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## JOHNSTON LETTER.

### Two Young Baptist Ministers Ordained. Mr. Pearce at Methodist Church Sunday Night.

Sunday was a great and memorable day here in the history of the Baptist church, and at this time, two of the beloved young men of the church, and community were ordained to the ministry. These two were Mr. James M. Edwards and Mr. Ed B. Johnson.

This day was also the time of the annual roll call of the church membership, and there was a very large attendance, the church being practically full.

The roll call was by Mr. Lucas Walker, church clerk, and of the 500 members there were few absentees.

The sermon of the morning was preached by Dr. W. J. McGlothlin, President of Furman University. The theme of his discourse was taken from the 10th chapter John, 11th verse—"I am the good shepherd; the good shepherd giveth life for the sheep." His discourse was matchless and was one beautifully appropriate to the occasion.

Following the morning service, dinner was served on the church grounds. The ordination service occupied the afternoon, but previous to this the two candidates for the ministry had been examined. For this the pastor of Red Bank church, Rev. H. B. White, Dr. W. S. Dorset, of Ridge church, the pastor of Philippi church, laymen of several other churches, and the deacons of the local church were at the examination.

Just before the ordination service, the two candidates entered with their pastor, Rev. Brooke, and the others present at the examination entered with them and all sat at the front.

The first speaker was Rev. J. A. Carson, who knew Mr. Edwards well, it having been at his church that he definitely decided to be a minister of the gospel, and he told something of the ancestry of Mr. Edwards. These were stern and rugged, there was great Christian dependence.

He said he had known the Edwards for over 50 years, and that his father Jesse Edwards, was the best of all, and he spoke beautifully of the mother. A man or woman is blessed who has such pure Christian ancestry, and any time when in doubt as to what course to pursue, remember his parents. His talk was a fine setting, a good background for what was to follow.

Rev. Brooke spoke of the godly mother, and the good father of Mr. Johnson, saying that he perhaps knew more of the Christian life of Mr. Johnson than anyone else.

Dr. McGlothlin's address followed, his subject being, "The preacher and his Master." He first dwelt on Recognizing the Master; when out of the circle of His life, we depart from the Master's work. Then we should know Jesus; know Him through the Scripture, know of Him through His life here on earth and live with Him as the pattern and guide.

Dr. Dorset spoke of "The preacher and his message." He prefaced his address with a few words congratulating the church on these two splendid young men that were called to the work of the ministry, who had responded to the call of God as a result of the influence of this church.

Dr. Dorset, in his remarks said that the message to men would not be their message, it would be the Word of God, and if the message that they gave would be effective, it must come incarnate with the truth. The message, to be effective, must be incarnate in one's life. All the heaven we give to others is what we have in ourselves.

The ordination prayer was by Rev. H. B. White and then followed the laying on of hands, the two candidates kneeling.

After the benediction by Dr. McGlothlin, "O Happy Day" was sung, and everyone as they passed out came up for a handshake of Christian fellowship.

At the evening service Mr. Edwards preached and it was a joy and pleasure to everyone to hear him, and as they listened to him many prayers

ascended that he would be a great power in his Master's vineyard.

On Sunday evening at the Methodist church, Mr. George Pearce preached and his friends heard him with thankful hearts that still another had entered the master's service and would soon go forth to help in the noble work and garner sheaves for the harvest. Mr. Pearce will go to Emory for training for the ministry.

It was a singular occurrence that on this evening two young men of the town should be preaching at these two churches, each with the same mission in view.

At the last meeting of the Woman's Missionary Society, Baptist church, officers for the coming year were elected.

Mrs. L. C. Latimer has served the society as president for over 20 years, and has made a most faithful, earnest and conscientious leader, and it was a matter of deepest regret to every member that she tendered her resignation. Her love grew greater for the work as each year passed, but conditions were such that she felt she had best resign. It was with sadness that the resignation was accepted. Mrs. Latimer had every qualification of the real leader and the work of the Lord greatly advanced as she labored, year after year.

The officers elected were Mrs. P. C. Stevens, President; Mrs. J. Howard Payne, Vice-president; Mrs. Bartow Walsh, Recording Secretary; Mrs. W. J. Hatcher, Corresponding Secretary; Mrs. S. J. Watson, Treasurer; Mrs. T. R. Denny, Assistant Treasurer.

Mr. and Mrs. Milton Jones of Edgefield spent Sunday here and attended the services at the Baptist church.

Miss Mamie Watkins of Cross Hill is visiting her aunt, Mr. A. P. Lott. The little son of Mr. and Mrs. Luke Smith died.

The little boy was a little over a year old, and was the only boy and in him were centered many fond hopes. He was an unusually bright and beautiful child.

In the early morning the little one seemed weak, and ate breakfast, but during the day was taken ill, and despite every effort to save the precious life, it died late that afternoon. The burial was at Harmony cemetery, Rev. David Kellar conducting the services.

The families of Mr. James Edwards and Mr. Ed Johnson left on Wednesday for Louisville, Ky., and Mr. Edwards and Mr. Johnson will begin at once their studies for the ministry at the seminary. While it was a sad parting with these good friends, nevertheless, there was joy in their going, for they were going to prepare for the greatest mission in life.

Miss Carrie Mobley of Thomson, Ga., has been the guest of Miss Frances Turner.

Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Lott and Marion have gone to Greenwood to make their home, Mr. Lott finding that his business interests would be better for such. It is a matter of deepest regret that these good people make their home elsewhere, but the love and prayers of all will follow them wherever they go.

Mr. and Mrs. Ben Wright are now domiciled in the home of Mr. J. A. Lott.

Mr. and Mrs. Pender have returned from the mountains and are occupying their home here. Soon Mr. Pender will return to Panama where he holds a government position.

Mrs. Jones of Winnsboro is visiting her sister, Mr. G. M. Jones.

Mrs. W. J. Hatcher has returned from a visit to Newberry, in interest of W. M. U. work.

Miss Sara Carwile, who has been at Hartsville for some time, is spending a while here in the home of her sister, Mrs. S. G. Mobley.

Miss Marian Mobley, whose marriage is a happy event of the 14th, has been the recipient of many pleasant attentions.

On Thursday morning Mrs. James Tompkins entertained in her honor with a luncheon, those present being the warm friends of the honoree. Rook was enjoyed and the score prize was given to Mrs. James Halford. Miss Mobley was presented with an

## Cogburn-Eagar Marriage in Atlanta.

Atlanta, Ga.,—The First Baptist church, Peachtree and Cain streets, was the scene of a quiet, but pretty wedding Thursday morning, September 8th, when Mrs. Emmie Gertrude Cogburn, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Cogburn, of Edgefield, S. C., became the bride of Mr. Charles Jones Eagar, of Chattanooga, Tenn., the wedding taking place at eight thirty o'clock a. m. in the presence of relatives and a few friends. Dr. Charles W. Daniel officiated, the impressive ring ceremony being used.

A bank of palms with candelabra on either side holding white tapers, and a large vase of Easter lillies in the center, formed the decorations.

Mr. C. W. Deickman rendered the wedding music, Lohengrin's wedding marching announcing the approach of the bridal party, and Mendelssohn's being used as recessional.

The bride was given in marriage by her father.

Miss Reba Cogburn, youngest sister of the bride, was maid of honor. She was gowned in navy blue satin and carried an arm bouquet of Radiance roses.

Mr. Hugh W. Powel, of Chattanooga, was best man and Mr. F. L. Timmermann, brother-in-law of the bride was usher.

The bride wore a traveling suit of midnight blue with grey squirrel trimmings with accessories to match. Her flowers were a corsage of orchids and valley lillies. She has resided in Atlanta for the past few years, having formerly resided in Augusta, Ga., and previous to that in Edgefield, S. C., and is a member of a prominent South Carolina family, having a wide circle of friends who will wish her happiness.

Mr. Eagar is a native of Alabama, but has resided in Chattanooga since

of starting character since a veteran of the world war. He holds a prominent position as auditor with the Cahill Iron Works of Chattanooga.

After a short wedding trip, Mr. and Mrs. Eagar will be at home on Lookout Mountain.

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On Thursday afternoon Mrs. Bartow Walsh entertained with a party for Miss Mobley, and the occasion was one of enjoyment. After a cordial welcome, places were gotten for rook and a live game ensued.

Miss Mobley was presented with a daintily embroidered pair of pillow cases. While sweet music was being enjoyed an elaborate salad course with iced tea was served.

Friday afternoon Miss Mobley was again honored with a large reception, this being given by her cousin, Mrs. P. N. Keese, and Mrs. J. W. Mish.

The home was bright and attractive and soft colored lights gave a glow over all. During the hours, 5:30 to 7 o'clock, about seventy five called.

In the receiving line with the hostess and honoree were Misses Elise Mobley, Carrie Mobley, Frances Turner and Gladys Sawyer. After pleasantries all were invited to the dining room where pink and white block cream ad bride's cake were served.

The cream was cut from a beautifully appointed table.

Mrs. J. L. Walker entertained for Miss Mobley on Saturday morning, with a luncheon, and the occasion proved one of many pleasures.

There were about 40 present, and these were all asked to write a favorite recipe for the bride-to-be, which were bound together and presented to her.

Just then a tiny little expressman, Master Roland Walker, came in pulling an express wagon, which held a large package addressed to Miss Mobley. When she opened it, it was a large box full of many beautiful gifts from those present.

After Miss Mobley had viewed all these pretty things, she thanked all in very appreciative words. Later all were seated at an elaborate luncheon of many tempting viands.

## Mr. W. T. Walton Writes Valuable History of Scenes Around Richmond.

Dear Advertiser:

You asked me to write up my experience in the Civil war of April 1863 to April 1865.

The last article was of the events in '63, and I said in that article that perhaps I would write my experience in 1864. While I speak of this, I wish my readers to know that this was also the experience of all the Hampton Legion, but I will first tell of my return to Richmond with the Legion mounted as mounted infantry.

They gave Gary the 7th South Carolina cavalry, commanded by Col. Haskell and the 25th Virginia regiment of cavalry and made M. Gary Brigadier General to command the brigade.

General Robert E. Lee had brought up his command and placed them around Petersburg and in front of Richmond, a distance of about 20 miles in our strong breast works.

Grant led his army in Lee's front, well fed and clothed and outnumbering Lee's by the hundreds. Our brigade was on the end of Lee's army in front of Richmond, our duty being to guard the flank movements of the Yankees, who would try constantly to drive us in. We were engaged all the summer meeting them and turning them back. They kept us busy checking their advance. Sometimes we would get in their rear. One time we were kept so busy that I went two weeks without pulling off my shoes.

The Yankees had control of the James River with their gun boats going up and down the river, shelling when we got in gun shot of the river. The Legion had a picket post on the river.

One night I was stationed at this post to do picket duty. We could hear the Yankees crossing over the river on their pontoon bridge. We knew then that we would have trouble. The next day they brought over artillery and a body of infantry. In the morning about sun up, I was sitting on my horse on this picket post under an oak tree, I saw a Yankee run out to a tree about half a mile in front of me. He did not stay there long. They soon brought out a cannon. I suppose they saw me on my horse and perhaps thought I was an officer. They sent a shell over at me which burst in the top of this oak, the splinters falling all about me, but fortunately none hit me. I still sat there on my horse until I was ordered to leave my post of duty.

Our command was falling back to our breast works. Our Legion was bringing up the rear when we got to church. Beyond the church was a swamp of timber cut down. The timber lay as it fell. Our company was sent out in a clear place to check the Yankees so the command could get across this swamp. It is known in war that it is better to make a sacrifice of one company than of a regiment. We went to this clear place, the Yankees coming through a straw field in a solid line of battle of infantry. When we got out there the Yankees were about 150 yards coming on. We shot at them. I aimed at the colors. When I shot the colors fell. Others were shooting so I do not know whether I hit them or not. We fell down on our backs to load again and dropped down so their balls would pass over us.

When I got my gun loaded, I got up to shoot again, and could see only one Yankee running half bent towards a hollow. I shot at him and he fell. I do not know that I hit him or gave him a scare. At this time we were nearly cut off, so we left that place and went to the swamp of timber cut to cross over. One man was crossing behind us. The Yankee balls were knocking the bark off of these logs shooting at us. The man behind me told me to go faster. I told him I could not, but if he wanted to go faster to go ahead of me. I had no way to dodge and had to take what was coming. You can imagine I had

a hard time walking these logs with the balls knocking off the bark.

By the help of God I got across, but I was so exhausted I felt like I couldn't go any further. I dropped down on the ground like I was hid in plain view of the Yankees. No sooner than I hid on the ground, they sent balls around me, knocking the dirt on me. I thought by the help of God I would go again, and I got up and made my escape all right. As far as I know, I was the last man crossing this swamp. We got to our breast works in safety.

The Yankees did not come up close enough to give us a chance at them. We were engaged all summer and fall, driving them, and they driving us. When winter came we put up some sort of winter quarters.

One night when it was sleeting and snowing, and it was freezing cold, I lay down on my pallet, and felt that I would get a quiet night's rest, but not so. About midnight, an orderly came around and told us to get up and cook three days' rations and be ready to move at 3 o'clock. I turned over and said to myself, "My God, I had as soon be dead as to be punished so bad. I got up and cooked my rations, and when the long roll was sounded, I mounted my horse and went to the place we had to arm. We went in the rear of the Yankees and came back to this camp the next night, gone all day with no fire, half frozen to death.

In the winter, we had to keep a picket post on the white oak swamp. Our horses and men were about given out. About every three nights I had to go on picket duty, off some miles from camp, the weather was freezing cold and we had to sit on our horses four hours at a time, and my clothes were thin. I had a good blanket which I would wrap up in, but some nights I would get so cold

learned to know what danger was, and if anything made a noise, I could hear his heart beat, so I would watch my horse, looking for danger. He was a better watch than I was and I learned to depend on him when it was so dark.

We had an awful time all the summer and winter up to the third of April 1865, when Lee left Petersburg and Richmond.

Our command brought up the rear of Lee's army when we passed out of Richmond with sad hearts, leaving our glorious Capitol that we had been defending four long years. When we were going out of Richmond, the Yankees coming in on the other side of town, our government houses were burning, set on fire by our forces.

I have given you an account of the retreat from Richmond to Appomattox. I have often wondered at what a man can stand.

When Sherman was passing through Georgia and South Carolina, burning and turning out women and children, in the cold with all their produce burned or destroyed, Sherman said then "War is hell." If hell is worse than war, then God forbid that I ever will see the place.

I have a little hymn book I carried in my pocket during my soldier's life. Here is the hymn I often repeated in my mind while I was on my post of duty:

"Am I a soldier of the cross,  
A follower of the Lamb,  
And shall I fear to own His cause,  
Or blush to speak His name?"

Must I be carried to the skies  
On flowery beds of ease,  
While others fought to win the prize  
And sailed on bloody seas?

Are there no foes for me to face?  
Must I not stem the flood?  
Is this vile world a friend to grace  
To help me on to God?

Sure, I must fight if I would reign,  
Increase my courage, Lord;  
I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,  
Supported by Thy Word."

W. T. WALTON.

Found—On the street in Edgefield, a gold pin. The owner can get it by calling at the store of Israel Mukashy and paying for this advertisement.

## RED OAK GROVE.

### Flat Rock Sunday School Well Attended, Mrs. Young Improving, Tribute to Mr. Griffis.

(Written for last week.)

We have had so many good opportunities during the last few weeks of learning more about our Christian duty and thereby enable us to live lives worth while, that to not do good by our daily walk each day, we will be neglecting the call of "Jesus over the tumult."

It has been a great privilege and so enjoyed, to attend the series of protracted meetings at Red Oak Grove and Red Hill. Surely no servants labored more earnestly and endeavored to bring to the minds of the people more clearly, the way of life, than Rev. Abiah Bussey and Rev. W. R. Barnes. Surely they have done their duty, and now are we not as hearers held more accountable, since the way of life has been made so plain, and now that these two churches are so closely associated, being as it was, almost one large congregation, many resolutions being adopted, we must be a busy people lest we retrograde.

There was a goodly congregation to attend Flat Rock last Sunday. Several new names added to the roll. The school is planning to adopt the use of the graded literature.

The friends of Rev. G. W. Bussey cordially greeted his return to his pulpit on last Sunday. We are glad to note he is much stronger and was able to talk to his congregation again. There is quite a lot of sickness now. Dr. Whitlock is on the go pretty regular.

Mrs. D. B. Morgan has been sick for several days with malarial fever. Master Druce Bussey was able to attend his Sunday School.

The community is delighted that our friend, Mrs. A. B. Young is gradually improving now.

When the news came that our life-long old friend, Mr. Nick Griffis had passed away our very hearts were saddened. We mourn not for him, but for ourselves, for we are assured by his humble devout life he is not dead, but sleepeth.

His is the reward of the righteous, for our Lord has promised such to those who walk in his name.

Had he lived twenty-four days more he would have been eighty-five years of age. He married Miss Maggie Harling of McKendrie nearly 56 years ago, who survives, with two children, Mrs. Trap McManus, and Mr. John Griffis of Cleora.

To those, and other loved ones, we extend our sympathy, and rejoice in the hope that is assuredly theirs that we can meet again.

Mr. C. S. Lamb from Atlanta and Frank Kenrick from Augusta was here with home folks Sunday.

Mrs. Johnnie Mathis from Colliers has been at the bed side of her mother, Mrs. Zephia Thurmond for several days returned home Sunday.

We are glad to state that Mrs. Thurmond is now able to sit up, after a severe attack, being taken suddenly.

Miss Willie Mae Burton was the week-end guest in the home of Mr. and Mrs. T. W. Lamb before returning to school work, at Tubman High School.

M. LAMB.

## Death of Little Boy.

On the 15th of August, little Ernest Sizemore, son of Mrs. Lucy Sizemore of the Berea section of our county, was accidentally burned by scalding and was buried at Berea church on the 16th. Mrs. Sizemore was a comparative stranger in the community, but is highly esteemed by her neighbors, and joined Berea church during the meeting this summer. Four children were left to the bereaved mother, two girls and two boys. Soon after this sad accident occurred Mrs. Sizemore removed to North Carolina where she will make her home with her parents. The good wishes of Berea community and the sympathy of many friends go with her.