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## OUR CENTENNIAL LETTER.

PHILADELPHIA, July 1, 1876.

**AGRICULTURAL HALL.**  
**MR. DOOLITTLE ON AGRICULTURAL MACHINERY—CRACKER MOSAICS—DISPLAYS OF CANNED GOODS—THE GENTLEMAN FROM MAINE—SINGER SEWING MACHINES—VISIT OF THE OPERATIVES—IMMENSE MOB OF VISITORS—DOM PEDRO, LOTTA, AND HENRY WARD BEECHER, ETC.**

"My grandfather would never ride on that ar' machine with a silk umbrella over his head, ef he knowed me, and turning around, I beheld Mr. Doolittle contemplating a Buckeye Mower. Them new fangled machines, sir, is destroying the race of farmers, sir. There ain't noon on 'em left to speak on now, he said, looking disdainfully on the flying rakes, as they went around like the arms of a windmill. "This, I 'pose, they call the Agricultural Department—pooty Agricultural Department; ain't got a tater or a squash." Anger was on his brow, heavy and dark, as he moved away. I looked around, and it was, indeed, a sight. "Can it be possible," I said to myself, "that these elegant machines before me were ever intended for the field, or are destined, in the future, to lay under the shed in the barn yard?"—Here they are, reapers and mowers, rakers and sowers, all gilded and nickled like something intended for a parlor ornament. It is really wonderful to see the perfection to which they have brought farming machinery. Of course, most of my readers have seen these things for years at country fairs and State exhibitions, but, nowhere since the world began, have such a multitude of elegant machines been covered by a single roof. It is not simply utility that has been consulted in the drills, and mowers, and reapers, and rakes, hay forks, or ploughs. Everything is constructed with a taste and beauty that seems to be absolute perfection. And this taste and beauty is not confined to any particular thing; it is every where throughout the Agricultural Hall.

Passing up the main aisle, you come to an exquisite exhibition of Mosaic work, in colors so rich and beautiful, that your attention is immediately arrested. Your first inquiry is what it is for, and you finally conclude that it is a unique specimen of Mosaic tiling. You draw nearer. Can it be possible! Why, it's crackers; nothing but crackers and biscuits in such hues and shapes as you never gazed upon before. This is the exhibit of F. J. Larrabee & Co., of Albany, New York, and is one of the most attractive points in the Hall. Three hundred different kinds of crackers and biscuits are employed in decorating these wonderful Mosaic walls. And not, I am informed, specially gotten up for the occasion, but every kind duplicated in their stock and subject to their regular business order. Just think of it; three hundred different kinds of crackers and biscuits. Ah! how lovely they look. As I stood there enjoying them, my mouth watering on both sides, I was in hopes some mischievous little scoundrel would fling a doornick and smash one of the panes of glass by accident, but nary doornick and nary boy, so I passed sadly on, to find myself still surrounded by good things. Near me was a gigantic temple of candy, representing the signing of the Declaration of Independence, and a number of tableaux in American History. Washington crossing the Delaware, The rescue of Capt. John Smith by Pocahontas, The surrender of Fort Mifflin to Ethan Allen, The fight between the Kearsage and Alabama, and crowning all, the signing of the Emancipation Proclamation. It is a wonderful piece of work, and is but only one of the many

beauties of agricultural hall.

One thing that appeals to the heart of every housekeeper is the manner in which fruits and vegetables can be properly preserved through the year, and this is certainly one of the strongest points in the agricultural department. I do not believe that finer specimens than those exhibited in this hall can be found in the world. They come from many States, and are contributed by a multitude of people. Some are the contributions of private individuals, and others by established manufacturers.—Foremost among the manufacturers, the excellence of whose goods have given them a commanding position in trade, is the great firm of Githens & Rexamer, whose exhibit here is of especial merit—peaches, pears, apples, and vegetables of various kinds are turned out of their cans tasting as fresh as if they were just plucked from the orchard or culled from the vegetable garden.

The aquariums form one of the most interesting features of this remarkable exhibition, and on my way down to see them I stumbled over two sucking pigs, one weighed about thirteen and the other fourteen hundred; nice little pigs for roasting, I said to myself, as I got up rubbing my shins and walked on to see the fishes; and there they were, in great glass boxes, swimming about just as natural as life. I have not been fishing for some years, and I felt an uncontrollable desire to go fishing. One tank was full of turtles—fine, fat, looking fellows that would have made an alderman's mouth water; and here, too, were salmon—little bits of fellows who survived the perils of a voyage from Columbia River, nearly four thousand miles, were swimming about just as lively as if they were in their native streams. I love to contemplate the briny monsters of the deep, I said, half aloud, to myself, as I stood looking at them.—Monsters of the briny deep, remarked Mr. Doolittle, who had just come up; the monsters of the briny deep, sir; not the briny monsters of the deep. What do you admire them for, sir? he asked. "Because they make brains, sir," I replied, exultingly. "All the fish in the sea wouldn't be sufficient to furnish some folks brains," said Mr. Doolittle, looking down on me; and with a wink of his eye, he said, "Look here, jeat a few steps this way; look into that modest case, sir. Ef you noospaper men want brains, as most on you do, this is the stuff thal'll give 'em to you. There was a doctor, I forget his name, but he was a big gun, he was, an' he said there was more brains, clear grit, in one pint of wheat than there was in four bushels of onions. I mention this," he said, severely, "because you want brains, and this is the stuff to make 'em." Here was a new article of manufacture, at least new to me. I had heard of cracked wheat, and crushed barley, and wheaten grits, and oatmeal; I had eaten them all; but here was something new. And then I reflected that into wheat entered the largest proportion of brain and muscle food of any other thing. I tried it; it was palatable and sweet, nutritious and, to my mind, supplying a great want in our domestic economy; a healthy food that can be prepared in a few minutes, and of which, in the most simple manner, a multitude of toothsome dishes can be made. The conclusions arrived at in the manufacture are the result of scientific analysis, and the articles furnished by the Co. real Manufacturing Company of Brooklyn are steam cooked white wheat, crushed maize, oatn grits, barley and a compound called Gems of Harvest. It it has really within it the brain element, let every editor and Centennial correspondent carry a small bag in his pocket, and by the

effect of their powerful example it may one day become a national food and be to Young America what potatoes are to an Irishman, or rice to a Chinaman.

Another magnificent display is from the great city of Porkopolis, otherwise known as Cincinnati.—Several wealthy firms have joined in this exhibition, and it certainly reflects great credit on the State which it represents. Here are casks with glass heads, full of the finest of salt pork. Hams done up in red, white, and blue satin, that look very much like splendid parlor ornaments. A one hundred pound pig roasted whole, with a ring in his nose, and labeled "A Rink in Pork," and sides of breakfast bacon such as every housekeeper outside of the Church of Israel would like to have in her larder.

This has been a red letter week, every day resembling a grand holiday. Dom Pedro and Mrs. Pedro have been with us—nice people, those Pedros—I like 'em; very nice people. Then Prince Oscar of Sweden is with us; an excellent young man, and healthy; he is going to remain several days. Lords, barons, and counts are plentiful, but we want a duke or two to give the thing a flavor; not that we object to earls—in fact, now that I think of it, let us have an earl. The supply of foreign celebrities proving inadequate to the demand, we fall back upon home manufacture, and in this dilemma a Congressman or a Senator is not bad to take. Failing in that, we fall back upon supervisors and aldermen, and when they give out, we have an army of generals, colonels and majors with which we must contrive to get along.

Henry Ward Beecher was here this week looking as rugged and as happy as if his peace had never been shaken. Little Lotta, the actress, was also here looking just like the little fairy that she is. Ex-Vice President Colfax also dropped in to see us. But the great event of the week has been the visit of the Singer Sewing Machine employees. Four thousand of them came on five big railroad trains, coming down on us like an army with banners. They were received by the President of the Commission, General Hawley, and other officers of the Commission, and were presented with a splendid flag by the Mayor of Elizabethport, New Jersey. In the evening the whole party returned to their homes after a day of unqualified pleasure, and the cost of the trip to the Singer Company was \$25,000. On Friday there were nearly 50,000 paying people on the ground, and the rush is steadily increasing.

## BROADBRIE.

**THE CONDITION.**—In a very pertinent article on the subject of the Free School Fund, the Charleston Journal of Commerce has the following in conclusion:

Half the year is hardly gone; the public schools are closed for want of funds; the convicts in the Penitentiary are hired out to keep them from starvation; the juries are discharged because there is no money to pay their per diem; the University is closed for want of funds; the Superintendent of the Asylum has gone North to borrow money to keep the lunatics from suffering; the Governor and Lieutenant Governor are in Ohio President making. Are these the fruits of Conservatism, Fusion, Radicalism, or what? Are these the fruits of Gov. Chamberlain's administration? Yet the people are warned against true Democracy, and entreated to stand by Governor Chamberlain. It may be a wise policy, but we must be pardoned for not being able to see it.

**LYNCHED.**—The New Orleans Picayune of the 20th instant, reports the hanging of five negroes at Mount Pleasant by white regulators.

What place is so rugged and so homely that there is no beauty if you only have a sensibility to beauty?

## Hayes and Wheeler.

The Sun says of the nominations: "Mr. Hayes is a candidate whose weakness and unimportance are his principal recommendations to the Republican party. His record is brief and slight. In Congress he was one of the obscurest members. His name there or elsewhere has never been identified with any policy or measure or action of any kind. He is not the man to obliterate the abomination of Grantism."

The world says that the nomination of Hayes is a collapse, not a compromise, and describes him as a colorless candidate upon a platform of platitudes who shoulders all of the administration sins.

The Times compares Hayes' nomination with Lincoln's and declares: "History does repeat itself after all. The struggle has been bitter and a triumph been won, in spite of the clamor which a great though tarnished name had thrown over men of simple minds and honest impulses. Hayes is a man of plain, unobtrusive manners, unimpeachable honesty, keen intelligence, robust common sense, Wheeler is a man whose clear headed and far seeing statesmanship is worthy of the noblest era of our history and the highest standards of our public life. These two names are amply sufficient guarantees that the party has shaken off the influences which threatened to paralyze it, and will command the approval of the Independents and Liberals. With two such nominees, the Republican party can listen to no such word as fail."

The Herald says: "The ticket is a fair one. It means nothing but mediocrity. Hayes is a good man with a good record. There are, we doubt not, 10,000 Republicans, and one of whom would make us as competent a President as Hayes. He has no such hold on his country as Blaine or any of his opponents in the convention. Wheeler stands well, and the ticket will poll the party strength. It will represent the average, common sense, sober minded classes.—When St. Louis nominates we shall see Cincinnati's true value."

**WASHED AWAY.**—Erwin's, Knights and the free bridge on the Saluda river and all the bridges on Ready river from Greenville to its confluence with the Saluda were swept away by the rain last week. Along the river bottoms the destruction to the crops was immense, the wheat and oats were washed away and at least one fourth of the corn crop totally destroyed. No just estimate can be made of the loss sustained by this great calamity. It could not have occurred at a more inopportune season and there will very likely be great destitution throughout this whole section before the summer is ended. It will be necessary to levy a special tax to rebuild the bridges and how the people are to be supplied with bread is a difficult problem. Before this flood the prospects for another year was very encouraging and it was thought that we would have bread enough and to spare but the outlook is just now not a little gloomy.

**A DESPERATE SOLDIER.**—The Spanish troops recently killed a man named Troilan Garcia, in Cuba, who was formerly a Spanish soldier, but having had some punishment inflicted on him by the commander of his detachment, deserted to the rebels, and at the head of a few chosen men had ever since devoted himself to the work of revenge on the particular company to which he had belonged. He had continually lurked in their neighborhood, picking off one straggler after another until he had killed thirty seven men of the company, besides the particular officer who had punished him.

## New Way to Make Nominations.

That there may be entire satisfaction in the County Democratic nominations, the various clubs of some of the upper counties are requested to make nominations for all the offices, and the names receiving the highest number of votes in all the clubs will receive the nomination from the nominating convention. This is right and we hope to see the plan adopted in Abbeville.—We desire to see our people satisfied and thoroughly united in feeling and sentiment, that we may more easily achieve the desired success. By adopting this rule the man who receives the nomination will receive the vote of a majority of the voters themselves, which leaves no room for dissatisfaction with those delegated to make the nominations.—Abbeville Press and Banner.

**LANGUAGE OF FINGER RINGS.**—In case of a gentleman wishing to marry—literally in the market with his heart—he wears a plain or chased gold ring upon the first finger of the left (or heart) hand.

When success attends his suit, and he is actually engaged, the ring passes to the second finger.

After marriage it passes to the third finger.

If however, the gent desires to tell that he not only is not 'in market,' but he does not design to marry at all, he wears the signet upon his little finger, and ladies may understand that he is out of their reach.

With the fair sex the 'laws of the ring' are:

A plain or chased gold ring on the little finger of the right hand implies 'not engaged,' or in plainer words, 'ready for the proposals, sealed or otherwise.'

When engaged, the ring passes to first finger of the left hand.

When married the third finger receives it.

If the fair one proposes to defy all seige to her heart, she places the rings on her first and fourth fingers—one on each, like two charms to keep away the tempter. It is somewhat singular that this disposition of rings is rare!

**REUNION.**—The sixth annual reunion of the survivors of Hood's Texas Brigade, Army of Northern Virginia, will be held at the town of Bryan, Texas, on Wednesday, July 12th 1876. All railroads have made excursion rates, and the hospitalities of the town will be tendered visitors. The Texans are all anxious to meet again the noble men of South Carolina who stood by them so long.

**AFTER A CONSULTATION.**—A Troy (N. Y.) man consulted a physician in that city relative to a cutaneous eruption of the face which greatly troubled his wife, and not getting relief it impaired her temper, which was usually remarkably agreeable. Another physician was called in by the husband. "Doctor," said the husband, "do you think it can be anything serious?" "Not in the least," replied the doctor with professional gravity; "it may be the result of cold, or possibly a little humor of the blood." "It cannot be the latter, doctor," rejoined the husband, "because my wife has been out o' humor for a week." The doctor charged him a double fee.

**KEEPING ACCOUNTS.**—Women are quiet and sweet tempered during the year, but they keep account of their husbands' sins and shortcomings, and have a grand settlement when house cleaning time comes. During the few days devoted to whitewash and soap and water they inflict the necessary amount of punishment and so start square again.

A Paris woman has perfected a new method of picking pockets. She enters an omnibus with a very pretty and beautiful dressed baby, seats herself close to the likeliest passengers and works under cover of baby's ample drapery. After succeeding she pinches the baby, so that it cries fearfully, and she leaves the omnibus suddenly to buy candy for it.

**WOMAN.**—Place her among flowers foster her as a tender plant, and she is a thing of fancy, waywardness and folly—annoyed by a dew drop, fretted by the touch of a butterfly's wing, ready to faint at the sound of a beetle, or the rattling of a window pane at night, and she is overpowered by the perfume of the rose bud. But when the real calamity come, rouse her affections enkindle the fires of her heart and mark her then! Place her in the heart of the battle, give her a child a bird or anything to protect—and see her in a relative instance, lifting her white arms as a shield, as her own blood crimson her upturned forehead, praying for her life to protect the helpless. Transplant her in the dark places of the earth, call forth her energies to action; and her breath becomes a healing, her presence a blessing. She disputes inch by inch the strides of a stalking pestilence, when man, the strong and brave, pale and affrightened, sinks away. Misfortune daunts her not, she wears a life of silent endurance, and goes forward with less timidity than to her bridal. In prosperity she is a bud full of odors awaiting for winds of adversity to scatter them abroad—gold, value but untrod in the furnace. In short, woman, is a miracle, a mystery, the center of form which radiates the charm of existence.

**ANOTHER CIVIL RIGHTS CASE DECISION.**—Judge Sawyer, of the United States Circuit Court at San Francisco California, has decided that portion of the act of Congress providing that any manager of a theatre or similar institution is guilty of a misdemeanor who should refuse admission to any colored person, unconstitutional and void.

Miss Joak, of New York, recently eloped with a young man. Her enraged father says if he can lay his hands on that young man, he will teach him how to take a Joak.—Ex. If her parental parent followed the profession of a newspaper paragraph list he would soon become accustomed to have his best Joaks stolen.

**TO KEEP FLIES FROM HORSES.**—As our farmers complain greatly of flies upon their horses, we give the following receipt taken from the North Carolina Farmer:

To prevent horses from being teazed by flies boil three handfuls of black walnut leaves in three quarts of water; sponge the horses with this solution before taking them out of the stable in the morning, wetting the ears, neck and flank. This has long been done by New Jersey farmers as a preventive against flies upon horses.

A grumbling car driver said to a passenger: "You always want me to stop when you get off." "No, sir, said the passenger, who had no jumping notions, I don't care what you do. I only want the car to stop. You can go on."

One of the attractions of the Paris exhibition of 1878 is to be the largest balloon ever made. It will contain 13,000 cubic metres of gas, and is to be 32 to 34 metres in diameter. The car will hold fifty persons.

"When women make bread," said Quiz, moralizing over an undone biscuit at the breakfast table—"When women make bread, a curious phenomenon often results; you find a little dear bringing forth a little dough."

An employee who doesn't have his hands washed and his coat on ready to strike for home as soon as the clock begins to strike twelve or six, is not enterprising enough to work by the day.

Buchanan's Pine street medical college in Philadelphia was raided on the 20th inst. The remains of four infants were found on the premises. This is the institution which issued bogus diplomas. Dr. Buchanan is a fugitive.