

GREENVILLE, SOUTH CAROLINA, MAY 1892

JOHN C. BAILEY, EDITOR

REMINISCENCES OF PUBLIC MEN.

BY EX-GOVERNOR D. F. PERRY.

[CONTINUED FROM LAST WEEK.]

RICHARD YEADON.

This gentleman was a native of the city of Charleston, and a graduate of the South Carolina College. For many years he exercised an extensive influence over the State of South Carolina and the Southern States as editor of the Charleston Courier. He was a most efficient and able writer on various subjects. At one time he spoke of collecting his essays, and publishing them in two or three volumes. Mr. Yeadon was a lawyer, and stood deservedly high at the Charleston Bar, a Bar always distinguished for its learning, talents and eloquence. His professional income was very large from his admission to the Bar, till the close of his life. He was one of the most laborious men I ever knew, and could read, write and study all night, and in the morning appear as fresh and bright as if his repose had not been disturbed. His preparation in his cases in court was minute and exhausting. At the same time he was writing for his paper most elaborate editorials. For several years, he was a distinguished and useful member of the Legislature. In the discharge of his duties in the House and on committees, he was prompt, diligent and laborious. Mr. Yeadon commenced life poor, and by his honest industry and devotion to his profession and newspaper, he had accumulated before the war an estate worth three or four hundred thousand dollars. Whilst staying at his house during the Commercial Convention in Charleston many years before the war, he showed me his income receipts, which then amounted to nearly thirty thousand dollars annually. They were largely increased after that time. But the war came, and two-thirds of his estate were lost. The wreck of his fortune though at his death, when collected, realized one hundred and twenty or thirty thousand dollars. He left no child to inherit his name and fortune. His adopted son and nephew who took his name was killed during the war. But notwithstanding this large accumulation of fortune, Mr. Yeadon was a most generous, charitable and liberal gentleman throughout life. He gave on all occasions with a liberal hand where duty required. To his relations, he was extremely kind, and shared with them his princely fortune. At his own expense he went to Boston and brought home the remains of his distinguished friend, Hugh S. Legare. He performed in part, the same service to those of Preston S. Brooks. During the war, he uniformed and fitted out a handsome and gallant company of infantry, which assumed the name of the Yeadon Guards. After the infamous conduct of General Butler, at New Orleans, and his atrocious insult to the ladies of the Crescent City, he offered a reward of ten thousand dollars for Butler's head. When one of his nieces was married, he presented her with a house and lot in Charleston, worth eight or ten thousand dollars. Mr. Yeadon's hospitality was unbounded. Many of his friends and acquaintances made his house their home whilst in town. His entertainments were frequent, extensive and elegant. I have on several occasions, shared them, and know how handsome and agreeable they were. Mr. Yeadon was a very pleasant and joyous companion when not depressed in spirits and feelings. But he was, unfortunately, subject to spells of melancholy and despondency without any cause whatever. It was said of him with a great deal of truth that "he was always in the garret or cellar" except on gloomy, or rainy days. I remember once in Columbia after the adjournment of the Legislature, and as he was about leaving for Charleston, he came rushing into my bedroom before day saying, "good bye, I'm sorry, you're a man after my own heart, love you." Without waiting

for a word in reply he caught my hand, and darted out of the room. It was in one of these moods, whilst traveling North, he commenced a conversation in the railroad cars with an abolitionist, who gave some of his assertions about slavery. He thereupon Yeadon caught him by the nap of the neck, and pommelled him handsomely. Before the cars stopped, he was writing an account of his feat to the Charleston Courier. The election at that time was going on in Charleston, and Yeadon headed the ticket. This delighted him very much. Col. Seymour was the last member elected on the ticket. He and Yeadon roomed together in Columbia, and in cutting their wit at each other, Yeadon used to call him his tail. Nothing delighted Yeadon more than a pun. I once said to him he was "my mentor." He was pleased with the expression, and afterwards introduced me to Mrs. LeConte as his "telemachus." Thereupon Mrs. LeConte said your "tall Amicus." This pun was treasured up by him, and repeated often in my presence. Whilst a member of the Legislature, he kept house on a two or three sessions, and every day had a party of friends to dine with him. On one occasion, after the cloth was removed, and the wines were in free circulation, Mr. Yeadon struck the table with the handle of his knife to call the attention of his guests, and said that he had a curious document to read them which was written by his friend Perry, ten or twelve years previously. My curiosity was some what excited to know what it was. He then prefaced by saying, that a client of his was once in Greenville and employed me to transact some law business there. The client's wife having died before the business was perfected, he had to employ him to do the business over again, for which he charged him one hundred and fifty dollars. The client complained of his charge, and exhibited a receipt of mine for precisely the same services. After receiving his fee of one hundred and fifty dollars, he begged his client for the receipt I had given him for the same services. My receipt stated minutely my charge, which amounted to ten dollars, all told. I was once dining with Mr. Yeadon at Mr. Poinsett's, when Yeadon with great feeling remarked that his greatest mortification in life, was that his political principles and judgment as to the true interests of South Carolina, had always thrown him in opposition to what seemed the public sentiment of the State. He loved his State as much as any of her sons, and would sacrifice himself for her as quickly as any one. And yet, all his life, he had been tamed as a sort of traitor to the hand of his birth, when he knew and felt that his love for South Carolina, had alone urged him to pursue the policy he did. In 1850 and 1851 the political excitement in South Carolina became so violent and overwhelming, that every newspaper in the State yielded to the popular storm and the Charleston Courier amongst them. I was greatly enraged and mortified when I saw this, and wrote my friend Yeadon in reference to the tumbling and fall of the Courier. It distressed him beyond measure. The proprietors of the Charleston Courier determined to direct its future course, and save its patronage. Mr. Yeadon was not responsible for its summer set. This muzzling the press and silencing all opposition to the revolutionary movement of the State by a system of terrorism, determined a few gentlemen in Greenville to start a Union paper and bid defiance to the storm. In a few months it was manifest that thousands of the best and most intelligent men in the State sympathized with the movement in Greenville, and at the fall elections it was ascertained that a large majority of the State was opposed to secession. Judge Porter of Alabama, once wrote a biographical sketch of Mr. Yeadon, which was published in a New York monthly. A copy of this sketch was sent me, and a short time before his death, Mr. Yeadon wrote to me for the loan of it, and stated that his own copy had been lost in the robbery of his house by Federal troops. I was not able to find it, and have not found it since. This I regret very much, as it would have enabled me to make the present sketch more full and satisfactory. Mr. Yeadon was a poet as well as a lawyer, editor, Statesman and patriot. I cannot say much in praise of his poetry, except that it was humorous and witty. I remember one day, whilst staying at his house, he carried three or four young ladies from Virginia to ride

in his carriage to the cemetery and other places, and greatly amused them, all the time, by reading his poetical effusions. On his deathbed, his friend and relative, the Rev. General Ellison Capers, besought him to join the church, and take the communion. He replied with that frankness and firmness, which characterized every act of his life. That, although a believer in the truth of Christianity, he had not seen proper to join the church in life and health; and if he did so now, it would be attributed to improper motives. Mr. Yeadon left his entire estate at his death, to his devoted, amiable and most excellent wife, who belonged to a collateral branch of General Francis Marion's family. Louisa read the will of a citizen of Virginia who gave his fortune entire, to his wife, to dispose of as she pleased. He had children, and she was young enough to have married again. Some one afterwards enquired of me as to his character and standing. I replied that I knew nothing of him, but that his last will and testament, proved to my satisfaction, that he was a high minded, honorable and confiding gentleman. Instead of settling his estate on his children, with limitations and providing in case his wife married again, &c., &c., he gave the whole of it to her, knowing that she would deal justly with it and their children. And I should have the same conviction about Mr. Yeadon's will, if he had been unknown to me. Immediately after his death, Mrs. Yeadon executed her will, and gave the larger portion of the property to his relations, showing that her husband's confidence, the confidence of noble and generous heart was not misplaced. This humble tribute I pay to the memory of a true friend, for forty years, as man ever had. I only wish it were more worthily done. [CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.]

**How to Acquire a Fortune.** There is, even to a child, something fascinating in being rich and great. Men toil and struggle night and day to make a fortune and gain a name and place amongst the honorable of the earth. The aim of every noble-souled boy is to be an honorable and useful man. How can he most easily attain the object of his desires? In order to be regarded by others as a good and great man, he must first be good and great. If he acquire property, that will give him position in society and influence over his associates. Hence, it is the duty of every boy to use all lawful endeavors to acquire some property. Everybody should have something that, in a legal sense, is his own. There are other things that give a man position in society and render him useful, as well as property, and they are easier acquired. It is not very easy for a poor boy to make a large fortune when that fortune consists in land and money. A good practical education is in all civilized countries more remunerative than anything else. An education which will cost in actual cash not more than fifteen hundred dollars, will yield to its possessor, if he is moral and upright, an annual income of one thousand dollars. This a business man would say is a good investment. Ben Franklin was a poor boy. His aim, when a boy, was to make a man. This he accomplished. During his life time his influence was felt all over the civilized world. That which gave him his position in society was his education. It cost him very little, except time and application to acquire it in the end, however, it was remunerative. The way is still open. Ben Franklin is dead and the world will always need such men. All that is required for some boy to become what Ben Franklin was, is to do as Ben Franklin did. These is money and fame and pleasure yet, and always will be in a good practical education and unspiced reputation. Knowledge is power, and a good name is better than precious ointment. - *Enquirer.*

**Can You Afford It?** Can you afford to smoke and chew tobacco, thus spending from five to fifty dollars a month, and injuring your nervous system and perverting your whole constitution, and thereby transmitting to children a weakened constitution, thus making them puny invalids for life? Can you afford to burn out your nervous system and demoralize your whole character by the use of alcoholic liquors? Can you afford to indulge in habits of speculation, gambling, and other tricky and mean modes of making money? Can you afford to make money at the expense of manhood, your morals, your respectability, and your integrity? Can you afford to gain even the whole wide world, and thereby make of yourself a complete moral wreck? Can you afford, for the sake of momentary amusement, to waste your youthful preparatory years, when by study you could become a scholar, or by industry, either a tradesman or useful artisan? Can you afford to rob your mind, to clothe your back with silks and satins, and gratify a mere love for display? Can you afford to be tricky and thereby defraud your employer of the just services you owe him, even though you get your pay, thus making yourself a moral bankrupt? Can you afford to be otherwise than upright, truthful, faithful, temperate, courteous; and in all respects, correct? **Why I Work.** - Work is no dishonor, and laziness is no credit to any one. It is good to have good wages, but half pay is better than nothing, and working for nothing is better than idleness and vice. There is no true manhood without independence. He whose individuality is swallowed up by fashion, folly or society, has lost that which he may never regain and without which his life must be a vain one. He who retains himself from luxury, may help others in necessity. He who helps others may look to God to help him. Difficulties are placed in our way that we may overcome them, and pass through conflicts to victory and through victories, pride goes before destruction, but honor and nobleness and independence of soul are approved of God and are profitable to mankind - now tell me why you do nothing. **Buy You a Home.** - Every man should buy himself a town lot, get that paid for, and then work to make the necessary improvements. A little here and a little there will in due time produce a home of your own, and place you out of the landlord's grasp. Remember that one hundred dollars a year saved in rent will, in a few years, pay for your home, and the money it costs you to move and shift about without any loss of furniture and time, pay the interest on a five hundred dollar judgment against your property until you can gradually reduce it to nothing. You can all buy that way - why do you not risk it? If you fail, you are no worse off - if you succeed, you are any careful man is sure to do, you have made a home and established a basis equal to many another's which will start you in business. **Religion at Home.** - Religion begins in the family. One of the holiest sanctuaries on earth is home. The family altar is more venerable than any altar in a church built with hands. The education of the soul for eternity begins by the fireside. The principle of love, which is to be carried through the universe, is first unfolded in the family. "Let them learn first," says the apostle, "to show pity at home." **A Commendable Example.** - Many of our cities have strict laws for regulating the liquor traffic, but they are essentially a dead letter. New Bedford, Mass., has a Mayor and police who believe in enforcing laws, and as the result of their vigilance the sale of liquors is only carried on by stealth, and as might be expected good order prevails, crime and poverty have greatly diminished, and drunkenness is rare. **Let your charity begin at home,** but do not let it stop there. Do good to your family and connections, and if you please, to your party; but after this look abroad. Look at the universal Church, and forgetting its divisions, be a catholic Christian. Look at your country, and be a patriot; look at the nations of the earth, and be a philanthropist.

**Can You Afford It?** Can you afford to bow to a lady in the street, permit her to decide whether to do so or not, by at least a look of respect? Can you afford to give an unnecessary apology to the gloves she should not be kind enough to shake hands? When your companion bows to a lady, you should do so also. When a gentleman bows to a lady in your company, always bow to him in return. A letter must always be answered, unless you wish to intimate to the writer that he or his subject is beneath your notice. A visit must be returned in like manner though no intimacy is intended. A smiling countenance is pleasant, but excess of laughter should be avoided, especially when it is possible for any one to suppose himself divided by a. Whispering in company is always offensive, and often for the reason that persons present suspect that they are the subject of it. **The Way to Take It.** - There are different ways of taking a joke. But evidently the right and philosophical method is to receive it with becoming good grace and good humor. Whenever we do this we place before us a shield from which the pointed witicism glances, and falls harmlessly to the ground. The pungency of a joke exists in a great measure in the mortification and bad grace which characterizes the victim of jocose allusions. And the perpetrators of jokes lose half of the enjoyment of the occasion when in a spirit of simple good nature we receive the harmless shafts. The worse possible deed that a lady or gentleman could commit in this connection is to show temper. A nod to the wise is sufficient. **What Makes Men?** - It is not the best things - that is, the things which we call best - that make men; it is not the pleasant things; it is not the calm experience of life; it is life's rugged experiences, its tempests, its trials. The discipline of life is here good and there evil, here trouble, there joy, here rudeness and there evenness, one working with the other; and the alternations of the one and the other which necessitate adaptations constitute that part of the education which makes a man, in distinction from an animal, which has no education. The successful man invariably bears the mark of the struggles which he has had to undergo on his brow. **Croup.** - This is the season for croup - a disease that requires immediate relief, and one that often proves fatal where unctions have to be traveled for a physician, as in country. The following very simple recipe is recommended by the Philadelphia Star, and in localities where physicians are not near at hand it would be well to bear it in mind: Take the white of an egg, stir it thoroughly in a small quantity of sweetened water, and give in repeated doses until a cure is effected. If one egg is not sufficient, a second, or even a third one should be used. **The Old Man to the Dandy.** - My boy, there is no place on earth for a lazy man or a lazy boy, except the grave. Lazy people may lounge along the whole three score years and ten of their unprofitable existence only to live unprotected and die unlamented. From the days of Solomon to the present time, sluggards have been in exceedingly slight demand; and from present indications, it is not probable that the demand for them will be greater than the supply. - Wake up! Keep awake! Don't be a sluggard! **Good Advice.** - Don't be discouraged if occasionally you slip down by the way, and others tread on you a little. In other words, don't let a failure or two dishearten you; accidents will happen, miscalculations will sometimes be made, things will turn out differently to our expectations, and we may be sufferers. It is worth while to remember that fortune is like the skies in the month of April, sometimes cloudy, and sometimes clear and favorable. **There is nothing on earth so beautiful as the household on which Christian love forever smiles and religion walks a counselor and a friend. No cloud can darken it, for its twin stars are centered in the soul. No storm can make it tremble, for it has a heavenly support and a heavenly anchor. The end of one of G. F. Train's orations is said to be like an eating-house, because it's a rest- rant.**

**Origin of the Negro Race.** - A negro preacher delivered a general discourse over the body of an old colored brother, in which he gave an account of the genesis of the species (white), which throws Darwin and all of his vain philosophy of molecular, gemmular and atomic creation, completely in the shade. He said: "My breddren, when Adam and Eve was just made, they was be niggers. But de good Lord put dem in the garden where he had his Summer apples, and told 'em, 'Adam you and Ebe may eat dem Summer apples, much as you want, but you jes' let dem sweet apples be - I dun save dem for my own special toof. Dese, like sleep meat, too good for niggers.' 'Den de good Lord went off 'bout his business, lemondning up and down the yetli, seeking up whom he might save up. But he no sooner turn his back dan, jes' like two fool niggers, Adam and Ebe steal all de sweet apples, Ebe taste de fust one, smack her lubby thick lips, and quired of Adam, 'How is dat for high?' Adam said it was all O. K., and den dey went for dem sweet apples like the heathing Chinese. 'Bimebi de Lord come back, and de fust ting he said was, 'Adam! Adam! where my sweet apples?' Den Adam got skeered and said; 'I don't know, Lord, but I speck Ebe got 'em.' De Lord went to Ebe and said, 'Ebe you got dem sweet apples?' - Den Ebe got skeered and said: - 'Dunno, Lord, but I kinder speck dat fool nigger, Adam took 'em.' Den de Lord got so mad he fairly scashed his feet. He stomped back up to where Adam was stadin' and shiverin' like a shep-killin' dog, and he make de ground fairly shake as he say, 'Adam! Adam! you grand old thief, what for you steal my sweet apples?' Adam got so skeered he turned white as a sheet! and my belubbed, breddren, he nebbber, got black any more, and dat accounts for the poor white trash we see flyin' round here so grand. Let us look to de Lord and be demist." **Sarah,** have any of those mischievous children been playing with the piano while I have been out of town? Some of the keys won't sound at all." Sarah - "Please mum, I don't know nothing about - leastwise, Master Tom said there was something wrong with it, he was sure there was a mouse in it. So he got Joe to hold up the cover, while he put the dog and cat into it; but instead of catching the mouse, mum, they took to fightin', and made such a funny noise in among the wires - so, maybe, mum, the mouse is in there still, mum." **If a cat doth meet a cat on a garden wall,** and if a cat doth greet a cat, oh, why need they both squall? Every Tommy has his Tabby waiting on the wall, and yet he welcomes her approach by an unearthly yawl. - And if a kitten wish to court upon the garden wall, why don't he sit and sweetly smile, and not stand up and bawl, and lift his precious back up high and show his teeth and moan, as it were, colic more than love, that made that follow groan. **A Dutchman** whipped his son and set him down in the corner. - The lad continued to sit and whimper, not being able to get over his grief of the castigation soon enough to suit the impatient father, when the latter said: "Hans, vot you thinking?" "Nothing, daddy." "Hans, you lie, y' are tinkin' dam, and I'll whip you again." **An exchange** says that the habit of chewing gum grows on a person who indulges in it as much as does that of drinking liquor and the sudden breaking from it is as injurious. A girl who has "chewed" regularly for years, swore off last week, and since that time she has had regular jim jame, and has to be set up with every night. A young man sits up with her, however, and she don't mind it much. Girls that don't want to be set up with had better not quit chewing. **I would say to all young men,** marry your second wife first, and keep out of debt by all means, even if you have to borrow the money to do it. **A bad egg is not a choice egg;** but it is hard to beat. **But - Good morning, Jack - Got anything new?** **Jack - Yes. Got the new rat- teria** terribly. **London is to-day the largest city** in the world, far surpassing all those of antiquity. According to Gibbon, the population of ancient Rome, in the height of its magnificence, was 1,200,000; the population of Peking is supposed to be about 2,000,000; that of London is over 3,000,000; one-twelfth of the population of the United States. **Russian Proverbs.** - Every fox praises his own tail. A debt is adorned by payment. Roguery is the best of all trades. Never take a crooked path while you can see a straight one. Fear not the threats of the great, but rather the tears of the poor. Ask a pig to dinner and he will put his feet on the table. **ONE** should not be downcast at failures. They are often far better for the student than success. He who goes to school to his mistakes will always have a good school-master, and will not be likely to become either idle or conceited. **The man who will distance his competitors** is he who masters his business, who preserves his integrity, who lives clearly and purely, who devotes his leisure to the acquisition of knowledge, who never gets in debt, who gains friends by deserving them, and who saves his money. **FALSE** happiness renders men stern and proud, and that happiness is never communicated. True happiness renders them kind and sensible, and that happiness is always shared. **"You'll grow up ugly if you make faces,"** said a widow lady to her little niece. "Did you make faces when you was a little girl, Aunty." **The Orangeburg Times** is enlarged soon. **Horso** thieves are operating in Union County. Look out for them. **There are 800,000** colored voters in the United States. **The Beaufort Republican** is authorized to state that Gov. R. K. Scott is not a candidate for re-election. **Mr. Julian A. Selby,** of the Columbia Phoenix, was recently robbed, on a sleeping car, of \$700 and a gold watch. **Hon. James L. Orr,** of Anderson, has been chosen President of the State Savings and Insurance Bank. **Among the delegates** elected from Texas, to the Cincinnati Convention are Governor Bradford, Milton Whitney and Colonel Weig. **The United States Treasury** sells two million gold each Thursday, and buys two million bonds each Wednesday in May. Transactions involved will be ten millions of each. **The Union Times** says that mechanic, stone masons, bricklayers, carpenters, and laborers, can find employment there, in rebuilding the burnt district. **The prospects for a large yield** of the smaller fruits, the present season in Kershaw County, is very flattering in many localities. **Dr. A. M. Fulger** has resigned his office as Trial Justice for Pickens county and Mr. G. T. Whitten has been appointed as his successor. **The Spartanburg New Era** says that the weather for a few days past has been very fine. Work in the crops is progressing rapidly, and the future prospects are good. **A negro by the name of Anderson Irby** accidentally killed himself, at his house a short distance from Laurens, on Saturday evening, 20th ult. **Fifty men,** raised by stock men, have left Brownsville, Texas, to follow the cattle thieves, and will follow them if necessary into Mexico. **Prof. J. J. Chisolm, M. D.,** of Maryland University, says that no good comes of the practice of submerging the eyes in cold water once a day. **A mine of coal** has just been discovered at Wedgefield, a station on the Wilmington, Columbia and Aagusta Railroad, about eight miles from Sumter. The vein is said to be about forty feet below the surface of the earth. **There is considerable excitement** at Sixes, Alerie, on account of the discovery of silver mines within half a mile of the town, and of gold and silver mines in other places on the coast adjacent. **A new line of sailing vessels** has been established between the ports of Wilmington, N. C., and Liverpool, the first vessel of the line, the British brigantine M. E. Lead, being announced to sail on the 15th of May.