

# THE PICKENS SENTINEL.

DEVOTED TO POLITICS, MORALITY, EDUCATION AND TO THE GENERAL INTEREST OF THE COUNTRY.

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From the Augusta Chronicle and Sentinel—  
Mississippi and South Carolina.

The splendid victory won by the Mississippi Democracy is held up as an example for the imitation of the Conservative Democracy of South Carolina, who are told that, if they will, they likewise can rout the Radicals at the next State election. We wish that we could think so; but South Carolina is not in the desperate plight of Mississippi, and the negro majority is far larger. There is not the motive here to make the sacrifices which were made in Mississippi. There money was poured out like water, and the whites were determined to carry the election at any cost. Some planters in Mississippi gave one half of the proceeds of their cotton crop to the election fund. There was no holding back. Can we expect such open handed giving in South Carolina? Will the Carolinians undertake to carry the elections by force, knowing before hand that the whole election machinery will be in the hands of the Radicals, who have thirty thousand negro majority at their back? It is well that we look before we leap; that we reason together; that we bear in mind what has actually been gained; that we count the cost of defeat as well as the fruits of victory. We believe that the running of a Straight-out Democratic ticket in South Carolina would set the State back ten years, and we know that such a ticket, and such a fight, is just what the Radical thieves will egg us on to, if they can. —Charleston News and Courier.

Our Charleston contemporary has always despaired of the possibility of a Democratic triumph in South Carolina. We are not astonished that it gazes in astonishment upon the glorious victory in Mississippi, and doubts and fears for Carolina. We are afraid that this spirit has had much to do with the political troubles which have overwhelmed that State. The Democrats have let "I dare not wait upon I would" year after year until now alone of all the Southern States South Carolina is still in the coils of Radicalism. We state these things not as a reproach, but as an illustration. We know Carolinians to be a noble and gallant people, who have neglected no opportunity to free their State from the disgrace of Republican rule and its attendant infamies of misgovernment and corruption. But we believe experience has fully shown that their policy has been unwise and suicidal, and that it is now time for them to discard it altogether. We claim a right to speak, for the Chronicle and Sentinel is a South Carolina as well as a Georgia newspaper, and we believe that may Carolinians will endorse the correctness of our views.

The News and Courier says that South Carolina is not in the desperate plight of Mississippi; and that there is not the motive there to make the sacrifices which were made in Mississippi. We know something of the condition of both States, and if there has been a time during the past ten years when South Carolina was not as bad off politically as Mississippi we should like to be informed of the date. The debt of South Carolina is higher, and the profligacy and corruption of the State government has been greater. But be the result of the comparison what it may there are few Carolinians who will not readily admit that the "plight" of their State is desperate enough to warrant the strongest measures for its redemption. Two years ago Mississippi sent Lamar to the House of Representatives; what respectable citizen has represented South Carolina in Congress since 1861? If the South Carolinians have not a motive to make the "sacrifices" that were made in Mississippi they have foully slandered their rulers.—All the State officers are Radicals—some of them negroes; a majority of members of the General Assembly are Radicals—many of them ignorant and corrupt negroes and carpet baggers; one of the United States Senators is a corrupt and unprincipled carpet bagger who does not represent South

Carolina as much as he does Pennsylvania; every Congressman is a Radical—two of them negroes, and the only one elected by Conservative votes the miscegenating Mackey; the Judges, with two exceptions, are Radical partisans; with the exception of the extreme upper portion of the State the county governments are all administered by incompetent and dishonest negroes and carpet baggers, who plunder the people at will. Have South Carolinians no motive for getting rid of such a condition of affairs? To this question we think there can be but one reply.

What "sacrifices" were made by the Democracy in Mississippi which any people would not be willing to make in an effort to secure free government and honest government? The News and Courier says that the people of Mississippi spent "money like water" in order to carry the election, and asks, "can we expect such open handed giving in South Carolina?" If such a question be seriously asked we answer at once that the people of South Carolina are just as patriotic as the people of Mississippi, and are equally as capable of making great sacrifices. They will give and give freely of both time and money to rid their State of the monstrous system of scoundrelism which has crushed and disgraced it for so many years. To ask such a question implies a doubt which no one who knows Carolina and Carolinians should entertain. The article from which we quote also intimates that force was employed in Mississippi by the Democrats to carry the election. What evidence is there that any undue means were used to influence that contest. So far as we have seen, absolutely none. It is true that a majority of thirty thousand votes presents fearful odds to contend against, but the example of Mississippi shows that even a more formidable majority may be vanquished. Two years ago Alcorn was elected Governor by nearly forty thousand votes, and yet this immense majority has been overcome. There is hope for South Carolina, and with the Conservatives united next year upon a Conservative ticket they will assuredly sweep the State.

A FINE POINT.—A lovely manner of avoiding sea sickness has lately been put in practice by an English traveler. He was on board of a steam car crossing the English Channel between Dover and Calais. On deck, right opposite the Briton, was seated a beautiful French actress, who was going to London, where she had an engagement for a theatre. The Englishman was keeping his eyes riveted on the face of the lady, whose patience becoming exhausted, she said to the islander: "Why are you looking so persistently at me?" The gentleman answered, with an exquisite politeness: "Madame, it is said that to avoid seasickness one must rest his eyes upon a single point, and not stop a single moment to look at the sea. You are the point which I have chosen."

RENEWED INTEREST IN LIFE.—A Vicksburg wife informed her husband the other morning that she was working herself into the grave for the want of a hired girl, and, as he went out, she leaned back and fell to weeping. The children were making a noise in the hall as he passed out, and he called out: "You want to stop this racket!—Your mother won't live a week, and when you get a step mother here next spring, she won't put up with any such fooling!"

When he came home to dinner, his wife met him with a smile and said: "Isn't ours a cozy home, Richard, with only our own little family to look after!"—Vicksburg Herald.

"You're always off at nights, Leander," said Mrs. Spilkins reproachfully the other evening. "Yes, my dear," replied Spilkins. "You'll remember even when I first proposed, you considered me a pretty good offer."

## The Cornet-A-Piston. [FROM THE FRENCH.]

"Master Basil, play us a little tune we want to dance."

"No, my children."

"Why not?"

"Because I have made a vow not to."

"To whom?"

"To myself—to one who has gone—to your poor mother, my child."

At these words, spoken in a faltering tone, a veil of sadness suddenly covered all the faces present.

"Oh, if you but knew what it cost me to learn music!" continued the old man.

"The story! the story!" shouted the young people—"tell us the story!"

"It is in fact quite a story. Listen then," said Master Basil. And sitting down under a tree, whilst a crowd of curious young heads formed a circle around him, he related in these words how he had studied the cornet a piston. It is thus that Mazeppa, Lord Byron's hero, likewise seated under a tree, related one evening to Charles XII, a terrible story of his riding lesson. But let us listen to Master Basil:

It will soon be twenty three years since Spain was a prey to civil war. Don Carlos and Isabella were contending for the crown, and the Spaniards, divided into two camps, shed their blood in this fratricidal struggle. I had a friend a lieutenant of chasseurs, in the same battalion as myself, the most able man I ever knew. We had been brought up together—together we had graduated from college. A thousand times had we met upon the same battlefield, fighting side by side, and we both wished to die in the cause of freedom. He was even, if you please, more liberal than I.

Unfortunately, my friend Raymond was the victim of an injustice, of an abuse of authority—of one of those arbitrary acts sometimes committed by high officers in the army which outrage the more honorable men of this noble profession. From that moment the officers resolved to abandon his soldiers, the friend to leave his friend, the liberal to go over to the rebels, the subordinate to kill his colonel.

All my entreaties were useless to dissuade him from his project. It was a settled thing.

We happened to be at that time in the province of Asturias, three miles from the enemy. The night chosen by Raymond to desert had come—a cold rainy night; bringing with it melancholy thoughts; we were to fight the next day. Toward midnight, just as I was falling asleep, Raymond entered my tent.

"Basil!" he whispered in my ear.

"Who is there?"

"It is I. Adieu!"

"You are going already?"

"Yes. Good bye;" and he grasped my arm. "Listen!" he continued. "If as we expect, there should be a battle to-morrow, and if we meet—"

"I understand; we are friends."

"Well, we will embrace each other and continue to fight, each on his own side. As for myself, I shall surely die, for I will not leave the field without having my revenge on the colonel. As for you, Basil, do not expose yourself too much. Glory! You see what is—smoke."

"And life?"

"Yes, you are right. Become commander," continued Raymond, raising his voice. "The pay—that is a more serious matter—rum, tobacco and pretty women. Alas! everything is over for me!"

"Good God!" what are you thinking of?" said I, quite overcome. "We both of us have made more than one narrow escape already."

"Well, then, let us name a place to meet after the engagement."

"Wherever you please."

"In the hermitage of St. Nicholas

at one o'clock at night. If one of us is not there, it will be because he could not come; he will be dead. It is agreed?"

"Perfectly. Farewell, then!"

"Farewell!"

We threw ourselves in each others arms; then Raymond disappeared in the shades of night.

As we heard, or rather as we had foreseen, the rebels attacked us the next day. The action was hot, and lasted from three o'clock in the afternoon until evening. Once only in the melee did I catch a glimpse of my friend Raymond; he wore on his head the little beretta of the Carlists. They had already named him commander, he had killed our colonel. My luck was not so good. I was made prisoner by the enemy.

It was one o'clock in the morning the hour of my rendezvous with Raymond. I found myself shut up in a room used as a prison, and in the heart of a small village then occupied by the Carlists. I asked about Raymond.

He is a brave fellow, they answered me; "he has killed a colonel, but he must be dead."

"Why so?"

"Because he has not come back."

Oh, how much I suffered that night! A hope, however, still remained; Raymond had undoubtedly waited for me at the hermitage, and that was the reason they had not seen him again. How anxious he must have been at not finding me at the rendezvous, I thought to myself. He believes I am surely killed; and in fact, is my last hour far off? The Carlists shoot all their prisoners; to-morrow I must die. It is true that Raymond will return before—but if I die to-day? My God! my God! I am losing my head!

Dawn broke upon me while in the midst of these reflections. A chaplain entered my prison; all my companions were sleeping.

I must die! I exclaimed on seeing the priest.

"Yes," he answered gently.

"What! already?"

"No; in three hours."

A moment later my companions were awakened. A thousand cries, a thousand sobs, a thousand curses echoed through the prison.

A man about to die ordinarily seizes one fixed idea and clings to it. Nightmare, fever, or madness, that is what happened to me. The thought of Raymond took possession of my mind; I saw him living, I saw him dead—sometimes struggling in the melee, sometimes waiting for me at the hermitage. I was deaf, dumb, insensible—idiotic, in fact.

They took off my officers uniform and put the cap and hood of a private soldier on me; then with my twenty companions I marched toward death. From this number only one, a musician, was to escape his doom. The Carlists spared the lives of musicians not only because they were scarcely to be feared in battle, but because they themselves wanted to form bands of music for their own battalions.

And you were a musician, Master Basil; that is what saved you? exclaimed the little folks in one voice.

No, my children, I was not a musician. The Carlists drew up in a line of battle. One platoon was detached, the platoon of execution and we were placed before it. The number ten was given me. I should thus be the tenth man to die. Then I thought of my wife and my daughter—of your mother and of you, my child.

The execution began. As my eyes were bandaged, I could not see my companions. I wanted to count the shots that I might know when my turn came, but before the third report I lost the count.

It is my turn now, I said to myself. The balls whistled, but I was still alive.

This time is surely my turn; it is all over. I felt some one take me by the shoulders, shake me, speak in my ear. I fell, I ceased to think; then I dreamed that I was shot dead.

Was the dream still lasting? I lay on a bed in my room, the very one which had served as a prison. I saw nothing. I raised my hands to my eyes to take off the bandage, and I found that my eyes were free, wide open, but the prison was full of shadows. I then heard a clock strike and I began to tremble. It was evening prayers.

It is nine o'clock, I thought, but what day can it be?

A shadow more dense than that surrounding leaned over me; this shadow was a human form. My lips unconsciously murmured a name the name I had incessantly repeated during my nightmare—Raymond.

"What is it?" said a voice at my side.

My God, I exclaimed, is that you Raymond? You are alive yet?

"Yes."

"And I?"

"You also."

"Where am I then? At the hermitage? Have I been dreaming, then? Was not I made a prisoner?"

"No, Basil, you have not been dreaming. I will tell you everything.

When the moon rose I was very weary, but I remembered you, then I directed my steps to the hermitage, intending to wait for you. It was ten o'clock in the evening; the rendezvous was for one. The night before I had not closed my eyes; I fell asleep. At one o'clock I awoke uttering a cry. I looked around and found myself alone. Two o'clock, three o'clock, four o'clock struck; you did not appear. You were surely dead, this thought maddened me. Day dawned at last; I left the hermitage and turned toward the village, where my new brothers, in arms were mustered. They all believed that I had been left on the field. They received me with open arms; they heaped compliments and honors upon me. Then all at once, while talking to them, I learned that twenty one prisoners were to be shot that very morning. A presentiment crossed my mind; could Basil be among them? I hastened away. The platoon of execution was already formed. I heard some shots; the firing had begun. My eyes sought you, but, blinded to grief, they could not see. Finally, I deserted you. You were about to be shot dead; there were not more than two numbers before it came to your turn. What was I to do? I was crazy; I uttered a cry, I seized you in my arms and in an agonized, desperate voice I exclaimed: Oh, not that one, my general, not that one! The general presiding over the execution who already knew of me through my conduct of the previous evening, addressed me: "Why not? Is he a musician?" This word was to me what the light of day would be if made suddenly visible to a blind man. A musician! I exclaimed; Yes, yes, my general—a musician, a great musician. As for you, however, you had fallen senseless. "And on what instrument does he play?" asked the general. On what instrument? On—on the—yes, that is it—that is so—on the cornet-a-piston. "Do you need a cornet a piston?" pursued the general addressing the bandmaster. The answer took five seconds—five centuries to me. "Yes, general, precisely," said the bandmaster at last "Then let them take this man from ranks, and the execution proceeded without delay. I lifted you in all haste, and taking you in my arms I carried you here."

Raymond had not yet done speaking; I made but one bound and fell upon his neck, crying and laughing at the same time. I owe you my life, I exclaimed.

"Not quite," replied Raymond.

"Why so?"

"Do you know how to play the cornet a piston?"

"If No."

"Well, then, that is cool!"

In fact, my children, I had suddenly become as cold as a marble statue. "And music?" continued Raymond, "do you understand music?"

"A little, very little; you know well enough what was taught us at college."

"Little enough, then, or, to come nearer the truth, nothing. You are hopelessly lost, and myself with you; they will call me a traitor, and that I intended to betray them. Before a fortnight the band of which you ought to make one will be organized."

"A fortnight?"

"Neither more nor less, and as you will not be able to play on the cornet a piston unless God work a miracle in your favor, they will shoot us both."

Shoot you, I exclaimed. You—for me, who owe you my life? Oh, no! It is not possible. Heaven would not permit it. In a fortnight I will know music, and I will play the cornet a piston.

Raymond began to laugh.

How shall I tell you, my children? In fifteen days—oh, power of will!—in fifteen days the night included—for I did not take a single moment of rest even to sleep—in fifteen days I learned to play.

Raymond and I went out in the country, and together we passed the whole day with a musician of a neighboring village, who came to give me lessons.

But why not escape? you are about to ask.

Escape was impossible; I was still a prisoner, and closely watched. Raymond would not leave without me.

I no longer spoke, I no longer thought, I no longer ate. I had but one single idea—music and cornet a piston. I wanted to learn, and I learned. In this way I saved my life, but I became crazy. For three whole years my fingers never left the instrument. The world contained nothing else for me; my life was passed in blowing. Raymond did not forsake me.

With him I immigrated to France and continued to play the cornet a piston. Everybody thronged to hear me; I was a prodigy a wonder. The cornet a piston seemed to breathe beneath my touch; it sobbed, prayed, sighed, roared—it imitated a bird, a wild beast, the human voice even. My lungs were made of iron.

Two years passed thus. At the end of this time Raymond chanced to die. The sight of the lifeless body brought back my reason. I took my instrument, I tried to play. I no longer knew how.

And now, my children, do you care to dance?"

A HOME QUESTION.—A Detroit boy surprised his father the other day by asking:

"Father, do you like mother?"

"Why, of course."

"And she likes you?"

"Of course she does."

"Did she ever say so?"

"Many a time, my son."

"Did she marry you because she loved you?"

"Certainly she did."

The boy looked the old man over, and after a long pause, asked:

"Well, was she as near sighted then as she is now?"

FAITHFUL TO THE LAST.—The other day Sam Bowles went to church in Springfield, Massachusetts, says the Chicago Times, and, feeling the effects of his severe editorial labors through the week, went to napping. By and by he was awakened by the preacher, who struck the desk and shouted: "Who shall be able to stand up in the presence of the Lord on that awful day?" And Sam Bowles, rising in his pew, remarked: "Charles Francis Adams is the man that can do it, and I nominate him for the position."

Work on the Laurens Railroad is going on with rapidity.