

# The Anderson Daily Intelligence

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## AN OLD TIME SOUTHERN WEDDING

### "Joe Brown," Was Governor of Georgia, Married Miss Gresham of Near Wall-halla, July 13, 1847.

(Sunny South.)  
Of such a wedding, I will tell you this afternoon. It occurred July 13, 1847 on the 21st birthday of the bride, Miss Elizabeth Gresham, daughter of Colonel Joseph Gresham and Mary Love Steele.

Colonel Gresham was a mill owner and merchant at West Union, S. C., nine miles north of Pickens, county house, and his wife was the daughter of William and Esther Street.

The groom was Joseph E. Brown, a young lawyer, who had moved from South Carolina to Georgia, taught school and was admitted to the bar at Canton, Ga., and after attending Yale University he visited his sister near West Union about Christmas 1846 and met his wife, spending the night at her father's house. The next June he came to claim her.

The groom traveled from Canton, Ga., to West Union in a buggy, attended by a party of eight or ten of his friends. The ceremony was performed by Rev. E. F. Mauldin in the Baptist church at West Union at 9 p. m. (perhaps early candlelight.) The bride party walked to the church, a distance of several hundred yards, where they found several hundred people waiting to see the bride in her white muslin dress and the groom in his suit of black.

The bride had left on record for her children in the "kin book" an account of the supper, in which she says:

There was a very large crowd of people at the wedding, some from Abbeville, Anderson, Piedmont, Greenville, Pendleton, Pickens, Calhoun and other places, and besides every one living within a circle of six or seven miles was invited to come to the marriage. There was no lack of provisions. There were twenty-seven cakes, ten of which were made of butter, I carried three candles.

I gave one to Mrs. John W. Lewis and one to Aunt Susan DeLoach. Young men of the guests sat up all night, as the night was rather warm and it was impossible to find beds for so many. Some of the country people had come home after supper to care for their stock, etc., and returned for breakfast. So many good things were left at supper that all were invited to make themselves at home until after breakfast. They were ready to accept of chicken, turkey, bacon and ham and roast beef in abundance, four fat chickens were killed and two of them roasted whole. We made, baked and trimmed the cakes at home—Aunt Malinda Wilson, head cook, had all the assistance she desired.

We had all kinds of fruit pies and custards by the dozens, tea cakes, marbles, jumbles and ginger cakes by the peck and half bushel. Three large stools, cakes, over two feet high, with ornaments on top of each, and bread for them, pound cakes, sponge cakes, fruit cakes, snow balls, nutmeg cakes, jelly, nuts, candies, syllabub, etc.

### THE WHITE LEGHORN

Mr. John L. Kelly says he has not bred in Augusta, Ga.

In our paper of the 24th inst. in "Poultry Notes" the statement is made that Dr. Forrest Newhall of Augusta, Ga., originated the white leghorn, etc. This is in accordance with the facts that I hope you will allow me to correct the statement. I have the "Standard of Perfection" before me and it says the leghorn originated in Italy.

The first authentic record of the introduction of leghorns into America says that they were brought here in 1852 and that both varieties, whites and browns, came the same year.

Mr. J. F. Kelsey of Massachusetts, purchased the brown leghorns and Mr. Simpson of New York, got the white ones.

I have always believed the whites to be the original leghorns and that the other varieties have been produced by crossing other breeds on the whites. It is well known that the brown leghorn of today is quite a different type from what it was 50 or 60 years ago.

Some writers claim that the brown leghorn of today has a strong infusion of black blood, but I have found it to be the color of plumage required for show purposes.

crackers, light bread and fruits of the season.

We had a hen's nest made of preserved orange peelings that had been preserved in long strips and then were wound together in the shape of a large hen's nest. The eggs in the nest were blue mangle that had been shaped in the egg shells. The cakes were trimmed with raisins, small plums and silver leaf. The fruit cake, with citron and shaped in fancy shapes of leaves, hearts, etc., with gold leaf on them. Some of the melon cakes were made yellow by putting yellow of egg on them well beaten over the icing.

We were two weeks making these cakes and reports went out that my father brought them from Philadelphia or Boston, as he had made a trip to the north a few weeks before the wedding.

The wedding table was in a large room at my brother's house, all the furniture removed and the table made to fill all the space except standing room for the guests and the servants to serve them.

The candlesticks on the table and on the walls of the room were trimmed with curled and crumpled paper, and the house was decorated with evergreen and flowers.

After the dinner the bride said good-bye to her home folks and friends to go to her new home, her father giving both the bride and groom a gold watch. They traveled in a buggy and rode sixteen miles the next afternoon and spent the night with Mr. Devereau Garrett at Garrett's Bridge, next day and night at Tallulah Falls, next night at Nash's hotel in Clarksville and the next night at Choate's Hotel in Dahlonega and the next (Sunday) they reached Canton. This was their wedding tour in a buggy.

Now we could wish for them much happiness in their new home and abundant success in life before them, but the saddest feature of the union was the fact that the bride was afflicted with the terrible disease of consumption, which she carried off with her, and which she died of in 1850, at the age of 28. The young lawyer's practice increased; the state senator is acknowledged as a man among men at 35; the judge's crime is put aside to take the chair of state at 35 and for four consecutive terms he is governor of Georgia, and with that term belief in State's rights is an authentic tradition.

For which he never had any apology to make and after that dreadful fury, the memory of which we teach our children was no shame to him, but every energy to building up state and family prosperity. He sits on the supreme bench as chief justice and then in the American senate, and for forty years there was no history in Georgia without her. In all this a bride of our old fashioned wedding was an adviser and help, both working willingly with both hands and brains and walking in that lowly Christian faith, which she carried off with her, and which she carried off with her, and which she carried off with her.

Newhall originated the white leghorn, but in another paragraph, we have seen more evidence of his statement in which he says that he had bred in Augusta, Ga., and that they have never been bred, so they are comparatively unknown, etc. It is pretty true that they have not been bred for they used as a brooder, but when we are told that they are comparatively unknown, it shows a lack of information on the part of the one making the statement, who says that the white leghorn is one of the most prolific breeds of chickens known and probably more of them are bred today than any other breed. Not only are they bred in America but at the present writing there is an egg-laying contest going on at Mountain Grove, Missouri, in which white leghorns from England, South Africa, New Zealand, Australia, Vancouver, Ireland, British Columbia, etc., are taking part and I am sorry to say that some of those imported birds are laying more than the American birds.

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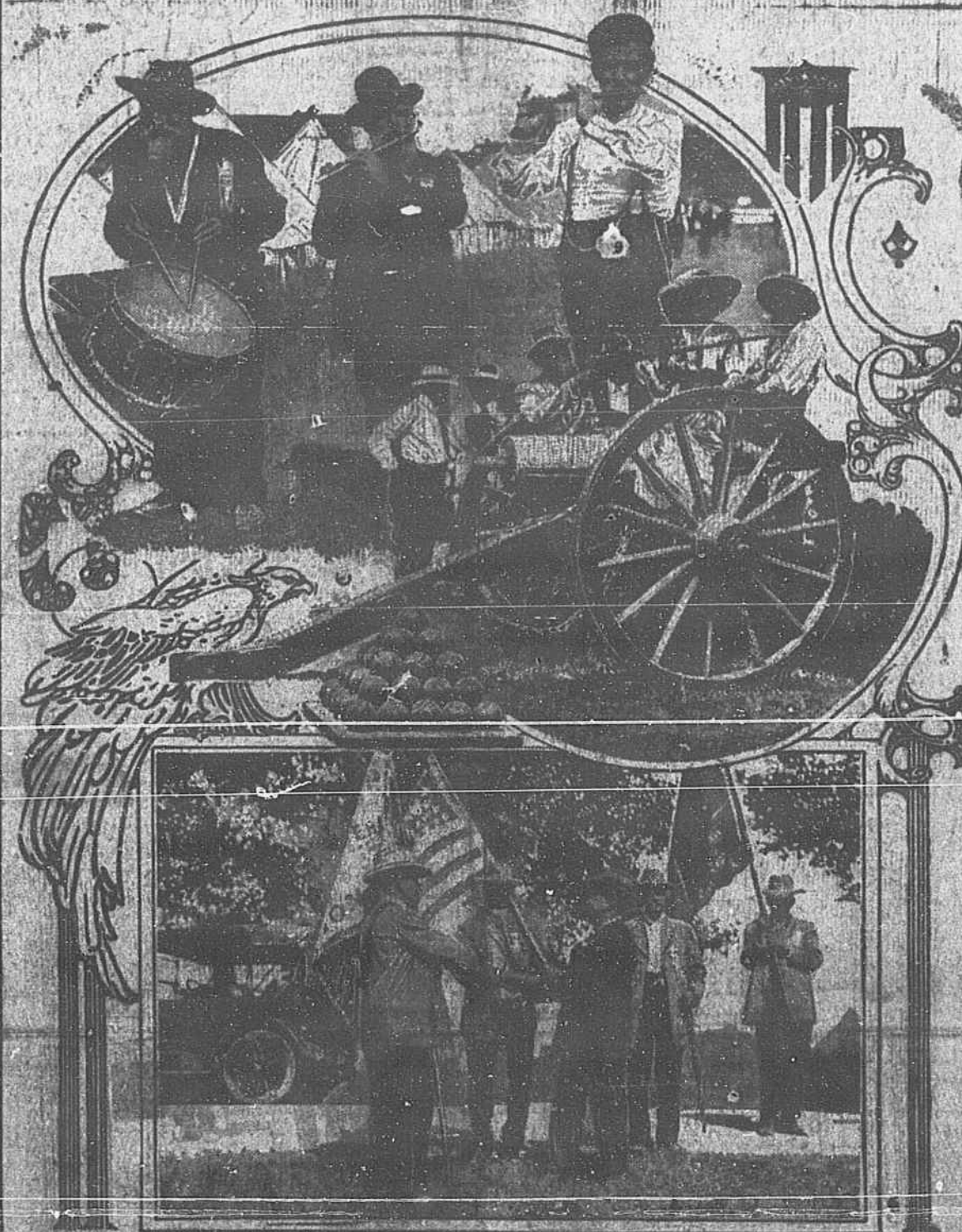
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## GREATEST OF ALL MEMORIAL DAYS WAS THE REUNION AT GETTYSBURG



THREE SCENES AT GETTYSBURG DURING THE FIFTY-YEAR-AFTER CELEBRATION.

NEVER again will the world see so splendid a reunion of veterans of the civil war as that which assembled at Gettysburg July 2, 3 and 4, 1913, the fiftyth anniversary of the greatest battle of the war. Fifty thousand veterans of both sides gathered to participate in the formal and informal celebrations and to fraternize not only with their brethren of their own side, but with the survivors of the other cause. It was the glorious climax of the "one land, one flag" movement which has united north and south since the unhappy days of the war.

### GERMAN BOYS SUICIDE

Berlin, May 9.—The recent examinations at the German schools were held as each year, accompanied with numerous fatalities. The boys killing themselves, either through fear that they would not pass, or because of the mortification at failure. On a single day thirteen boys were reported to have killed themselves. One of the boys threw himself in front of a train because he had not been promoted to a higher class. A suicide by drowning was that of a 17-year old boy who was shortly to try the examination to discharge his military duties with one year's service.

According to his teachers there is no doubt that he would have passed, as he was very capable and intelligent. The head bureaucratic scheme of the average German, while not explaining such suicides, throws some light on the mental actions. Failure to be graduated from school is a very serious thing. To become a "Beamer," that is, a public official, is the goal of every young German.

For the official enjoys many of the privileges not granted to the non-official German. He has a certain future, a definite pension and other material advantages. Failure to be graduated from school is a very serious thing. To become a "Beamer," that is, a public official, is the goal of every young German.

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### ALEXANDER H. STEPHENS

A Memorial of the Great Southern Statesman is in Atlanta.

Atlanta, May 9.—The original law license issued in 1832 to Alexander H. Stephens, who became vice-president of the Confederacy and governor of Georgia, still exists in Atlanta as the cherished possession of the famous statesman's nephew and namesake, Alexander W. Stephens. The relic, which hangs in Mr. Stephens' law office, is now 82 years old. It was signed by William H. Crawford of Georgia, who was judge of the superior court for the northern circuit at Craw-fordville. The license was issued, however, from the Tallapoosa superior court, and the signer, Judge Crawford was himself a distinguished jurist during the reign of Napoleon as minister from the United States in France. He was a pupil of Dr. Wad-dell at Wallington, near Lowndesville, South Carolina.

In addition to the law license, Mr. Alex. W. Stephens also possesses many other papers and most of the law library of Alexander W. Stephens, who was a prominent lawyer and statesman. The relic, which hangs in Mr. Stephens' law office, is now 82 years old. It was signed by William H. Crawford of Georgia, who was judge of the superior court for the northern circuit at Craw-fordville. The license was issued, however, from the Tallapoosa superior court, and the signer, Judge Crawford was himself a distinguished jurist during the reign of Napoleon as minister from the United States in France. He was a pupil of Dr. Wad-dell at Wallington, near Lowndesville, South Carolina.

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### DANTE'S ANNIVERSARY

Nearly 600 Years Since the Passing of the Great Poet.

Rome, May 9.—Although the six hundredth anniversary of Dante's death is still seven years off, his fellow countrymen are already quarreling over what shall be done to mark the date. A monument has been suggested but to thrust the great poet into the company with other men who have been commemorated by statues in the Eternal City will not be a great compliment any more of Dante's most ardent admirers.

The most popular suggestion so far seems to be that the State should publish the entire works of Dante, adhering as nearly as possible to the manuscripts. It is said that seven years would be necessary to complete such a work. The Italian Dante Society has already issued the De Vulgari Eloquio and the Vita Nuova, over which they took thirty years. The manuscripts are distributed over all the great libraries of Europe, and can be published completely only through photographic means. It is computed that the publication would comprise twelve volumes.

### HOW FINE FIELD OF

Nearly Thirteen Tons from Two and a Half Acres in Anderson.

Clemson College, May 9.—Two and a half acres of some of the best alfalfa in South Carolina have been cut out at the Orr Mill, Anderson. When cut the alfalfa measured about forty inches in height and the stand was remarkably even, there being not an empty spot on the entire field. The field is two years old and last year in four cuttings, yielded 35,000 pounds or 12 3-4 tons. The owners of this field expect a considerably larger increase this year and are counting on about ten tons which will be worth about \$75.

This alfalfa has been grown from the very beginning according to the very best methods and is a proof of what can be done with this crop when

## THE OLD TIME TEACHER

### Being Reminiscences of Mr. J. A. Boyd of Fort Mill, South Carolina.

(By a Pupil.)

In endeavoring to present our views upon the subject of the old mald school teacher, the types once made us say in one place "God bless the old mald teacher." Yes, we say, "God bless him too." His is not so much a calling that acquiesces, he is not in his profession a monk. To him life is not altogether one of devotion. But the real, genuine, old fashioned school teacher—God bless him too. There is to be held in Anderson Monday a meeting to arrange for the reunion of the "boys" who were taught by one of these teachers, and we know that one and all they will say, "God bless W. J. Ligon for what he has done for me."

We have in mind's eye one of the old fashioned teachers. He is living today and we wish to pay our small tribute to him while he is yet at labor. No college chair in this State has been graced by a man of higher ideals of finer purpose—and yet he is perhaps unknown out of a few counties in the northern part of the state. It was not an old fashioned log cabin school house, it is true. It was a little red brick school house surrounded by a group of graceful trees, from whose drooping boughs there gushed numerous sparkling springs. While this was but a country school, several hundred young men left its doors to make their records in college or to take up the work of life.

He was a drill master, strict and watchful. With equal facility he could teach the Spencerian system of writing, singing the old fashioned way, English grammar or Latin. He was very careful, very particular, in every thing that he undertook and his good right hand friend, the hickory with that's what he called it—occasionally a conspicuous place in the school room and an exalted position in the whole room for a school teacher. He was a foot boy with cheeks of tan.

We can see this old teacher in his great lively joy in teaching Washington Irving's Sketch Book. That seemed, of all his accomplishments, the one in which he would take the most delight, and actually he got those ruffian boys to take a real pleasure in it.

Yet despite the fact that in all their life they were required to stand at the blackboard, the fact that they had some helping the day before and had forgot all about the folks of Turrytown, they were required to parse every word in some difficult sentence. Yes, despite all of these ailments to the flesh and harrowing of the spirit, they entered into the immensity of the responsibility of learning the sketch book correctly, and laughed with him at the quaint humor of Irving or sighed with him over the fate of poor Lehabod Urne, the school master.

But while he was the master in the school room and such order and decorum is seldom ever to be found, he was on the most friendly terms with school boys at "big rocks." When the boys could not get home would put aside their tin buckets after having finished an tried, chicken-rust country style—hard boiled eggs, huge feathery biscuits, popovers, molasses poured from a wide mouthed bottle into the lid of the bucket topped off with correct methods and favorable conditions are combined. The crop was grown by J. E. Snodgrass, who has grown it at Orr Mill farm, under the direction of the late Professor J. M. Harper of Clemson College.

The field had been planted in cotton for one year before the alfalfa was sown and had been sown to oats, peas and canse for four or five years. The soil became well filled with humus. The summer before the alfalfa was put in, the land was in peas and as soon as the peas were out of the way the land was plowed, three plowings being made in August.

When the top of the ground was well pulverized, 9,000 pounds of builder's lime was put on the two and a half acres. The land was then plowed deep.

The field was inoculated for alfalfa in the fall of 1912. Two two-ton wagon loads were dropped over the field, at the same time, which the seed was sown and one plowing was made.

a slice or two of pie, "barrad, kivered or unkivered," oh, such ple— and then washed down with a draught from the spring—when this gentle pastime of feasting was over, the boys would play football, with an immense rubber ball, the small lads would play "bull pen" or stangamores or shinnie, and the little girls would play "I spy" or "base" or some other lively and exciting and health-producing game. And every one, joining in, laughing with the girls, shouting with the boys—was the school teacher.

Did they love him? Indeed they did. Did they fear his rod? Indeed they did—once many a cue has written in love and affection as the old teacher marches on, not quite so faintly and steadily now, to the sunset of life—"all I know, you taught me, all I am you made me."

Did they love him? One day he was coming from his dinner when one of the children saw that admiringly was amlas. All play closed, all happiness left the eyes of the little ones. They gathered in sorrow around their teacher and their solicitude affected him. One arm was in a sling and one side of his beard appeared to be ached there was a smear of court plaster on his forehead. Oh, how he had betted those whippers! They were a sandy red, flourishing from each side of his face, with his chin bald in order to facilitate his "Dating the hymns" at church. "Come into the school house and I will tell you all about it," he said. The children gravely followed. And picking up his black, very white, ever faithful friend, he gazed solemnly in the calendar which announced April 1st. "Yes, February the court plaster, taking his arm from the sling and unrolling the cloth in his hand, the bold teacher said cheerily—"Now don't you children cry, say of you—braks on me."

God bless the old mald teacher. He is trying to make a living today in these days of new teaching methods and systems and such. But there never was a better teacher. There are a few of his class but they are not in the twilight and are rarely heard of. Some years ago and of his kind dropped in on the writer. The old schoolmaster had been a pallid, long-haired soldier. He had reared children and they were dead. He was a hero in the world. He could teach. Anybody would feel that in five minutes, yet he had been driven out of the profession in the state of Florida by the increasing number of normals and was making his way back to his birthplace in the Scotch country of North Carolina.

There are many like him, crowded out. His methods laughed at. No place for him. He had bared his breast to the fire of the enemy of his country. He had helped to rehabilitate the South and to implant ambition in the bosom of her sons. But there is no place for him. Even Mr. Carnegie's foundation is for the rich and titled college professors with a royalty on his publications—while the poor old teacher is left "unhonored and unloved" to struggle for his very existence. Too proud to let his "old boys" know it, he plods along wearily, when but a word from him would bring them to his side.

### THIS IS PRETTY GOOD

Atlanta sending out snake story.

Atlanta, May 9.—The story of the origin of the fact connected with the story of an alleged gigantic white snake which is said to have been killed in the pastures of Harry Dunn, a well known Georgia farmer during last week.

The story has come to Atlanta that Mr. Dunn attracted by the green and cries of pain of the snake went into the field and found a huge snake wrapped around the animal's throat. It is said that the snake attacked Dunn and he killed it with a couple of chains of close range from his shot gun. The snake is reported to have been twenty-two inches after the snake had unwound itself from its neck.

A white snake, as it is commonly known, is a species of large non-venomous snake, common to Georgia and other southern states. They are always on the look out for food, and a specimen was taken in Fort Mill, S. C., and is now in the hands of the writer.

Member Flays the English.