



"TO THINE OWN SELF BE TRUE, AND IT MUST FOLLOW, AS THE

NIGHT THE DAY, THOU CANST NOT THEN BE FALSE TO ANY MAN."

BY KEITH, HOYT & CO.

WALHALLA, SOUTH CAROLINA, FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 15, 1871.

VOLUME VI.—NO. 47.

Professional Cards.

S. P. DENDY, Attorney and Counsellor AT LAW,

Solicitor in Equity, Will practice in the Courts of Law and Equity, in the Eighth Judicial Circuit.

Office in the Court House, Walhalla, South Carolina, Nov. 1, 1870

THOS. M. WILKES, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Solicitor in Equity.

United States Commissioner, For the Circuit and District Courts of the United States for South Carolina.

Office on the Court House Square, Walhalla, S. C.

J. P. REED, W. C. KEITH, Anderson C. H., Walhalla.

REED & KEITH, ATTORNEYS AT LAW, Solicitors in Equity.

Have renewed their Co-partnership in the practice of Law, and extended it to all Civil and Criminal business in the Counties of Oconee and Pickens.

Office on Public Square, Walhalla, S. C.

S. McGOWAN, R. A. THOMPSON, Abbeville, S. C., Walhalla, S. C.

M'GOWAN & THOMPSON, ATTORNEYS AT LAW, WALHALLA, S. C.

Will give prompt attention to all business confided to them in the State, County, and United States Courts.

Office in the Court House, The junior partner, Mr Thompson, will also practice in the Courts of Pickens, Greenville and Anderson.

JOSEPH J. NORTON, Attorney at Law, WALHALLA, S. C.

All business for Pickens County left with J. E. HAGOOD, ESQ., PICKENS C. H.

WILL BE PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO October 26, 1868

WHITNER & SYMMES, Attorneys at Law, WALHALLA, S. C.

Office on the Public Square, February 1, 1870

S. D. GOODLETT, Attorney at Law

SOLICITOR IN EQUITY, HAS LOCATED AT THE NEW TOWN OF PICKENS, S. C.

Nov. 10, 1868

ERWIN & BENTLY, Attorneys at Law, WILL PRACTICE IN PARTNERSHIP IN THE COUNTY OF ABUN, STATE OF GEORGIA.

Oct 5, 1868

DR. E. E. WITNER, Having located in Walhalla, offers his Professional Services to the citizens of the place and surrounding country.

Office—BIEMA'S HOTEL, Feb. 1, 1871

POETRY.

A Grand Old Poem.

Who shall judge a man from manners? Who shall know him by his dress? Paupers may be fit for princes, Princes fit for something less; Crumpled shirt and dirty jacket May beclothe the golden ore Of the deepest thought and feeling— Satin vests could do no more.

There are springs of crystal nectar Ever weling out of stone; There are purple butts and golden, Hidden, crushed and overgrown; God, who counts by souls not dresses, Loves and prospers you and me, While he values thrones the highest But as pebbles in the sea.

Man, unpraised above his fellows, Oft forgets his fellows then; Masters, rulers, lords remember That your meannest hind is man; Men by honor, men by feeling, Men by thought and men by fame, Claiming equal rights to sunshine, In a man's ennobling name.

There are foam embroidered oceans There are little weed clad rills; There are feeble inch high saplings, There are cedars on the hills; God, who counts by souls, not station, Loves and prospers you and me, For to Him all famed distinctions Are as pebbles in the sea.

Tilling hands alone are builders Of a nation's wealth or fame; Tiled business is poisonous, Fed and fattened on the same; By the sweat of others' foreheads, Living only to rejoice; While the poor man's outraged freedom Vainly iteth up its voice.

Truth and justice are eternal, Burn with loveliness and light; Secret wrongs shall never prosper, While there is a sunny right; God, whose word heard voice is singing, Boundless love to you and me, Sinks oppression with its titles, As the pebbles in the sea.

Home Views.

NO. II.

Tunnel Hill, the name given to that part of the Stump House mountain under which the great tunnel was to pass is clear of timber, and furnishes a panoramic view, in all directions, of great beauty, not so extensive as Mount Holyoke, the notch in the White Mountains, or even Casar's Head in our State, but sufficiently wide and expansive to attract the attention of all admirers of the grand landscape. Just here, where a hotel should be erected, you have almost under your feet, the lovely valleys of Cane, Concess and Oconee creeks, a little to the east, Jonsson and Cheelee, whilst almost in touch, the spires and white walls of Walhalla, rise in view. Then the modest villages of Pendleton, Anderson and Greenville can be seen on a clear day, and the view southward loses itself in numerous farms and cottages, scattered over a seemingly vast and endless plain. To the north and westward, you see mountain piled on mountain, reaching far into Georgia and North Carolina.

In the meantime, you are standing on extensive mounds of stone, raised from the shafts of the tunnel, of good building size and dimensions, sufficient in quantity for a goodly sized town, and in view of immense beds of limestone; so that hotels and country houses could here be completed at most reasonable cost.

The soil of this elevated ridge is fertile, as the growing crops of grain, vegetables and fruits will show, but what it could be made, from the free use of lime, so contiguous, we leave others to imagine and calculate. But the peculiar fitness and adaptation of this location for other enterprises, we cannot refrain from suggesting. This table land starting from Tunnel Hill extends westward for twelve or fifteen miles, almost without habitation or farm, affording a boundless range of pasture for cattle, horses, sheep and hogs; covered by the summer with native grass and pea vines, from three to five feet in height, traversed with small streams, each furnishing sufficient alluvial bottoms and hill sides for grass and clover for winter forage, for large numbers of stock. These lands are worth now from one to three dollars per acre, and a little energy and enterprise with a very small capital, could be made the nucleus of a business of no small dimensions and profit. In close contiguity will be found water powers for mills, carding machines and other manufactures.

In riding along this extensive plateau one will scarcely see enough kine to cover one, much less thousands of hills; and it is a source of wonder and surprise, that such a field should be wholly untenanted, uncultivated and altogether neglected. But this is not all, the unbroken forests abound in chestnut oak, red and black oak, all especially adapted for the manufacture of leather. The bark of the chestnut oak containing the best and strongest tannin, being now sought for by Northern tannery dealers, hundreds of miles from the tannery—its tannin distilled and transported in barrels to be used in the manufacture of leather.

If we Southern people ever learn the ordinary principles of economy, surely such advantages will be seized and turned to proper account. In this single section can be found all the needful materials and appliances; land, timber trees, bark full of tannin, lime, water powers; and the cattle should be here, feeding on these miles of virgin pasture—to be slaughtered here, the meat to be sent in ice cars, to market, the hides and tallow used on the spot, and manufactured articles only transported.

Such are only a few of the great facilities and natural advantages offered to an industrious and enterprising people, in this particular location, now within a few miles of the Blue Ridge Railroad, and very soon to be immediately on its line; and what is said here will truthfully apply to very much of the mountain range, which this great road is intended to penetrate.

The observant traveler will notice that the country beyond Tunnel Hill does not break off suddenly, as it does southward, but that the elevation is retained, until he approaches Chatuga River, the boundary line between South Carolina and Georgia, a distance of some ten miles. It is true that Chatuga Creek cuts the plateau, but the elevation is only disturbed, to be regained as soon as that stream is crossed. At the crossing of Chatuga, on the traveled, as well as the Railroad, the immense beds of lime before alluded to, first crop out and make their appearance. These beds are seven miles in width at these points, and have been traced from Georgia to Laurens County in this State. A few quarries have been opened, and kilns turned, along the road showing the good quality of the lime, and its great abundance. This lime can be quarried and burned at a cost of 5 to 10 cents per bushel at the kiln, and should be delivered to farmers within 50 or 75 miles at 20 cents per bushel, a price at which planters can purchase and apply fertilizers to clay lands in our upper counties of South Carolina. Without pretending to speak for the Blue Ridge Railroad Company, or the tax payers of this State, yet in our judgment it would be wise policy to press the completion of this road to these lime beds, if it never reached any further.

After passing Chatuga, you reach the head springs of Whetstone Creek running off towards Chatuga River, down which the line of the railroad passes. In this interval, many fine farms occur, for instance, Kullman's, Moorhead's, Fretwell's, on a village fork of Chatuga—N. W. Robins' and Tatham's on Whetstone—well improved, well cultivated and affording good returns. DeWitt Tatham's and adjoining, comes in the old Barlow farm and possessions, now owned, it is said, by citizens of Charleston, and extending for miles to the Chatuga River. This place has its history and legends. Settled as a trading post with the Cherokee Indians, it was, by Mr. Earle, long a member of Congress from this mountain district, it remained in his family until recently sold to some one connected with the Blue Ridge Railroad for a round sum. How we remember in our boyhood days to have listened to the stories and feats, as performed by the Indian braves who came here to barter their peltry for the simple articles they desired. How we hung upon the lips of old Lowry, the factotum and manager of the place, as he related his cunning tricks and sharp practices upon the unsuspecting Indian—especially when he distributed among us juvenile listeners, the red and blushing apples from the farm, then celebrated all over the country for their surpassing excellence.

Poor old Lowry used to attend the general musters, over twenty five miles from his residence, to report to his neighbors the personal appearance and characteristics of our rulers. We remember to have heard his account of his interview with Gov. Stephen D. Miller, at Hall's muster ground, some miles south of Walhalla. He was introduced by Gov. Earle, then Inspector General, and as full of fun and mischief as any boy on the grounds. "Well, Governor," says Lowry, "don't think I care of me staring at you, and taking your measure from head to foot, (a woman would have said 'stocky') for when I get home, I will be nearly as great a man as you are, for my neighbors for ten miles round will come to see me because I have seen a live Governor, and I have got to tell them how you look, and every word you said. If I didn't, they will send some other man next time, and I don't want to lose my reputation, any more than you do, so talk and look your best." Gov. Miller was so taken with the old man's candor and naivety that he said to him: "Mr. Lowry, I am greatly pleased with your country up here and would like to spend a summer among your people. How is heard? What would I have to pay per month for board; food and lodging?" "Well," says Lowry, "common board can be had for fifty cents per week; but if you want real good living, it will cost you sixty two and one half cents per week." "Well," says the Governor, "Mr. Lowry, what do you call real good living?" "Now," says old Lowry, "who ever heard such a question from a Governor? Why, man, don't you know that it is fried chicken and coffee every Sunday morning for breakfast? Hump! I thought every lad knew that!" Poor old Lowry, he has passed away, with his sterling honesty and simplicity—drowned in the little stream that had murdered so many years before his time, and in a winter freshet—washed away, as many of the usages and customs of those times, and now, old field pines grow where his house was.—These red and golden apples are no longer seen or tasted, and the entire magnificent possessions are a barren waste—showing that the fruits of absenteeism are seen and felt elsewhere than in Ireland.

One other reminiscence of Whetstone creek and valley, and we will pass on to other scenes. Whetstone muster ground and voting precinct, in former times, was a place of importance to the unfortunate persons who were candidates for popular votes and favor in times gone by. Here some 80 or 100 free and independent characters mustered and voted. Long ago, when Warren T. Davis was the idol of all these mountain people, and represented them so ably in Congress, (and en passant, is said to have given by his ready wit and humor all his celebrity to Davy Crockett,) a bevy of candidates for the State Senate and Legislature, among whom was the venerable and popular James Griffin, otherwise known

as Uncle Jimmy, rode over fifty miles to attend a company muster at Whetstone. The day was cold, rainy and generally gloomy—no one came out, a general flash—not even the customary jug of whiskey, in the bush. The candidates loitered, talked to each other, and finally started on their winding way back to Pendleton. In long line stretched out, they were in melancholy mood, doing the wretched passes of Stump House Mountain. Jimmy was ahead—he stopped, and called his next neighbor—"Warren," says he, "do you ever read the Bible?" No response. "Well, it is narrated in some book, I thought you knew, having been to Congress, that Absalom was the first man who ever kissed the people for their favors, i. e., votes, and I hope he is in hell for it now. At all events, Warren, it is the last time I'll ever ride over these d-d roads for Whetstone votes." And it was. He was elected and served that term, but he never was a candidate again.

But let us leave this pretty valley, and go on. The roads fork, one by Earle's ford, and the other by a new wire rope ferry lately erected by Mr. Steers—it is said whichever road you take, you will wish you had taken the other. As we could not travel both at the same time, we chose the lower route, by the ferry and Dick's Creek tunnel. And after traversing the magnificently timbered tract of land above described, down the Whetstone with its falls and water power enough to drive many a spindle, we arrived at the clear and limpid waters of the Chatuga, and found a safe and pleasant transit over.

The Chatuga at this crossing is about 100 feet wide, a bold rushing stream, with extensive water power for machinery, above and below. Indeed a very short distance below occurs what is known here as the Narrows, the stream being compressed in a space of 10 feet, with lofty precipices on each side, and the current drawn through with such power and speed as to dash to pieces the rafts and timber in times of freshets. Deer have been known to plunge in when hard pressed by dogs, but were never seen more. On both sides of the stream iron ore abounds and just in sight is a granite quarry, with a tram road leading to the site of the railroad bridge, half mile above. After ascending quite a distance, we reached a point where the road, which you follow up for two or three miles to the eastern portal of Dick's Creek tunnel; all along in full view of the road, hands, carts and cars are busily engaged in cutting through the hills and leveling the hollows for the track of the railroad. We would like for the oldest inhabitant to tell us who this Dick was after whom was called this creek, and another to be spoken of hereafter, each presenting formidable obstacles in the way of railroads, or any kind of road.—Ascending still, we pass by the house and capacious stables and stalls of Mr. Steers, contractor, with wagons and carts, and implement; generally, strewn around, and approach the summit. A large number of operators are at work in the western portal, and have advanced half way through the tunnel, the whole length being about one half mile. The rumbling sound of the blasts, in the bowels of the earth, the constant passing in and out of the cars, on wooden rails, the tumbling off of the rocks on an embankment near by, all denoted life, and activity, and this tunnel is no longer in the way of completing the whole road in two years. A short distance from this point, we come upon a spring of the very coldest and purest water, gushing out from the side of the mountain; and were so impressed with its quality, that we forthwith opened a bottle of Geo. Symmers' 1835, and drank to his, and the owner of the spring's health. Turning from the spring we were surprised at the beautiful view of mountain and valley, and discovered that some pioneer had before us enjoyed the delightful water and charming scenery, for near by was the remains of a human habitation, and worn fields, with a few old apple and peach trees, on their last legs. Bring a little curious, we asked a passer by who was the owner of so many acres, such water and this lovely landscape. He replied, that he did not know the owner's name, but he lived down at Anderson, and he heard that he was so engrossed with making tiles, and raising imported hogs, that he could not take time to improve this valuable property. Another instance of the valuable influence of absenteeism.

A short distance brought us to the irrepressible War Woman, a creek of considerable size, which tumbles and dashes and zig-zags about for miles, until with one fearful leap it loses itself in the Chatuga. Some of its crossings bear euphonious names, given by luckless travelers and wagoners, such as smash-wagon, break-axle, turn-over, &c. It is, however, one of the most picturesque and romantic streams in all these mountains—its waters filled with fish, and the high hills around with deer and other game. The name, too, is significant of a legend of dreadful captivity, murder and blood, but we will leave this for the Appletons and Harpers, when they come for photographic views to adorn their journals.

Hastening up this tortuous stream to its source, we cross where was to be the War Woman tunnel, strike the head springs of Steeococ creek, and down its banks to the town of Clayton, Rabun county, Georgia.—Here is the comfortable hotel of Mr. Hook, we will rest a day; for this town and county deserve a separate chapter.

A patient complained to his physician that he was pursued by a ghost the night before, as he was going home to his tavern.—"What shape was it?" asked the doctor. "In shape of a jackass," said the man. "Go home," replied the physician, "and keep sober. You were drunk last night, and frightened at your own shadow."

Letter from Hon. A. O. P. Nicholson

COLUMBIA, TENN., August 6, 1871.

Mr. C. C. Church Esq.:

DEAR SIR—I have examined with care the printed copy of the platform of which the friends of Chief Justice Chase propose to present his name to the National Democratic Convention for nomination to the Presidency. You are aware that, by the people of Tennessee called me to the position which I now occupy as Chief Justice of the State, I have deemed it my duty to abstain from all political movements and to devote my whole time to my official trust. The judgment, therefore, which I shall express as to the Chase platform and its acceptability to the Southern Democracy will rest much more upon my general views as to the Southern character and Southern sentiment than upon any knowledge on these subjects acquired within the last twelve months.

I regard the principles and policy laid down in the resolutions on which you ask my opinion as eminently sound and orthodox, and those only on the success of which we can hope to prevent our Government from becoming a confirmed central despotism.—Relying upon my knowledge of Southern character and sentiment, I have no doubt that the great body of the Southern people would cordially support Chief Justice or any honest statesmen standing upon this platform.

I do not think that the Southern Democrats have any decided preference as to the persons to be nominated for President and Vice President. They look to the Convention for the selection of two honest statesmen, with the adoption of a sound Democratic platform, and on such a ticket there will be substantial unanimity. I think I can safely add, that Chief Justice Chase, by his firmness, independence, and ability in the discharge of his judicial duties, has secured the decided confidence of the Southern Democracy.

But, if I am not much mistaken in the Southern sentiment, it is the general impression that the selection of candidates ought to be made by the Northern Democrats, and that the Southern Democrats would neither suggest nor advocate any preferences for the nominations to be made. This course is indicated as wise on the part of the conviction that there exists in the Northern mind a jealous suspicion of Southern statesmen, which would render it imprudent in them to take any prominent part in indicating or selecting candidates.

For the same reason, I think the Southern Democrats are prepared to acquiesce generally in the nomination of both candidates from the Northern States. Indeed it would not be easy to find in the Southern States a statesman fitted for either position whose connection or sympathy with the late civil war would not cause his nomination to become a ground of weakness to the ticket. I give it to you as my judgement that the Southern Democrats in general deem it their duty in the present state of political affairs to wait in silence the action of their Northern friends, having full confidence that they will adopt such a platform and make such nominations as will command the cordial support and co operation of the Southern Democracy.

Very respectfully, A. O. P. NICHOLSON.

The concluding passages of General Ewing's speech present so forcibly the mission of the Democratic party, that they deserve a conspicuous place in every journal devoted to the rights and liberties of the people. We cannot commend them too highly:

In this contest the Democratic party is the sword and buckler of the people. It has fought every existing abuse, and tried to apply every appropriate remedy. Though sometimes controlled by slavery, and racked by discord and by war, it has kept the faith in the people and free government, which Jefferson, its glorious apostle, taught. It represents no faction, but the whole people; no section, but the whole country.

It is not a white man's party, or a black man's party; a poor man's or a rich man's, a Christian's or an infidel's party. It is the people's party. It will trample on no man, and give no man preference before the law. It stands for the reserved rights of the people and the States, because liberty dwells with them. It is jealous of every extension of Federal power, because the path to consolidation leads on to despotism. It fights for equality against privilege—Democracy against aristocracy—government by the ballot against government by the dollar and the bayonet.

It looks to the people, and seeks direction and strength from them, whence comes the inspiration of every great reform. And it now especially calls on the masses of the Republicans and Labor Reform parties—the "plain, people, who are interested least in mere party triumphs, and most in such measures as will give to the workman a fair share of the wealth he creates, while laying on him only a fair share of the just burdens of government—to help overthrow the Republican party, all of whose policies tend to strengthen, exempt and exalt capital, and weaken, arden and degrade labor.

"Negro."—An exchange says: "We often hear of colored men, but very rarely do we hear anything of negro men. From a mistaken delicacy, or from ignorance as to its true meaning, the word is falling into disuse. This would be euphemism, if properly considered, is an insult to the race. The word negro is Spanish, and means black. It is descriptive, and not a word of reproach. When, therefore, we speak of a negro man, we only mean to say that he is a black man, and it carries with it no more of insult than does the word white applied to white men."

A New Storm Cloud.

The New York Herald of Thursday sounded a loud alarm over the recent National Demonstration of the (so called) Labor Reformers at St. Louis, and the strong demonstrations they have made and are threatening in American politics. Herald thinks that possibly they may not be able to make a serious diversion in the Presidential canvass next year, but they will thereafter inaugurate a political agitation more furious and powerful than has ever been seen on this continent, and compared with which the violence of the slavery agitation is as nothing.

These Labor Reformers are the American International and Communist. The head-quarters in London, during their triumph in Paris, said they were fifty thousand strong in the State of New York alone, and there were over two hundred thousand of them in the different cities of the United States.—It is the Grand Agrarian Organization of the world, and, in a country like ours, where, under Radical ruling, all things are responsive immediately and totally to the ballot, it is no wonder that the Herald should smell and deplore the danger afar off. The few who own the houses, lands, stock and strong boxes of the nation will stand but a slow chance with the many who don't own them, on the question of an equal division.

The National Labor Reformers boldly threw their banner to the breeze in St. Louis last week. They said the abolition of chattel slavery in the United States left labor still the slave of the monopolists—crushed down to the smallest living compensation by the arts and extortion of moneyed tyrants. The demand that land, air and water shall be made free to all, that "all able-bodied and intelligent persons shall contribute to the common stock, by fruit industry, a sum or quantity equal to their own support, and they insist that the State as trustee shall guard, protect and distribute the common earnings." This is the London and Paris International platform. Supplementary to these fundamental dogmas, are a score of delirious against banks, swindling rates of interest, railway and manufacturing monopolies, a new national currency, Chinese labor and so on, which serve as shibboleths, necessary to the grand battle on the fundamental basis.

New England is the theatre where the war will begin, and Ben Butler (so says the Herald) is the gubernatorial standard bearer of the party in Massachusetts. There the votes representing employes and wages predominate. That is the reason why Ben could not imagine the possibility of his defeat for Governor before the Radical nominating convention of that State. He thought the convention would be unwilling to risk a rupture with the "laboring masses." The Herald says: "In the coming Massachusetts election, should General Butler be the labor candidate, he may turn the State topsy turvy. In this event even the Presidential election of next year may become a doubtful problem; but in any event, after November 1872, we shall have the beginning of a new political agitation in this country which will hardly stop short of the greatest and most radical and sweeping revolution in the history of the world, and we shall be fortunate if we escape another general civil war in passing through this approaching revolution. Such are the signs of the times, and we live in an age of revolutions."—Telegraph and Messenger.

COMMERCIAL WIT.—The commercial column of so stately a journal as the New York Journal of Commerce is not the place where one would naturally expect to find a satirical report of the morals market, yet in yesterday's issue, sandwiched between an item on the law of promissory notes and a survey of the money market, appears the following:

"There has been a good demand for sharpness and acuteness. We notice also some call for ronyery and rascality. Selfishness is steady. Prudence—the stock small, but the demand inconsiderable. Peccation and embezzlement looking up. Gross flattery active, with a rising tendency. Adroit lying at a premium. Not much demand for truth, except in small quantities; holders firm, and/or unchanged. Uprightness has a downward tendency. Zeal for the right dull and quiet. Modesty has declined. Light demand for justice; not much offered. Cunning more active than usual. A good business done in pocket-picking; would be better but for the police. Something done in suicide, House-breaking rather active just now. Popularity—Many and lively bids at first and second call. Love of good men rather quiet. Charity of the first quality, little offered; lower grades are in good demand, especially if they promise quick returns.—Sincerity rather scarce and demand moderate. Hypocrisy—Some stir; we may say active. A little doing in stabbing and rape. Drunkenness—Much offered and a good deal taken. Recklessness in demand. Foolishness—Much in the market, and considerable quantities taken at high prices. Something doing in over-trading. Promises, not intended to be kept, plenty. Honesty firm, but at low prices.—Usury rather flat. Extortion flat also. Covetous, more fatal than cholera, increasing."

B. Byas, a member of the South Carolina Legislature, has been attending school at Washington during the vacation, and, we suppose, is now able to read and write.

A Dubuque husband out of his wife's hair when she was asleep and purchased a jug of whiskey with it.

We learn that the Wilmington, Columbia and Augusta Railroad is now within six miles of Columbia.