the "papers are giving me hot shots." Well let them fire away. They have a right to their opinions, and I to mine. I have a few shots in my locker that I am willing to exchange, if they will come at me fairly and one at a time. Let the papers that are firing their "hot shot" at me give the people an opportunity to decide by stating my position fairly and honestly side by side with theirs, and I shall be willing to abide the issue and shall not complain.

So far in my public life I have taken positions on public questions according to the dictates of my own judgment and conscience, and have not waited to enquire whether they were popular or unpopular, whether the newspapers would vouchsafe their approval. In the main, when differing, they have treated me fairly in their criticisms. So I have nothing to complain of. No doubt I have made mistakes. I expect to make in the future, but I shall not be driven from what I believe to be right, by adverse criticism or uninformed opposition.

Upon mature reflection I am convinced I was in error when I favored this national aid to State common school education. A man who does not change his course, reverse it if need be, when he believes it is leading him over a precipice, and drawing it with him, is either a fool or what is worse, a knave. Acting upon this principle I have changed my mind about this whole business.

The race question will have to work out ourselves, each State for itself. Every time the General Government interferes it makes matters worse, and retards, postpones and embarrasses a proper solution, and I am opposed to it, whether in the form of aid to com-

Perishing at the Stake.

Charles Gibbs, a negro, worked for a farmer named Louis Moore, near Lyons Station, in Burlington county, Texas, on the Santa Fe Railroad. He had been in Moore's employ about two months. His record is said to have been a bad one, including a murder and a term in the penitentiary. Moore went to Lyons on last Saturday, the 12th, leaving his wife and two children at home and the negro at work in the field.

Mrs. Moore delayed the evening meal until after 8 o'clock, and as her husband was still absent, she concluded not to wait any longer. Just as she and the children sat down Gibbs came in through the kitchen, and, noting the vacant chair, asked if he could not sit down with them.

Mrs. Moore thought that the man was joking, and made some jocose reply, when the fellow repeated the request in a manner that indicated he was in earnest, at the same time moving toward the seat usually occupied by Mr. Moore. Then Mrs. Moore told him he could not sit at the table with the family.

A quarrel ensued, which was cut short by Gibbs grabbing an axe and striking the woman on the head, killing her instantly. Mr. Moore returned just in time to see the negro running away, but did not suspect any thing wrong until he had entered the house. Then he gave the alarm, and pursuit was commenced and kept up till Sunday evening, when the murderer was caught about twelve miles from where he committed the murder.

He was taken back to Lyons, arriving between 10 and 11 o'clock at night. By this time public feeling was highly incensed. A crowd secured chains, tied the negro to a post oak sapling, and tearing down an old dry house, made a funeral pyre around him. Then, saturating the wood with coal oil, a match was applied, and the wretched murderer was soon burned to death.

Mauled for his "Freshness."

Quite a sensation was caused in the treasury department in Washington the morning of the 12th by a lively set-to between one of the clerks and an outsider. Between 9 and 10 o'clock a stranger asked a doorkeeper where he could find John T. Cramer. He was directed to room No. 22, fourth auditor's office. He proceeded there and in answer to the summons Cramer came into the corridor. With but two or three preliminary remarks the stranger knocked Cramer down, kicked him and handled him pretty severely generally, scattering blood all around. He was prevented from doing further damage by a messenger. The watchman was called, and the stranger was taken to the Twelfth street station-house. He gave his name as John R. Risdon, grocer, and stated that Cramer had used his influence to obtain a position on the extra force in the internal revenue bureau for his (Risdon's) sister-in-law; that Cramer then addressed letters to the lady asking her to meet him at night. These were shown to Risdon, who proceeded to take summary vengeance in the manner described. He said his sister-in-law didn't want to see Cramer, but he (Risdon) did. He gave collateral at the station-house and was released. Risdon returned to the treasury department at noon, and laid before Secretary Folger the letter referred to. The Secretary immediately wrote a letter to the fourth auditor ordering Cramer's dismissal.

Silk Cannon.

The "leather" guns of old, barrels of leather bound with iron hoops, are to find an imitation in cannons of silk and steel. A German inventor proposes to wrap a steel tube with silk until a diameter is attained corresponding with the ballistic power which is required for the cannon. For any given diameter silk possesses a tenacity as great as that of the best tempered steel and has the advantage of a superior elasticity. After the tube has been made it is centered upon a lathe which turns with a great velocity. Above and parallel with the tube are arranged a number of spools of silk, which cover the surface in a form of a helix, by means of guides, without leaving any space between the threads. When the desired thickness has been obtained, the silk is coated with gutta percha or hardened caoutchouc, in order to preserve it from air and dampness. The silk being a bad conductor of heat, the gun can be fired very often without getting hot, and it is stated that it can be more easily managed, since its weight is only one-third as great as if it only were of steel.

Prof. N. Joly, of the Faculty of Sciences at Toulouse, France, thus briefly sums up his conclusions concerning the original homes of domestic animals: "The Eastern origin of certain species now domesticated among us is open to no manner of doubt. Such are, for example, the peacock, a native of India; the common pheasant, brought from the banks of the Phasis after the expedition of the Argonauts; the cock perhaps; and the silkworms cultivated in China for nearly 3,000 years. A few animals only come to us from Africa. The guinea fowl, the canary, and perhaps also the ferret, are instances. Others, lastly, have been imported from America at a comparatively recent epoch. These are the guinea pig, the turkey, the musk duck (improperly termed the Barbary duck), the Canada goose and the cochineal from Nepal. To Europe belong, in our opinion, the dog, the cat, the horse, the ass, the pig, the ox, the goat, the sheep, the rabbit, among birds the pigeon the common fowl, the duck, the common goose, the swan; and among insects the bee."

James, my son, take this letter to the postoffice and pay the postage for it.

The boy James returned highly elated and said: "Father, I see a lot of men putting letters in a little slit of a hole, and when no one was looking I slipped yours in for nothing."

What Our Editors Say.

Palmetto Yeoman.

We do not believe in the permanent retention of office by any man or set of men. The occasional infusion of new blood in every department of government is wholesome and necessary. But our officers should have a four years term anyhow to make the positions worth holding, secure the highest degree of official efficiency and avoid the frequent repetition of exciting political contests. Therefore we acquiesce in the proposition to re-elect all of the present executive officers of our State without contest or disturbance. Two years hence it will be time for a new deal and general change, and we ought to have it then regardless of the line of promotion.

Wilmington Star.

The effort to get the tax on wool restored failed in the House by a vote of 119 to 126 yeas. Mr. Hurd, an able man from Ohio, discussed the subject at length. He gave expression to a sentiment that was received with great applause on the Democratic side. Said he:

"For one, I don't care that the party to which I belong shall come into power unless it shall be to give freer trade to the people, a better investment to capital, larger wages to the laborer, and greater glory to the American name."

Let the Democrats in Congress stick to that text through evil and good report. Mr. Morrison stated that the wool question would be considered when the Tariff came up which he proposed should be on the 15th of April.

Jury Exemptions.

Palmetto Index.

We see it stated that the committee appointed to ascertain into the causes which led to the recent riot, in Cincinnati and to make suggestions to prevent its recurrence, among other things suggest that there are too many legal exemptions for jurors; that for one cause or another many of the best citizens of the city of Cincinnati are exempt from sitting as jurors.

For sometime we have entertained the same view in reference to the legal exemption of jurors in our State, and the recent view of Court has confirmed this view. By law, township assessors, school trustees and other similar officers are exempt. The school trustees and township assessors, three of each to each township, in Marion County makes one hundred and eight exemptions. These citizens are selected for their fitness to discharge the duties of these positions and are generally the most intelligent citizens. Thus it will be seen that by legal exemption one hundred and eight of the best citizens of the county do not sit on juries, and the benefit of their intelligence and experience is lost in settling the grave questions of life, liberty and property. Our opinion is that the laws exempting her sons from sitting on juries should be repealed and those appointed to the positions named above should be paid for their services.

Selection of Common School Teachers.

Abbeville Press and Banner.

A State exchange announces that the Public School of the County in which it is published, will close this month, because the school funds are exhausted. It is said that this exhaustion, at so early a period of the year, is not because the amount apportioned to the county was less than the usual amount, but because of the large number of teachers employed. This statement is suggestive of the criminal indifference with which important public trusts are discharged. It is not probable that there was a necessity for every teacher employed, and it is less probable that all who were employed were qualified for the responsible duties of the position. Does it follow that because an applicant is able to answer certain questions propounded, that he or she is fit to be entrusted with the duties incident to a school-room—even though it be a public school? or is it that a public school differs from a private school in so much that those who would be considered totally unfit for duty in the latter, may be employed in the former. The public school differs from the private only in the matter of paying the teacher; the one by private funds, the other out of the public treasury, but does that authorize the employment of any and everybody in the public schools, without regard to their integrity of character, and moral worth? The pupils to be taught in each are the same; they are the children of the country who are to become its men and women, and to be charged with the responsible duties of citizenship. There is, in reality, another difference between the two, of very grave character. In the private school the pupil has the watchful eye and solicitude of the parent attending his instruction; every parent is a special commissioner, not for the purpose of discharging funds only, to the teacher, but for the infinitely higher purpose of noting the character and quality of instruction imparted to the pupil, by example, as well as precept. Together they form a board of trustees under whose supervision the welfare of every child is cared for; but in the public school this duty lies principally with the county board of examiners, with whom the responsibility rests in a great measure. They are the public guardians, and execute their trust solely through the teachers whom they commission to teach. Is the selection of a common school teacher, then a matter of trifling importance? Should not the same qualities, moral and intellectual, be required for the one, that is demanded for the other? Ought children to have preceptors in the public schools who would not be tolerated in the private? and yet, what board of examiners have ever enacted a moral standard, and made it a qualification for the common school teacher? Will it be contended that this is not the province of the board, but only to examine into the intellectual fitness of the applicant. Then why apply a different rule to the teacher of a private school. Why endanger the moral safety of a neighbor's child in the public school when it

Was it a Miracle?

During the gale last week, when the terrific forest fires swept over our county with the fury of a demon, destroying almost every inflammable article in their way, several churches seem to have escaped the flames as if by divine interposition. Antioch Church is surrounded by heavy pine forests, and just before the fire reached the immediate vicinity of the church it divided and went around it, joining together on the opposite side and sweeping on with its former fury, leaving the church untouched.

At Mount Zion, above Camden, the flames acted in almost a similar manner, passing close around the church, but harming nothing.

At Pine Tree Church the fires passed under and around the building, burning straw, wood and lumber around it, but doing no injury to the church.

At Sandy Grove the fire went through the church yard, burning all the fencing, railing and sheds around it and the cemetery adjoining the church, but did no injury to the church itself.

Do not these incidents look like the work of a kind Providence itself in saving the churches from destruction? What have the doubters to say about it?—Camden Journal.

They Stopped a Thief.

William Garrison is an employee of the oil works at Bergen Point. Jeremiah Hathaway of Pittsburgh, a friend of his, is paying him a visit. On Saturday night they came to New York to spend the evening with a friend who lives in Third avenue, near 126th street. It was midnight when they left their friend's house. They walked down Third avenue. When they were between 124th and 123d streets a man came running around the corner of the latter street, and ran toward them at full speed. He was hatless. The next instant another man turned the corner of the street. He was evidently in eager pursuit of the hatless man, for he cried out:

"Stop him! Stop him! He's got my pocketbook!"

Garrison and Hathaway headed off the flying man and seized him. He pleaded with them to let him go, declaring that his pursuer had robbed him of his watch and was chasing him to secure his pocketbook. That a man who had been robbed should be wildly flying, with the robber in close pursuit seemed too unlikely a story to the captors of the alleged robber man, and they held him until the pursuer came up, panting from his run.

"This man has got my pocketbook!" exclaimed the latter. "Please hold him until I get it."

In spite of the protests of the hatless man and his emphatic declarations that the other man had robbed him, the two captors held him until the panting individual had taken a wallet from one of his trousers pockets.

"There it is, you scoundrel!" said the panting individual. "Gentlemen, you have done me a great favor, and I thank you. Now that I have my property I am satisfied. You may let the rascal go."

The lenient gentleman walked hurriedly down the avenue for a short distance, and then breaking into a sharp run, disappeared.

The two friends released the man they had captured. Without a word he started on a run after the man who had recovered the wallet. Supposing that he intended to make another effort to secure the plunder he had lost, Garrison and Hathaway ran after him to render any aid that might be necessary to prevent the robbery. When they crossed 126th street they saw the man who had recovered the wallet standing under the gas-light on the corner of 122d street. His pursuer joined him, and the two disappeared together in the cross street. Garrison and Hathaway thought that was an exceedingly strange proceeding. When they reached the stairs at the next elevated railway station, and Garrison found that his pocket containing \$50 was gone, and Hathaway discovered that his gold watch was missing, the preceding did not seem so strange.—New York Sun.

She Showed Her Ticket.

The gates at the passenger depot which shut out all people not having tickets for the train were yesterday closed at the Union depot against an elderly woman wearing spectacles and using an umbrella for a cane.

"Can't pass without a ticket," said the man at the gate as she came up.

"I want to see if there's anybody on that train going to Port Huron," she answered.

"Can't pass without a ticket, madam."

"I've got a daughter in Port Huron, I have."

"Can't help it, please. My orders are very strict."

"I tell you I want to send word to my daughter," she exclaimed, adjusting her spectacles for a better view of the official.

"Yes, but we can't help that, you see. Please show your ticket."

"I want this 'ere railroad to understand that I've got a darter in Port Huron, and she's got a baby four weeks old, and I'm going to send her up word in spite of all the gates in this depot!"

"Please show your ticket, madam."

"I tell you once more—"

"Please show your ticket, madam."

She gave the old umbrella a whirl and brought it down on his head with all the vim of an old-fashioned log-raising, and as he staggered aside, she passed him and said:

"There's my ticket, sir, and I've got more behind it! Maybe a man and gate can stop me from sending word to my darter to grease the baby's nose with mutton tallow if the weather changes cold, but I don't believe it!"—Railway Age.

You say that Mr. Smith gave you twenty dollars for officiating at his wedding, and Mr. Brown only gave you two dollars? said the wife of a clergyman to her husband.

"Yes," he replied.

"That seems very strange," continued the lady; "Mr. Smith is a clerk on a small salary, while Mr. Brown, I have always understood, is a very wealthy man."

"He is, my dear, but this is the second time Mr. Brown has been married."

When it is cold without and scold within, the married man has a rough time seeking comfort.

In His Element.

They met on the crowded avenue in front of the city hall. One was a young man of about twenty-two, the other a man about sixty years old. One lives in the northern part of the State, the other in the southern. Fate had brought them together. There was nothing cordial in their meeting. They didn't cry out "Put it that!" and pump-handle each other like a couple of old friends. On the contrary, the young man grew red in the face and breathed hard and stammered out:

"Ten years ago I went to school to you!"

"Yes, you did?" was the calm reply.

"And one day you licked me almost to death for an offence committed by another boy!"

"Well, you were always in need of a licking."

"And I swore," continued the young man, "aye, I registered a vow, that if ever I met you after I had grown up I would have my revenge! Prepare to be punished to a lifeless mass!"

"I'm prepared," replied the old schoolmaster, as he spit on his hands, and in a minute the fun was raging. The young man rushed upon him with a war whoop, but his nose struck something and he fell down. He got up and rushed again, and this time he was flung down, rolled over, stepped on and left with a number of loose teeth and a spitting headache. The police took him in, but when they came to hunt for the old man he was across the street trying to pin up a rent in his coat and saying to some of his friends:

"Ah! it brings back all the memories of the old red school-house to get my hands on an unruly pupil in the first reader class again!"

Kindlings in Paper Bags Etc.

Calling one day by chance at the humble but pleasant cottage of a co-worker of by-gone years, the writer was welcomed to the "Prophets' Chamber," which we almost feared to enter on a cold night, after many chilling experiences in "spare-rooms." In this plainly but neatly furnished chamber is a small but ample stove, a box of pine wood behind it, a few hardy plants by the window on an easily moved support; half a dozen inconspicuous but strong hooks or pins, very convenient for hanging up one's clothing on when retiring, and so on.