

THE PICKENS SENTINEL.

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

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From the Anderson Intelligencer.

A Glance at "Old Pickens."

The general aspect of things about "Old Pickens" to day strongly contrasts with its appearance fifteen or twenty years ago—then at the zenith of its ante bellum prime and importance as a country town, now all tumbled down and abandoned.

The dividing of Pickens District shortly after the war into Pickens and Oconee counties, and the consequent removal of the county seat, served to utterly annihilate the old town. All the old residents, as by one impulse and seemingly actuated by a determination in common to reside at a "court house," migrated at once and settled exclusively in Wall-halla and New Pickens, mainly in the latter place. As a consequence, a wonderful depreciation in value of town property followed and most, if not all, the old lots changed hands for a mere trifle. As an instance, one lot of two acres, on which was a good dwelling with a store room attached, sold for only \$20. The Court House and Jail, and nearly all the store houses and dwellings were torn down and moved away, and now only a few weather beaten and desolate houses, and most of these in the last stages of delapidation, remain to remind one of the former life or pretensions of the place. In fact, every thing has degenerated to so great an extent that the few remaining traces and relics would scarcely excite the curious interest of the passing stranger. The large hotel building is standing yet, but is fast going to ruin and the absence of all the door and window shutters and sash serves but to heighten the gloominess of the picture. Only one business sign remains—that of the old hotel bar, which holds on to the wall with a tenacious grip as if one-conscious of the fact that the "spirits" have flown. The old academy is yet to be seen; and the town could at one time boast of a flourishing High School, which is an easy and safe inference when it is known that the Rev. J. L. Kennedy was its principal. It may be added in this connection that your townsman, O. H. P. Fant, Esq., once trained the young idea of this locality "how to shoot." There was never but one church immediately in the place, a neat and substantial brick structure, which was originally intended for the use of the various denominations, but it was used almost exclusively by the Presbyterians until late years, when they abandoned it. Very lately it has been incorporated in a Methodist Mission of the South Carolina Conference, and a strong membership has been already established.

This is a remarkably healthy locality, a fine grain growing section and, since the war, a considerable quantity of cotton is raised. There are no stores nearer than Central Station and Seneca City, on the Air Line Railroad, each ten miles distant; and this fact together with the natural resources of the surrounding country, make this place a splendid opening for a country store. A merchant of Seneca City, who, it would seem, was encouraged by these inducements has very recently opened a general stock of goods here and is doing a profitable business. A store at Old Pickens is something of a novelty, and the "natives" hail its advent with rejoicing. The effect is amusing and particularly pleasing to the proprietors.

About five families of white people and about as many of negroes are living in the old place at present, none of whom, however, resided within the incorporation prior to the "breaking up," save, perhaps, one old negro man (George) who "belonged to P. Alexander 'fore 'manicipation." George owns the largest part of Old Pickens now, and one broad

smile, betokening an inward consciousness of his thrift, irradiates his sable features when he tells us that "things is turned 'round mightly." He rejoices in his freedom and votes the "publikin" ticket.

To meditate upon the past prosperity of the old town and upon the character of its former citizens, is a reflection of some interest, but it is a melancholy retrospect. It has a boat it much of that feeling which results from the contemplation of decay and ruin. There is an eloquence in decay, but it is a sad eloquence, and growth has more of vital interest than decline, even as we gaze with more pleasure upon the verdency of youth than upon the decrepancy of declining years. **KEOWEE.**

A GLOOMY PICTURE FOR THE NORTH. The Augusta Constitutionalist speaks of a conversation had with Senator Bayard, of Delaware, says:

Mr. Bayard says that the people of the South have but a faint conception of the distress at the North. He declared that, in his opinion, where one man is suffering from poverty here, men are suffering much more beyond our confines in the "loyal" States.—There can be no question that this is true, and for our part, we look for an aggravation of the woe, East and West, long before the grim winter shall relax its icy grasp. A gentleman in this city told us that real estate near Central Park, New York, for which \$125,000 had been paid two years ago, less a mortgage of \$35,000, was offered him for the mortgage alone. Mr. Bayard, in confirmation of that statement, said he had heard it announced in New York that there was not a second mortgage on any property, in the metropolis and vicinity, which was worth the paper it was written on. He remarked, too, that these were some of the results of the war, that made men almost curse themselves for being misled in 1860-61. We venture to assert that this feeling will grow as time rolls on.

THE WAY EDITORS ARE DISAPPOINTED.—The editor of the Albemarle Times have "cut their eye teeth" in the newspaper business, and now discourse thusly:

"Happiness now—hereafter wailing and gnashing of teeth. We were very green when we started the newspaper business. A gourd vine was ripe compared to us. We are good and mellow now. Those who get the Times pay in advance. In the mean time all the fellows who soaped us out of a year's subscription are happy. At least we hope so. Anyhow they had better be for hereafter there will be wailing and gnashing of teeth. As cold water to a thirsty man, so is back pay from an old subscriber to an editor."

DIAMONDS.—Previous to Humboldt's exploration of the Ural and Altai he called attention to the probable existence of the diamonds in those regions, and his expedition in 1829 was the immediate cause of their discovery.

Flexible itacolumite is plentiful in Spartanburg county. Whenever this rock occurs in the Brazils, the Ural and the East Indies, the diamonds is a steady companion, and at some future day developments may lead to a discovery of the diamond fields in our midst. Not more surprising than the fact that in 1857, pearls of the size of a No. 4 shot were discovered in the shells of Unios (fresh water mussels) in a stream on the line of Southwestern Spartanburg and Greenville county.—Geological State Survey.

The Financial Chronicle states that there have been failures to the amount of \$131,000,000 during the past nine months, of which South Carolina contributed two and a half millions!

Greenville is extending her borders. Surveyor Johnson has laid out twenty three lots between the Laurens and Spartanburg roads, on a commanding eminence, and in full view of the drive to Lowndes's Hill.

From the New York Mercury.

Aleck Stephens.

Stephens and Randolph—Dying for Twenty Years—A Congressional Reminiscence—A Victory Over Grow.

A dispatch from Georgia prematurely announcing that this venerable, erratic genius was suddenly attacked by dangerous disease, and was in a critical condition, furnished our correspondent an opportunity to relate, from his own experience, some interesting reminiscences of a remarkable man. Aleck Stephens has been, like Randolph of Roanoke, dying for nearly thirty years, and yet continued through all this time, and in spite of his moribund condition, to take an important and prominent part in all the grave public events that twenty years since I first saw him on the floor of the House of Representatives at Washington. His physical weakness was so marked that everybody spoke about it, and all doubted his ability to live through the session, which ended March 4, 1875. But the hackmen and undertakers in the city knew him better. They all said that Stephens was an imposter in the matter of health, that for ten years previous he had pretended to be dying, raising the hopes of the undertakers and cab drivers for lucrative employment at a big Congressional funeral, but had always cheated them out of it by ever seeming to be dying, and yet never dying. He has thus lived on ever since, passed through the fierce contest over slavery, secession and the war, and managed so well that, although Vice-President of the Confederacy and author of the celebrated manifesto that "slavery was the corner stone of the new Confederation of American States," he yet, of all Confederates, attained the most popularity in the North, and was the first of them admitted to a seat in Congress after the war, and treated with the highest regard by Republican members, though not acting with their party. But all these things are recent history, and well known, hence they need not be repeated here. But one of his conflicts in the House in ante war times, and in which a member from the State of New York was personally concerned, is worth telling.

Orsamus B. Matteson represented the Utica District, and served on the Committee on Pensions. A Mr. Tripplett, a pension agent at Washington, had compiled a volume of the laws and regulations concerning pensions, and of decisions of courts relating thereto, and this book he was anxious to sell to the Government. Congressman Matteson exerted himself strenuously in favor of Tripplett's work, and he carried through Congress an appropriation for its purchase, at a fixed price per volume. It leaked out subsequently that this price was a trifle higher than the retail price at which the book sold at the store, and that the excess went to Mr. Matteson as compensation for his labors. Charges were preferred on these facts, and a committee appointed to investigate them. Aleck Stephens was the Chairman of that committee, and Galusha A. Grow, of Pennsylvania, one of the members. The committee made two reports, one by Stephens, to expel Matteson for corruption, the other by Grow, to censure him only for careless conduct in allowing himself to be found out. This occurred in 1857. Grow was a new convert to Republicanism, having changed over from a Democrat only in the previous Congress on the Kansas Nebraska troubles, and he determined to win his spurs as one of the leaders of the new party in conducting the defense of Matteson, also a Republican. The contest in the House rested solely upon Stephens and Grow, and they were well matched. They are both, when under excitement, exceedingly passionate, the voice of each is shrill and piercing, their oratory aggressive and even violent, but Aleck had the best of it, as he fought on the side of honesty against bribery. Never did the most robust and powerful man shine brighter in debate than Stephens

on that occasion, though the hand of grim death seemed already upon him. The denunciation of the turpitude of Matteson's crime was a burst of such fiery eloquence as is seldom heard in Congress. His lithe frame shook nervously, and appeared as if falling under, as he turned his brilliantly beaming eye upon Matteson and pointed his lank, bony finger in crushing scorn at the accused. The Republicans had a majority, and Banks was Speaker, yet all the efforts of Grow were in vain. Stephens carried the House with him, and Matteson was expelled. It was one of the most extraordinary parliamentary triumphs ever achieved, and will be long remembered by those who were present at the time.

Romantic Divorce Case.

The young wife of the Grand Duke Alexis, of Russia, son of the Czar, has just been divorced by the tribunal of St. Petersburg. She was a Hessian, and in that quality has been accepted by the Empress Maria Alexandrovna as a maid of honor. Her majesty was rapidly captivated by her young countrywoman who speedily became her favorite. Another conquest of still greater importance awaited the young lady in the Muscovite Empire. Not absolutely pretty, but endowed with that grace which bewitches more than beauty, possessing a charming figure and an incomparable elegance, she inspired the young Grand Duke with an irresistible passion. One evening the Empress saw enter her apartment the maid of honor bathed in tears, who throwing herself at her Majesty's feet, avowed her love, and besought the Czarina's consent to the marriage. That same night the young lady was put into a railway carriage, and, under good escort, conducted to the frontier, whilst the Grand Duke Alexis received orders to rejoin his ship. But the Czar had reckoned without the determination of the two lovers. The Prince escaped, rejoined his fiancée beyond the Rhine, and married her in German territory, notwithstanding the parental fulminations; and then left with her for America. The romance lasted two years, and nothing could bend the determination of the Emperor nor restore his son to his favor, nor the influence of the Empress being brought to bear on his son, determined the latter to accept his father's conditions and it was decided that the Grand Duke should consent to a divorce, resume his situation in the Russian navy, and an annuity should be settled on the heroine of the romance. It was immediately after that the Prince was in London with the Czar.

A STIR IN THE BROOKLYN SCANDAL.—The belief prevails in Brooklyn that Loader will be tried on the charge of perjury in the scandal case and that Mrs. Tilton will be the principal witness against him. Mr. Beach and Mr. Fullerton had an interview with District Attorney Britton on Friday, and it was presumed that an attempt was being made in behalf of Mr. Moulton for the indictment of Mr. Beecher on a charge of libel.

A man rushed breathlessly into a lawyer's office in St. Paul, and, approaching the legal luminary, excitedly remarked:

"A man has tied a hoop to my horse's tail. Can I do anything?" "Yes," replied the attorney; "go and untie it!" This was good advice and only cost the man five dollars.

Mr. Bennett's yacht won the ocean race; and if Mr. Bennett does not immediately print a map either of himself or the ocean, we shall be forced to the unwelcome conclusion that he has forgotten the rudiments of journalism and had better ship before the mast of an oyster boat at once.

Prosperity is a blessing to the good, but a curse to the evil.

Dan Voorhees' son James is about to essay the part of Hamlet on the Terra Haute stage.

A Story of Divorce.

It may not be generally known, says the Cincinnati Enquirer, yet it is probably true, that the novel of "East Lynne," although written in England had the ground work of its story in a singular marriage which took place in this city, the notice and the attending circumstances at the time being copied by almost every paper in the country. The matter was about as follows: A Mr. J. M., a clerk in a down town house, fell in love with a young lady whose father was a well to do Second Street merchant, and after a proper season of attention the couple were married.

Both soon found out that they were not happily mated, and after a marriage of seven years, during which time they had three children two boys and a girl, they mutually agreed to the husband a plying for a bill of divorce, on the ground of incompatibility of temper. The divorce was granted, and the wife went home to her father, who through endorsing lost his business and all his property. The daughter's and his own misfortunes weighed so heavily upon the father's mind that during a moment of mental alienation he took his own life, leaving his daughter penniless and to go through it with the cold charity of the world as best she could. The woman, a brave little creature tried every way she knew how to gain an honest livelihood—in fact, working so hard giving music lessons and doing embroidery for her old school mates that her health gave way; and having no money to pay her board, must beg, starve or go to the poor house. To turn to the other side of the picture, the husband, after a few months release from the marital bonds, again married, and at the time of which we speak had not only the three children by the first wife, but also an addition thereto, a little two year old girl by the second wife. The latter day being all, the husband advertised for a nurse and housekeeper, which notice reached the eye of the first wife, and she, in her trouble, went to the former partner of her heart, told him of her sad condition and applied for the position in his household. The husband knew not what to say; but after giving her ample funds for all immediate wants asked her to call again at his office on the following morning promising to consult his wife about the matter in the meantime.

Promptly as per agreement wife No. 1 was on time, as was the husband, and from there they went to the residence, where the two wives had their first conversation, ending in the agreement for the first wife to come and accept the vacant place, which she did, seemingly delighted at having a peaceful home over her head, notwithstanding the very strange circumstances under which such a shelter was given. Necessity demanded that the entire past should be obliterated, and the new housekeeper treated as any other helper; that she must care for the children—her own offspring—and the other child the same as any hired nurse would do; that she must eat at the second table to care for her charges. All these things and even more humility did the poor woman show, never by sign, word or look exhibiting the least evidence of discontent. What, however, must have been the true feelings of her heart, when seeing another fill the place that she had once tried, as she thought, so hard to fill. The above is from the files of an old Cincinnati paper, but the sequel, as told us by one conversant with the whole facts, in stranger language than what we have already narrated. When the cholera was raging in our city in 1866 the second wife was taken very ill with it, and being informed by the physician that she could live but a few hours at the

most, as she was then in a collapsed condition, she asked that all go out the room, excepting her husband and housekeeper, when she told how much she dreaded leaving her child amongst strangers, and a dying wife untended them both to marry again. The proposition was a strange one but both promised, and a few months afterward, when the second wife had been dead a sufficient length of time not to cause remarks, the two were again married, brought together after a cruel separation of so many years and we believe are now living happily together in a cozy West End house.

ATLANTA, GA., Nov. 3.—The stockholders of the Air Line Railroad met and the following board was elected: A. S. Buford, President. Directors: Austell, Alexander, Maddox, Earle, Cannon, Clayton, McAden, Wilson, Southerton, Dubarry, Roberts, Howard.

Infidel France turns the Sabbath into a day of grand display, festivity and theatre going. The parks, the wine gardens, the saloons, the theatres and street shows are all thrown open on that day.

A new biographer of Artemus Ward says the genial humorist usually wrote with one leg over the arm of his chair. We had always supposed he wrote with a pen or a pencil; but to write with one leg over the arm of a chair is not so difficult as to write with one arm over the leg of a chair. —Haristown Herald.

Mrs. C. H. Harris (Carl Pretzel) will probably enter the lecture field next Summer with a humorous discourse on "finance."

Fifteen thousand people will go to church to see a beautiful girl married, but if it rains on Sunday they "ain't well."

Dio Lewis has gone to California to stay a year. Dio thinks that the air of the Golden State will revive his appetite which has vegetated of late.

"They call these flats; mmm," said a Fifth avenue porter to a lady investigating the new French houses, "cause of the kind of people who takes 'em for homes!"

Possumglory is the name of a rural town in Bartholomew county Indiana. It is a foretaste of paradise as a place of residence for colored brethren.—Chicago Times.

A man who inquired if anybody had seen anything of his little boy, and then said he was looking for him, stopped at a White street grocery, yesterday, at three o'clock and talked till about five, when he struck out again in search of his son with a touching exhibition of parental interest.—Danbury News.

Here's a man who knows how to keep a hotel. He lives in Cambridge City, Indiana, and takes twenty eight weekly besides several daily papers.

A very genteel appearing young man, wearing kid gloves and carrying a lithe and flexible walking stick, thought he would have a joke with a rusty and venerable farmer on the Fair Grounds last Tuesday afternoon. "Halloo," said the dandy, "are you one of the judges, on hogs?" "Waal, yaas, walk right up and let me look at you," said the old farmer. That youth was soon lost amid the crowd, and no other judges on swine saw him.—Woonsocket Patriot.

"Man," says Victor Hugo, "was the conundrum of the eighteenth century; woman is the conundrum of the nineteenth century." We can't guess her, but we'll never give her up—no never!