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## ON ROBERT E. LEE.

A UNION MAN PAYS TRIBUTE TO THE NOTED CONFEDERATE.

Charles F. Adams' Response at a Banquet Given by the Officers and Members of the Confederate Veteran Camp of New York.

New York, Jan. 20.—Charles Francis Adams, in his address at the Confederate banquet tonight on Robert E. Lee, said:

"Mr. Commander, Officers and Members of the Confederate Veterans Camp of New York:

A New Englander, by birth, descent, tradition, name and environment closely associated with Massachusetts, I was a Union soldier from 1861 to 1865, and the one boast I make in life was, and is, and will ever be that I also bore arms and confronted the Confederacy, and helped to destroy it.

Formerly of the army of the Potomac, through long years I was intent on the overthrow of the Army of Northern Virginia.

"So far, moreover, as that great past is concerned, have nothing to regret, to excuse or to extenuate, I am yet here on this day to respond to a sentiment in honor of the military leader once opposed to us—a Virginian and a Confederate.

Nor, all this being thus and so, if asked why I am here, would the answer be far to seek. Primarily, as a Massachusetts man, I confess to a feeling of special kindness towards two other States of the Union—two of the original thirteen, above all the other present forty and five—South Carolina and Virginia. Those, with Massachusetts, I hold to have been, essentially, pivoted States. Communities peculiarly prolific of men the exponents of ideas—from them have gone forth those migrating columns which met in fierce grapple for the maintenance and the ascendancy of that in which they believed.

"So, if I may be permitted, first to say a word personal to myself; when, the other day—scarcely a month ago—I was called on to speak in Charleston to an audience of South Carolinians, I responded at once; and I did so because my heart went out to them as those of my countrymen to whom I had once been most bitterly opposed—countrymen still, though I had come to know that, as foemen, they were men of whom it behooved us most to take heed. As exponents of their ideas—right and wrong—Massachusetts and South Carolina were peers. They had not followed; they had led.

"And so—as I told them—fully conscious that I was walking on ashes still hot, in the very crater of what had within all our memories been the most terrific volcano of a century—walking there amid sulphurous memories, I chose for my theme the constitutional ethics of secession. In a wholly dispassionate spirit, I addressed myself to it as a purely academic question; but I wanted to know whether the time had indeed come when the old friendly feeling was restored, and the foes of a former generation could again talk together calmly and as brethren over issues once burning. The reception of what I said justified my faith in those to whom I said it. Never have I met with more cordial welcome—never did I receive a more fraternal response.

"Next came the Confederate veterans of New York; they called, and I am here. At this banquet given in honor of the memory of Robert E. Lee I am asked to respond to a sentiment in his honor, and, without reservation, I do so; for, as a Massachusetts man, I see in him exemplified those lofty elements of personal character, which, typifying Virginia, made Washington possible. The possession of such qualities by an opponent cannot but cause a thrill of satisfaction from the sense that we also, as foe no less than as countrymen, were worthy of him, and of those whom he typified. It was a great company, that old, original thirteen; and in the front rank of that company Virginia, Massachusetts and South Carolina stood con-

spicuous. So I recognize a peculiar fellowship between them—the fellowship of those who have both contended shoulder to shoulder, and fought face to face.

"This, however, is of the past. Its issues are settled, never to be raised again. But, no matter how we may discuss the rights and wrongs of a day that is dead—its victories and defeats—one thing is clear beyond dispute—victor and vanquished—Confederate and Unionist—the descendants of those who between 1861 and 1865, wore the gray and of those who wore the blue—enter as essential and as equal factors into the national life which now is, and in future is to be. Not more so Puritan and Cavalier in England—the offspring of Cromwell and Stafford's descendants. With us, as with them, the individual exponents of either side became in time common property, and equally the glory of all.

"So I am here this evening—as I have said, a Massachusetts man as well as a member of the Loyal Legion to do honor to the memory of him who was chief among those once set in array against us. Of him, what shall I say? Essentially a soldier, as a soldier Robert E. Lee was a many-sided man. I might speak of him as a strategist; but, of this aspect or the man, enough has perhaps been said. I might refer to the respect, the confidence and love with which he inspired those under his command. I might dilate on his restraint in victory; his resource and patient endurance in the face of adverse fortune; the serene dignity with which he, in the end, triumphed over defeat. But, passing over all these well-worn themes, I shall confine myself to that one attribute of his which, recognized in a soldier by an opponent, I cannot but regard as his surest and loftiest title to enduring fame. I refer to his humanity in arms, and his scrupulous regard for the most advanced rules of civilized warfare.

"On this point, two views I am well aware have been taken from the beginning, and still are advanced. On the one side it is contended that warfare should be strictly confined to combatants, and its horrors and devastations brought within the narrow limits—that private property should be respected, and devastation and violence limited to that necessary to overcome armed opposition at the vital points of conflict. This by some. But, on the other hand, it is insisted that such a method of procedure is more cruelty in disguise—that war at best is hell, and that true humanity lies in exaggerating that hell to such an extent as to make it unendurable. By so doing, it is forced to a speedy end. On this issue, I stand with Lee. Moreover, looking back over the awful past—replete with man's inhumanity to man—I insist that the verdict of history is distinct. That war is hell at best, then make it hell indeed—that cry is not original with us—far from it, it echoes down the ages. Take Europe for example. Let me cite two instances, separated by half a century, and two names which have come down to us loaded with execration and sunken deep in infamy—the instances—the repeated and complete devastation of what was known as the Palatinate, once during the war of Thirty Years and against the order of Louis Fourteenth—the names Tilly and Melac.

"You have heard of Tilly, and of the sack of Magdeburg. Tilly fully believed in making war hell—fast, furious and bloody. His orders were to kill and burn, burn and kill, and burn and kill again. He wanted no prisoners—and none were made. The more his subordinates killed and the more they burned, the better he was pleased. He wished the Palatinate to be made a howling wilderness. It is a familiar story—a lamentation and an ancient tale of wrong; and you remember its outcome. Even today, as we read the story of those horrors centuries gone, we thrill with vindictive pleasure when the humane Gustavus Adolphus sprang into the arena, and bore down hell's advocate in hopeless defeat and irrevocable death.

"Again, fifty years later, the same

gospel of hell is proclaimed and enforced. Once more the Palatinate is devastated by sword and fire. War is hell—then make it hell, indeed—and have it over. They did make it hell—but was it over? Was it shortened even? A French general, Melac by name, acting for Louis XIV, repeated Tilly's work; he could not improve it. He also believed that to carry on war, disguise it as we may, it is to be cruel. It is to kill and burn, burn and kill; and again kill and burn. The 'great monarch' desired him also to bear himself as to leave on the inhabitants of the Palatinate an impression that future generations would know he had been there. He did so bear himself.

"What was the result? Hell was indeed let loose; but so was hate. Was the war made shorter? No; not by an hour. It was simply made needlessly bitter, brutal and barbarous. To this day the ruins of Heidelberg remain Melac's monument. Remembered to be cursed—pillored with Tilly—his name is in the Palatinate household word. Six generations of men have since passed, and, today, with those of the seventh, Melac is a name there given to dogs. Many of you have doubtless stood, as have I, on the still shattered and crumbling battlements of Heidelberg, looking out over the peaceful valley of the Neckar, and listening to its murmuring flow. Thirty years ago I was there, and I vividly recall a little incident strikingly illustrative of the exact opposite of what I am here today to say of Lee. A portrait of Melac hung in the gallery of the castle. It hung there still where I saw it again a year or two ago; but when I saw it first, in 1872, it bore an inscription, an inscription eloquent of hate. Melac had, in March, 1689, blown up the castle, burned the town, and devastated the surrounding country—given future generations to know he had been there. A Frenchman, he made war hell to the German. Nearly two centuries later the turn of Germany came. Then, in 1870, devastating France, they inflicted on the French the misery and shame of the Sedan; they besieged and captured Paris. Two years afterwards, in 1872, I read this inscription in letters large and black beneath the portrait of Melac at Heidelberg: '1869. Vergolten. 1871.' They had indeed been given cause to remember; nor had they forgotten. The debt, two centuries old, had been computed with interest; and payment exacted in blood and flame.

"As an American—as an ex-soldier of the Union—as one who did his best in honest, even fight, to destroy that fragment of the army of the Confederacy to which he found himself opposed—I rejoice that no such hatred attaches to the name of Lee. Reckless of life to attain the legitimate ends of war, he sought to mitigate its horrors. Opposed to him at Gettysburg, I here, forty years later, do him justice. No more creditable order ever issued from a commanding general than that formulated and signed by Robert E. Lee as, at the close of June, 1863, he advanced on a war of invasion. 'No greater disgrace,' he then declared, 'can befall the army and through it our whole people, than the perpetration of barbarous outrages upon the innocent and defenseless. Such proceedings not only disgrace the perpetrators and are connected with them, but are subversive of the discipline and efficiency of the army, and destructive of the ends of our movement. It must be remembered that we make war only on armed men.' Lee did not, like Tilly and Melac, exhort his followers to kill and burn, and burn and kill and again kill and burn. He did not proclaim that he wanted no prisoners. He did not enjoin it upon his soldiers as a duty to cause the people of Pennsylvania to remember they had been there. I thank heaven he did not. He at last, though a Confederate in arms, was still an American, and not a Tilly nor a Melac.

"And here, as a soldier of the Army of the Potomac, let me bear my testimony to such of the Army of Northern Virginia as may now be

present. While war at best is bad, yet its necessary and unavoidable badness was not in that campaign enhanced. In scope and spirit Lee's order was observed, and I doubt if a hostile force ever advanced in an enemy's country, or fell back from it in retreat, leaving behind it less cause of hate and bitterness than did the Army of Northern Virginia in that memorable campaign which culminated at Gettysburg. Because he was a soldier, Lee did not feel it incumbent upon him to proclaim himself a brute, or to exhort his followers to brutality.

"I have paid my tribute. One word more and I have done. Some six months ago, in a certain academic address at Chicago, I called to mind the fact that a statue of Oliver Cromwell now stood in the yard of Parliament house in London, close to that historic hall of Westminster, from the roof of which his severed head had once looked down. Calling to mind the strange changes of feeling evinced by the memory of that grinning skull in the presence of that image of bronze—remembering that Cromwell, once traitor and regicide, stood now conspicuous among England's worthiest and most honored—I asked, 'why should it not also in time be so with Lee? Why should not his effigy, erect on his charger and wearing the insignia of his Confederate rank, gaze from his pedestal across the Potomac at the Virginia shore, and his once dearly loved home at Arlington?' He, too, is one of the precious possessions of what is an essential factor in the nation that now is, and is to be.

"My suggestion was met with an answer to which I would now make reply. It was objected that such a memorial was to be provided from the national treasury, and that Lee, educated at West Point, holding for years the commission of the United States, had borne arms against the nation. The best I will not here repeat. The thing was pronounced impossible.

"Now let me here explain myself. I never supposed that Robert E. Lee's statue in Washington would be provided for by an appropriation from the national treasury. I did not wish it; I do not think it fitting. Indeed, I do not rate high statues erected by act of congress, and paid for by public money. They have small significance. Least of all would I suggest such a one in the case of Lee. Nor was it so with Cromwell. His effigy is a private gift, placed where it is by act of parliament. So, when the time is ripe, should it be with Lee, and the time will come. When it does come, the effigy, assigned to its place merely by act of congress, should bear some such inscription as this:

"ROBERT EDWARD LEE.  
Erected by Contribution,  
Of those who  
Wearing the Blue or Wearing the Gray, Recognize Brilliant Military Achievements and Lofty Character, Honor Greatness and Humanity in War, and Devotion and Dignity in Defeat."

CHILD EATEN BY BEARS.  
A Gruesome Story that Comes from Virginia.

Richmond, Va., Jan. 29.—Private advices from Bedford, this State, say that a few days ago three black bears attacked the children of a mountaineer named Parker, living on the road from Mone to Arcadia, on the James river, and killed and ate his 2 year old baby. Mr. Parker's three children were playing in the edge of the woods only a few hundred yards from the house when the bears made their appearance.

The animals were very bold, and the two elder children ran to the house, but forgot the baby. The father and mother rushed to save the little one, but the bears had torn the head from the body of the child and were devouring it.

During the winter black bears have been very troublesome in the mountains and have preyed on hogs and cattle to such an extent that owners have been forced to keep their stock housed.

## MR. ROOSEVELT'S "NEGRO" POLICY.

IS IT NOBLE HUMAN SYMPATHY OR PLAIN POLITICS.

A Striking Editorial Utterance Published in the New York Evening Journal January 26th.—A Few Scathing Questions For the President to Answer and Which Lead to the Conclusion that Roosevelt the Politician Has Absorbed Roosevelt the Statesman.

[New York Evening Journal.]

Mr. Roosevelt, president of the United States, has declared himself the negro's friend. That is a very noble declaration. The negro has a hard place to fill in this world. His education began many thousands of years later than that of the race with which he competes. He is in a very weak minority—not only in numbers, but in equipment. He suffers the disadvantage of having filled a place of confessed and helpless inferiority. His present so-called equality is the result of commercial war and territorial rivalry—not of human justice fully developed.

Therefore he who sincerely and disinterestedly befriends the negro is a real man, unselfish and humane. Mr. Roosevelt acts—when he does act—aggressively and noisily. He has declared himself the negro's friend and protector. He declares that negroes must and shall have their share of offices (in the South, where the objection to negro equality is strongest). The president's attitude is noisy and aggressive as usual.

He appointed as postmistress in the South a certain colored lady. She was in every way respectable, and worthy. But the people objected and made their objection apparent. The lady—with a tact which Mr. Roosevelt perhaps does not quite understand—refused to oppose her interests to the wishes of an entire community and abandoned her post. Thereupon the president abolished the postoffice absolutely. He said to the objecting whites, "You decide to accept my appointee."

That community act already has no postoffice and the business and social life of the place suffers in consequence. That seems a little like Russia, and a little unlike America—but that is not the point.

In another Southern community, of large business interest, the president has appointed a negro as collector, a place most important to all the mercantile interests. He has put a colored man in a place which compels all the white merchants to meet that colored man on terms of absolute equality. That seems a very fine and democratic thing—superficially. But let us look at the matter from various sides.

We must be guided in practical life by practical conditions. We must pay attention to what actually exists.

Mr. Roosevelt says in substance: "The law declares the negro the equal of any other man. I insist that he shall be every man's equal. I refuse to recognize any distinction of race or color."

If that were true, it would be fantastic, but interesting and honorable—however impractical. But is it true?

Suppose that a female member of Mr. Roosevelt's family became engaged to marry a negro. Would Mr. Roosevelt remember his views in regard to absolute equality? Would he apply to a case near to himself the fine generalities which he applies to white men in the South?

No, he would not. Every man knows that, right or wrong, there does exist a race prejudice in this country.

Everybody knows that Mr. Roosevelt would not for one second hesitate to admit that his objection to the match was based upon race prejudice. You might remind him of human rights. You might praise the negro fiance, you might even prove that negro to

be the moral equal of Abraham Lincoln and infinitely superior, mentally, to Mr. Roosevelt. Yet Mr. Roosevelt would say: "I forbid the match because he is a black man."

Does any friend of Mr. Roosevelt's doubt this statement? If the statement cannot be denied—and it cannot—will it be said that Mr. Roosevelt is sincere in his attitude toward the negro question in the South, in his refusal to recognize race prejudice?

Perhaps you will say: "If there does exist a prejudice against the negro, all honor to him who begins the task of wiping it out." But Mr. Roosevelt's attitude does not promise to wipe out race prejudice. It promises—if it promises anything—to wipe out a certain number of negroes. Mr. Roosevelt is deliberately accentuating prejudice against the negroes in the South. And he knows it. And the intelligent negroes know it.

There is not the slightest doubt that the first white man who landed here—a mere handful—were going to rule here, despite any efforts of the Indians. The negroes can get decent treatment only by the development of good feeling. If there shall occur now, in the South, a series of outbreaks against negro arrogance—Mr. Roosevelt will be responsible.

It seems appropriate for those who understand the feelings of the South to ask Mr. Roosevelt a few questions.

Are you aware, Mr. Roosevelt, that the Republican votes from the South in the Republican presidential convention of 1904 will be negro votes?

If you are aware of that fact, did it have any connection with your Spartan attitude on negro equality?

Have you been a conspicuous friend of the negro in the North, whence no negro delegates are sent to the convention?

In California, there exists against the Chinese, a prejudice most violent on the part of the whites. Have you appointed any Chinese as postmasters or collectors of ports in California? There are many Chinese American citizens in California, good voters, and very intelligent, law abiding citizens. Which of them have you selected for public office. Their rights under the constitution are the same as any negro. A Chinese born here could be president.

All the Republican delegates from California are white, and all of them are prejudiced against the Chinese race. Has that fact any relationship to the other fact that you have skipped the Chinese in your splendid program of human equality?

Are you aware of the fact that in the South you can get negro delegates, able to nominate you in 1904, and of the other fact that you can't get white votes? Do those two facts influence you when you compel white merchants of the South to accept your views on the race question that you do not understand?

You invite a colored man and his wife to dine with you at the White House. Did you ever invite a colored man and his wife to dine with you and your family in your Madison avenue house in New York city?

You did not!

Then, do you think the general public will believe that your sudden inviting of negroes to the White House is anything but a fishing for the votes of negro delegates? Do you really expect anybody to doubt that you are deliberately offending the Democrats of the South, in the hope of winning the votes of negro delegates?

How does it happen that as to temporary and accidental inhabitant of the nation's White House you leave behind the social customs that governed your own New York house?

We believe that the white men of the South, dealing with a grave problem, and dealing with it most earnestly and honorably, are entitled to put the above questions to Mr. Roosevelt.

And we are sure that those who will most deeply deplore the president's negro delegate-fishing excursion are the intelligent negroes.

What these men want is fair treatment before the laws. They want a chance to acquire the education that

brings genuine equality. They want to live peacefully with their more numerous and necessarily more powerful white friends. They do not want a scheming politician to stir up race hatred in the hope of securing national delegates.

TILLMAN'S MAGAZINE PISTOL  
A Description of It by a Man Who Has Seen It.

Since the Tillman-Gonzales tragedy in Columbia there has been much curiosity concerning the weapon used by Tillman, which was referred to in the papers at the time of the killing as a "magazine pistol." Gen. R. R. Hemphill, in a letter from Columbia to the Abbeville Medium, describes it as follows:

Last Friday afternoon I went around to the office of J. Frost Walker, clerk of court, to see the pistol used by Lieutenant Governor Tillman when he shot Editor Gonzales. It is known as a magazine pistol and made in Germany. The balls are put in the stock or handle of the weapon. The barrel is nine inches long, and is of blue steel color. The stock is rather flat and gives a better hand hold than if it was round. It will shoot ten times and it is said will kill a man 2,200 yards distance if it hits him. The Colt pistol is also in the hands of the clerk of court. It is a short one and is fully loaded.

Stock for the South.

J. W. Crow in Southern Farm Magazine of Baltimore for February.

We believe the time has fully come, in view of the above and other conditions, when the wonderful possibilities of the South as a stock country should be prominently exploited, all conditions being exceptionally favorable, and considering, as already observed, that the vast free range territory of the West, which for half a century past (though notably the past twenty-five years) has been sending hundreds of thousands of grass fed cattle to the markets of the world at prices very much below those realized for the corn-fed stock of the East and Middle West, has been practically wiped of existence, our nation having thereby lost one of its most prolific sources of supply. The great body of these pasture lands can never again under any circumstance figure as a prominent factor in the cattle industry of the country. The cattle barons, who have been the sole beneficiaries of free ranges, are being forced by the United States government to vacate these vast tracts of public lands they have so long used without leave or license, and must now retire from the business or seek new fields where they can own their own range. The South alone can meet this exigency.

The President As a Father.

Soon after the Roosevelts took up their residence at the White House a fawning society woman asked one of the younger boys if he didn't dislike the "common boys" whom he met at the public schools. The little fellow looked at her in wonderment and then said:

"My papa says that there are only tall boys and short boys and bad boys and good boys and that's all the kinds of boys there are."

Summed up, President Roosevelt's theory with reference to the management of children is that parents should neither be too strict nor too indulgent. Said he in discussing the matter:

"In the first case the children grow up sullen, and in the second they often become an offense to themselves and a curse to others. Moreover, all children should have as good a time as they possibly can."—H. I. Cleveland in February National.

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