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THE TWO MACKS.

Wm. McKinley Visits Thos. McDougall at South Salem

And Expounds the Tariff and Silver Question to the Farmers of Buckskin.

The little village of South Salem, snugly nestled in the fertile Buckskin valley, is situated in one of the finest agricultural sections of Ross county and is the center of a farming community of more than ordinary thrift and intelligence. The original settlers of these parts were Scotch-Irish and the strict, sturdy characteristics which marked this class of people in early times had a strong influence in giving that sober and conservative tone to the community which is so plainly observable to-day. The old Salem Academy also had a good deal to do with maintaining a high standard of intelligence, for nearly all the sons and daughters of the farm were sent to the Academy, where they learned the rudiments and even got a whift of the classics, and while many of them, such as United States Senator McDill, of Iowa, Governor Foraker, Judge Yaple, Henry Dickey, Marcus Evans and others, whose names don't occur to me just now, have reflected honor from public office upon the old Academy where their early training and first mental impulses were received, yet there are many who have followed the more peaceful private walks of life, who got in their schooling enough insight into the learning that is in books to have a high appreciation of intellectual acquirements in others and to covet them for their children, even though they may not possess them themselves. South Salem has also been a sort of nursery for preachers, as she now has representatives in nearly every clime teaching the poor heathen the error of their ways.

Although quite progressive in matters of general intelligence there is scarcely a locality to be found where the old time views on moral and religious questions persist so strongly. The spirit of the Gages, Fullertons, Crotherses and Dickeys, which largely guided the public thought on these questions in former times, has been obscured in most of the neighboring communities by the influx of foreign elements of population and the rise of new-fangled ideas, but here the old doctrines are taught and held in all their pristine purity. Cards, dancing and other such sinful amusements are considered machinations of the devil. Modern worldliness and irreligion have not invaded here and the atmosphere of forty years ago remains uncontaminated.

If one were in search of a secluded place where to spend the summer, surrounded with pleasing and restful country scenery and in the midst of an intelligent and moral community, free from the artificialities of high life, probably South Salem would come as near filling that ideal as any place else. Perhaps these are some of the considerations which led Hon. Thomas McDougall, the great Cincinnati lawyer, to select this place as his summer residence.

A few years ago the Hon. Thomas, a Scotch lad fresh from the land of kirks and barley cakes, landed in Cincinnati with five dollars in his pocket. Since then fortune has smiled on him, or he has smiled on fortune, and now with the proceeds of a big law practice at his disposal he has sought out this quiet nook as the place where the influences which surround his growing family correspond most nearly to the plain, simple ideas of the good old times. A few years ago he purchased the old Van Deman homestead and by adding broad verandas and a few modern touches for convenience, transformed it into a delightful summer home, airy and pleasant but devoid of any attempt at architectural grandeur.

The advent of the McDougall household each summer is naturally an event in the village and their place is the social center of the neighborhood during the season, for the great barrister and his family are affable and sociable in their intercourses with their summer neighbors. There is no display of vulgar magnificence and no outlandish turnouts are driven about the village to attract the gaze of the impressible. Simple tastes, unpretentious manners and common sense have won the esteem and respect of the entire country side.

On the visit of William McKinley to his friend, Thomas McDougall, it was arranged by the local Republicans to have an all day picnic and political camp meeting, at which the Major should be the chief speaker. The meeting was held last Wednesday in the beautiful grove of Strawder Parrett. In the forenoon speeches were made by Willis Wiggins, David Barrett and Cyrus Newby, the popular candidate for Common Pleas Judge. After dinner the venerable H. S. Bundy was placed in charge of the audience to keep them amused until the arrival of McKinley. Hezekiah has neither the form nor the countenance of Apollo Belvidere but he possesses the wit and the eloquence of Cicero or Bill Gibson and no speaker in Ohio can keep a crowd in better humor. It has been customary for many years at Republican gatherings to utilize Mr. Bundy for pacifying the audience till the principal speaker arrives—a sort of entree, as it were, to the coming feast; but it frequently so happens that, according to the custom in Cana of Galilee, the best and most sparkling wine has been served first.

Upon the arrival of Major McKinley on the grounds the crowd had increased to three or four thousand and still the buggies and carriages kept pouring in along the pikes from every direction. Representative Republicans from Rainsboro, Petersburg, Leesburg, Greenfield, Good Hope, Frankfort, Chillicothe, Bourneville and Bainbridge and all the intervening country made as fine an audience as the candidate for Governor will face during the campaign. Mr. McDougall introduced Major McKinley in the following speech, which is given in full as it is the most solid tribute to the great protectionist's personal worth that we have yet seen:

FELLOW-CITIZENS—The delegates from the State of Ohio in 1888 presented to the National Republican Convention as Ohio's candidate for the Presidency one of her distinguished sons, who, as a statesman, has no superior in experience, ability, service fidelity and equipment—John Sherman.

Ohio believed he was peculiarly fitted for the highest office in the gift of the people, and that if the merit of long service, great ability and experience ever entitled any one to that office, he was so entitled. The nomination was given to Benjamin Harrison, another of Ohio's native sons. He has filled the office well, pure in character, able in statesmanship, and lofty in purpose; he has with his distinguished cabinet given to the American people an administration great in its public service, and peculiarly great in all that is distinctly American, in which he has been aided largely by that eminent American citizen at the head of the State Department, James G. Blaine.

A combination of honest ignorance, misguidel zeal, spite, hate and disappointed ambition, and an interested, selfish, blatant demagogy seeks at this day, and in this campaign, to deprive the nation of the benefit of the great ability, experience and statesmanship of John Sherman, and to retire him, as it claims to have done others, to oblivion.

We trust this unfortunate crusade and combination will not succeed; and as long as John Sherman is able and willing to serve his country, the country may enjoy the benefit of his services in the position which he is best qualified to serve.

The combination of honest ignorance, misguided zeal, and selfish demagogy, where it has temporarily succeeded in the name of the Farmers' Alliance in the State of Kansas, by its misuse of legislation and advocacy of impracticable schemes, the fear of what it may do, has wrought such evil that it may be truly said that in the loss of financial confidence and injury to the material interests of the farmers and people of Kansas, the success of the so-called Alliance has been worse than the greatest grasshopper plague that State has ever known.

Legitimate legislation can never make a bad man good, a poor farm rich, or an idle, lazy man diligent. It neither brings good crops nor makes good ones bad ones. It has its limited mission for good, and that mission does not include the wild, impracticable schemes embodied in the platform of the so called People's party.

True, lasting and beneficial reform is a plant of very slow growth. It never comes from those who are dominated by hate, class interest, disappointed ambition, revenge or self interest; like charity, it always begins at home, and is generally personal in its operations.

The great reforms that have come to this people in the past thirty years have mainly been wrought through the agency of loyal, unselfish citizens, organized as the Republican party.

Among the delegates from Ohio to that National Republican Convention was another of Ohio's distinguished sons, comparatively young in years. Such was the estimate of his high, pure and tried character, his great ability, his unflinching patriotism and loyalty, his conspicuous services on the battle field of his country, and his equally valuable services in the hall of Congress, that the Convention in a critical time in its proceedings, seemed turned to him as the man of all men to unite all conflicting forces, by making him its candidate for the Presidency. Of all the men before that Convention none enjoyed a larger confidence, none was more truly lovable and loved, or was cleaner and purer in private life.

No man possessed in a higher degree that integrity, that unselfishness, that modest humility, that absence of self, and unflinching courage and fidelity to every duty and trust than he.

The man, and what he is, alone commanded the attention, confidence and esteem of the Convention. He had manufactured no boom in his interests; he had laid no plans, and had no trained army to create before that convention a furor for his name. He was dominated by no selfish ambition in the discharge of the trust imposed upon him.

Loyal and true to that trust, and his duty as an instructed delegate by his constituents of Ohio, to secure the nomination of John Sherman, he steadfastly, heroically, persistenlly refused all overtures to allow the use of his name for the high office of President, which all men knew he was so well fitted to fill. When it was practically offered to him he put it away, stating to one of his friends now a candidate on the Republican ticket with him this fall, *"I would rather you would carry home the dead body of William McKinley than take him home nominated for President. I came here instructed for John Sherman, and no man will say of me that I was disloyal to my instructions."*

My friends, such men are rare in public life; and let us thank God they exist. It gives me real joy to present that man to you to-day. The man who stands as the representative of protection to the industries, homes, wages, comforts, of the best and most prosperous county on this globe. A country to which all working people emigrate, or desire to emigrate in their own interests, and from which none ever depart, save when compelled to. A country in which the working man receives more money for his labor, and enjoys more of the comforts of living for himself and family than any other.

The man who stands for protection to the right of every citizen, of whatever race or color, in whatever place, to cast his ballot, and have it honestly counted. The man who stands for protection to the honest dollar, and to save the working masses from the robbery of a depreciated currency, in the name of "free silver," or more money for the needs of the farmer and the working men; the cry of ignorance of demagogy.

The man who is an American and a Republican. The man who has no machine to promote his interests; no spites, revenges, or selfish ambitions to gratify, who believes his party and its interests, are greater than any of its members. The man who is a servant, and yet a leader, because he believes the highest and greatest leadership is in loyal, unselfish service to the interests of his country and party. He has not called himself, but we have called him, because as Governor Foraker has so well said, "we love him," the true, manly, unselfish, clean, loyal and able William McKinley.

Permit me, therefore, to present to you the next Governor of Ohio; whose administration will in every way be worthy of the man, and in harmony with the distinguished Republican Governors who have preceded him.

The speech of McKinley which followed was a characteristic one and was a masterly exposition of the issues involved in the campaign expressed in clear and forcible language and delivered in his argumentative but dispassionate style. His manner is effective but is entirely devoid of ornamentation or rhetorical figures. There is no attempt to arouse the prejudice of his hearers against the opposition and no effort to create an impression favorable to himself or his cause by taking advantage of the susceptibility of a popular audience to the arts of the stump orator. No one would have suspected that the speaker was a candidate asking the votes of the people. At one point in the speech Mr. Wiggins interrupted with the question as to how Governor Campbell had voted on a certain measure which had been before Congress. McKinley replied that as the Governor was sick he would not cross-examine him on his political record. Wiggins wanted to draw out a shot or two at Campbell's very vulnerable able record but was evidently the Major's purpose to leave personalities entirely out of the campaign and to discuss all questions in a purely impersonal spirit.

McKinley has a fine presence, the effect of which upon his audience was very apparent. I heard a number of remarks among the crowd discussing his appearance, which shows that the people notice such things. One enthusiastic Republican who had been anxiously watching for the arrival of the speaker, expressed his surprise as McKinley stepped on the platform by exclaiming to himself, "Wal I declare, if he ain't a blaze-face." It was McKinley's Websterian brow (which, by the way, is encroaching slightly upon the place where the hair ought to grow) that struck the expectant farmer at first sight, and he naturally expressed his surprise in this uncouth farm-yard phrase.

No picture of McKinley has done him justice, though the fine lithograph recently published giving his profile view, brings out the strong lines of his face with good effect. The Napoleonic cast of his features, which was so much commented on when he first appeared in public life, does not diminish with age. Every lineament of his face expresses strength. The high forehead, the deep set eyes, overshadowed by dark heavy brows, the bold curve of his nose, emphasized by a peculiar depression between the eyes, the firm lines of mouth and chin, all combine to make a model worthy of the sculptor's chisel. There is a seriousness in his expression while engaged in speaking that becomes intensified almost to severity as he grows more earnest, but when talking in a social way his face lights up with a smile that may be truly called magnetic. All public men smile thus, however, but I am uncertain whether to consider it the cause or the effect of their political success.

As the people crowded to the platform to shake hands with McKinley after the speech an incident occurred which brought out a different phase of his nature from that which is usually presented to the public. Among the crowd was a mighty farmer, six feet and three or four inches in height and of giant proportions. As he wedged his way nearer the platform McKinley caught sight of him and his face brightened up with a glow of genuine pleasure as he reached up to grasp the brawny hand that was extended to him.

"Why, if this isn't old Joe Mercer!"

Big, bluff Joseph Mercer, of Paint township, Ross county, and Wm. McKinley, of Canton, were privates together in the 23d Ohio Regiment, and now they met for the first time since the war. The two old comrades stood gazing at each other in mutual admiration for an instant.

"You have outgrown me, Joe," said the little Major, eying the stalwart physique of his old acquaintance.

"No, Major, I guess it's you who have outgrown me," replied the brawny hill farmer looking down at the white thoughtful face of the greatest of all protectionists.

Accompaning Major McKinley were representatives of all the great dailies. The traveling artist of the *New York World* took a number of views of the audience and platform, which are to appear in that paper under the heading of "A Political Meeting in a Grove in Ohio." An instantaneous view of the greeting of McKinley and Joe Mercer would be a valuable addition to any collection of pictures.

The two great Ohio lawyers spent the evening together at McDougall's home, and next day McKinley left on his canvass of the State. He stated that he was feeling in prime physical condition, although speaking sometimes as often as five times a day. He is hopeful of success, and inspires all who hear him with the same confidence. He was much pleased with the meeting at South Salem and with his entertainment there. The people, it is needless to say, are greatly flattered over the visit of McKinley to their village and are promising a bigger Republican majority than usual for the gallant little Major and the principles which he represents.

Echoes from the Camera Club's Visit to the Highland Hills.

Prof. Joseph N. Bradford, of the Ohio State University, writes: "I have met most of those who were on that trip to Highland county, and they are outspoken in their praises of its wild and picturesque scenery. Some are already laying plans to repeat the trip. For myself I hope to spend part of my vacation in your county if I live. The visit was to me a veritable revelation, for I never dreamed of such picturesque places in Ohio and so close to Columbus. In the list of subjects you made out, several had legends attached which I failed to get. Hope Mr. Hope or yourself will not consider it too much trouble to supply our club with this interesting legendary lore around the junction of Rocky Fork and Paint creeks."

Mr. Walter B. Kimball, who was also in the party, writes as follows: "I know I voice the sentiments of the club when I say that they never had a better time in their lives and are all, one of these days, going down that way again. We are glad such beautiful sights were brought to our eyes, and everything from now on with the club will be dated from the time we made that trip along Bakers's Fork of Brushcreek and the Rocky Fork of Paint creek in Highland county. From our entrance to the county until our departure we were treated with every courtesy."

To the same effect write all the club, and Highland county will always be glad to have them visit within her borders. Mr. Frank Henry Howe had the great satisfaction of taking a photograph of "the narrows" on Rocky Fork from the identical spot where his father, Henry Howe, the historian of Ohio, made a pencil sketch in 1844, being 47 years ago. This sketch appears in the history of Ohio. Col. Nat Massie led Mr. Henry Howe to the spot, and now Mr. Henry W. Hope does the same favor for his worthy son.

The old octagon school house at Sinking Spring was photographed among pictures in that locality. The visitors pronounced the road from Locust Grove to Sinking Spring one of the prettiest roads in the United States. They sampled various sulphur and iron springs on the route, and in fact enjoyed every moment of their stay, all too brief, in our county. During the rain on Baker's Fork some of the party took a look at the cave of Daniel Davis, the old hermit, on Fisher's knob. The remains of the kilns where he made his paint still exists. The cliffs and scenery on Baker's Fork have a distinctive character found nowhere else.

There seems to be a fascination about camera work which leads those who have the true artist's tastes to fear no hardships or labor to obtain fit subjects for the camera. Our young people with cameras preserve the results of their "outing" and enjoy more pleasure as well as more vigorous health. From Mr. Walter B. Kimball, of 30½ North High street, Columbus, all our party received much information of value in regard to camera work. That the coming into our midst of so fine a body of accomplished artists may inspire our young people with a desire to cultivate so charming an art is in the possibilities of the future, and a traveling outfit will hardly be complete without a camera and roll of films. Many ancient buildings that will soon be gone may yet be taken and their appearance preserved. Mr. Wash. McCoppin, of near Carmel, told the writer he would give a good sum to see the old log school house once more (now destroyed) where we went to school, and how the children and grandchildren of our pioneers would delight to photograph the spots where those dead and gone had lived and loved. A gentleman who was with the party on Baker's Fork showed us a hole in "Chimney rock" some distance up through which he stated he had crawled when a boy and that his father had tied a rope to him and let him down to the creek. "Chimney rock" is a remarkable formation.

Of all the arts which moderns have invented to add zest to the enjoyment of young people nothing is equal to the camera, where one takes his own pictures and develops and prints them. On Tuesday evening, August 18th, on the road between Locust Grove and Sinking Spring, a remarkable cloud was photographed by the Columbus Camera Club. Should the picture develop well and the writer be fortunate enough to obtain a proof of it, this would show perhaps as well as any thing else the capabilities of the improved cameras. Mr. Pavey in last week's *Gazette* mentions that the same cloud was noticed at Hillsboro on the evening of the 18th and attracted much attention. From Hillsboro the party went first to the Serpent Mound. From there via. Locust Grove to Sinking Spring. The exact route of the Camera Club was then as follows: They were driven from Sinking Spring to Roby Mill. They were driven over the wild and rugged road from Roby Mill around to Porter Mill. From there they were driven to Wm. Reynolds'. At Wm. Reynolds' the carriages were abandoned and they went on foot up Baker's Fork of Brushcreek, accompanied by Mr. McCelland, of Sinking Spring. After leaving the creek they came out to the road near 'Squire Turner's and walked down to Isaac Stultz's. Had weather been fair every point on the creek would have been taken.

The tenacity and nerve of the party was shown at Serpent Mound, where to get photographs of the cliff at the head of the Serpent they waded in mud a foot or more deep in the corn-field on the opposite side of Brushcreek. Judge Gardner, of the Hillsboro contingent, was the only outsider who ventured to keep pace with photographers in this experiment. Mr. Luther A. McCelland, of Sinking Spring, stayed with them from the time they entered the gorges at Baker's Fork until he bade them adieu at the wagons at Stultz's, and his kindness was much appreciated. The photographers were much taken with the view coming into the upper portion of Locust Grove and also with the backward view as they left Sinking Spring. The last echo of this visit has now died out, but the object of this communication will have been accomplished if it tends to cultivate among our people a love of the beautiful in nature, and to remember always to welcome strangers in the handsome manner with which these gentlemen were received at Sinking Spring, at Serpent Mound, at Carmel, at Spargur's, and lastly in the Cave region by Mr. Henry W. Hope. C. H. C.

August 29th, 1891.

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Our Proposed New Coinage.

One of the bills passed in the last Congress instructed the director for the United States mint to secure new designs for our silver coins. It was intended to change the designs on both sides of the smaller silver coins.

The director of the mint in his circular to the artists of the country, inviting them to compete, offered them a prize of five hundred dollars for each design accepted. The leading designers and sculptors of the United States consider the amount too small and declined to compete. They wished, too, to have the designs ordered and paid for whether they were accepted or not.

When the competing designs submitted by other artists were opened on the first of June the committee found none better than the designs now in use on our coins. All were therefore rejected and we shall not have our new coinage until another more successful trial has been made, which will probably not be for a year or more.

One great difficulty in the way of the artists is the limited variety in the designs which can be used for national coins. The coinage is not like the government paper money and postage stamps, on which in this country are usually printed the pictures of eminent dead statesmen or generals.

Since the foundation of the government practically only two designs have been used for the face of the gold or silver dollar. One is the head of the Goddess of Liberty, the other the full figure of Liberty seated, with the shield in her hand. Both of these designs are now in use, the first on the silver dollar, the second on the minor silver coins.

The designs on half dollars and small silver has not been changed since 1837, when it was substituted for the simple head of Liberty. The dollars, however, have been changed four or five times from the head of Liberty with no cap and loose flowing hair, used in the coinage of 1794 and 1795, to the same full figure as our half dollars now bear; and then again, thirteen years ago, to the Greek face on the present dollar. The reverse side has always borne the eagle, but in a great variety of postures.

It is not easy to plan out a really original design with so limited a field for ideas. Not one of the coinage designs in our history has been entirely satisfactory, yet repeated experiments show how difficult it is to improve upon what we already have.

Foreign nations have had much the same experience. Many of their coins are better in workmanship than ours, and their designs are not always so restricted.

The United States has the reputation of leading the world in fine engraving and many authorities believe that we shall gain an equally high rank in artistic ingenuity and originality. To those who are in doubt the experiments will afford a valuable test.—*Ex.*

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