

# The Newberry Herald and News.

ESTABLISHED 1865.

NEWBERRY, S. C., TUESDAY, DECEMBER 30, 1902

TWICE A WEEK, \$1.50 A YEAR

## NEGRO AND HIS WIFE LYNCHED TOGETHER.

THE MURDERERS OF W. K. JAY, NEAR  
TROY, ABBEVILLE COUNTY.

Negroes Captured While Attempting to  
Escape—They Died Accusing Each  
Other of the Crime—Account of  
Murder and Lynching.

Greenwood, Dec. 27.—Will K. Jay, one of the most prominent young farmers of the Troy section of this county, was foully murdered in his own yard Friday evening between 6 and 7 o'clock by either Oliver Wideman or his wife, two negroes living on his place. Both negroes were made to pay the death penalty for their deed by an infuriated crowd of Mr. Jay's neighbors and friends.

From all accounts, many of which differ, the following is offered as the most nearly correct of how the killing occurred:

Mr. Jay lives in a new house about three and one half miles from Troy. This place has never been inclosed and the negro cabin formerly occupied by the negroes is within about 25 or 30 yards of the residence. Mr. Jay was returning to his house after attending to some business in the neighborhood and when close to his house he heard the negroes making considerable disturbance in the cabin. It seems that the man was abusing or fighting his wife and she was both quarreling and resisting. It was to stop this disturbance that led Mr. Jay to their home, which as stated, is only about 30 yards from his own house. On his arrival he ordered the negroes to be quiet—that if they could not be quiet they could not stay on his place. Immediately after this Mrs. Jay, who was in her house heard the report of a gun. She ran to the door and looked out and saw the two negroes, man and wife, running away from their cabin. Calling to them, she asked what was the matter, but the negroes made no answer and kept on running. Failing to get any response from them she called loudly to her husband. There was no response. She was then wild with fear and began looking over the yard, and in a short while found him dead in a pool of his own blood. Almost his entire head had been blown off. Death was instantaneous.

The alarm was at once given and the immediate neighbors rushed in. The news of the horrible murder spread rapidly. Carriages started in all directions. A telephone furnished the news to Troy and nearby towns, and the whole country for miles around was soon being literally scoured for the murderers.

A party of men coming towards the place from a section of the community a few miles near Mr. Jay's home, met two negroes in the road, a man and a woman. The party did not know the negroes, but arrested them on suspicion and carried them back to the place of inquest. They were the guilty ones. When examined both acknowledged the deed, but accused each other of committing it—the man said the woman did it and the woman said the man did it. They never changed from this, but died accusing each other of the crime.

The gun with which the murder was committed was carried to old Bill Wideman's house, the father of the man, and left there while the two started out in flight. They were going towards Edgefield when caught.

After the inquest the two negroes were turned over to the constable, who started to jail with them. At the Winterset bridge they were stopped by a crowd of infuriated friends and neighbors and lynched. The lynching occurred about midnight.

The burial of Mr. Jay will take place at Troy tomorrow at 11 o'clock. A number of friends and members of the Masonic fraternity will go down from Greenwood to attend the funeral.

Mr. Jay was a prominent Mason. He was worshipful master of Stonewall lodge of Troy, A. F. M., and was also a member of Greenwood chapter No. 27, R. A. M. He represented

Stonewall lodge in the grand lodge of South Carolina, and for two years had held the office of grand junior warden in that august body.

Mr. Jay was a nephew of J. S. Jay of this city. He was a son of D. W. Jay of Troy. He married some years ago Miss Eva Mullinax, of Troy. She with four little children are left to mourn his untimely death.

### JAY'S FUNERAL.

Greenwood, Dec. 28.—The burial of W. K. Jay took place at Troy today with Masonic ceremonies. The funeral sermon was preached by the Rev. H. B. Blakely of the Associate Reform Presbyterian church. Over a thousand people were present.

Further details today of the murder and lynching only confirm yesterday's story in the main. It is stated that the negroes had been ordered to move by Mr. Jay and had been grumbling about it sometime before the killing. Mr. Jay had made them quiet down, and about sundown was talking to Dr. A. W. Wideman and Tom Charles, neighbors, about the installation of officers which was to take place in their lodge on the following night. Dr. Wideman says he noticed the unruly temper of the negroes and suggested that they stay with Mr. Jay. Mr. Jay did not anticipate any trouble and they left. They had not gone a mile from the house before the murder was committed.

The story of the capture of the negroes is interesting. Messrs. Seigler and John W. Cailes were hurrying to the scene of the murder when they met a negro man and woman in the road. They did not know who had killed Mr. Jay, but thought it prudent to halt the two negroes. As they did so the man said: "I'm not scared of anybody." This remark strengthened the suspicions. When ordered to turn around and go back the man refused and the woman began to cry. They were forced to go to the point of the gun. Mr. Siegler had only one shell in his gun and Mr. Cailes was not armed. The negroes did not attempt to break away although at one time Mr. Siegler stumbled and dropped his gun. At first the negroes denied to their captors that they knew anything of the murder; the man said he had heard of it. Just before they reached the place they confessed in a way, the woman accused the man and the man accused the woman.

At the inquest the woman stopped crying and seemed not at all alarmed. After the inquest they were placed in the house they had formerly occupied and a deputy was appointed to bring them to jail. When he went to get his prisoners the house was empty.

A volley of guns not long after told what had happened. The two were carried to the Winterset bridge over Hard Labor creek and given one last chance to tell which had fired the fatal shot. Both refused, still accusing each other. They were tied to two trees standing close together and literally shot to pieces. The spot is very near that on which seven negroes were shot to death in 1876 for the murder of Mr. and Mrs. Harmon.

Several years ago Tom Perrin, a white farmer who lived alone, was knocked in the head by a negro for the purpose of robbery, and although the negro was caught he was acquitted at Abbeville when put on trial. The people of the community seemed to feel that the courts would again fail to punish and they did not choose to run the risk of allowing the perpetrators of so horrible a murder to go unpunished.

### JUDGE BUCHANAN'S FUTURE.

Will Probably Practice Law at Washington—Has Not Definitely Decided.

[News and Courier.]  
Columbia, December 27.—Judge O. W. Buchanan was in Columbia today on business. He is as yet undecided where he will practice law, but he has his eye on Washington and will go to that city to look over the field. He would much rather remain in South Carolina, he says, but he thinks the opportunities are better at the National capital. He has not positively decided to settle there, however.

### THE PRESIDENTS' WIVES AND MOTHERS.

Bill Arp Gives More History on This Interesting Topic and Other Themes.

[Atlanta Constitution.]

Dr. Conway is right about James Madison's mother. She was Nellie Conway and not Fanny Taylor, Fanny was his grandmother. But the good doctor is wrong about Thomas Jefferson. He did not marry Miss Martha Skelton, for she was a widow and her maiden name was Martha Wales, as I said. Neither did Andrew Jackson marry Miss Rachel Roberts. She was not a miss, but a divorced wife and her maiden name was Rachel Donelson. Jackson had to marry her twice in different States to comply with the law. Of course George Washington married the widow Custis. Everybody knows that. It was the typo that made it Curtis. Dr. Conway says that Millard Filmore never married. He is mistaken. His first wife was Abigail Powers and his second was Caroline McIntosh. It is singular how many of the Presidents married widows. Madison's wife, Dolley Payne, was a widow Todd. Her maiden name was Dorothy Coles. I reckon we will get this matter straightened out after a while. Mr. Thaxton of Tennessee, writes me that the full list of mothers and wives can be found in the "World Almanac" for 1894.

Friend Thaxton is not mad, but he is grieved that I said Johnson's parents were too poor and ignorant to be named in the biography. That was not my assertion, but was a bit of sarcasm on the compiler, who makes special mention of their poverty and lack of education, and records that Andrew and his mother and stepfather moved from Raleigh, N. C., to Greenville, Tenn., in a two wheeled cart drawn by a blind pony, but does not give their names. Mr. Thaxton says his wife's father was an own cousin to Andrew Johnson, and Andrew's mother's name was Mary McDonough. Who did Mary marry the second time? The biography in Appleton was written by James Phelan, editor of The Memphis Avalanche, and seems to be very fair and favorable to Johnson and his wife and children. It says that Johnson's father died when Andrew was only four years old and Mr. Thaxton says his mother had many more children. Mr. Phelan says that Andrew learned his alphabet on the tailor's bench, and his wife, Eliza McCordle, taught him to read.

My friend Thaxton says that he did not know that poverty and ignorance were tied together. As a general rule they are. That second husband must have been both shiftless and ignorant if he couldn't provide any better transportation for his wife and stepson than a two-wheeled cart and a blind pony for a long journey. If Mr. Thaxton was to see such a cavalcade as that coming down the big road now he would say that poverty and ignorance were tramping along together. But this much we have learned from Mr. Thaxton—that Andrew Johnson's mother's maiden name was Mary McDonough. All honor to him who rose from poverty and obscurity and all honor to his devoted wife and to his accomplished daughter, Mrs. Patterson, who presided so worthily in the White House.

And Roosevelt married twice—that's right! He ought to have a good woman at his elbow all of the time. I reckon he must have been a widower when he wrote those slanders against Jefferson Davis and the people of the South. I am still waiting for him to retract and to apologize. But now he is a candidate and is scheming for the solid Northern vote and the Southern negroes thrown in, he won't retract. If he is to be elected President, I want Miles to be coupled with him on the ticket for vice president. The champion chairman and the champion defamer ought to be aired. One to work on live men and the other on dead ones.

And here is a letter from Mrs. Lucy Harrison Gay Whitfield, of Siddonsville, Ala., who informs me

that William Henry Harrison's mother was Elizabeth Bassett. She is Mrs. Whitfield's great great grandmother and was the wife of Ben Harrison, who signed the Declaration of Independence. His mother was Anne Carter, an aunt of Robert Lee, I believe that supplies all the missing links.

I've been enjoying some rich and racy reading—the reply of Horace Greeley to the committee who summoned him to trial for signing the bail bond of Jefferson Davis that released him from prison. There were twentyone who signed it, but Greeley was the first and the only Republican abolitionist. He volunteered to do it and did it willingly, going from New York to Richmond for that purpose, and it raised a howl all over New York and New England. The Northern extremists demanded that Mr. Davis be tried and hung for treason, or for the assassination of Lincoln, or for something or anything, so he was hung. Greeley belonged to the Union League Club of New York, a powerful organization, and they were outraged and enraged at his signing that bond and cited him for trial. His reply is a long one and some parts of it are most delightful sarcasm.

"You say you will give me reasonable time for reflection. I want none nor shall I attend your meeting. It is not my habit to take part in any discussion that may arise among other gentlemen as to my fitness to enjoy their society. That is their affair, and to them I leave it. No, I shall not attend your meeting this evening. I have an engagement out of town and shall keep it. I do not recognize you as capable of judging me. You regard me as a weak sentimentalist. I arraign you as a set of narrow minded block-heads, who would like to be useful, but don't know how. Your attempt to base an enduring party on hate and wrath is like planting a colony on an iceberg that had drifted into a tropical sea. The signing of that bail bond will do more for freedom and humanity than you all can do though you have to the age of Methusalem. I ask nothing of you but that you proceed in a frank, manly way. Don't slide off into a cold resolution of censure, but make your expostulations. Make it a square stand-up fight and record your judgment by yess and nays. I dare you and I defy you, and I propose to fight it out on the line I have had ever since General Lee's surrender. I give you full notice that I shall urge the pardon and re-franchisement of all those engaged in the rebellion and those now in exile."

Well, they did not expel him nor censure him. They were afraid. The pamphlet to which I have heretofore alluded is now ready. It contains Henry R. Jackson's great speech on the "Wanderer" and Daniel Webster's speech at Caron Springs, Va., the last and greatest he ever made. There is also a brief biography of General Jackson by Joe M. Brown and a few remarks by myself. There is enough in this little pamphlet to establish the faith and stimulate the pride of every Southern man. According to Jackson, the South was not responsible for slavery, and according to Webster we were justified in seceding. And so the Northern saints were in the wrong for violating the constitution and precipitating that most unrighteous war, and ought to make apology and restitution to us. They owe to our people millions and billions of dollars. They owe to me right now \$20,000 damages, and if Roosevelt don't retract and apologize, I think I will attach his trunks and his bear guns when he comes in reach. He did not do the stealing, but he is an accessory after the fact, and that is just as bad. Now, I have no interest in the sale of that pamphlet, but I want every young man and woman to have one. The price is only 25 cents, postpaid. Apply to my friend, Ed. Holland, Atlanta, Ga., care of Franklin Printing Company.

But I have a book in press—a new and handsome book—my last and best. It contains my letters' reminiscences from the neutral war to date—1861—1903. Price, postpaid, \$1.25. Write to C. P. Byrd, Atlanta, Ga. Bill Arp.

### THE HEROISM OF A WOMAN.

The Honor of Her Husband's Name Greater Than All Else.

A Confederate soldier, belonging to the Army of Northern Virginia, was on trial before a Military court for desertion. His name was Edward Cooper, and when he rose to plead he answered "Not Guilty." The judge advocate asked, "Who is your counsel?" He replied, "I have no counsel." Supposing it was Cooper's purpose to represent himself before the court, the judge advocate was instructed to proceed. Every charge and specification against the prisoner was sustained.

The prisoner was then told to introduce his witnesses. He said, "I have none." Astonished with the calmness with which he seemed to be submitting to what he regarded as inevitable fate, the judge advocate said to him: "Have you no defense? Is it possible that you abandoned your comrades and deserted your colors in the presence of the enemy without any reason?" He answered, "There was a reason, but it will not avail me before a military court." The judge then said: "Perhaps you are mistaken, you are charged with the highest crime known to military law, and it is your duty to make known the causes that influenced your actions." For the first time Cooper's manly form trembled, and his eyes swam in tears. Approaching the president of the court he presented a letter; as he did so, "There general, is what did it." General Battle opened the letter, and in a moment his eyes filled with tears. It was passed from one to another of the court; until all had seen it, and those stern warriors who had passed with Stonewall Jackson through a score of battles, wept like children. As soon as the president recovered his self-possession he read the letter as the defense of the prisoner. It was in these words:

"Dear Edward—I have always been proud of you. Since your connection with the Confederate army I have been prouder of you than ever before. I would not have you do anything wrong for the world, but before God, Edward, unless you come home we must die! Last night I was 'out by little Eddie's' crying, 'O, mama, I am so hungry!' And Lucy, Edward, your darling Lucy, never complains, but grows thinner and thinner every day, and before God, Edward, unless you come home we must die."

"Your Mary."  
Turning to the prisoner, Gen. Battle asked, "What did you do when you received this letter?" He replied: "I made application for a furlough, and it was rejected. I made another application and it was rejected; a third time I made application and it was rejected, and that night as I wandered backward and forward in the camp thinking of my home, the wild eyes of Lucy, looking up to me, the burning words of Mary sinking in my brain, I was no longer the Confederate soldier; I was the father of Lucy, and the husband of my Mary, and I would have passed those lines if every gun of the battery had been fired on me. When I arrived home Mary ran out to meet me, and embraced me and whispered: 'O, Edward, I am so happy; I am so glad you got your furlough!' She must have felt me shudder, for she turned as pale as death, and catching her breath with every word she said: 'Have you come without your furlough? O, Edward, go back! Go back! Let me and the children go down to the grave together, but for heaven's sake save the honor of your name; and here I am, gentlemen, not brought here by military power, but in obedience to the command of Mary to abide the sentence of your court.'"

Every officer of the courtmartial felt the force of the prisoner's words. Before them stood in beautiful vision the pleader for a husband's and a father's wrong; but they had been trained by the great leader, Robert E. Lee, lightning flash scorched the ground beneath their feet, and each in his turn pronounced the verdict, "Guilty." Fortunately for humanity the proceedings of the court were reviewed by the commanding general and upon the record was written:

"The finding of the court approved. The prisoner is pardoned and will report to his company."  
R. E. Lee, General."

## TWENTY-EIGHT KILLED IN RAILROAD WRECK.

PACIFIC EXPRESS RUNS INTO FREIGHT  
AT WANSTEAD, ONTARIO.

Believed to Have Been Due to Telegraph Operator's Error—Heroic Work of the Uninjured Passengers to Rescue the Wounded.

London, Ont., Dec. 27.—The most frightful railroad accident in the annals of the past decade happened a short distance from the little station of Wanstead, on the Sarnia branch of the Grand Trunk Railway, last night. The trains in collision were the Pacific express and a freight. The express was nearly two hours late and was making fast time. The freight was endeavoring to make a siding to get clear of the express, but failed by a minute or two.

There was a dreadful crash, the locomotives reared up and fell over in a ditch, the baggage car of the express telescoped the smoker and in an instant the shrieks and cries of the wounded and the dying filled the air. The loss of life is twenty-eight. The injured will number considerably more, and many of these may die.

Many of the dead were terribly mutilated. Heads were cut off, legs wrenched from the bodies and the level stretch of snow became crimson with the blood of the victims.

The responsibility for the accident has not been definitely fixed, but it is believed to have been due to a telegraph operator's error.

There was not a house at hand to which the injured could be carried. Fortunately, however, the two Pullman cars on the train did not sustain any damage. They were warm and comfortable and were converted into a temporary hospital. The injured were placed in the berths and everything possible to ease their sufferings was done. The dead and wounded are nearly all from Ontario, a few being from Chicago and places in Michigan.

The Pacific express, which was late and endeavoring to make up time, was made up of two Pullman cars, two day coaches and two baggage cars. The engineer opened wide his throttle as he pulled out of Watford at 9:58 o'clock. A blizzard was raging and the air was thick with swirling snow. The train was crowded with people returning from holiday trips.

No. 5 was running fully fifty miles an hour through the blizzard, when at the Wanstead siding the headlight of the freight engine loomed up through the snow. It was impossible to see a hundred feet ahead because of the snow, and the trains crashed together almost before the engine crews realized that a collision was imminent. The impact threw the two engines clear of the track on the right hand side.

The two day coaches of the express were between the heavily loaded baggage cars and the heavy Pullmans. With a terrific grinding crash the rear baggage car was driven into the front coach for three-fourths of its length and in a twinkling a score of the occupants were dead and two score more were pinned down in the wreckage and mangled. The horror of fire was mercifully spared the suffering persons buried in the wreck. A little flame broke out, but the uninjured passengers extinguished it with snow before it could gain any headway. The occupants of the two Pullman cars and the second day coach swarmed out of their cars to the rescue. A perfect bedlam of noises greeted them. The hiss of escaping steam from the wrecked engines mingled with the piteous cries of the unfortunates pinned down in the ruins. The bitter cold wind and snow added to their sufferings. Volunteer rescue parties were immediately formed and did heroic work.

Meanwhile a brakeman had rushed through the storm to the telegraph office and notified both London and Sarnia officials of the accident. Relief trains with surgeons and wrecking cars were on their way to the

scene from both ends of the division in the shortest possible time. While they were steaming at greatest speed the work of rescue was carried on by the uninjured passengers. They delved into the heap of debris and, guided by the moans and cries, found the sufferers, pried and chipped them out and carried them to the two Pullman cars, which were transformed into temporary hospitals.

Tenderly the wounded forms were carried to the hospital cars and given what attention was possible before the surgeons arrived. There was scarcely any water to be had, and the volunteer nurses melted quantities of snow, with which they allayed the feverish thirst of the suffering.

### DELINQUENT TAXPAYERS.

Most of Those Who have Been Waiting  
for an Extension Have Now Paid up.

[News and Courier.]

Columbia, December 27.—Governor McSweeney announced today that taxes had been paid in about sufficient amount to guarantee that there would be no trouble about meeting obligations the first of next month. This would indicate that those who have been waiting for an extension have paid up though such is not the case in Richland. The county treasurer has charged up for collection \$158,000, and of that amount only \$45,000 has been paid in. The treasurer says the only railroad that has paid in this county is the Coast Line. The State Treasurer understood, however, from a letter from the Southern, that its taxes had been paid in all the counties, but the amount due here had not arrived up to this time.

### The Department of Commerce.

(Augusta Chronicle)

In the president's message there was a recommendation in favor of the proposed Department of Commerce to be presided over by another member of the cabinet. There seems to be no sufficient amount of work in the immediate field of commerce for a governmental department, and the friends of the measure are foraging on the other departments, trying to capture a bureau here and there with which to furnish the empty halls of the new department. The Springfield Republican says of it:

"The measure which has passed the senate and is now before the house reveals no natural demand for such a department. It reflects the necessity of creating such a department arbitrarily, if it is created of a respectable size and consequence. It has had to skirmish around among the other branches of the executive service and seize a bureau here, a commission there, and a board in some other place. And the existing departments, thus robbed, one and all protest. The treasury department objects to the taking over of its bureau of statistics and bureau of navigation, since they have become closely interwoven with the customs work of the treasury. The commissioner of patents objects to the transfer of that office to the proposed department, and the secretary of state objects to any plan of divided departmental jurisdiction over the consular service. And so it goes all along the line of the raid through existing departments to gather together a department of commerce.

"This means simply that no need whatever is felt to exist for the new department, in the executive service of the government as now organized. Shall one, then be arbitrarily created merely for the sake of providing a new cabinet office to which the president may appoint his excellent private secretary, Mr. Cortelyou?"

It has been published whether by authority or not, that Mr. Cortelyou is slated for this new cabinet portfolio, but it is perhaps a little extreme to charge that the department is being established for the purpose of fixing a place for Mr. Cortelyou. But without going to this extreme we may challenge the need for the department. It is true that our commerce has grown to mammoth proportions, but judging from the unwillingness of the present departments to surrender a bureau, there is no insuperable reason why the work of the proposed department of commerce cannot be done in one of the departments already existing.