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Anderson Intelligencer.

BY E. B. MURRAY & CO. ANDERSON, S. C., THURSDAY, JUNE 6, 1878. VOL. XIII—NO. 47.

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MORE ABOUT BALD MOUNTAIN.

The Crack is Found—Not a Volcanic Eruption, but only a Land Slide.

From the Charleston News and Courier.

SPARTANBURG, S. C., May 26.

A week ago the people of the United States—from Maine to California—were startled by the appearance of the following piece of information, which was distributed broadcast over the land through the medium of the Associated Press dispatches:

"ASHEVILLE, N. C., May 20.—Two years ago residents of this section of the famous Bald Mountain were thrown into great consternation by continual rumblings and inexplicable noises heard in the bowels of the immense mountain. The phenomena attracted the attention of scientific men in all parts of the country. The rumblings lasted for about two weeks and then ceased. They had the effect of rendering the real estate in the neighborhood, that had been valuable, almost worthless, and the inhabitants hastened to move from the neighborhood of the mysterious mountain. Last Friday night the noises began again; the mountain shook as in the throes of an earthquake, immense trees and rocks were hurled down the mountain side, and sounds like intermittent thunder were heard during the night. This morning those who ventured near saw that the mountain had been literally split in twain, leaving a chasm of three hundred feet in length and from eight to ten feet in width. So far as has been ascertained the chasm is a bottomless abyss. As yet no smoke or lava has been thrown from the crater, but early in the morning there was a strong smell of sulphur about the place!"

The strange tidings were received by some with alarm, by others with curiosity, and by others yet with positive incredulity. The latter class, being perhaps by far the largest, felt strong enough to insinuate openly that the strongest smell about the whole matter bore a suspicious resemblance to the allegorical odor of a rat, and a very large rat at that. The Columbia correspondent of the *News and Courier* read the foregoing item Wednesday morning at 10 o'clock, feeling but languid interest, at most, in a matter which so little concerned him. A few minutes later, however, a telegram was handed him bearing the peremptory command: "Go and interview Bald Mountain for the *News and Courier!*" and by 11 o'clock he was miles away from Columbia on the Greenville Railroad, en route to the presence of his latest, largest and most distinguished victim.

Speaking in the first person, I arrived at Spartanburg Wednesday night, on my way to the mountains, with no better idea of its whereabouts than that it was a spur of the Blue Ridge, and lay within the limits of North Carolina. Diligent inquiry in Spartanburg, however, soon discovered the facts that it was fifty miles to the northward; that it was utterly inaccessible from any point of the unfinished railroad beyond the town, and that there was no way to reach it except to travel across the country by private conveyance over a rough mountain road. For my further encouragement I was reliably informed that the whole story of the eruption was a hoax, and in support of this statement was referred to a mountaineer just arrived from the disturbed district, who confirmed the assertion by declaring that he had "left the mounting only a day or two before, and he hadn't never hearn tell of no crack anywheres in it." This seemed enough; but I had started for the purpose of *seeing* "the crack," or the place where it was not, and I had no alternative but to go; so I must.

Mr. R. L. Taylor, of Spartanburg, kindly consented to accompany me for the purpose of showing the road with which he was familiar. Mr. Carrier furnished a double buggy with two handsome bays to draw it. Mr. Byrd supplied us with creature comforts in approved form to sustain us on the route, and Col. Farrow and other friends gave us a benediction and a God-speed as we drove off. By 9 o'clock Thursday morning Spartanburg was a league behind us, and we were fairly on our way to confront the awful unknown dangers of the newly discovered original and only volcano in all the United States and Territories.

Of the day's ride it is not necessary to speak at length. It was a mountain road, and though I am not a profane man, there *are* chords which a mountain road is well calculated to jar, which *were* jarred quite frequently, and which I can now afford to let rest for a year or two to come. The sky was overcast, the air was pleasantly cool, the old fields were covered as by a mantle of cloth-of-gold, with myriads of little wild flowers of a most brilliant yellow hue; hundreds of birds sang in the woodlands; at intervals the landscape was varied by a succession of green wheat fields, hundreds of acres in extent, and through it all the rough road ran like the path of duty through the Garden of Paradise, and along this road we passed, stumbling incessantly, in our poor human fashion, until night came and fell upon the scene, and ended our troublous, halting journey.

During the day we caught occasional and transient glimpses of the mountains in the far distant, but the atmosphere was so hazy that the view was more tantalizing than otherwise, and for the most part it was next to impossible to distinguish the line which separated the gray rolling hills from the gray rolling clouds above them. How soft and pillowy the great mounds seemed to be when viewed afar off! Verily upon them the tired Titans might have stretched their gigantic limbs after that futile skirmish with the powers that were and have slept (seemingly) as though couched upon hills of eider-down! And yet—I have it from the lips of a mountaineer who dwells among them and who must therefore have known whereof he spoke—and yet from those fair and false heights at times the most terrific storms rush down upon the peaceful valleys below "like a whirligull of pecker-woods!" Isn't it awful to think of a storm coming down like that! "Whirligull," I may remark, is a noun of multitude, and is restricted in its application to the "pecker-wood" variety of birds, just as one would say a "drove" of turkeys, a "covey" of partridges, a "flock" of geese, a "gang" of rice-birds, a "troop" of cranes, &c., &c.

Fortunately for me, though the day was cloudy and threatening and promised rain throughout, it neither rained nor stormed that day, and no whirligull came down upon me. Indeed, the only serious shock my nervous system received was on the occasion of crossing the first ford of Broad river. Arriving on the brink of this stream, which though only fifty yards wide appeared to my distorted vision to be about one thousand, Mr. Taylor, "who knew the way," whipped up our two bays, "News" and "Courier," and in we plunged boldly, no matter how coldly the rough river ran, with feelings on my part, however, very much akin to those which might visit a Charlestonian who should be suddenly and similarly whirled off the ferry boat into the bay, anywhere between the Battery and the bar buoy. Much to my relief and gratification we came out of the river as dry as we went in, barring the effects of a copious cold perspiration on my part.

More miles of rough road, fanged with murderous stones and varied with treacherous looking fords, finally brought us to our destination for the night, the residence of Mr. R. Whitesides, where we received a cordial welcome and hot supper, and were most pleasantly entertained. Darkness came down upon us almost at one stride soon after we reached his gate. A few minutes later we were sitting in the front porch looking out into the night, and I, for one, feeling deeply impressed with the novelty and beauty of the brief twilight in the mountains, when suddenly a ghostly voice darted out of a thicket almost at our feet and went calling down the dark valley, as rapidly as the words could be uttered, "Whip-poor-will! whip-poor-will! whip-poor-will!" Immediately it seemed as if a thousand throats, which had been awaiting the signal, had caught up the cry, and a thousand voices were clamoring in concert for the punishment of that hapless offender against bird laws. If Will was not thrashed within an inch of his life that night it was certainly because he could not be found, and not because of any lack of unanimity of sentiment against him on the part of the other and numerous members of his community. Not being able, apparently, to lay claws on Will, however, several voices next proposed very earnestly to Chuck-Will's widow, but this proposition was voted down and drowned out of hand—a proceeding I readily understood when it was explained to me that while the whip-poor-will is a mountain bird, "chuck-will's-widow is known as the lowlander," by which name he is commonly called.

After an early breakfast next morning we commenced our second day's journey, and had proceeded but a few miles when we turned sharply into a valley, looking up which we were greeted with our first view of the Blue Ridge, only twelve miles away. A half hour later, at 7:20 a. m. Friday morning, and just as we turned the summit of one of the lesser hills, my companion suddenly pointed upward over the tree tops and startled me from a reverie with the single sufficient exclamation,

YONDER IS BALD MOUNTAIN!

Only its crown was visible, however, and as the road descended the hillside it quickly disappeared and was not again visible until an hour later, when with equal suddenness it came into view again from the top of a little knoll, whence its hard, sharp outlines, in the possession of which it differs from all other peaks in sight, were readily traced from the river-bed at its foot up to the bare rocky summit, whence it has derived its distinctive name. We were now but five miles from its base, and from our point of view the summit appeared to be divided into three prominent peaks, known respectively as Harris' View, the Pinnacle, and Round-Top, but I may as well mention here that the term Bald Mountain is given to a range which comprises many such peaks, and which extends perhaps twenty miles to the north of the entrance to Hickory-Nut-Gap. A little before noon we reached the hotel at its base, and having obtained dinner and an hour of needed rest prepared to go in search of the volcano.

We had made repeated inquiries along the route as to the fact of the reported rupture and its whereabouts, if it really existed. As the first question was almost invariably answered in the negative, however, we did not find frequent occasion for propounding the second. Within sight of the mountain itself we had met and questioned a man who lived within five miles of it, and were informed by him that "there was some talk about such a crack, but he had never seen it; didn't believe that it was there, and, moreover, though he had been living near it for years, he had never heard any rumblings or felt any shocks." This answer was repeated in substance by several other persons along the road, and but for the representations of one or two countrymen who seemed to be better informed, or who had heard at least that some one else had seen "the crack," I should have been tempted very strongly to give up the race in sight of the goal! There was no approach to certainty, and scarcely to possibility of successful search until we alighted at the hotel door, when the courteous young landlord, Mr. Flack, informed me that there was no doubt about the existence of a recently formed chasm, and that it had been seen and marked by a Mr. Alford, a farmer who lived upon the top of one of the peaks in sight, and whose services could be secured for our guidance. As already stated, the mountain was really a *range* of several mountains, and from the door of the hotel we were confronted with four formidable peaks at the outset, with the prospect of a dozen more to investigate after we had explored these in such manner as we could. Any one of them would have required two or three days for even a cursory ramble among thin forests and jagged glens. It was out of the question to attempt it.

We had no resource but to go and find Alford at once, and learn what he had seen. Alford had come down from his height yesterday, Mr. Flack said, and had pointed out to him where the crack was to be found. It was just beyond the edge of a precipice in sight, which, rising from the forest half way up the mountain side, loomed up a dead, blank, perpendicular rock wall, three or four times as high as St. Michael's steeple! No living creature could climb it. The path lay to the right of this cliff, and would bring us by a roundabout way to its brow. Alford lived up there all among the little stars; he must be seen, and our host at last consented to show the way to his celestial abode. Our preparations for the ascent consisted in divesting ourselves of every superfluous article of clothing, and were soon made—coats, vests and collars were laid by—and your correspondent having girded up our loins as it were, we started for the base of the mountain. On the way we were joined by two or three young men, who lived at the very base of the cliff, and were familiar with every foot of the mountain, but who had never seen the crack. They accompanied us from motives of curiosity slightly enhanced by the fact that they lived under the face of the rock.

Following these guides, we commenced the ascent, and for two mortal hours continued our upward way until all the party save the two indefatigable guides were ready to drop from exhaustion. As a matter of fact, we did frequently drop from sheer weakness and thorough prostration, both of mind and body. The path existed only in name. The face of the rock was heated by the rays of the sun until it glowed like an oven. No air could penetrate the dense undergrowth through which we so painfully forced our upward way. The ground under foot was covered with dead leaves and dry pine straw upon which the foot slipped backward and downward at every step. The soles of our shoes became so polished upon this treacherous surface, that it became necessary at every few yards to break the surface of the ground and rub them into the soft mold to dampen the leather and enable one to hold his foot where he placed it. The perspiration streamed down from every pore, and the few garments we had retained were wet through and through before the half-way point was reached, and still high as ever, seemingly, the grim cliff to the left towered above us, the tiny and feeble ants creeping up its side. By this time, too, we had become tormented with intolerable thirst, our faces were flushed and sun-burned, the tongue clave to the roof of the mouth, defying all attempts at articulation, and the heart beat so rapidly and fiercely that it seemed as if the blood would be forced from the throat and ears and from the blood-shot eyes; and still upward we toiled and groaned, while as if to add to our misery the two young children of the mist skipped from rock to rock and from bush to briar singing like 150 pound larks on their way to the sun.

We reached the top after a while, and found the Messrs. Excelsior stretched at ease on the mossy banks of a little stream whose waters—oh! so greedily drunk—flowed as sweetly for us in that hour as did those which gushed forth for the children of Israel from that other cleft rock five thousand years ago.

Arrived at the top, we learned that Alford lived on a mountain half a mile away, so concluded to try the search first without him. A rugged walk of a few hundred yards accordingly brought us to the edge of the precipice, which we found to be so rounding that we scarcely knew when we had turned downward, and only appreciated this fact when, peering through the laurel bushes on its verge, we looked out through space to the mountains across the valley, and down, down, *down* upon fields and farms far below, and almost under foot! I turned back with a sickening shudder, and felt impelled to cling to the trunks of the trees about me in order to resist the power of those strong invisible hands of the spirits of the air, which seemed to be drawing me irresistibly over the verge and down to a bloody and cruel death on the rocks below. I was sick to the soul, and overcome with a sensation akin to intense nausea, as long as I remained where I could look over that brink of destruction.

After nearly an hour spent in a vain search for the crevice in the locality where we expected to find it, we at last came to the unwilling conclusion that we had been duped, and were on the point of giving up the quest, when one of the guides, who had strayed off to some distance alone, suddenly hailed us with the cry—

HERE IT IS!

A scramble across a little ravine ensued; no man taking any heed to his way or to his personal safety, and within one hundred yards of where we had been sitting in consultation as to what should be done to Alford when we caught him, we found Foster, the guide, lying flat on his face and looking down into an ugly hole in the mountain side! The hole proved to be the crack I had come two hundred miles to find, and it extended, as far as could be seen, some distance on either side, but was covered for the most part by a treacherous carpet of dead leaves, twigs and moss, the accumulation of years, and which formed a dangerous trap for the unwary foot passing over it.

Looking into the hole you saw that the crevice extended downward in a slanting direction for a few yards and ended in a vertical one, which, of course, was not accessible, save to one who might creep down the slant to its edge. None of us crept down the slant. A number of stones were rolled into the crack at different points, and these disappeared over the edge in question and fell with a thud upon the bottom or some ledge far out of sight below, but at what varying depths we could not determine. The crack at this place was about four feet wide, and this was its greatest width so far as we could ascertain by uncovering it at intervals. Its length was about one hundred yards. Its position was perhaps forty or fifty yards from the edge of the cliff, with the line of which it nearly corresponded in direction, and it was terminated at either end by little ravines running back from the precipice at right angles to both precipice and crack.

The surface of the ground for hundreds of yards from the bottom of the cliff is covered with immense boulders, ranging in size from that of an ordinary dwelling house down to that of a barrel. My opinion, and all appearances justify me in giving it without hesitation, is that the weight of this portion of the cliff has caused it to fall away from the mountain, and the gap will probably widen gradually as the supporting earth beneath the detached portion gives way, until some day the whole mass will fall out from its place and descend with force to the fields below, leaving a broad, deep gap where it now stands. The rock of the cliff, and of all the mountain, indeed, is of a nature which cracks very easily, and the face of the cliff, indeed, is fissured in every direction by thousands of open seams. By stamping the foot heavily on the rock below the crack the whole fragment is jarred, and the concussion can be felt at the distance of many yards by placing the hand upon the trunk of a tree growing upon it.

The error of supposing that the crack extends into the mountain was a natural one, it is true, but very little thought or experience was necessary to detect the true state of affairs, and every one present readily assented to the views above given.

It is only necessary to repeat what was said in my telegram yesterday, that the crevice has been formed recently, and nearly a year since the last shock was felt under the mountain, and it may be added that the catastrophe which is now anticipated to take place on Bald Mountain at any time is of frequent occurrence on every mountain in the country.

We came down from the height toward nightfall, by a more dangerous path than that we had climbed, and I, for one, could not but recall on the way the fable of the mountain in labor. C. McK.

— In one of Edgar Poe's stories he shows how two Sundays can come in one week. Capt. Boutwell thus explains it: If you establish the city of New York as as your prime meridian, and despatch two ships around the world, one by the route of of Cape of Good Hope and the other by Cape Horn, they will, when they meet on the other side of the globe, differ a day in their time; it may be Saturday on board of one ship and Sunday on board of the other. This is owing to the fact that the planet on which we dwell revolves to the eastward, and the sun appearing first in the east, it is noon, or twelve o'clock, on board of the western bound ship. The ship sailing east gains time every day, while the ship sailing west loses time, and when they meet the differences of time will amount to a day. He adds that at Samoa he found the Protestant and Catholic missionaries celebrating different days and both were right because they sailed by different routes from Europe.

— New York city has 400,000 Irish people, 200,000 Germans, 40,000 French, 12,000 Italians, 16,000 Spaniards, 3,000 Portugese, and lesser numbers of about 20 more nationalities.

A CHAPTER OF HISTORY.

Interesting Interview with General Grant—The Relative Power of the North and South.

A correspondent of the New York *Herald* recently had an interview with General Grant in Paris on the conduct of the war between the States, and called attention to a publication in the *South American Review* from the pen of General Richard Taylor, in effect that General Grant fought the campaign in Virginia against his own judgment, and in doing so had thrown away the lives of a hundred thousand men. The correspondent also called Grant's attention to an article in the *Atlantic Monthly* written by the late Gideon Welles, in which Grant is arraigned, upon the authority of General Taylor, for having insulted Lincoln's memory by attempting to throw the blame for the Wilderness and other campaigns upon Lincoln, which it was his own fault. The result of this interview was an interesting conversation with General Grant, from which we make the following extracts:

MR. WELLES AND GENERAL TAYLOR.

"So far as Mr. Welles is concerned," said the General, "he is dead, and any resentment one might feel at his extraordinary misstatements would now be out of place. It is unfortunate for Mr. Welles' fame that he should have spent his last years in striving to belittle the very administration in which he held a prominent place. But the real reason is that Mr. Welles never was a Republican. He blundered into Lincoln's Cabinet. He remained as quiet as a mouse so long as he held a high office under the Republicans and drew a large salary. As soon as Mr. Johnson made his advances towards the Democrats he became a loud and earnest supporter of his administration. From that time to the end of his life, Mr. Welles was in perfect sympathy with the men who tried to break down the government, and it is only natural that he should belittle and defame those who did their best to save the government, men who, whether they did much or little, did all in their power. Mr. Welles was never so sincere in anything in his life as in his Democracy, and nothing that he has written against myself or others for what we tried to do in the war would cause me the least surprise or vexation. My only sorrow is that a gentleman who had been Secretary of the Navy during the rebellion should devote his powers to defame men who did all they could to suppress the rebellion. I cannot conceive a more painful and humiliating position. As to General Taylor's assault on Mr. Lincoln, I am not surprised. General Taylor fought on the other side, drew pay on the other side and writes on the other side. Taylor, unlike Welles, is loyal to his cause, and if he can destroy the reputation of Mr. Lincoln, and those who served Mr. Lincoln, why, of course, he has a right to do so. That's what the Southern Confederacy tried to do for many years. So far as Taylor and I are concerned, we are friends, and have maintained the best relations. I am quite sure he would not do me any unkindness, as I would not do him. Taylor is one of the most agreeable of men, who talks well and talks a great deal, and, like men of that kind, often gets his facts blended with fiction. I mean by that that if Taylor said about me a positive untruth as he does in this article, it would be a misfortune on his part or an inadvertence—not any wilful error. He would speak in all seriousness without knowing any better."

TAYLOR'S NARRATIVE A PURE FICTION.

"Then," said your correspondent, "this article is not altogether true?"

"I have no doubt," said the General "there are some true things in the article; but the part which refers to me is wholly false, utterly false, without a shadow of foundation. General Taylor says that in a conference between President Lincoln, Secretary Stanton and myself, in 1864, the approaching campaign in Virginia was discussed. No such conference was ever held, and no such campaign was ever discussed. Gen. Taylor says that I insisted upon advancing my whole army against Richmond by the James River. I never said a word to the President or Secretary of War, or any one else in authority, as to how I would advance. General Taylor reports Mr. Lincoln as saying that the government required the interposition of an army between Lee and Washington. Mr. Lincoln never said a word resembling this, or anything at all on the subject. Gen. Taylor reports me as saying that any change of route from my own by the James to another would cost 100,000 men. This is a pure fiction, as, indeed, the whole story is a pure fiction. Gen. Taylor says that the story comes to him well authenticated, and he has no doubt of his correctness. There are only three persons who could authenticate such a story—Mr. Lincoln, Mr. Stanton and myself. Lincoln and Stanton are dead, and I say the whole story is a fabrication, and whoever vouched for it to Gen. Taylor vouched for a fiction. I feel it due to the memory of these great men, apart from any sentiment of self-vindication, to make this denial as emphatic and clear as possible."

GRANT'S INTERVIEW WITH LINCOLN AND STANTON.

This denial of General Grant led to an interesting *resume* on his part. "I remember," he said, "very well my first interview with Stanton. You know I did not come to Washington until I came in relation to an order to assume command of the armies. I had once been there as a young man, but otherwise it was my first trip. I found Stanton cordial and willing to do anything, so we suppressed the rebellion. Nothing could have been more earnest and hearty than his treatment of me. 'Now,' says he, 'General, I do not want to know your plans. Tell me what you need to carry them out. That is all I care to know. And when you go to see Mr. Lincoln you will do well to observe the same discretion. Mr. Lincoln may not want to know any more of your plans than I do, but I can understand how you might naturally seek the confidence of the President. Now Mr. Lincoln is of a gentle and tender nature, apt to confide in many people, and what you tell him about military movements he may tell to the next Senator with whom he has an intimate conversation.' I saw Lincoln. He was as cordial and hearty as Stanton, if possible more so, because he was a man of more affable and gracious manners. When Lincoln and I were alone the President began the conversation by repeating a story from an article by Orpheus C. Kerr—a comic article satirizing the conduct of the war. It was, as I remember, a story about Captain Bob Shorty and the Mackerel Brigade, and the anaconda policy, something about generals in the field being hampered by a flood of orders. When he had finished Lincoln said very much what Stanton had said—that he did not care to know what I was to do, only to know what I wanted; that I should have all I required. He wished me to beat Lee, how I did it was my own duty. He said he did not wish to know my plans or to exercise any scrutiny over my plans; so long as I beat the rebel army he was satisfied. He spoke of a plan he had long thought over and took down a map. He drew an imaginary line between two of the Virginia creeks or rivers, the names of which have escaped me, and said that I might move on that line and have the streams for supplies. I looked at the plan and saw in a moment that if I put my army on such a line I would be in much the same position as the army of the James. I would be powerless; I could do no good to our side and no harm to the other. I would be locked up. I told Mr. Lincoln I would consider the plan and that was the last of it. The route was an impossible route, and was never mentioned again by Mr. Lincoln. That is, as far as I remember, the exact story of the conference between Mr. Stanton and myself when I took command of the army. The question of my plans and their wisdom and unwisdom was never afterward a subject of conversation or correspondence. If there were blunders in that campaign the blunders were mine and not those of Lincoln or Stanton. They did everything in the world to assure my success. Upon me, and upon me alone, must the whole responsibility fall."

THE RELATIVE POWER OF THE NORTH AND SOUTH.

"There is another point," said the General, "that these historians omit. It is said that we overpowered the South. In foreign journals and foreign assemblies it is put up this way, that we overran the South with the scum of the world—with hirelings and Hessians. No one would do more honor to the foreigners who came into our ranks than myself. They were brave men and earned our gratitude. But so far from our armies being foreign, I question more than three per cent. were aliens. Yet I have no doubt many well informed authors will tell you that there were only three per cent. Americans. This is the way public opinion was made during the war, and this is the way history is made now. We never overwhelmed the South, and I am only sorry we could not have done so and ended the war and its miseries. What we won from the South we won by hard fighting, and the odds, when there were odds, were never decisive. We had to fight the Southern States. They were a unit and we were divided. Every able-bodied male in the South from 14 to 60 was the army, or was supposed to be there. We had to depend upon volunteers and the conscription. The South had 4,000,000 of negroes. These negroes kept the farms, protected the families, supported the armies, and were really a reserve force, a most important reserve force in a fighting nation. These 4,000,000 of negroes did a work that white men would have been compelled to do. Yet they are never counted in any summary of the forces of the South. They are forgotten as if they never had existed, and yet they kept the acres green and the harvest growing while the white men were in the war. Men, women and children went into the fields. The South was really an organized army. During the war in the South all progress, all industry came to halt and nothing was allowed to interfere with the war. Even now the South suffers from war stagnation, from war paralysis. In the North industry was never more brisk; all the arts of peace were cherished; society moved on; inventions were discovered; the genius of the country were as keen as ever. We supported an army and a blockading fleet. We never flagged in our industry. We kept our place as a manufacturing commercial power. Cites like Chicago, New York, San Francisco grew and grew, while Savannah, New Orleans and Charleston languished.

We not only sustained our part in the war, but all that was required for peace. In spite of all the drain upon the resources of the North we were more prosperous, more powerful, more respected and feared by the nations than when the war broke out. Remember, as I have said, that we had by no means a united North, while the South was a unit. We had to send troops to suppress riots in New York; we had enemies in our midst. In every Northern State there was a strong party against the war; always rejoicing over disaster, always voting to paralyse our forces; ready for any concession or surrender. This party was strong in every State—strong enough to carry States like Indiana, Pennsylvania and New York during the war. Nothing but Morton's courage saved it from making Indiana a rebel State, like Kentucky. This was the party that voted the war was a failure at the time Sherman was setting out on his march to the sea, at the very time when the great General and his army were about to cover our arms with imperishable renown. You can imagine the effect such a resolution must have had upon the enthusiasm of an army, for it is a mistake to imagine that such things did not affect an army. They did affect it as I know well. During our war there was scarcely a wind that came from the North, from our own homes, that did not come laden with calumny and disparagement. The Southern Generals were models of chivalry and valor—our Generals were venal, incompetent, coarse. I am speaking now of our people, of writers and speakers who were loyal and to a certain extent Republican. Everything that our armies did was wrong, could have been done so much better. Everything that our opponents did was perfect. Gen. Lee was a demigod, Jackson was a demigod, while our Generals were brutal butchers. So it was in Europe. With a few exceptions here and there the public opinion of the world was against the North, and our own friends at home would often grow nervous and fault-finding with the army. You cannot read a file of journals in England of that time that did not contain some horrible calamny about men in the army, and copied from our own journals. If we won a battle like Shiloh, for instance—one of the most useful victories of the war, one of the most important in its results—our own papers set to work to belittle the victory and give the enemy as much advantage as possible. These were essential elments in a war like ours—the war of a free people. I do not recite these things to complain especially. I have nothing to complain about. The more foes we conquered the more important was our victory. Having conquered it is not for us to say anything unkind or in disparagement of our enemies. That is not my purpose. I merely mention these points in a general way as points which our historians overlook and which show that the North and South were not as unequal in force as alleged—that the South had advantages which we never possessed—and that, if we had a larger population than the South to draw from, there were probably as many living under our protection whose hearts were with the rebellion as there were in the Confederacy itself."

Doctors are to guard human life and bring relief to the sick. So does Dr. Bull's Baby Syrup, it contains nothing injurious and is always reliable. To be had at all drug stores in our city. Price 25 cents.

Tea Planting, Once More.

When the Commissioner of Agriculture, several months ago, issued his report on tea culture, and advised that tea could be manufactured as cheaply in this country as in China, Japan or any portion of the East Indies, his ideas were pronounced Utopian, his efforts were ridiculed, and he was considered a crazy humbug. He was not checked, however, in his determination to make an effort towards success, and looking only to the possibility of saving that twenty millions of dollars that our people pay annually to the Mongolian for his teas, and to utilize some of the waste lands and labor of the South, Gen. Le Duc persevered in terrible earnest to accomplish his proposed end.

True, he sent an inspector, a sort of agricultural pleasure-seeker, down South to take notes, and learn something to publish on the question of tea culture, and true, also, this perambulator published a report that was well calculated to drive every one away from the effort of growing tea; but, nevertheless, the Commissioner continued to propagate his plants, until he has up to date sent nearly 70,000 plants to two or three Southern States, and at the same time has grown the plants in Washington at the Department; and discarding every thought that we must adhere to the old silly, traditional method of manufacturing tea adopted by the Chinese, he latterly has tested the result of his experiments, and succeeded beyond his anticipations.

The "great New York dailies," and other papers, who so ridiculed the Commissioner's efforts, will now, we hope, manfully acknowledge his success, as has done the Washington *Post*, from whose columns we clip the following report.

Let our South Carolina tea growers read, ponder and persevere. There will be money in growing tea in South Carolina ten years from to-day:

"The success that attended the experiment in curing tea made at the Department of Agriculture a few days ago, goes far to prove that the profitable cultivation of the tea plant in this country may become an accomplished fact at no very distant day. At the invitation of Gen. LeDuc, Messrs. O. A. & M. G. Gill, of the firm of Martin, Gillet & Co., of Baltimore, came to this city to experiment with the leaves of the young tea plants raised in the gardens of the Department from seeds of old plants grown in South Carolina, from seeds sent there by the Department some twelve or fourteen years ago. The Messrs. Gill, who are grandsons of Mr. Martin Gillet, the founder of the firm they represent, and who went into business as an importer of tea in 1811, have had a wide experience with the article in which they deal. One of them passed a number of years in China and Japan, and while there made himself thoroughly acquainted with the methods practiced by the people of those countries in preparing tea for the market. Their investigations and experience proved to them that there was but one species of tea plant, from which all varieties of teas are made. This is the plant known in botany as the *Thea viridis*, of which the ordinary cultivated shrub is from three to six feet high, though the wild plant attains a far greater size, sometimes fifteen or twenty feet. Becoming convinced that the coloring matter employed by the Chinese and Japanese in the preparation of their teas was not only hurtful to the health, but was destructive to the flavor and quality of the tea, they determined, in 1875, to introduce uncolored teas, such as the Chinamen drink themselves, into the United States. They were laughed at by the trade throughout the country at first, and in defence of their course were led to scientifically investigate the preparation of tea, and to make experiments with the green leaves raised in this country. They found, after devoting much time and labor to the subject, that, by a very simple process, they could prepare as good an article of uncolored tea as any brought from China and Japan. They also became convinced that the Orientals had for many years purposely gone through with the elaborate processes employed by them solely with the view of misleading other nations, and making them believe that so much labor and manipulation were necessary.

"In the experiment referred to, at the Agricultural Department, the leaves were gathered by a number of the lady clerks from the young plants in the hot-house—mere seedlings planted in February last, and not more than five or six inches high. This was a disadvantage to begin with, as the Chinese never make tea from plants under three years old. The leaves gathered were the young tips, two or three only being taken from the top of each plant. They were then carried to the laboratory and turned over to the Messrs. Gill to be cured. They began operations by placing a portion of them in a sieve and holding it over a pan of boiling water until the leaves were thoroughly wilted. They were then put in a thick cloth and subjected to a heavy pressure to express the juice or sap, which contains a large portion of tannic acid. When taken from the cloth they formed a solid mass, very glutinous, and somewhat difficult to separate. In this stage the leaves can be made to assume any shape desired, and it is when they are in this condition that the Chinese make them up into the different brands, like gunpowder, imperials, &c. After having been thoroughly separated the leaves were next "fired." This was done by placing them in a tin pan over a gas-fire, taking care not to permit the bottom to get hot enough to burn, and gently stirring them with the hand until perfectly cured. When the process was complete, the tea was of a deep green color, and resembled very much a Chinese Oolong or a Japan tea, such as is used by the natives of those countries. In appearance it compared very favorably with a sample, shown by the Messrs. Gill, which cost $3 per pound in Japan. The whole process did not take an hour from the time the leaves were first plucked, and so soon as boiling water could be procured tea was made and presented to the ladies and gentlemen who had witnessed the experiment. It was pronounced excellent, the experts present saying that the flavor was between that of a high grade of Japan and the finest Moyune China green teas.

"The loss of weight during the process was as follows: Steaming, 11.83; matter expressed, 6.88; firing, 61.37; total, 79.58; amount left, 20.42.

"The latitudes in which tea is successfully cultivated in China, Assam and Japan correspond geographically with the latitudes embraced in the States of Delaware, Maryland, Virginia, West Virginia, North Carolina, South Carolina, Georgia, Alabama, Tennessee, Kentucky, Arkansas, Missouri, and a portion of the Pacific coast, and the condition of temperature, soil, &c., are about the same. Wilmington, in Delaware, is parallel with Peking, one of the finest tea-growing districts in China. And the upper portions of South Carolina are parallel with three of the most abundant of its tea-growing provinces. So with the other States mentioned. In the gardens of the Department its culture has been attended with complete success. There are now thousands of flourishing young plants ready for distribution throughout the country, and there are several growing in the grounds that have been exposed to the weather for two years. Mr. Saunders, the superintendent of the grounds and gardens, who is perhaps the most accomplished gardener in this country, thinks there will be no difficulty in cultivating the tea in any of the States mentioned. He thinks it might be grown in the form of hedges and the young leaves clipped off by a machine. The Messrs. Gill are of the opinion that, if a sufficient impetus should be given to tea culture in this country, machinery of a very simple character could be constructed to do almost everything necessary in the process of curing. They themselves would be willing to put up a curing establishment in a suitable locality, provided plantations large enough to warrant a sufficient supply of leaves were started.

"In conclusion it may be proper to explain that the tea known as English breakfast tea is made from the same plant as the other. The leaves acquire their dark color from the process of fermentation to which they are subjected."

D. Wyatt Aiken, in News and Courier.

South Carolina Divisions.

The recent correspondence of the *Republican* from South Carolina has attracted general attention from the press of that State, and provoked considerable discussion. The letter upon Gov. Hampton and his work was reprinted by the Charleston *News and Courier* and Columbia *Register*, the two leading daily journals of the State, and copied from them, in whole or in part, into several of the weekly papers. Altogether, the people of the Palmetto State have enjoyed a better opportunity than was ever before offered them to learn the impression which an independent Northern observer derives from a personal inspection.

It would have provoked doubt of the latter's impartiality if its conclusion had been generally accepted without question, and, we are therefore not surprised to observe some sharp criticisms. The portion most complained of is the analysis of Democratic feeling toward Hampton, and the distinction that was drawn between personal support of the man and honest acceptance of the policy he represents. The conclusion reached was that the majority had supported the man rather than the policy the past year, the division of opinion being broadly summarized as follows:

"The fact is that there are two strongly opposing elements in the Democratic party, which divide a good deal on the geographical line of the 'up country' and the 'low country,' the latter including the counties along the coast, with Charleston as the great center, and the 'up country' the more remote parts of the State, including the mountain counties and such districts as Edgefield, where Gary, the leader of Hampton's opponents in the Legislature, lives. Broadly speaking, the wealth and intelligence of the State are in the 'low country'; the ignorance and poverty in the 'up country.' As a natural consequence, liberalism has its headquarters in the 'low country'; bourbonism in the 'up country.' While, therefore, Hampton may receive, as on a recent trip, the heartiest ovations in the latter region, it is there very much more the tribute to the personal leader than the recognition of an accepted policy which Charleston yields."

The "up country" papers loudly protest against this generalization, which the Anderson INTELLIGENCER pronounces "a vile and groundless slander upon the people of upper Carolina." But the paragraph simply summarizes facts familiar to anybody at all conversant with South Carolina politics, and none of the denials at all break its force. Like many other States, South Carolina has long been divided into two well recognized sections, which are often at odds with each other. That the larger share of wealth and intelligence are in the "low country," the ignorance and poverty in the "up country," is a truth which a moment's glance at the census statistics would fully establish, and a list of notable names in the "up country's" history does not affect the principle. That liberalism has its headquarters with wealth and intelligence in South Carolina as elsewhere, bourbonism with ignorance and poverty, has been conclusively proved by the recent history of the State. To go back no farther, from Gov. Hampton's accession to power till the adjournment of the last Legislature, his attempts to redeem his own and his party's pledges met repeated resistance from Gary, of Edgefield, and other members from the "up country." The opposition to the full payment of the State debt, which the party had bound itself to accept, had its headquarters in this region. The attempt to defeat the constitutional amendment imposing an annual tax levy of two mills for educational purposes, which the Democrats had even more solemnly promised to ratify, came from the same quarter.

But one does not need to cite past illustrations; there are, unfortunately, proofs enough every day that a good deal of bourbonism still survives in the "up country." The Democrats of Edgefield held their County Convention not long since, and among the resolutions adopted—not without some opposition, we are glad to say—was the following: "That we regard the issues between the white and colored people of this State, and of the entire South, as an antagonism of race, not a difference of political parties." The men who adopted that resolution have considerable to learn before they reach Gov. Hampton's platform. The Anderson INTELLIGENCER declares that the support given the Governor in the upper counties is as genuine, strong and hearty as in any other quarter. Yet, while the "low country" conventions are indorsing his course without qualification, the Democrats of Edgefield County admit that many of them have differed with him, and content themselves with "in the main" indorsing his administration. The tone of the local press in the "up country" in commenting upon the *Republican's* correspondence, as illustrated by the sample elsewhere given, is itself conclusive proof of narrow-mindedness and bigotry. Between the editor of the Abbeville *Medium* and Wade Hampton there is still a wide gulf.

In short, there is abundant evidence of the fact that Wade Hampton has still a great work to do in South Carolina. The threatening opposition of the Garys and other bourbons to the policy of the liberalism and progress might well have overcome a man whose personal power and following were less imposing than Hampton's. The check they have received is one from which they can hardly recover, but it will need another two years of the same executive to establish the new order of things beyond dispute. Gov. Hampton has a plain call to serve out the new term to which all the people, white and black, promise to elect him with unprecedented unanimity, and he will make a grave mistake if he abandons so influential a position for the seat in the Senate chamber at Washington, which is equally within his reach. As Governor of South Carolina he can do infinitely more good for his State and the country the next two years.—*Springfield (Mass.) Republican.*

JEFF. DAVIS IN LUCK.

The Venerable Ex-President of the Confederacy Recovers a Handsome Estate.

We hear with much satisfaction that the Court of Appeals of Mississippi has, within a few days past, rendered, on a rehearing, a final judgment in favor of our honored friend, Jefferson Davis, restoring to him, in full title and interest, his fine plantation of Brierfield, Warren County, Mississippi. The history of the litigation which has had this happy conclusion is of an interesting and even romantic character. Brierfield and Hurricane plantations, now constituting the whole island, produced by a cut-off of the Mississippi River, is a magnificent domain, which was acquired more than fifty years ago by Mr. Joseph E. Davis, the older brother of Jefferson Davis, and for a long time was cultivated with great profit. Mr. Joseph E. Davis was a gentleman of great sagacity, strong sense and enterprise, and became one of the wealthiest and most influential citizens of Mississippi.

When his brother Jeff. married the the daughter of Gen. Taylor and resigned his commission in the army, Joseph E. Davis invited his brother to come to Mississippi and enter upon the life of a cotton planter. Mr. Jeff. Davis accepted the invitation, and took possession of Brierfield, which he cultivated successfully for many years. Despite his long withdrawal from the care of this estate, Mr. Davis, with the aid of his energetic and intelligent present wife, managed to administer his plantation so as to acquire a competence and reimburse his brother the full value of the place. Still the formal title to the plantation remained in Mr. Joseph E. Davis. When the war broke out, Mr. Joseph Davis held this property beyond the reach of the Federal government.

And when the President of the defeated Confederacy became a prisoner at Fortress Monroe, Mr. Joseph Davis made a sale of his whole estate to his long chief manager, a colored man, named Montgomery, for $300,000, payable on long time, with interest at the rate of 6 per cent. Mr. Joseph Davis then made a very complicated and abstruse will. He was a very old man, dying shortly after, at the age of 84. His will recognized Mr. Jeff. Davis' children as legatees for the sum of $80,000, to be collected by trustees, of whom Mr. Jeff. Davis was one, and to be paid to his children when they obtained majority. The balance of his estate was bequeathed to his (Mr. Joseph E. Davis') natural children or grandchildren.

As Mr. Jeff. Davis' youngest child is but 14, a long time would elapse before anything could be realized from this bequest, and as Mr. Joseph E. Davis had left evidence that his brother had paid the full value of the estate, Mr. Jeff. Davis finally, with much reluctance on account of his great love of and respect for the memory of his brother, yielded to the urgent advice of his relatives and friends, and instituted suit to reclaim and re-establish his title in the property. All honest and good men will rejoice that this patriotic and noble gentleman and veteran has succeeded in his suit, and that his declining years will thus be soothed and defended from the cares and humiliation of poverty and dependence.—*N. O. Picayune.*

A BULL FIGHT IN CUBA.

The Spanish Pastime Stripped of its False Colors.

From the Augusta Constitutionalist.

The following letter was written from Havana by a former resident of this city, who is now in Cuba, to his relatives in this city, and contains matters which doubtless may prove interesting to our readers:

"Mr. Springer called for me last Sunday afternoon at three o'clock in the Consul's carriage, and insisted that I should drive with them to the large amphitheatre known as "Polar Qua Mendos," for bull fighting. I went, but I do assure you it is my last time. At four o'clock a horseman, well mounted, rode into the arena, saluted the governor, who tossed him the keys to open the gates, after which eight or ten "teasers" with red flags marched into the ring, followed by two men on horseback, with long spears. It was not long before the bull himself, already greatly infuriated, cavorted before us, dashing about from side to side after the fiery ensigns, and plunging at the nearest horseman. The story is one long and sickening, so in summing up the affair I have only to say that one man was killed. I didn't care a fig for the man, nor his relatives and friends, for such gladiators deserve no pity; my sympathies were with the horses and bulls. Two steeds were killed by the first and third bull, and one so lacerated by the fifth animal that it had to be driven from the ring, almost torn open. Then I was wrought up. I was mad with the Governor, Spain, the Spaniards, and even Christopher Columbus did not escape my ill wishes. Weak though I was, I wanted to fight about three Spaniards, though I was still weak from malarial fever. Seven bulls were tortured to desperation and then butchered. After the horsemen were through with worrying them, two angling Spaniards, on foot, with barbed reeds, gayly decorated and brightly polished, would dance around the enraged bull, stick him in the tender parts of the shoulders, inflicting horrible agony into the poor beast's exhausted body. But the diabolical sport did not end until another relay of friends would dance around and thrust into the quivering, dying animal sharp darts, loaded with a torpedo at the end, which would explode directly under the skin, causing the most excruciating agony. The poor bulls, now unable to defend themselves against every form of attack which ingenuity could devise or human wickedness employ, would dash themselves wildly against the wall, endeavoring to wreck their miserable existences; or, failing in this, would run around the ring, looking piteously into the faces of the multitude above them, appealing in their mute misery to the stony-hearted spectators. It was simply terrible. By the time the bloody sport was over I was nearly dead myself, and, although the day was very warm, drops of cold perspiration beaded upon my brow and chilled my forehead. Men, women and ministers of religion would first cheer the men and then the bull, and each unfortunate rider, as he was dethroned by the bull, would be frightfully hissed by the spectators. I haven't eaten a beefsteak since my visit to the bull fight.

* * * *

"I would like to see this beautiful island annexed to the United States, for then, instead of subsisting 1,250,000 people it would be capable of supporting twenty million inhabitants. The country is magnificent, the climate good, and if properly cultured, every one could have a plenty. Very few people, however, work; but all live easily upon the fruits of the island."