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THE NEWS.

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"BOY LOST."

The following beautiful waif which we find afloat in the newspaper sea, we publish, being confident that it will repay a perusal by all, and by our lady friends, in particular:

"He has black eyes, with long lashes, red cheeks, and hair almost black, and curly. He wore a crimson plaid jacket, with full trousers buttoned on; had a habit of whistling, and liked to ask questions; was accompanied by a small dog. It is a long time since he disappeared. I have a very pleasant house and much company. Every thing has such an orderly put away look, nothing under foot, no dirt. But my eyes are aching for the sight of whistling and cut paper on the floor; of tumbled down card houses; of wooden cattle and sheep; of popguns, bows and arrows, whips, tops, go-carts, locks and trumpery.

"I want to see boats-a-rigging and kites-a-making. I want to see crumbs on the carpets, and paste spilled on the kitchen table. I want to see the chairs and tables turned the wrong way about. I want to see candy-making and corn popping, and to find jack-knives and fish-books among my inulius. Yet these things use to fret me once. They say, how quiet you are here. Ah! one may settle his brains here and be at peace. But my ears are aching for the pattering of little feet; for a hearty shout; for a tra la la; for the crack of little whips; for the noise of drums, fife and tin trumpets. Yet these things made me nervous once.

"They say: 'Ah you have leisure; nothing disturbs you! What heaps of sewing you do!' But I long to be disturbed. I want to be coaxed for a piece of new cloth for jibs or mainsail, and then to hem the same. I want to make little flags, and bags to hold marbles. I want to be followed by little Charlie all over the house; teased for a little dough for a little cake, or to bake a pie in a saucer. Yet they say, 'Ah! you are not tied at home.' How delightful to be at liberty for concerts, lectures, and parties! No confinement! I want to listen for the school bell of mornings, to give the last hasty wash and brush, and then watch from the window nimble feet bounding away to school. I want frequent rents to mend, and to replace lost buttons. I want to obliterate mud stains and paints of all colors; want to be sitting by a little crib of evening, when werry little feet are at rest, and prattling voices are hushed, that mother may sing and tell stories. They don't know their happiness these mothers; I didn't. All these things I called confinement once.

"A manly figure stands before me now, he is taller than I, has thick whiskers, wears a frock coat and bosomed shirt and cravat. He has just come from college.—He brings Latin and Greek in his countenance, and dust of the old philosophers from their sitting rooms. He calls me 'Mother,' but I am unwilling to own him. He avers that he is my boy, and says that he can prove it. He brings his little boat to show the red strings on the sail (it was the end of a piece), and the name on the stern—Lucy Low, a little girl of our neighbors, who, because of her long curls and pretty round face, was the chosen favorite of my boy.

The curls were long since cut off, and she has grown up a tall and handsome girl. His face reddens as he shows me the name of the boat. Oh! I see it as if it were written in a book. My little boy is lost, and my big boy in a long white nightgown, lying in his crib, with me sitting by holding his forehead, watching his eyelids drooped, and listening to his deep breathing.

"If I only had my little boy again, how patient I would be! How much I would bear and how little I would scold. I can never have him back again; but there are still many mothers who have not yet lost their little boy. I wonder if they know they are living their best days; that now is the time to really enjoy children. I think if I had been more to my little boy, I might be more to my grown up son."—Exchange.

NORFOLK COTTON TRADE.—The report of the Norfolk board of trade exhibits a receipt of 101,000 bales of cotton in that city during the past season. Of this, about 12,000 bales were shipped to Liverpool direct, and much of the remainder was sold in the Norfolk market.—Baltimore Sun.

From the Enquirer and Examiner.

The Future Land and Tax Policy in the South.

A South Carolina correspondent of the New York Times gives a detailed account of a long conversation upon the political situation, which he has lately had with Governor Orr, whom he considers a type of the departing era, and Beverly Nash, an intelligent and influential colored man, whom he regards as a representative of the new governing element in South Carolina.

Gov. Orr states that in January, 1867, the triumph of the republicans in the fall elections of 1866, having produced a feeling of great uncertainty among the people, he went on to Washington and conferred with the Senators from Alabama, Florida, Mississippi, Arkansas, and several other States, the result of their consultations being an agreement for an amendment to the constitution, which they got up and proposed to their Legislatures to be submitted by them to Congress. This amendment embraced the principle of either the removal of all disabilities, or the vote or hold office. The matter was favored by the people of Charleston, but some delay arose, and meanwhile the military bill came up in Congress.

Under the military laws Gov. Orr estimates that between 4,000 and 5,000 voters would be disfranchised in South Carolina, leaving the freedmen a majority of 23,000. From the efforts of radical emissaries to inflame their minds, he has been led to abolish the hope of having a conservative constitutional convention. He thinks that the chances are, that in the election for the convention a large majority of colored delegates will be sent, and that their leaders will inculcate the doctrine of levying such a tax on land, above fifty or a hundred acres, as will compel owners to sell; next, to disfranchise every man who bore arms in the rebellion; third, to levy all taxes on property, and exempt poll and income taxes. In answer to an inquiry whether the freedmen would demand office, he said that, perhaps all the executive officers of the State, and even the judgeships would be filled by them, and of the four Representatives in Congress, he has very little doubt that three will be freedmen.

"Are not many anticipating a collision of races as the result of all this?" "The Republican organization in South Carolina means the organization of the blacks against the whites, and the negroes being invested with all this political power, it must be left to the judgment of discreet and experienced men what results will follow."

Beverly Nash defines his political position as a Union Republican, and says he organized the first Loyal League in Columbia. He endorses the Radical platform lately adopted there, but would like to see the disabilities of all the whites removed. The Republican party, he thinks, will carry the State, and does not think much of the prospect of the formation of a moderate Republican party. He thinks that if the South had gone back into the Union under the adoption of the constitutional amendment it would have been bad for the freedmen, because the people were not changed, and their rights would have been a dead letter on the statute book. In reply to an inquiry of his opinion as to the colored people holding office, he said that he and other leading colored men want to see them in some offices—not high ones—what they want "in this matter is more to test the sincerity of the government." He said:

"Our leading men (colored) are against the blacks holding offices. Now, some wanted a white agent to run a colored man for mayor of Columbia; we all hooted at it. But if Mr. Robinson (a white citizen of Columbia and an old resident) should run for congress, we would all sustain him. We would rather have white people that have lived among us than have strangers. We are feeling so almost unanimously. This has come about recently, and it is a great change. The colored people have grown suspicious of strangers. They know that good men don't come South—they have business at home; and, from what we have seen, those that come are adventurers, with both hands open, like birds of prey."

"Pretty good judges of human nature, your people?" "Yes sir, that's one point in the colored man—he will know more of your character in three days than you will of his in three months. It has been his business all his life to find out the ways of the white man—to watch him, what he means." In replies to enquiries, Nash stated that the freedmen would all favor heavy taxation. The present South Carolina system of taxation, imposing something like sixty cents per hundred acres, he looked upon as ridiculous. His idea was to tax fine lands, valued at one dollar per acre, twenty-five cents per acre, and so pro rata for other lands, which would force owners of large tracts of waste lands to sell and give the freedmen a chance. In the rice culture, however, small farms could not succeed. He was opposed to confiscation, because he had no idea that titles would hold after the present generation. The colored people of South Carolina would leave that to Congress, and make no expression of opinion about it. He claimed that there had been great improvement in industry among the freedmen over their condition in 1865 and 1866. He was asked if he agreed with the

statement of Fred Douglass in a late speech, that if the South had emancipated the slaves and put them into the army, the Confederacy would have been a fixed fact. He replied "yes;" and that he "said so during the war."

DAMASCUS, TO-DAY

We all know something of Damascus—that it is one of the earliest cities in the world which attained prominence; that it is mentioned in the first book of the Bible; was captured by David; that its inhabitants are about half Christians and half Jews, and their mode of life different to that of western countries. We have heard, also, of the street called "Straight" (which is straight but very narrow,) and that the private houses are magnificent, internally, and mean externally, yet we like, at intervals, to refresh our memories of the picturesque city, and read about the Grand Oriental of the present time. Presuming that our readers will share the pleasure with us, we make room for a few passages, from the Tribune, whose correspondent is on the spot:

THE CITY.

Damascus is the "heart of the Orient." If that be so, then some of the veins flowing to the Orient's heart have deeper tinges of Eastern hues than the heart itself. Had one seen Cairo, Damascus would seem intensely Eastern; after Cairo, it is hard, and cold and regular. The buildings of Cairo are ancient, dilapidated, and decayed; those of Damascus are in good repair, better built, and better kept; but one may see in a ride from the Mouki to the Citadel more varieties of ancient and modern Oriental architecture than in all the street called Straight; in the former city, lattices, balconies, and jalousies, stucco and tile-work, and arabesques; houses that approach nearer and nearer each other toward the top, till kisses or whispers might be exchanged across the street; quaintest of gateways and windows, towers, and minarets, and domes. In Cairo one is bewildered by the number of changes that pass under his eye in a walk of half an hour. Damascus has all these doubtless, but nowhere blended in such picturesque combinations, and with such multiplicity of detail. Her edifices are, as I have mentioned before, nearly all of one color, and all of one general style, flat roofed and heavy, and, to external appearance, merely mud huts on an enlarged and improved plan.

LUXURIOUS RESIDENCES.

This absence of street architecture or decoration, gives to the eye of an Occidental, and especially to the eye of an American—accustomed to seeing houses built with special view to the showing off well from the street—an air of poverty and meanness which stamps itself upon our impressions of the place. Such an impression, however, is quickly dispelled, so far as Damascus is concerned, when we get once within the inclosing walls of the little court. The interior walls are generally mosaics, or paintings in imitation of tile-work. Every court has its pavements and its fountains—almost every one its flowers and its trees. Many of the rooms are elegant, the furniture wanting in many things that constitute our home comfort; but, in the richness and softness of their tapestries, the luxuriant sweep of their drapery, the softness of their couches, and the brightness of their mirrors, these Orientals are not to be surpassed.

A REMARKABLE ORIENTAL.

There is no American Consul at Damascus, but a consular agent, as noble a specimen of a venerable Oriental as the whole Eastern world can furnish. I have seen Abraham, and Jeremiah, and Daniel, over and over again—curling beard and flowing robe; sandals, girdle, ink-horn and all. Not an unfair model for the first-named was Saladeen, the Consul, whose advanced years caused many of his duties to devolve upon his sons, young men whose English was perfect enough to put to blush that of many a man who can speak nothing else. To the charge of one of these we were consigned for the excursions of the day, as his presence would open for inspection many places closed—even to the password of "Backsheesh."

EARLY MARRIAGES.

We were not permitted to depart without seeing the ladies of the house, and accepting the invariable Eastern hospitality. Attending the venerable mother, entered a young girl, of about fourteen, small and delicate in form and feature, and exceedingly pretty. Her black hair was plaited in broad braids that were long enough to reach the shoulders, about which the ends were left to fall in soft fringes. Her wide Turkish trousers were of rose-colored silk; the sleeves of her embroidered jacket fell away loosely from a white arm; a little jaunty Greek cap surmounted the glossy braids, the silken tassel reaching to the silky fringes of her hair. She did not take her seat, English fashion, with the mother, on the divan, as is sometimes done by way of courtesy to the guest, but dropped, *a la Turk*, on the cushions near our feet. While we were saying to ourselves, "What a sweet child this is!" and wondering whether she would ever develop the affections of young ladyhood, the old man spoke of her as the wife of his son, and said they had been married three years. It is not uncommon for marriages to take place in the East when the bride is only eight years

of age. The favorite wife of the Prophet Mohammed was seven at the time of his betrothal, and he waited for her but a year, and took, meantime, one or two others as a solace for his loneliness.

SCENE FROM THE TEMPLE.

In the great mosque of the Omeiyades, or as it is now called of "St. John," a scowling inspection of our slippers was made, lest, by some neglect, our unholy tread should pollute the sacred temple. A man stood holding aside the screen, that a look might be taken at the so-called "tomb of St. John, allowing the turbaned gazers to linger, but hurrying us impatiently away. Like almost all the ancient structures of the East, it has long passed its age of beauty. The Oriental coloring is faded; the pavements are sunken, the mosaics crumbling and dropping from the walls. Its lofty height, the majesty of its mighty columns, its immense dome, must continue to impress the beholder for centuries to come. For any examination in detail we were not permitted to linger, but were hastened away, because, said the guide, "of an approaching funeral procession." We stayed long enough, however, to get a look at the Greek inscription that ignorance has permitted to remain all these years over one of the beautiful portals:—"Thy kingdom, O Christ, is an everlasting kingdom, and thy throne is established forevermore." We found Hassan waiting in the porch, with his arms full of boots and shoes, and we followed him up a winding stair to the top of the tall minaret, to get a view of the city. We took our stand in the little gallery running outside the tower, where the muezzin stands at early morn, with his message for the people, "Prayer is better than sleep! Awake and pray!" and again, at noon and night, the same voice falls upon them with "God is great!"—"God is but one!"—"Come to prayer!"—"There is no God but God!" From this light the picture was lovely, indeed, for the long line of mud-colored, windowless walls, seen from the street, no longer shut out the real beauty of the city, but seemed strong and suitable inclosures for the beautiful courts and gardens. The varied color of the roofs, the domes and minarets glistening in the sun, the clustering tops of the khans, the gardens smiling in all the beauty of June, the tossing palms, the sparkling waters of the Abana, the distant stretch of desert sand, and afar the snowy summits of Lebanon—it was, indeed, very beautiful.

Corr. St. Louis Republican.

THE LATE INDIAN MASSACRES.

FORT HAYES, Aug. 3.

The grading parties of the Pacific railroad have been for some days in this vicinity, and, owing to no Indians being seen for the last two weeks, but few of the men were armed.

Day before yesterday, while seven laborers were plying their spades vigorously on the prairie soil, four miles from here, a loud warwhoop echoed in their startled ears, and out from a ravine dashed thirteen Indians. The poor sons of Erin, in their agony of terror, had barely time to raise their arms in supplication, when arrows filled their bodies and tomahawks cleft their brains. Two of the men who wore long hair, were scalped; but the other five, their heads being close shaved, lay undisfigured when found. The savages are particular in their choice of bloody trophies, and will not scalp a negro or a shaven crown. One of the victims was alive when found, but died before reaching the fort. The men were employed by Campbell & Clinton, contractors. Not resting a moment, the savage horsemen dashed on toward Big Creek station, eighty miles below us. At that point were stationed forty soldiers, and a dozen stage employes, while the company's stock fed in a ravine but four hundred yards away. The Indians came rushing on as the fabled Centaurs might in times of old. Every savage form was hidden on the pony's side opposite from hostile bullets, while not a head of the many riders even turned in curiosity or fear toward the lines of guns being hurriedly aimed toward them. Motionless on their horses' sides the savages dashed in among the company's valuable stock. A few quick cries, and the large stage horses were plunging away in the terrors of stampede across the prairie. Rapid volleys were fired at the thieves from fifty breech-loaders, and yet every one escaped unharmed. In a few minutes they had disappeared among the distant ravines and hills. Meanwhile Capt. Arms, a gallant officer and old Indian fighter, was sent out in pursuit, information of the previous murders having reached here. Away fled savages, vanishing like shadows whenever caught sight of, and after in hot pursuit, pressed the officer and his thirty men.

As our soldiers entered a ravine on the Saline river, twenty miles away, suddenly from every side came the appalling yells of the savages. The thieving and murdering band had joined their comrades, and now two hundred strong poured in rapid volleys. Owing to the Indian agents, every warrior possessed a rifle, and only one arrow was shot in the five hours the engagement lasted.

Conspicuous among the Indians, and foremost in their charges, were two white men. These renegades seemed actuated by the fiercest hate. They taunted our men and cursed them constantly with English oaths. At first it was thought it might be the Bent brothers, two half-breeds

who have rendered themselves notorious for their barbarity, although educated in Western schools, and the children of a well known trader. During the engagement, however, when they often approached quite near, it was discovered they were white men. There will be but short trial if either ever falls captive.

After fighting several hours against these severe odds Captain Arms was forced to retreat himself, having received quite a severe wound. A sergeant was killed and several men wounded, and five or six horses shot dead.

MEXICO.

The fall of Maximilian has undoubtedly opened the door again to 'chaos' in Mexico. As one evil passes away in that distracted country, another arises to keep the nation in continued uncertainty of its fate.

To give an idea of the number and variety of dynasties which have followed one another in rapid succession during the tumultuous epochs of the past forty-five years in Mexico, we append the following list of rulers in the country since the time of its independence, 1821:

- 1821—Iturbide, General in Chief.
- 1822—Iturbide, Emperor.
- 1823—Generals Guerrero, Bravo and Negrete, Dictators.
- 1824—General Victoria, President.
- 1827—General Pedraza, President.
- 1829—Guerrero, Dictator.
- 1830—Bustamante, President.
- 1832—Pedraza, President.
- 1835—Santa Anna, President.
- 1837—Bustamante, President.
- 1840—General Farias, President.
- 1841—Bustamante, President.
- 1842—Santa Anna, President.
- 1843—Retirement of Santa Anna; successor not known.

- 1844—Santa Anna, Dictator.
- 1845—General Cavalvo, President.
- 1847—Jose Justo Caro, President.
- 1847—Paredes, President.
- 1848—Santa Anna, President.
- 1849—Herrera, President.
- 1850—Arista, President.
- 1852—Suan Celiallos, President.
- 1853—Manual Lombardini, President.
- 1853—Santa Anna, President, April 20th.
- 1853—Santa Anna, Dictator, December 20th.

- 1855—Alvarez, Dictator.
- 1856—Comonfort, President.
- 1858—Miramon, Vice President.
- 1859—Zuloaga, President.
- 1860—Miramon, President.
- 1861—Juarez, President.
- 1864—Maximilian, Emperor; Juarez, President.

1167—Maximilian fallen, and Juarez President.

By this it will be seen that Mexico has passed the forms of a Republic, Empire and Despotism, returning to a so-called Republic; but not to tranquility and repose, as shown by the uprising which contending chieftains and factions have commenced afresh since Maximilian's fall. "Chaos has come again."

CHICAGO WORSE THAN NEW YORK.

A Western correspondent notes some facts about Chicago, which make us feel proud of New-York by comparison. He says: "Only think of it, in two weeks, last month, our Excise Board licensed 1,400 drinking establishments, with six or eight hundred more to come in. We have over one of these to every one hundred inhabitants, men, women, and children, while we have but one church to 1,500. This is the way our civilization runs. It would be a small business that did not realize \$5,000 in sales during the year. Multiply \$5,000 by the 2,000 liquor shops in Chicago, and we have the astounding sum of \$10,000,000 paid out for strong drink. This is an average of \$50 to each inhabitant. Does anybody wonder that our city is full of crime and poverty, notwithstanding its general prosperity? Does anybody wonder that we keep our criminal courts busy, and our jails and penitentiaries full to overflowing, which is the fact at the present time? Does anybody wonder that our taxes are onerous and constantly and rapidly increasing? This year the levy is \$1250 for each man, woman and child in the city."

THE INDIANS.—The tribes of Indians chiefly engaged in making war on the plains are just those tribes who have been the most grossly swindled and outraged by the government. They are a part of the Cheyennes, Arapahoes and Sioux—about 2,100 warriors in all; but they have been striving to perfect a confederation which will include 25,000 savages. If the Commissioners who are to meet the Indians at the September and October "full moons" can succeed in convincing them that they have no more "Chivington massacres" and burning villages to dread, and induce them to test the promises of the government spokesmen just once more, the country will be saved the expense, and Western interests, the ruin of a war that the savages have not really begun. Even thus far the few Indians in arms have outwitted our cavalry and perpetrated all kinds of outrages. They are well armed and splendidly mounted; and should they prove unmanageable at the approaching conference, and succeed in enlisting other tribes to continue the present conflict, they will make more serious trouble than people here in the East have any conception of.—New York World.

THE DANGERS OF NEGRO RULE.

The scornful manner in which the negro President of the South Carolina Radical Convention accepted the resignation of a white delegate, who could not subscribe to the platform adopted, was a most significant evidence of the course about to be adopted by the negro majority in the South. The intentions of the Radicals in Congress, or rather their anticipations that the colored voters would be ruled by a mere handful of adventurers promise to be rudely thwarted, even while the experiment of negro suffrage is still in its incipency. There are none so blind as those who will not see, and it is utter folly for any one to pretend that Mr. Sambo Jefferson, of Rutland district, will quietly submit to having all the offices held by a few white men, when he and his dusky peers are the voting majority. The desire for political elevation, beyond the mere privilege of casting a vote, is made palpable by the fact of there being several colored candidates already in the field, while one aspirant for a seat in Congress is even now stamping the State of South Carolina.

Has not this experiment of negro enfranchisement and white disfranchisement gone quite far enough, and is there not material danger to the United States, in permitting ten States to be ruled by an ignorant race, aided by a few unprincipled white men?

This question must not be regarded in the light of a present political necessity. We must look to the future, and reflect whether good can come from our present policy. In the State of Louisiana there are in round numbers one hundred thousand white men above the age of twenty years. Of this number not forty-three thousand have been permitted to register. On the other hand the male negroes of the same age, who number barely ninety-six thousand, have registered fully eighty thousand votes. These figures are appalling, although they can be easily explained. No white man was permitted to register who held the petty office of parish constable, city policeman, notary public, (a purely business office,) or village alderman. And while this rigorous system was pursued towards the whites, untutored negroes, and even colored minors, it has been asserted, were permitted to register without question. The result, then, of the reconstruction law in one of the richest States of the Union will be the inauguration of a State government filled with negro officials, and counterpartments of Parson Brownlow and the Radical Humicut. Nay, more; we learn that negro members of the New Orleans city government have been demanded by the Republican leaders, and already appointed by General Sheridan. We thus perceive the natural result of a policy of repression on the part of the Government.

What has been said of Louisiana must be applied to all of the Southern States, excepting, perhaps, Mississippi and Arkansas, where the law has been liberally construed by General Ord. The sum total, however, will be the same. Now the question is, whether the whites of the ex-rebel States will consent to be ruled by negroes, and whether the people of the North will compel such consent. In the first instance, it would be well to reflect that no case can be cited where a superior race ever submitted to the rule of an inferior one. But, placing aside this point, which is after all, but a question of opinion, so far as it relates to superiority and inferiority, let us take the question in another sense. The relative position of the whites and negroes in the South is and will be that of taxpayer and voter. This is the whole point in a nutshell. Will the ruling negro be provident of the money that he has not to supply, or will he, confident in his numerical superiority, vote just such taxes as his fancy or caprice shall dictate? This is a point that cannot be overlooked. We very much fear that a most unhappy state of affairs will be the logical consequence of negro domination. Will the whites—the land owners, tax-payers, and sole dependence of the States for their material prosperity—quietly submit to the rule of an ignorant and poverty-stricken majority, headed by men whose desire for office is prompted solely by their impecuniosity? If regarded purely as a political move, we still perceive danger in this placing of white men under the heels of negroes. Look at the policy through any light, and evils ever appear. The aggressive spirit of the blacks, and the implacable hostility of the Southern whites towards them as political equals, are most potent arguments against persistence in a course which must inevitably lead to a collision between the two races of a most dangerous character.

N. Y. Herald.

RADICAL REPRESENTATIVE FOR SOUTHERN CONSTITUTION.—The following letter addressed to the Military Government of Louisiana explains itself.

EXECUTIVE MESSAGES,
Washington, Nov. 21, 1864.

DEAR SIR: Dr. Kennedy, bearer of this, has some apprehensions that Federal officers, not citizens of Louisiana, may be set up as candidates for Congress in that State. In my view, there could be no possible objection in such an election. We do not particularly need members of Congress from those States to enable us to get along as Congress is willing to be members of Congress, and to swear to support the Constitution, and other respectable citizens there are willing to vote for them. To send a parcel of Northern men here as representatives, elected, as would be understood, (and perhaps really so,) at the point of the bayonet, would be disgraceful and outrageous; and were I a member of Congress here, I would vote against admitting any such man to a seat. Yours, very truly,
Hon. G. F. SHERMAN.