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"THE SINS OF THE SENATE."

CAPTAIN TILLMAN'S REJOINDER TO SENATOR YOUMANS.

A Discussion of Several Matters that Have Been Considered in the Different Farmers' Conventions.

(From the News and Courier.)

Your weekly of the 10th brings me Col. Youmans's rejoinder to my last article. It is funny to see how he "abouts face" and flounders from one irrelevent statement to another, how he dodges the issue, how much "inky fluid" he wastes on "cattle-fish" logic. I congratulate him, however, upon having risen to a higher plane than mere personal abuse, and in trying to defend his position by something besides "smart" retorts and school-boy wit. He still continues to make misstatements, [bu]t I attribute this purely to those who [load]ed him. He shoots what they put [in] his gun without knowing whether it [i]s lead or dough—truth or falsehood.

First, he says: "Capt. Tillman raised the cry of catch thief against the present board of agriculture, and then nominated himself for one of their successors."

The committee which selected the ten names to constitute the new board of agriculture know how utterly false is this assertion. I have never nominated myself for any position except that of trustee of an agricultural college, and it cannot be shown that I am "a disappointed office-seeker, who can't get in," for I have never asked for any office in my life.

He next quotes from my speech made at the April Convention, to prove that I am "self-confessedly a failure in the management of my own farm," as follows: "I have been in that bastile myself. Have felt the waters rising higher and higher as failure after failure in the cotton crop left nothing with which to even pay interest. Had to sell some land," &c. Well, suppose I did get in debt, and "sold some land" to get out, does that make me a failure? He asks: "Who or what was it then that did fail?" I answer: Simply, rain. I have not got a store so as to enable me to make money whether it rains or not. I have never been able to pick a large crop of cotton whether I grew it or not. I have raised some that men with stores sold, but I do not admire that sort of "successful farming." I had rather a thousand times go down with my brother farmers than fatten at their expense.

Again, if all the men in South Carolina who have gotten in debt as I did, or who have made no money "with which to pay interest" since 1880 will support the measure advocated by me, there will be so little opposition that it will not be worth counting. A member of the House from Barnwell told me that county was not represented in the Farmers' Convention because their farmers were so poor they could not afford to pay their way to Columbia.

But in order to show what sort of a failure I am, I am reluctantly compelled to obtrude some of my private affairs upon the public. I do this only because the lesson may be of value to others, and because Col. Youmans asks so triumphantly whether I am a fit person to "lead the farmers of the State or to be placed on the board of agriculture."

I commenced farming in 1869, with 430 acres of land and four ploughs. I inherited 170 acres more in 1878. In 1885 I owned 2,200 acres, but owed several thousand dollars—nearly all of it lost in 1881. I had cleared money every year up to that date, and bought land and mules right along. In 1881 I ran thirty ploughs, bought guano and [sup]plies, &c., as usual, and the devil [tempt]ed me to buy a steam engine and [mac]hinery, amounting to over two [thousand d]ollars, all on credit. My [illegible] "it takes money to make [illegible] risk, nothing have." [illegible]rely free from debt [illegible]e feel "like a kite [illegible] I struck out boldly [illegible] Ben Jonson says:

[illegible] mortals
[illegible]ve our visions."

[illegible] and they were very rose[illegible] [uninterrupted] success had made [illegible] was "like the little wanton [boys that s]wim on bladders," but I did [not] know how much of a "bladder" [it] was on land impoverished of [illegible]able matter in a dry year. The [latt]er part of July began to give me an [in]kling of what a frail support it was. The drought came. It did not rain from July 10 till late in September, and when I settled up I had "tail" enough to my kite. I was in the "Red Sea," but did not know it, and I still had plenty of confidence in myself and in my "farming." I didn't exactly think, like Senator Youmans, that I "knew it all," but I thought I "knew how to farm," and I was cotton "planter" still.

Nothing daunted, in 1882 I struck out boldly for the shore. But I thought my kite's tail was lacking a little in weight, so I bought 250 acres more land, not [do]ubting that it would rain and I would [be] all right again in a year or two. [Eigh]teen hundred and eighty-two was a [goo]d year and I made good crops, but [it w]as small margin of profit as ex[penses] were so heavy—corn $1.50 per [bush]el and meat 14 to 16 cents per [pou]nd—so I only made the payment on [the la]nd I bought, and had "nothing for interest" on the debt of 1881. But high-priced provisions had sickened me. I commenced to raise hogs and plant corn enough to do me. I subscribed for the Country Gentleman, the best agricultural paper in the United States, and began to study.

To cut this confession short, '83, '84, '85 and '86 were all poor years for cotton with us. The land was sick and it wouldn't rain when it ought to, and did rain—the very heavens opened—when it ought not to have done so. I made plenty of corn and oats—began to get a herd of cows and killed every year from 6,000 to 8,000 pounds of meat, which I have learned can be raised cheaper than it can be bought; but my pocketbook for some years has been like Bill Arp's—"like an elephant had trod it." Instead of getting nearer shore I saw it gradually recede, while the tail to my kite began to grow intolerably heavy. I decided to unload; so "I sold some land" and cut off the longer part of the kite's tail. I still own 1,600 acres, and want to sell some more, for I have found out that I am "land-poor."

I have found out many other things, besides, during my voyage across the "Red Sea." I have discovered that not only do "I not know how to farm," but that very few of us in the hilly part of South Carolina do. We are land-butchers, not farmers. We are overseers far worse than Irish landlords, and the negroes are eating us out of houses and homes, while we follow the old ante-bellum system, but strive after money to buy a living, instead of making the living at home. Our lands, too, are going down the rivers and rapidly deteriorating in intrinsic value by false farming.

Now, whether this "over true tale" shows me to be a "failure" or not your readers must decide. I was "blind and fell in the ditch." The question is whether I am likely to lead others into the same ditch or not. They say "reformed drunkards make the best temperance lecturers," and I am fully qualified to inveigh against the errors of our farming for I have experienced them all. Some men never learn even from experience, but I feel I am well qualified to preach this crusade. I do not care a fig about getting on the board of agriculture, nor do I need or desire to travel to make up my mind in regard to agricultural colleges. I know those of Michigan and Mississippi are grand successes, and I have Gen. Stephen D. Lee's report of his examination into the workings of those of Kansas, Iowa and Michigan, which I will get the News and Courier to publish before the Legislature meets again for its information.

As for "leading the farmers of the State," I have never made any such claim. I struck out at Bennettsville boldly and alone to expose some humbugs, point out needed reforms and to demand justice for farmers. I have some rights as a taxpayer, which are invaded, and I give utterance only to my honest sentiments. If I am a "leader" the people have made me so, for I certainly had no followers when I started, and it was problematical whether I would ever have any. But I believed I was right, and I think so still, and so believing, will continue the fight as long as the people will back me. I only wish I was so situated that I could go more among them and talk face to face.

Now, let us see about the last Convention which met in November. The basis of representation was the same as that of the General Assembly, 159. Charleston, which was entitled to 14, having no farmers except on James Island, only sent 2. Beaufort and Georgetown was too sparsely populated with white people to organize farmers' clubs, and Horry has hardly heard of the Farmers' movement yet, I reckon, except through Senator Smith and its members of the House. There were over one hundred other delegates, all the other counties being represented, except Aiken, Barnwell, Hampton and York; and if Senator Talbert and I were the only representatives from the Fifth Congressional District, more's the pity. The Convention was respectable, both in size and ability, even though Col. Youmans claims that he and his friends have a monopoly of "respectability." The News and Courier said it "was a success." The "thousands of farmers who were in Columbia" were attending the Fair, and were too intent on that to attend the sessions of the Convention.

Imitating his friends and trainer, the Commissioner of Agriculture, Col. Youmans next catalogues the members of the board, and on the theory that the "King can do no wrong," clears them of blame because they are "all honorable men." This "pile of honorables, topped off with a Governor," has been thrown at me once before, but it cannot erase the record. But Governor Hagood has had no connection with the board during the time when the "incompetence and extravagance" have been so rampant. All of this has been since 1882. Governor Thompson I have always respected as a mere figure-head on the board, who took no interest or control in its affairs, and in truth I am afraid that has been the trouble with all of them. But while the commissioner may be the real culprit in the matter, the law makes the board the controlling power and they must bear or share the blame.

Dr. Pope's "three for a quarter" committee, self-appointed and therefore limited, is next brought in by Senator Youmans to exonerate the board by its "whitewashing" report. I can only guess how that report came to be made. The able "statistician" who proved that South Carolina was $68,000,000 better off in '85 than in '80, and who clerks for the commissioner, doubtless furnished the "figures" and data. There was evidently no investigation. But from whatever cause, Newberry's able representative was fooled and that badly. The next day after it was made to the "economic caucus," so called, my expose of the expenditures in the Agricultural Department came out in the News and Courier, and the House, ignoring Dr. Pope's report, at once passed a bill to take the control of the privilege tax from the board and limit its expenditures to a certain sum appropriated on estimates submitted. This bill the Senate, a majority of which seems to belong to the Commissioner and to the Coosaw King, Senator Smythe, refused to pass, mainly through the manipulations of Messrs. Smythe and Youmans. The Senator from Charleston had received from the Department several thousand dollars in fees for the "Chisolm Island lawsuit," and it was "tickle me and I'll tickle you." So for two years in succession these two worthy Senators have blocked the efforts of the House to enforce economy in the Agricultural Department. It is to be presumed that Col. Youmans expects to be "tickled" hereafter, not with money, but with political influence and votes. He stands by his friends, right or wrong, regardless of his constituents, and it will be a pity if only friendship shall be his reward.

The "Shell investigating committee," which at the April Convention only sought to find out "why the board had employed special counsel instead of the Attorney General or Solicitors," exonerated the Commissioner from blame because it found the law authorized it. When the General Assembly passed the law requiring all such suits to be conducted by the State's law officers, the phosphate suits were excepted—why I do not know—but we can guess that the lawyer who had his finger in the agricultural pie did not like to take it out, and used his influence with his brethren in that body. Over $7,000 of "farmers' money" was thus spent, and an "efficient and competent" Board of Agriculture would have seen to it that those lawsuits were conducted by the Attorney General, which they could easily have done had the Legislature been asked to make him do so, or the Governor could have ordered him to do it.

Mr. Dargan was avowedly in the April Convention to break it up. He threw the only fire-brands in it, and it is small wonder that he, the spokesman of the "Ring," offered the resolution complimenting Col. Ransom, of whose [illegible] deficiency every one was cognizant. Its adoption followed as a matter of course, and proves nothing.

I have never, at any time, accused the State officers of "maladministration and extravagance," and at that time I had not said anything about the State Government. So Mr. Prince's resolution to "investigate the State departments" was reported unfavorably in the April Convention, at my request, and immediately after Governor Thompson's address I rose and denounced the charge that I had made such accusations as a lie.

So far, then, from having his "brass" endorsed by that Convention, Col. Youmans only shows how "brassy" he is in bringing forward such proof. A negro graduate in a trial justice's court would not produce such evidence. I have since used the words "Democratic imbecility" as applicable to our political management, and I have said the State Government as a whole is extravagant and that our taxes are too high. Col. Youmans himself has a very poor opinion of the State Government, as he says very hard things in his first letter about it having "undermined the self-reliance and dwarfed the manhood and independence of the people," and talks of their being "debauched in their financial integrity," etc., by this same dear Government. He seems to think nobody else has a right to abuse it but himself; and yet in his last letter he says "the farmers have but two grounds of complaint against the Legislature!"

Verily, the farmers of Barnwell should be proud of their Senator! He is such a pink of consistency, and so logical in his statements. The people have not forgotten that I showed that our State taxes were $320,000 more in '85 than in '80, or that the Legislature reduced the taxes one mill at the last session without reducing expenditures, thus acknowledging they had been worrying more money from an impoverished people that was needed even to pay the extravagant salaries, &c., which now obtain. I have claimed that we can economize in State expenditures enough to build an agricultural college without impairing efficiency, and I can prove it; and enough money is spent by the Agricultural Department without benefiting farmers to run such a college.

Col. Youmans has the "check" to quote my resolution about doubling the privilege tax, "which farmers will willingly pay to be guaranteed against fraud," as proving that the "present board is giving that very guarantee for 25 cents per ton." So, "advanced a logician," as Barnwell's Senator can prove anything, though, where brazen assertion passes for fact. Another of that very series of resolutions states, and the November Convention reiterated the complaint, that the "inspection of fertilizers is defective, and no adequate punishment provided for fraud." Both Conventions passed these resolutions unanimously, and there is more fault found with the bureau on this very point than any other.

Notwithstanding its own analysis showed deficiencies in many brands of fertilizers, notwithstanding numerous and repeated complaints made to the department of guano shipped without tags, our tender-hearted Commissioner has never "confiscated" a single ton that ever I heard of, or prosecuted a single offender. The poor farmer who sought redress has been consoled in being informed that "he himself was liable to indictment for receiving the guano," and the plain letter of the law and his own "regulations" have been ignored by the official sworn to execute them. The department is run seemingly to please the railroads and fertilizer companies and phosphate miners. It is "agricultural" only in name. It and the "agricultural" annex to the South Carolina College are the two humbugs of the age.

Col. Youmans's main defence of the board is in connection with the management of our phosphate interests. Grant that those interests are well managed; if you please, and I ask how is agriculture benefited thereby? What have they to do with farming? What business has a board of agriculture with "navigable and tide-water deposits?" The claim that the increase in the royalty over the receipts in former years is due to able management is all bosh. The increase is the result of better methods of raising rock, and to the fact that there has been enormous profit in the business. Coosaw stock has sold for $1,600 per share of $100.

And what is the condition of those interests to-day? Licenses have been granted to all who applied and the greedy miners turned loose in the phosphate territory with no restrictions as to cleaning the land (or water rather) as they went, no working of exhausted and unexhausted territory, no discrimination as to letting thin strata at a less royalty than thick, but all charged at one price—one dollar per ton—consequently the field has only been "slopped over." Thick and easily accessible deposits only are worked, without cleaning them through, and others left. Like hogs in a corn field, the miners have run all over the whole phosphate territory belonging to the State and gobbled up the "bonanzas." The rock that is left where they have been—and there are thousands and thousands of tons of it—will not pay to raise until the price largely advances, and may be considered wasted. A feverish haste to increase the amount paid into the State treasury by increasing the number of tons raised, rather than by increasing the royalty and putting the business under proper restrictions, has well-nigh destroyed—has certainly done irreparable damage to—the only valuable property the State owned.

Yet the board is praised for its "management." If such management indicates "competency" then I am a lunatic. If this be statesmanship, God save us from such statesmen. The board is not all to blame. Our Legislatures have been sadly ignorant and careless in dealing with this most important interest. "Cuttle-fish," like Senator Youmans, have not been wanting to cloud the water and use interested arguments to frighten timid lawmakers. That gigantic octopus, the Coosaw Company, with its stockholders and paid attorneys in both houses, which, it is said, obtained its franchises from a Radical Legislature by wholesale bribery—Coosaw snaps its fingers in the face of a Legislature of Carolina farmers and asks, "What do they know about phosphates?" It claims to have perpetual and exclusive privileges to mine the best phosphatic deposits in the world, worth millions, and if the taxpayers don't wake up and watch their interests it will soon be too late to shake loose its hold.

Ah, my brother "failures," you who plod behind your ploughs, pay taxes and vote, you do not know what is going on in the walls of your Capitol when the Legislature is in session. Because Democrats are in office you feel secure and think honesty, patriotism, the interests of the people, are the only influences at work there. But it is a sad mistake. Democracy has no salve for self-interest, and this, coupled with political ambition, place and pelf, controls many a vote. With short legislative sessions—[illegible] short that a new man is of no use to himself or his constituents during most of the first one—with the propensity among our country people to have a new deal in legislation every two years; with that "political leprosy" which makes every tenth man, however unfit, an aspirant for office, rampant among us—with no opposition party in the State to watch and expose rascality, we have been getting in a bad way. "The interests of the classes (and corporations) as against the masses" have won in every conflict, and while Col. Youmans claims that we are not "respectable," he will be a bold man who will say that the "Farmers' movement" has not been a god-send to save the Democratic party from its own incipient rottenness. While then, we will present a solid front to all comers on the issue of white supremacy, let us resolve to "cleanse the Augean stable;" and fighting for an honest, a pure, an economical government, let us mete out exact justice to all men, including farmers, and retire "imbeciles" and "cuttle-fish" to the shades of private life.

B. R. TILLMAN.

Roper's, S. C., March 21, 1887.

The Cotton Movement.

The New York Financial Chronicle, in its cotton review, says that for the week ending March 25 the total receipts have reached 46,298 bales against 57,716 last week, 72,953 the previous week, and 79,951 three weeks since, making the total receipts since September, 1, 1886, 5,005,872, against 4,791,502 for the same period of 1885-86, showing an increase since September 1, 1886, of 214,370.

During the same period the exports reach a total of 109,885 bales, of which 74,680 were to Great Britain, 7,163 to France, and 28,042 to the rest of the continent. The total sales for forward delivery for the week are 678,700 bales. For immediate delivery the total sales foot up 2,861 bales, including 930 for export and 1,931 for consumption. The imports into continental ports have been 58,000 bales.

There has been a decrease in the cotton in sight of 56,211 bales as compared with the same date of 1886, an increase of 142,720 as compared with the corresponding date of 1885 and a decrease of 121,951 as compared with 1884. The old interior stocks have decreased during the week 26,439 bales and are 184,456 less than at the same period last year. The receipts at the same towns have been 3,016 bales more than the same week last year, and since September 1 the receipts at all the towns are 71,927 more than for the same time in 1885-86.

The increase in amount in sight Friday night as compared with last year, is 48,713 bales, the increase as compared with 1884-85 is 630,973, and the increase over 1883-84 is 679,171. The total receipts from the plantations since September 1, 1886, were 5,131,658 bales; in 1885-86, 5,134,044; in 1884-85, 4,692,136.

Although the receipts at the outports the past week were 46,298 bales, the actual movement from plantations was only 19,230, the balance being taken from the stocks at the interior towns. Last year the receipts from the plantations for the same week were 29,998 bales, and for 1885 they were 16,830.

Dangerous Companions.

When a young fellow has made up his mind to walk on the edge of precipices for the sake of seeing prospects, he always finds plenty of company.

There are abundance of people with strong heads, who having walked these paths till they are quite certain of their foot-hold, are ready to go out with giddy new beginners. If they accidentally lose their heads and fall over, whose fault is that? Not theirs, of course. They never fall. They look where they step, and their heads do not turn. It is not drunkards and thieves who are dangerous companions to the green boys just from the city—oh, dear, no! It is your respectable young men that have learned to sip discreetly in all sorts of forbidden fountains, and nibble here and there carefully of the forbidden fruit. They are held up as patterns. They drink, but are never drunk. They have exactly the knack of seeing and knowing all that there is to seen and known in the ways of wickedness, and yet keeping even step with the righteous. Some of them are church members and Sunday-school teachers; some are shrewd, regular business men. They are never going to hurt themselves, they tell you, but they believe in a certain freedom. They never could see the sense of temperance pledges. For their part, they don't need them; and if there is anything they do abominate, it's your radical, straight-laced people, who keep always in the dusty turnpike for fear of the precipice.

The Drinker Grows Poorer.

Beginning at the beginning and tracing the saloon through society, it is first noted that the institution is planted most thickly where the poorest people live. Some philanthropists allege that poverty is in many instances the cause and not the effect of drunkenness. There may be truth in this. Indigence, squalor, innutrition may produce morbid conditions and probably strengthen inherited tendencies to alcoholism. But whatever the cause the fact remains that among the poor the influence of the saloon is wholly mischievous. The man who drowns memory in drink does not facilitate his subsequent proceedings. He is poorer, in worse health and less able to confront difficulties to-morrow. But the tendency to repeat the debauch is strengthened. The poor man's home may be uncomfortable, his meals unsavory, but if he frequent the saloon their condition is not likely to be improved. On the contrary, his earnings will be absorbed and additional deprivation be the lot of those dependent upon him. The drinking husband, too, often makes a drinking wife. Then the fate of the children is sealed. The saloon has orphaned them, and will henceforth be their school and training ground.

SELF-INDULGENCE AND THRIFTLESSNESS.

But suppose that the poor man stops short of drunkenness. The evil will be less, but will still exist. He will squander a part of his earnings, and that he cannot afford. He will neglect his family, and that he cannot afford. He will fall into bad company, and that he cannot afford. He will most probably also become one of the chronic accusers of society, who, while wasting their own substance in riotous living, foolishly and inconsequently complain of the poverty whose continuance their own thriftlessness and self-indulgence are mainly accountable for.

$600,000,000 A YEAR FOR DRINK.

The Knights of Labor refuse to admit a saloon-keeper or liquor dealer to their ranks, but the laboring element in the United States spends fully $600,000,000 every year for drink that is a damage to it. If 50 per cent. of this sum were saved a fund could be established in two years which, if wisely managed, would place all the poor of the land beyond destitution. [illegible] we must remember that if the workingmen do not show the highest wisdom in this respect they are quite as advanced as the society to which they belong. The relationship of the saloon to crime is notorious. But it is true that three-fourths of all crimes of violence, such as assaults, assaults to murder, homicides and murder, are committed under the influence of drink. Our police justices are called perpetually to deal with a mass of brutal crime which is almost wholly the sequence of drink, and in all our great cities the taxpayer has to provide constant sustenance for the considerable number of chronic drunkards.—George F. Parsons in Atlantic Monthly.

The truly good can enter places where the devil would blush to be seen.

WHAT MIGHT HAVE BEEN.

AN ALMOST FORGOTTEN PAGE OF SOUTH CAROLINA'S HISTORY.

Some Facts About the Catawba Falls—How Nearly We Missed Having the West Point of the United States at Rocky Mount.

(From the Sunday News.)

In 1802 John Drayton, then Governor of South Carolina, published a small work, now rather scarce, "A view of South Carolina as respects her natural and civil concerns." In the first chapter, under one of the heads, "Cascades," he thus describes the Catawba Falls, at the southeastern corner of Chester county:

"For quantity of water and grandeur of appearance, perhaps the Catawba Falls are the most interesting of any in this State. They are situated a little above the Rocky Mount, and the approach to them is over the hills which line the sides of the river. On either side the rocks are piled up in a wall of many feet high, and hills rising above them in sharp, conical summits, not over the rupture below. Now the Catawba is arrested in its course, and from a width of one hundred and eighty yards this river is forced by the hill, and rocks on either side to shoot down 'the gulph' in a channel of only sixty-five yards wide. Collecting its waters, impetuous and noisy, it thunders down the falls, tumbling over massy rocks and foaming from shore to shore, wheeling its large whirlpools and glancing from rock to rock with maddening fury, not ceasing its troubled waves until it has leaped over twenty falls in the distance of two and a half miles, and has precipitated from its height a depth of ninety feet. Here, below Rocky Mount, it begins to subside and spreads over a channel three hundred and eighteen yards wide; but is not composed. For miles below, rocks are scattered in its way, at times irritating its waters and provoking the rapidity of its stream." Dr. David Ramsey (1808) and Robert Mills (1826) give similar descriptions of these falls, which are connected with an almost forgotten page of our history.

A committee of the House of Representatives of the Third Congress, "to whom so much of the President's speech as relates to arms and military stores, magazines and arsenals" was referred, made their report March 5, 1794. They offered the following resolution: "Resolved, that the President of the United States be authorized to direct two arsenals and magazines, to be erected in proper situations, to accommodate the Southern and Middle States, and that a sum not exceeding fifty-nine thousand dollars be provided for that purpose."

December 12, 1795, Timothy Pickering, secretary of war, reported on the measures which have been pursued to obtain proper sites for arsenals. He says: "It having been determined to erect one arsenal on the Potomac and another in South Carolina, the latter in a situation to and from which water transportation would be afforded, and the former in the vicinity of a number of iron works, the necessary orders were given in the year 1794 for exploring both countries." * * * "The engineer employed for the purpose in South Carolina made a report, which was received early in the last summer. He had explored that part of the country to which his attention had been directed by the Executive. He also examined another. The latter, independent of its being in a more healthful situation, was deemed by him to possess some other advantages over the former."

The engineer alluded to was most probably "Colonel John Christian Senf, engineer to the State," who at that time was digging the Santee Canal (1792-1800.) The second place referred to was probably Rocky Mount; the first place is not known.

February 2, 1802, Thomas Jefferson, President, sent in a short message, in which, he says, "Besides the permanent magazines established at Springfield, West Point, Harper's Ferry, it is thought one should be established in some point convenient for the States of North Carolina, South Carolina and Georgia; such a point will probably be found near the border of the Carolinas, and some small provision by the Legislature preparatory to the establishment will be necessary for the present year."

In January, 1803, Eli Whitney, "inventor of the cotton-gin," was selected to assist Colonel Senf in choosing the site for the arsenal near Rocky Mount. Whitney was at that time pressing his claims before the North Carolina Legislature. For expenses from Raleigh to Rocky Mount, and for professional services while there, he received the very moderate fee of fifty dollars. Colonel Senf, with the rank of "superintendent of the arsenal at Rocky Mount," received sixty dollars, "for making a plan of the arsenal at Rocky Mount, and report thereon, including his traveling expenses." During that year (1803) four thousand dollars were paid "on account of expenditures in erecting the arsenal, magazines, &c., at Rocky Mount, S. C." During the 1803-4 the total amount expended at Rocky Mount was fourteen thousand four hundred and forty-eight dollars, being four times the amount spent on the "arsenal and magazine at West Point" during those years. Of this sum, three thousand one hundred and thirty-eight dollars were for the purchase (through "Thomas Sumpter") of a "tract of land in South Carolina for an arsenal."

General Henry Dearborn, secretary of war under Jefferson, visited Rocky Mount and laid the corner-stone of the main building. Robert Mills (Statistics of S. C.,) states this fact, but does not give the exact date—which must have been in 1803. The spot was known as Mount Dearborn for many years.

In 1808 a committee of Congress reported on a "system of great canals along the Atlantic coast." In our State, they say, "The Santee, or Catawba, is said to be occasionally navigable for more than three hundred miles, as high as Morgantown, in North Carolina. Two companies have been incorporated by that State, and the State of South Carolina, for the purpose of improving its navigation. The Lower Falls are above Camden, and not far from the arsenal of the United States at Mount Rock." If a later Congress, at any time, has made appropriations, and names, it is only history repeating itself, perhaps.

In 1809 "The Catawba and Wateree Companies" asked Congress for help. A committee of Congress reported that the canals would be of vast importance and utility to the inhabitants of North and South Carolina, and Tennessee, and that the armory and arsenal of the United States, established at Rocky Mount, would also be considerably benefitted; yet, "in view of the present condition of finances, and critical situation of our country in relation to foreign Governments, it would be unadvisable to apply any public money."

In the journal of Bishop Francis Asbury (1809) he speaks of preaching near William Heath's, on Fishing Creek, when, "to my surprise a number of United States officers came up. I invited them in. These gentlemen are attached to an establishment at Rocky Mount."

In the Annals of Congress, under the date of December 26, 1815, the "committee on military affairs" reported a bill "establishing three additional military academies—one within the District of Columbia, one at Mount Dearborn, in South Carolina, and one in the vicinity of Newport, Kentucky." "The bill was read twice and committed." A few days later, in "committee of the whole," Mr. Campbell (probably a misprint, meaning Col. J. J. Chappell, of South Carolina,) "proposed to change the location of the Southern Academy from Mount Dearborn to Columbia, on account of the superior advantages of that place over Mount Dearborn and the eligibility of it situation for such an institution." The House refused by a large majority. Mr. Pickens, of North Carolina, "was in favor of a more upland site than either of those mentioned, and gave a decided preference of the two to Mount Dearborn over Columbia. He proposed a point in Buncombe county." Asheville was soon put in nomination against Mount Dearborn, but was negatived by a large vote. The committee, after a long debate, in which Mr. Calhoun, and Mr. Clay, Speaker of the House, joined, (both advocating three academies,) agreed to strike out three and insert one. A year later, February, 1817, the whole matter was indefinitely postponed.

These references show that for several years an "arsenal and magazine" (in one place the word "armory" is used) were kept up near Rocky Mount. In the original paper, ordering the selection of a place, estimates were given for the following buildings:

"A brick building, three stories high, one hundred and seventy-five feet long and forty-two feet wide, would contain twenty thousand muskets, artillery, and carriages in proportion, together with all the light appendages thereof. An arched brick magazine, capable of containing two thousand five hundred barrels of powder. Brick barracks, and workshop for one hundred armorers, for the necessary guard."

It does not appear how far this plan was carried out. Mills, writing in 1826, some time after the enterprise was abandoned, says:

"The United States establishment, near Rocky Mount, commands attention also, though now abandoned and in ruins. This circumstance only tends to make it more interesting to the traveler. The buildings erected here were handsome and extensive. The magazine (a conical brick building) has entirely tumbled down. The arsenal is a substantial building, erected close to the canal, constructed by the State, and is the only building of the whole that promises to be really useful. The barracks surround a square, fronted by the officers' quarters, a large brick edifice, the whole erected on a promontory projecting into the river. * * * Nature furnishes few spots more variously romantic than this, a noble river rendered more interesting by the rocks which impede its course, the islands scattered in the stream, the surrounding hills covered with woods, and towering above it, all induce a wish that the project of a military establishment here had succeeded and that this fairy spot had been the abode of refined society."

The references and quotations in this article have all been verified, so that this short sketch of the "Rocky Mount Establishment" is believed to be correct. It is incomplete, as it is prepared without access to sources which would give other items as well as the time and cause of abandonment.

The local tradition is that Rocky Mount came within one vote of being the West Point of the United States. This may not be so, but still those so inclined may speculate as to the effect on our history if a great "national military academy," with all the attendant patronage and influence, had been established on the banks of the Catawba, like that on the Hudson.

In the Grunkelville, which the printers of Mills's Statistics give as one name of Rocky Mount, some readers may not see the design to honor the name of Grimke, by calling the place Grimkeville. Unfortunately, several attempts made to perpetuate names truly worthy have been failures—as Grimkeville, Draytonville, Pinckneyville, Chatham (original name of Cheraw,) Granby, &c.

B. J. Lossing in 1849 visited Rocky Mount with pen and pencil in hand. He gives several sketches and rather full accounts of the Revolutionary incidents connected with the place. He says: "Here yet remains the foundation of a projected United States military establishment, to be called Mount Dearborn, which was abandoned." Since Lossing's visit another army has crossed the Catawba at that historic point.

Before the late war a cotton factory stood on the banks of the canal, owned by Mr. Daniel McCullough; the spot still bearing the old name, Mount Dearborn. Mr. McCullough is yet living, one of an unusual group of half a dozen men, all over eighty years of age, near Rocky Mount. They might give some interesting items from their early recollections about the United States establishment.

Robert Mills has a paragraph that should not be overlooked. "Here (Rocky Mount) repose the ashes of one whose memory should be cherished by Carolinians, for his devotion to their cause in the Revolution, and his subsequent efforts to serve them in his professional capacity. Colonel Senf, the engineer, both of the Catawba Company and of the Santee Canal. He sleeps, in what was his garden, at Rocky Mount, but no obituary stone records his name. A few trees (which he planted in a spot that he had cut in the fashion of a falling garden) shade his grave. Colonel Senf was a military engineer of considerable talent." (Statistics, p. 59.)

The two great works of the German engineer, in our State, are now little known. The bed of the Santee Canal is dry, and the very ruins of his arsenal and magazine on Mount Dearborn have perished. If the proposed railroad from Camden to Rocky Mount is built, the silence of the hills around his lonely grave will be disturbed by the scream of the engine—a power he little dreamed of in his day. Let a station, or at least a locomotive, bear his name. Let a stone be placed under those trees to mark the spot where rests, away from kindred and home, the foreigner who helped us in our day of weakness and need.

May the old Mount never again echo the sound of a hostile gun, or the tread of an army!

JAS. H. CARLISLE.

Spartanburg, S. C.

The Public Interested.

When manufacturers of an article are asking the public to consume their wares, it is indeed refreshing to know that they are reliably endorsed, as illustrated by the united endorsement of Dr. Harter's Iron Tonic and Liver Pills by the druggists of St. Paul.

Governor Lee on Virginia Politics.

I then frankly told the Governor that as the Republican leaders were encouraged to hope that they could take Virginia from the Democratic column, his views as to the State would be of interest and value.

"I don't care to be quoted," he said, "but what do you desire specially to know?"

"Well," I said, "tell me about Mahone. Will he be as powerful in the politics of your State as he once was?"

The Governor, after some hesitation, said: "Mahone is a very good politician. In the campaign we will have this fall a Legislature is to be chosen which will elect a United States Senator to succeed Riddleberger. I have no doubt in my own mind but that Mahone is a candidate for the Senatorship. If, however, he lets that be known he will not have the influence in the campaign he otherwise might. You see, there are three factions in the Republican party. One is the straight-outs, led by Wickham; another led by ex-Governor Cameron, who is opposed to Mahone, and then those who call themselves the Readjusters. Now, in a canvass simply as against the Democratic party, these forces, if united, would put the Democrats to superhuman effort to hold the State. If it be known, though, that Mahone seeks to carry the Legislature to ride into the United States Senate, they will split up, and, of course, such a division is to Democratic advantage."—Interview with Governor Lee in Cincinnati Enquirer.

Wise Remarks by a Man Who Doesn't Know How to Spell.

It vhas better to do a big peesness in a shmall shtore dan to do a shmall peesness in a big shtore.

Some folks vhas sooch kickers dot dey complains of der shmall size of apple-cores.

Many a coon dot ish kildt oop a tree could have got avhay all right on her groundt.

Vhen he vhas well enough let him alone.

I haf took notis dot dose peoples who borrow der moss' tea und coffee und sugar from deir neighbors, borrow der least troubles for demselves.

Der family vho doan' provide for a rainy day vhill sooner or later see sooch a dry time as nefer vhas.

Sometimes Truth goes out to take a walk und meets Gossip, but der pair nefer comes home together.

I belief dot if I vhas vhort $10,000,000 I could feel sorry for der troubles of der whole worldt.

Good Luck vhas somepody who vhill help a fool ash queek as a wise man. Success vhas der reward of hardt vhork and perseverance.

Der leedle shildren dot we see aroundt us vhas der rain-drops dot keep der hearts of men from becoming parched und dusty.

One half der peoples goes up a ladder to look for a prize vhich vhas under der house all der time.

Maype it was petter for us dot we haf some troubles. If not, tings happen vhe peceme so happy dot vhe melt avhay und der sidewalk vhas all grease.

Kind vhords cost nothings; dot's vhy so many of us carry such a shtock of 'em.

Der working man who has good credit mit der grocer und butcher vhill always pe a poor man.

People vhill look for oranges in a cabbage field, und pecause no oranges vhas foundt, dot same people are determined not to appreciate cabbage.

Truth vhas a big thing, but dere vhas sometimes vhen a big lie vhas vhort two of him to make der family all right. Dot vhas mine experience mit philosophy.

The Matter of Drummers' Licenses.

Conversing with some drummers to-day, one of them said: "I don't believe they can make us pay any license-tax. Lawyers in Virginia any South Carolina tell us so. I notice that the officers of this city have relaxed their vigilance in looking after us when we are in towns. I was at Wilmington a day or two ago and Feist Meyer, known to the drummers as 'Old Sleuth the Detective,' never troubled us." But the State Treasurer is firm in his position on the matter. He publishes a circular-letter stating that the Treasury Department receives many inquiries as to the effect of the decision of the United States Supreme Court. "That decision," Treasurer Bain says, "was upon the construction of a local statute of the State of Tennessee, containing many provisions materially different from those in the North Carolina statute." He goes on to say: "The sections in our revenue act have, in the case of the State vs. Long, been before our own Supreme Court, which after full argument and thorough consideration, decided that they were not in conflict with the United States Constitution. Until this judgment is reversed by some competent tribunal it will be recognized as law by this department, and the prompt collection of the tax referred to will be required of all persons charged therewith."—*Raleigh Cor. Richmond Dispatch.*

A Newspaper Man in Trouble.

As a result of the publication in the Philadelphia *Times*, a few weeks ago, of an article exposing the ways and means by which gambling had been carried on in Philadelphia for the past several months, and in which it was charged that Albert H. Hoeckly, city editor of the *Press*, had been the recipient of the sum of $50 per week for the purpose of securing the silence of that paper in the interest of the gamblers, Mr. Hoeckly brought criminal suit for libel and civil suit for $20,000 damages against the editor and publisher of the *Times*. The affair was, at that time, and has continued to be, the chief topic of discussion among journalists and those who felt interested in the matter. A greater sensation, however, was created when Mr. Hoeckly's counsel notified the district attorney and the editor of the *Times* that his client had decided to withdraw the criminal suit and allow the case to rest entirely upon the civil suit for damages. Mr. Hoeckly has been until now (although his resignation has been placed in the hand of his superiors) merely suspended from duty until an investigation should establish his guilt or innocence, but the *Press* says editorially that if Mr. Hoeckley is innocent of the charges made against him he has committed a grave, if not fatal, error in withdrawing his criminal suit and that his connection with the *Press* has ceased absolutely.

Just too Utterly Utter.

A remnant of lace lay upon what is known as the marked down counter of a large shopping establishment in this city, and during a wait of fifteen minutes the following remarks concerning it were made by lady customers, each one drawing attention to it by the use of the word "sweet."

"Isn't it too *sweet* for anything?"

"What a *sweet*, lovely piece of lace!"

"What did you call it? It is a *sweet* pattern."

"Wouldn't it look too *sweet* and lovely on my lawn?"

"Oh! mother, do buy this for me; it would be so *sweet* on my blue dress."

"Yes, and I guess it's a *sweet* price, too."

"Delays are Dangerous."

If you are pale, emaciated, have a hacking cough, with night-sweats, spitting of blood and shortness of breath, you have no time to lose. Do not hesitate too long—till you are past cure; for, taken in early stages, consumption can be cured by the use of Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery," as thousands can testify. By druggists.

PANTHER HUNTING.

DANGEROUS SPORTS IN THE WEST.

Bruce Weston's Thrilling Experience in Attempting to Capture a Cub Alive.

Bruce Weston, an old-time Arkansas hunter, followed his dogs once on a panther's trail, and came up with them where they had treed the game in a big oak tree. The foliage was so thick and the shadows so deep in the timber that it was some time before Weston discovered the panther. It lay between two branches forty feet from the ground, and clung so closely to the boughs that none but the practiced eye of the hunter would have detected its presence. Weston at once recognized in the crouching figure a panther's cub, and was on the point of sending a rifle ball through its body when he remembered an offer of twenty dollars that some one in the settlement had made for a live panther, and he resolved to capture this one and secure the twenty dollars. Taking his lasso from his pony's saddle, and, with his long knife in his belt for use in an emergency, he climbed the tree. He reached the lower branches of the tree, and, swinging himself from bough to bough, stood just below the cub, which had raised to its feet and stood with arched back looking down at the hunter. Weston removed his lasso from his shoulder, and was about to toss it easily over the young panther's head, when, as he raised his eyes, he saw, crouching in the dead branches of a tree which grew near the oak—so near that the limbs were interlaced—an enormous panther, the

mother of the cub, ready for a spring. She was hardly three paces away. Without a second's delay Weston stepped from the branch he was standing on to one which brought him with the trunk of the tree between him and the old panther. He was just in time, for at that instant the mother of the cub leaped on the spot he had left, and stood gazing with fiery eyes on the hunter, who, with one arm clasped around a branch, held in his right hand his bare knife, as with every breath he drew he expected to see the enraged animal spring down upon him. Standing thus forty feet above the ground, with only the treacherous footing of a limb a few inches thick, Weston knew that he was lost unless by tact and skill he was able to gradually make his way back to the foot of the tree without irritating the fierce beast into precipitating an attack upon him. Fortunately, the cub left its place higher up and leaped down to the branch on which its mother stood glaring at Weston, who was almost near enough to her to feel her hot breath. This movement of the cub's distracted the attention of the old panther, and Weston, sheathing his knife in his belt, dropped to a lower limb. The panther noticed the movement, and sprang to the limb below where she stood, and prevented Weston from retreating further.

The dogs all this time were crazy with excitement at the foot of the tree, and gnawed at the trunk and tore up the ground in their frantic anxiety to get at the game so far above their reach. Weston seeing that his retreat was cut off, and not daring to risk a struggle with the panther where the slightest misstep would dash him headlong to death, returned to his old position in the tree, and the panther followed him. Keeping, by a great effort, his body covered by the trunk of the tree, Weston climbed still higher, hoping to reach a strong creeper that extended from the upper part of the oak to a tree a few feet away, believing that he might let himself by his hands along the vine to the other tree, by which he could easily reach the ground. The creeper was strongly fastened on the oak, and he supposed it was as secure as the other tree. Weston got as far as the creeper without the panther showing any disposition to follow him, but he had just seized it and was trying his weight carefully on it, keeping his eyes on the animal below, when the mother of the cub seemed to be moved with renewed fury, for she sprang to a branch above, and so made her way to the outer edge of the branches, toward the top of the tree, evidently intending to head the hunter off, and spring down upon him. Weston saw what she was intending to do, and he knew the struggle, which could have but one result, was inevitable unless he could reach the thick branches of the neighboring tree by means of the connecting vine by the time the panther reached her vantage ground above him. He grasped the creeper and swung himself off of the branch. The vine gave way at its fastenings on the other tree, and Weston, keeping his hold was swung back into the oak and brought down to the very branch on which the panther's cub was crouching. Instantly, with a yell that resounded through the woods far above the turmoil of the dogs below, the mother panther came bounding down from the top of the tree to the protection of her young. Weston knew there was no escape now unless a desperate plan that rushed through his mind should succeed in giving a new turn to the perilous situation. Drawing his knife from his belt, he plunged it into the whining cub at his feet, and at the same time kicked it loose from the limb.

It fell in the midst of the dogs below just as its mother sprang on the branch above the hunter's head. The sight of her cub being torn by the dogs, and the cries it gave, turned her attention entirely from Weston, and, with a blood-curdling cry, she leaped from the high perch in the tree and alighted on the dogs. Weston lost no time in getting to the ground and seizing his rifle. Although but a few seconds were occupied in doing this, all five of his dogs were stretched dead on the ground, torn to pieces by the infuriated panther in defense of her young, before Weston could fire a shot. The old panther was licking the wounds of her dead cub and moaning over the body as the hunter sent a rifle ball into her heart. That was Weston's last attempt to capture a panther alive, and it was days before his nervous system recovered from the effects of that hunt.—*N. Y. Sun.*

A strong combination—Limburger cheese,