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A TEXAS LETTER.

JUDGE J. M. CROSSON WRITES AN INTERESTING LETTER.

He Writes of the Newberry People of the Olden Times—Reminiscences of the Long Ago.

Dear Doctor: I'm like a white-haired shadow roaming, as in a dream, in the white winter of my age—wife and I, as usual, side by side waiting for the dawning of the morning "Na'e ither care in life ha'e I" "But live and love my Helen O."

As I gaze on the pictures of Newberry people of the olden time, in the Annals, and of Silas Johnstone and his sister Mrs. Mary Randal, Dr. Welch and daughter, Y. J. Pope and others, I think of the grand old folks that once constituted the splendid society of Newberry County. Of Newberry of the olden time we can well say, as Nelson Page did of Virginia, "It was a most plentiful, wholesome and fruitful land; her people were proud, self contained, brave, generous and tender"; they were of sterling abilities and noble virtues. Who can clothe their many virtues, in language of fitting honor?

Y. J. Harrington, Chancellors Johnstone and Caldwell, Drayton Nance and many others were especially kind to me when a little orphan boy. A few nights ago I had a vivid dream of that fine, intellectual and learned man, Chancellor Caldwell.

This is a world of surprises. When going to my regiment in the summer of 1861, I stopped over on Sunday with my kinsfolk, the Hendersons, grandchildren of Sam J. Red, went to church, and lo! when the preacher rose it was Rev. R. S. Seelye, the first Episcopal preacher in Newberry, and who preached in the court house. I was glad to meet him.

There is only one Newberrian in this county, Sam B. Kennerly. Much of my time is spent in his office, talking over Newberry. He is a genial, intelligent man, is county attorney, and makes a good, successful one; is still an expansionist; has not yet a large "bay window" in front (nominated by the "O'i pollor" a protuberant paunch), but is moving in that direction; his wife is an amiable intelligent lady; my wife says their little girl is pretty as any one she ever saw.

Our new Governor, S. W. T. Lanham is a native of Spartanburg; in the civil war was in 3d S. C. Reg't with Y. J. Pope, Dr. S. G. West and many other Newberrians.

Capt. Franklin N. Gary, (now dead) was born in Newberry. His ancestors came to America before the Revolutionary war, settled in Buckingham County, Va., and about 1760 settled in Newberry; was captain in the Confederate army, and a district attorney thereafter. He left a son, Hampton Gary, of Tyler, Texas, who was a captain in the late skirmish with Spain, in 4th Texas volunteers, is a member of the legislature, and one of the rising young men in Texas.

Since my last I have heard of the death of two of my kinsmen, C. F. Boyd and H. S. N. Crosson, and of my college classmate, Col. Wm. Wallace. Out of that class of forty only five remain, Dr. J. H. Carlisle, Capt. L. Williams, of Greenville, Dr. A. Fuller, of Laurens, and Hon. W. F. B. Haynesworth, of Sumter, and myself.

"How brief and fugitive is mortal life, Between the budding and falling leaf."

We are admonished in the words of Bishop Hall: "There is not one of us that can assure himself of his continuance here one day. We are tenants at will, and for aught we know may be turned out of these clay cottages at an hour's warning. Oh, then, what should we do but as wise farmers who know the time of their lease is expiring and cannot be renewed, carefully and seasonably provide ourselves of a surer and more durable term."

Reading Horace a few days ago I saw this:

"O fons Bandusiae, splendor vitae, Dulce, digno mero, non sine floribus." "O babbling spring that glass more clear, Worthy of wreath and cup sincere."

As in a beautiful dream I was at the Bandusian spring, south of town, beyond the south fork of Scott's creek. Here in the olden time the lords and ladies often picniced. Such a combination of beauty, grace and goodness. The girls were beautiful, with starry eyes; some eyes tender, loving azure, others of the color that bewitches in certain Celtic eyes; others with dark, flashing brilliant eyes; shapes with an elastic grace and features cast in rarest mould of symmetry. Where, now, are those young ladies, then fresh as roses in the gay dewy morning?

The young men were brave, chivalrous, worthy their noble sires. Where are they? All the survivors have passed the summit of the mountain, and are fast hurrying into the shadow of the valley; many are sleeping in distant fields of war—under the green grass and the shadow of the cloud and the silent stars, the gentle dew like pitying tears, falling on their lonely graves, and flowers blooming above them. Ah! yes, thinking of them, the thoughts that start into being are "like perfumes from the blossoms of the heart."

In the light of the moon, in December and January, at the crowd, between (I think) Geo. Sondley's and Banskette, there were meetings of a different kind, and a certain lying character, who was always poking in his nose where he had no business was there, to wit: John Barleycorn, who claimed to be the "life of public haunts," and the soul of plays and pranks." Is there no way to kill the infernal old villain? Hope the dispensary, at least, closes up some of the gates of hell, (to wit: doggeries). Forty or fifty armed men appeared and crows innumerable; they came from every quarter in a solid stream from an hour before sunset until after dark. As the moon looked down upon us with her silver eye, we spread out over the old pine field and soon the fusillade began, men firing, crows cawing, finally they rose high above, and the cawing of multitudinous crows sounded like a stiff breeze southing through the pines; hundreds were killed, but their numbers never seemed less. Do they ever crow hunt now?

Mark Morgan, a solitary old bachelor after having long resisted the smiles of the fair ladies, fell beneath the bewitching charms of Miss Matilda Perkins, whereupon the genial and versatile Adam Summer perpetrated this parody:

"The world was sad; the garden was a wild, And Mark, the hermit, sighed 'till 'Tilda smiled."

In 1832 there was wild excitement about nullification; the air was charged with electric feeling. Men, boys and even theadies wore blue rosettes with a Palmetto button, ("Animis opibuxue parati") was on every tongue; a motto to which South Carolina has always been true. In rear of Dr. S. Fair's office men drilled in the sword exercise. On the field at the old academy were men riding at full tilt leaping their horses over fences erected on the grounds. Poles had been erected with cotton balls the size of a man's head, and as they charged around they slashed with their swords at the balls as if they were Yankee heads. The furor was raging, every one denouncing Andrew Jackson, and quoting Calhoun, "That each State was judge of the legality and constitutionality of an Act of Congress." This has not yet been disproved. What a storm of denunciation has poured on South Carolina for this. But the nullification of the Northern and Eastern States by virtue of their "higher law" has been treated as a small affair. Cannon in congress lately in substance endorsed this "higher law." But I must not write of politics, for I am an old fashioned Calhoun Democrat.

In 1836 we saw a fine representative company assemble in the old field between Robert Stewart's and F. B. Higgins', organized for the Seminole war; that grand man, Gen. J. J. Caldwell was superintending their departure. Where are they now? Also in Mexican war

Newberry furnished a splendid company. In it were many of my school mates who passed away during that war. It was always easy to stir up a war feeling in South Carolina. Much of this was due to the militia system. At the close of the regimental and battalion drills the rule was to make military speeches; in these for a long time they twisted the lion's tail. After the "higher law" politicians pressed on the South the speakers twisted their tails.

Again the question of secession or cooperation aroused the people. I shall never forget the magnificent and able addresses of Chancellor Johnstone and Judge Butler at Silver Street; they turned the tide. I am satisfied they caused me to oppose the policy (not the right) of secession in 1860. When South Carolina seceded I knew it was war. My old friends and State were dear to my heart and I calculated to return and cast in my lot with them if Texas did not secede. But enough of this.

Some seventy five years ago, in the late 20s and early 30s, there lived and went to school in Newberry a little slender, wiry kid, full of devilment, but not vicious. "He always was a mischief, but there wasn't nothing bad about that child, just captin when he'd git some devilment in his head." This kid went to Miss Clark, with whom that excellent man, J. B. Carwile, had some experiences. The kid liked her not and marched to the academy. Mr. Pressly turned him back, and he deserted and played truant for a week. His father learned it and as the kid stepped out of the gate on Monday he heard a bee singing in the air behind him; he yelled and jumped, his father after him; he passed that amiable and intelligent lady, Mrs. Abigail Caldwell without speaking; to her, and just before he quit Newberry she said to him laughingly that he was always a polite boy, but on that occasion forgot his manners. Was at school in the red house opposite the Methodist church; got into a fight, with rocks, with John Johnstone and his brother Barr; they smote him, and now he has a scar an inch or more long in his left eyebrow; the wound was sewed up by Dr. S. Fair. John made a solid man and eminent physician in Alabama. Barr, a splendid little fellow, died soon after. Mrs. Theresa Gilliam, an accomplished lady, the wife of that good man, Wm. Gilliam, pedagogued him two days; the second day she kept him in, and as she went out at one door he went out at another and has not since returned. He was too tough a case for ladies and never went to another. That learned mathematician, James Diver, tried his hand on him. On one occasion the kid had on tight pants and a round about coat. Mr. D. saw him turned around looking out of the window; there was the sound of a hornet in the air, and when it lit on the kid's seat of honor he jumped into the middle of the floor and gave a Comanche yell. Hero Priestley Pratt, Jake Worthington and the kid spent a great part of the week in fighting, and on Saturday, in playing together. Where now is that trio? That kind and learned and good man, Henry Sumner taught in the old academy; he was near sighted; of this Silas Johnstone, his brother Albert and the kid took advantage, slipped out and hied to Jno. Young's pond at the school spring, and like ducks, into the water they went. Chancellor Johnstone happened to spy them. In his sliding walk, holding his cane by the top, he advanced upon the trio; they hustled to enrobe themselves, he called a halt in this proceeding, and Silas and Albert in "puris naturalibus" received a gentle thrashing; the kid was fleeing, when the Chancellor said to him, I'll get you and thrash you yet. The kid knew this would please his mother. He saw the Chancellor approaching and reported to Mr. S., and when the Chancellor arrived Mr. S. was switching the kid, but Mr. S. never hurt any one. Albert was a lovely, intelligent, bright lad, beloved by all his schoolmates, but long since dead. Silas, too, has gone; he made a good and learned man; he had a magnificent power of

infinitely joyous and inexhaustible humor. 'Tis said the kid still lives, full of fun and mischief. John Caldwell and Henry Ferdinand had a scrap. Mr. S. saw it and proposed administering to them, the big boys; they looked at each other; one said, if you take a whipping I will. They laughed, took the whipping and made friends.

To James Spence went the kid, in a log house in Bob Maffett's field and met trouble. Spelling in the old blue book he missed a word, it went round the class and came to him again, he refused to spell, whereupon the birch played furiously over his shoulders; he has never spelled the word yet. Always in mischief, a beautiful dark-eyed girl, with long splendid black hair, the mother of a distinguished judge, broke a rule over his head. When school was out he encountered Drayt. Maffett who was too heavy for him. The kid studied Caesar for a time under an excellent and talented man, Nicholas Summer, who was killed in the Seminole war. In his death Newberry lost one of the most promising men the county ever produced. To Tommy Johns, the gentle and kind, went he, at Ebenezer. Tommy "Despising fame and fortune, retired early

"To happiness and obscurity." "There in his noisy room, skilled to rule, Tommy Johns taught his little school." "Twas certain he could write and cipher too, "Pike's and Smiley's arithmetic he knew."

Last the kid went to Rev. Gallo-way, that pious and learned man, near Hunt's cross roads. There he diversified his studies with fighting Silas Johnstone et al. In one week he encountered Calvin, John and Alfred Higgins and came out about even. Where, now, is that trio? Calvin was a good scholar, John brilliant and Alfred solid. Fortune favored him so much that he was never corraled by the tyrant McGovern, who was the terror of John Carwile and others. He never more went to school in Newberry.

Nearly all the persons mentioned herein have crossed over the river. May we all heed the Lord's warning, "Therefore, be ye also ready; for in such an hour ye think not, the Son of Man cometh." "Be wise, therefore 'tis madness to defer." "Farewell, farewell, is a lonely sound, And always brings a sigh, But the heart feels most when the lips move not And the eye speaks a gentle good bye. J. M. Crosson.

DEATH FROM SMALLPOX.

Two Years Ago the Disease Became Widespread Throughout Virginia and Has Never Been Eradicated.

Richmond, Va., Jan. 6.—Miss Robbie Yeager, the pretty pupil nurse who died at the city hospital in this city on Saturday, was the sixth person to die within the past few days of a virulent form of smallpox which is traced direct to volunteers returning from Cuba.

Another nurse, Miss Carr, at the city hospital, has the disease, and her condition is considered critical. About two years ago, when a great many of the volunteers returned from Cuba, a disease became widespread throughout the state, and has never been wholly eradicated.

Local physicians in many instances called it Cuban itch, but in every case where a physician of the state board of health made a diagnosis he pronounced it smallpox.

People were cautioned that the disease was liable at any time to take on a virulent form, and this probably has been fulfilled.

Recently a man named Stone was taken in at the city hospital suffering with another disease. He developed smallpox. He died, and there have been five other deaths.

The saddest of those was that of Miss Yeager, young and pretty pupil nurse at the institution. She nursed Stone, contracted the disease, died and was buried in the potter's field. None of her people, who live in Culpeper county, knew that she was sick until the announcement of her death was made to them on Sunday.

In other parts of the state the disease has been so deadly, the deaths being nearly 100 per cent.

IT IS CRUM AND ADAMS.

THEIR APPOINTMENTS SENT TO THE SENATE.

Senator Tillman Expected to Make a Vigorous Fight Against the Confirmation of the Nomination of the Colored Physician—Much Feeling in the City of Charleston.

(News and Courier 6th)

Still hoping against hope, the business people of Charleston were disappointed yesterday when telegrams received by The News and Courier from Washington announced that President Roosevelt would send Dr. Crum's nomination as collector of the port to the United States Senate. The Statement that J. Duncan Adams had been nominated as United States marshal failed to create even passing interest. The public was not concerned in the scramble for that office, but had been waiting patiently to see if some plan could not be devised by which the appointment of the negro physician to one of the most important Federal offices in Charleston could be defeated. The citizens looked upon this course as inevitable and realized that they seemed helpless to prevent it.

There is no doubt here as to the attitude of Senator Tillman in this fight. He has been gathering information about Crum and his political record, and the friends of the senior Senator from South Carolina declare that he will oppose confirmation by the Senate on personal grounds. He will tell of the great and valiant fight made by the people of this State to rid it of negro rule and will urge his fellow members to prevent what he considers an indignity to the people. Just what effect this will have is, of course, problematical. The plea will be put up that Savannah, Charleston's neighboring port, has a negro collector and his administration has not militated against the prosperity or commercial advancement of that town. However, it will be left to the Senate to uphold the action of President Roosevelt or rally around the opposition flag of Senator Tillman. This leaves a complicated situation, which makes it impossible for the ordinary person to tell what will come of it. One fact seems certain, however, and that is the Crum appointment will not be confirmed if Senator Tillman has the power to stop it.

The announcement from Washington yesterday was not a surprise. In The News and Courier yesterday morning it was stated that the nomination of Adams and Crum would go to the Senate during the day, and this programme was carried out without a change. The President had declared his determination to give Crum the office and he listened to the complaint from prominent citizens, but of no avail. When charges of political treachery against Crum were preferred it was stated by the President that the negro would no longer be considered. Subsequently Crum went to Washington and made such a statement that he was able evidently to clear himself of this allegation. Then it was that the President gave out an official statement, in which he said he would make Crum the next collector of customs at Charleston.

Crum's friends were naturally elated yesterday. Every negro was delighted. They believed that the black and yellow race had been shown great distinction by the Chief Executive of the United States, and many of them, ignorant as they are, went so far as to declare that it was the opening wedge which would bring other and more important offices to the sons of Ham. This is the most regrettable feature of the whole affair. The appointment will have a bad effect; it cannot possibly have any good effect.

The fight against Crum has been made on his color. Be it said to his credit, however, that he is not of that vicious element which has always been a menace to this part of the country. He is educated, is a physician of some standing and against his private record no charge has been made. It was because of this that President Roosevelt decided to give

him the office. Dr. Crum, no doubt, has the ability to conduct the affairs of the office. He is better qualified, perhaps than many of the hangers on who have striven unceasingly for any old appointment within the gift of the Administration. The President wanted the people of Charleston to give some specific reason why Crum should not be appointed. He was informed that such an appointment would not be made in the North or the East or the West. He was told that Crum had no training or special qualification for the office. He was told that such a course would be resented here, even if the citizens were unable to defeat it. He was told that Crum represented nothing; that he was not representative of the taxpaying people, and that his appointment would go far to reopen the breach between the races, long ago healed to an extent. He was informed that there were some white men in the Republican organization in this State who could render efficient service to the Government. Yet all of this amounted to nothing.

The people of Charleston will wait anxiously to see if the Senate will confirm the action of the President. There is a fear that it will. The citizens have not asked or expected the nomination of a Democrat. It was not fair to desire that. They simply wanted the office to be put in the hands of some white Republican, and nothing more.

It is not likely that the nomination of Adams as marshal will be opposed in the Senate. Some of the disgruntled Republicans might attempt it, but they will hardly accomplish anything. Mr. Adams is chief field deputy under Collector of Internal Revenue Jenkins. He served as deputy marshal under Melton and Cunningham.

AUDITOR SQUIRE OF RICHLAND KILLED.

Found Dead Beside Railroad Track With Neck Broken and Face Cut.

Columbia, Jan. 3.—County Auditor Wm. H. Squire was found dead by the side of the Southern railway track in the Richland village to night. The body was discovered by some young men. Mr. Squire was last seen going in that direction about 8 o'clock, and was dead when found beside the railroad. Mr. Squire has been county auditor for quite a number of years. He has been nominated almost continuously as auditor. Gov. John Gary Evans refused to appoint him after his long nomination, but after that term he has been constantly re-nominated, and was so chosen at the recent primary. Mr. Squire was a gallant Confederate soldier and as a result of his service wore an artificial leg. He was quite prominent in the Confederate camp, and for many years served as treasurer of Myrtle Lodge, Knights of Pythias. When the body was found there was a deep gash in the top of his head, and his neck was broken.

Mr. Squire took supper at the Columbia Inn about 8 o'clock and then walked out. The dead body was found at the intersection of Lower and Indigo streets. It is not known what Mr. Squire was doing there, where the new spur runs around and enters the union station. It is thought Mr. Squire was struck in the head by Train 17, which is due here from Charleston at 10 o'clock.

Mr. Squire may have been killed by the train or may have fallen by the side of the track, as he was desperately ill about two weeks ago. Dr. Knowlton and Dr. Francis D. Kendal were called, and made an examination of the body. They found that the neck had been broken. The body was discovered shortly after Train 17 passed and it is supposed that the train struck and killed him. Mr. Squire was highly esteemed by every one in Columbia.

Jumped From Windows.

Chicago, Ill., Jan. 6.—Fire started early this morning in the Somerset hotel. Four people were killed by jumping from windows and others were injured.

THE PENITENTIARY.

VERY FINE SHOWING MADE BY SUPERINTENDENT GRIFFITH.

The Financial Report Is Especially Good Considering Adverse Circumstances Interesting Facts.

[Columbia Record, 6th.]

Captain Griffith, superintendent of the penitentiary, has completed and filed his report, which makes a most excellent showing financially and otherwise. Considering the failure of the crops the previous year and the fact that a great part of the supplies had to be bought, and further considering that the price of all such articles was nearly double what they had been, the financial showing is remarkable.

The financial part of the report shows that there was on hand December 31, 1901, \$1,787.02, and that there had been received since then \$72,282.10, making a total cash sum available for the year, \$84,069.21. After paying all necessary expenses and making permanent improvements amounting to \$4,300, there remains a balance of \$17,112.14. To this must be added what is in sight and soon to be available, making a total balance of \$23,402.01. The crops were good this year and after having enough to run the institution for a year there will be for sale 5,000 bushels of corn, 500 tons of hay and 3,000 bushels of peas.

During the year there were 981 prisoners, but the number has been reduced to 701. There were 30 pardons and 45 deaths. This seems a large number, and it is, but it was caused from the fact that a great many diseased and physically worthless prisoners were sent to the penitentiary rather than the chain gang. The supervisors of counties have the right to make a pick of the convicts and they invariably select the healthy ones and dump the diseased ones on the penitentiary. The cause of death was consumption and pneumonia in a great majority of cases, and Capt. Griffith recommends that there be a separate building for the treatment of such prisoners. There are 33 prisoners in the reformatory, being boys under sixteen years old. There were 11 escapes during the year, though only two of them were directly from the penitentiary, the others being from chain gangs.

During the year seven convicts were furnished almost daily, with a guard, for work about the State house. Thirty were also furnished Winthrop college and from neither of the gangs was any revenue derived.

GEN. R. S. ANDREWS, C. S. A.

A Gallant Confederate Officer Has Crossed Over the River.

Baltimore, Md., January 6.—Gen. Richard Snowden Andrews, a Confederate officer, who won fame for himself and his company as the commander of "Andrews' battery," died at his home in this city today. Death was caused by paralysis.

Gen. Andrews was born seventy-two years ago in Washington, D. C. At the outbreak of the civil war he formed the "Maryland flying artillery." On the advance to Gettysburg he was seriously wounded, incapacitating him from field service, and he was selected by Gen. Lee and ordered to Europe, in company with Col. Thomas S. Rhett, to examine and purchase artillery for the use of the Confederacy.

Twins Not Born in Same Year.

A difference of about three hours in the birth of sisters has led to the strange situation of twins having birthdays on different days and different years. Mr. and Mrs. John Stitt, 180 Sheffield avenue, are the parents of twins, and every one in the neighborhood is commenting on the curious circumstance. One of the twins was born at 10:30 p. m. on the last day of December, 1902, and about a hour and a half after midnight the second child was born. Her birthday is therefore Jan. 1, 1903.—Chicago Dispatch to New York Sun.