

The Newberry Herald and News.

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NEWBERRY, S. C., FRIDAY, JULY 31, 1903.

TWICE A WEEK, \$1.50 A YEAR

"HORSE-SHOE ROBERTSON."

Interesting Sketch of the Old Hero Made Famous in Story.

The Pendleton chapter, U. D. C., invited Prof. W. S. Morrison, of Clemson College, to deliver an address on Memorial Day, May 9th, upon the history of "Old Pendleton," and in complying with the invitation gave an instructive address upon the early history of Pendleton district, which originally included the present counties of Greenville, Pickens, Oconee and Anderson. Among the interesting sketches of this section, Prof. Morrison alluded to the well-known historical novel, "Horse-Shoe Robertson," written by J. P. Kennedy, Esq., of Maryland, the hero of which was a native of Pendleton district and lived on Chauga river for nearly a third of a century. His home is still standing. Prof. Morrison read the following extract from an old newspaper, the Flag of the Union, published at Tuscaloosa, Ala., and dated January 17, 1838:

Who has not read Kennedy's delightful novel of this name, and who has read it would not give an hour's ride to see the venerable hero of the tale of the "Tory Ascendancy," the immortal Horse-Shoe himself, the exterminator of "Curry" and "Hugh Habershaw?" The venerable patriot bears the familiar sobriquet, and whose name Mr. Kennedy has made as familiar in the mouths of American youth as household words, was visiting us, in company with several other gentlemen, one day last week. We found the old gentleman on his plantation, about twelve miles from this city, as comfortably situated with respect to this world's goods as any one could desire to have him. It was gratifying to us to see him in his old age, after having served through the whole war of Independence, thus seated under his own vine and fig tree, with his children around him and with the partner of his early toils and trials still continued to him, enjoying in peace and safety the rich rewards of that arduous struggle, in the most gloomy and desponding hour of which he was found as ready, as earnest, as zealous, for the cause of liberty, as when victory perched upon her standard, and the star of the "Tory Ascendancy" was for awhile dimmed by defeat, and in which he continued with unshaken faith and constancy until it sank below the horizon, never again to rise.

The old gentleman gave us a partial history of his Revolutionary adventures, containing many interesting facts respecting the domination of the Tory party in the south during the times of the Revolution, which Mr. Kennedy has not recorded in his book. But it will chiefly interest our readers, or that portion of them at least to whom the history of the old hero's achievements as recorded by Mr. Kennedy is familiar, to be assured that the principal incidents therein portrayed are strictly true.

That his escape from Charleston after the capture of that city, his being entrusted with a letter to Butler, the scene at Wat Adair's, the capture of Butler at Goddard's Ford, his subsequent escape and recapture, the death of John Ramsay and the detection of the party by reason of the salute fired over his grave, his capturing the four men under the command of the younger St. German, his attack upon Inez's camp, and the death of Hugh Habershaw by his own hand, and finally the death of Jim Curry, are all narrated pretty much as they occurred, is certain. In the old veteran's language, "There is a heap of truth in it, though the writer has mightily furnished it up." That the names of Butler, Mildred, Linsay, Mary Musgrove, John Ramsay, Hugh Habershaw, Jim Curry, and in fact almost every other used in the book, with the exception of his own, are real and not fictitious. His own name, he informed us, is James; and that he did not go by the familiar appellation by which he is now so widely known until after the war, when he acquired it from the form of his plantation in the

Horseshoe Bend of the Chauga creek, which was bestowed upon him by the legislature of South Carolina in consequence of the services he had rendered during the war. This estate, we understood him to say, he still owned.

He was born, he says, in 1750, and entered the army in his seventeenth year. Before the close of the war, says he, he commanded a troop of horses, so that his military title is that of Capt. Horseshoe. Although in infirm health, he bears evident marks of having been a man of great personal strength and activity. He is now afflicted with a troublesome cough, which, in the natural course of events, must in a few years, wear out his aged frame. Yet, notwithstanding his eye still sparkles with the fire of youth, as he recounts the stirring and thrilling incidents of the war, and that sly, quiet humor, so well described by Kennedy, may still be seen playing around his mouth as one calls to his recollections any of the pranks he was wont to play upon any of "Tory vagrants" as he very properly styles them. The old gentleman received us with warm cordiality and hospitality, and after partaking of the bounties of his board and spending a night under his hospitable roof, we took leave of him, sincerely wishing him many years of the peaceful enjoyment of that liberty which he fought so long and so bravely to achieve. It will not be uninteresting, we hope, to remark that the old hero still considers himself a soldier, though the nature of his warfare is changed. He is now as zealous a promoter of the Redeemer's cause as he once was in securing the independence of his country.

Since the above was in type we have heard of the death of the aged partner of this venerable patriot. An obituary notice will be found in another column.

Truly in friendship,
Signed: Thomas P. Clinton.

Within a few weeks after the visit thus described the old soldier met "the last enemy that shall be overcome." His grave is near the Black Warrior river, a few miles from Tuscaloosa, Ala., and the inscription on the marble marking his last resting place is:

"Major James Robertson, a native of South Carolina, died April 26, 1838, aged 79 years, and was buried here.

"Well known as Horseshoe Robertson he earned a just fame in the war for independence in which he was eminent in courage, patriotism and suffering. He lived fifty-six years with his worthy partner, useful and respected, and died in hopes of a blissful immortality. His children erect this monument as a tribute justly due a gone father, husband, neighbor, patriot and soldier. Name derived from a bend in a creek in South Carolina."

Notice to Kissers.

Passengers kissing good bye are requested to do most of their kissing at home and make their osculations brief at stations.

No railroad ticket good for more than one kiss when trains are leaving.

Take one kiss at a time.

Don't kiss on platforms.

Don't kiss the wrong fellow.

The company will not be responsible for blow-ups and hot-boxes by hasty kisses.

It might do some good.

Gala Week, Anderson, S. C., August 4-7 1903, Cheap Rates via Southern Railway.

On account of the above occasion, the Southern Railway will sell round trip tickets to Anderson at rate of one first class fare plus 25c. for the round trip. Minimum rate 50c.

Tickets to be on sale August 4th, 5th, 6th and 7th, with final limit August 8th, 1903.

For rates, Schedules, etc., apply to Local Agent, or to

R. W. HUNT,
Division Passenger Agent,
Charleston, S. C.

THE LAST OF THE ROMANS.

A Character Sketch of a Striking Figure. Gen. Cassius M. Clay, of Kentucky.

New York Sun.

Cassius Marcellus Clay, the stormiest and most salient personality in a State where the development of individuality is carried to the extreme, had lived for years in a state of private war. His sentimental complications, his part in the old drama of January and May, his castled seclusion and the terror he inspired are familiar enough to generation. The well meaning wish of his relatives to have him regarded incompetent or insane was excusable; but if he was mad at any time, he was mad most of his life. He was a law to himself; eccentric or extraordinary always; but with a noble courage, an absolute trust in his own strong hand; with heroic qualities, touched with whim and fantasy, and a will that never weakened. In his arbitrariness, his violence, his self-assertion, the fierceness of his wrath, he was medieval.

Sprung of a patrician Virginian stock that followed Daniel Boone to the dark and bloody ground, he belonged to the Southern land-holding, slave-holding class. He had in excess its virtues and some of its faults. At Yale he took it into his head to be conveyed to anti-slavery opinions by a speech which he heard William Lloyd Garrison make.

According to his later recollections, he then resolved to "give slavery a death struggle." Possibly his delight in battle was expressed by the prospect of preaching abolitionism among the planters. Whatever convictions he held he was ready to die for, and to make his opponents die for, if they attacked him. The Eastern abolitionists had a comparatively easy time of it while living and have been glorified ad nauseam and out of all proportion for dangers they did not undergo and results which they had precious little hand in bringing about. A mob or two; and Garrison becomes a hero and a god. "Cash" Clay goes down among his Southern brethren, fights with carnal weapons, takes his life in his hand and perfectly ready to take the lives of others; and there is no halo for his grand old unrepentant head. No odor of sanctity breathes from him. He was a goat and not a sheep. To the sleek, drab Eastern exhorters this terrible, unregenerate, fire-breathing, slashing and shooting aristocrat was unintelligible. Imagine Richard of the Lion Heart at a meeting of the New England branch of the Anti-Imperialist League! Think of Caesar Borgias at a sewing circle!

Let us confess humbly that Clay is to us a much more attractive and impressive figure; a man and a devil of a man, and he looked his part always. His prime was the prime of the bowie knife and the revolver. He was no friend of arbitration. He believed in the custom of the country, and everybody who meddled with him was likely to have his hands full. Some lovely combats are described in his autobiography. Take his mild combat with one Sprigg, when he was a member of the Kentucky Legislature. It was expected that Sprigg would challenge him on account of certain warm words. Now Sprigg, when the Bourbon was in, had told Clay the Sprigg method. It was Sprigg's habit, when a fight could not be avoided, to come up to his man "in a mild and conciliatory manner." Then, without declaration of war, he would swat that man mightily and keep on swatting him until he was licked. Oblivious of these fatal confidences, Sprigg, all mildness and conciliation, steps up to Clay, who knocks him down without a word, and keeps knocking him down every time he gets up, until Sprigg is dragged away.

This was mere boy's play; nor need we mention Gen. Clay's duels according to the forms. His fight at Russell's Cave in 1840 with Samuel M. Brown, a gigantic bully, is a specimen of real strenuousness. Brown, on the slavery side of the argument, called Clay a damned liar and hit

him with his umbrella. Clay knew his man and at once pulled out his bowie knife. Here is his account of the controversy that followed:

"Before I could strike I was seized from behind and borne by force about fifteen feet from Brown, who, being now armed with a Colt's revolver, cried: 'Clear the way and let me kill the damned rascal.' The way was speedily cleared, and I stood isolated from the crowd. Now, as Brown had his pistol bearing on me, I had either to run or advance. So, turning my left side toward him, with my left arm covering it, so as to protect it to that extent, I advanced rapidly on him, knife in hand. Seeing I was coming, he knew very well that nothing but a sudden and fatal shot could save him. So he held his fire, and taking deliberate aim just as I was within arm's reach he fired at my heart. I came down upon his head with a tremendous blow, which would have split open an ordinary skull, but Brown's was as thick as that of an African. The blow laid his skull open about three inches to the brain, indenting it, but not breaking the texture; but it so stunned him that he was no more able to fire, and feebly attempted to seize me. His fellow conspirators now grasped me and held both arms above my elbows, which only allowed me to strike with the forearm as Brown advanced upon me. I was also struck with hickory sticks and clubs. But finding I was likely to get loose, they threw Brown over the stone fence, which only two feet high on our side, was seven or eight on the lower side. So Brown had a terrible fall, which ended the contest. Raising my bloody knife, I said: 'I repeat that the statement made by the speaker before Brown's assault has been proven a falsehood, and I stand ready to defend the truth.' But, neither the speaker of the day nor any of the conspirators taking up my challenge, some of my friends, recovering from their lethargy, took me by the arm to the dwelling house, and, on opening my vest and shirt bosom, found only a red spot over my heart, but no wound. On examination it was found that the ball as I pulled up the scabbard of my bowie knife, in drawing the blade, had entered the leather near the point, which was lined with silver, and was there lodged."

Brown's skull was cut to the brain in several places, one ear was slit nearly off, one eye gouged out and he had other wounds. It is a pleasure to remember that when Gen. Clay was tried for mayhem, Henry Clay defending him, Brown was the chief witness for the defence and testified that there was a conspiracy between himself and four others to bring on the affray.

Some sixty years ago Gen. Clay was editing an abolitionist paper, the True American, at Lexington. That was about as dangerous work as a man could find. Clay fortified himself accordingly:

"I selected for my office a brick building and lined the outside doors with sheet iron to prevent them being burned. I purchased two brass 4 pounder cannon at Cincinnati and placed them, loaded with shot and nails, on a table breast high. I had folding doors, secured with a chain, which could open upon the mob and give play to my cannon. I furnished my office with Mexican lances and a limited number of guns. There were six or eight persons who stood ready to defend me. If defeated, they were to escape by a trapdoor in the roof; and I had placed a keg of powder, with a match, which I could set off and blow up the office and all my invaders; and this I should most certainly have done in case of the last extremity."

Indomitable, uncompromising, intractable all his days. He missed the laurel; but he lived his life, fierce, of late years solitary, and without a parallel. An essentially despotic character, who fought for freedom.

Who is He?

Who is it that makes Fewer-gallons; wears-longer paint?

SOUTH CAROLINA STATE FAIR.

What the Agricultural and Mechanical Society of South Carolina is Doing—An Official Statement.

The premium list for the next State Fair has been issued. It offers many attractive and valuable prizes. Send to the secretary at Chester for a copy.

The State Agricultural and Mechanical Society, of South Carolina, is the only organization of its kind in this State; therefore, let us all determine now to make the next State Fair a success in every department.

The new officers of the State Fair promise to give every attention to exhibitors, especially to new exhibitors, and they want to be kept busy with a large number during the next fair, October 27-30.

The management is working hard to make the thirty fifth annual State Fair a record breaker in the way of exhibits, but it must have the support of all citizens or the fair will not be what it should. Give your aid now and keep giving it until the fair is over, October 27-30.

One fact should make many new exhibitors for the next State Fair—the Society pays the freight on all exhibits grown or produced in this State, thus enabling exhibits to be sent and returned from the fair without cost to the exhibitor.

The social feature of the State Fair is an important item in considering the advantages of being an exhibitor. You meet the best and most progressive farmers and stock breeders in the State and make many friends who are valuable to you. Prepare a good exhibit to go to the next State Fair, October 27-30.

The State Fair affords a fine opportunity to sell and to buy; the variety is from a peck of peas to a pair of peacocks. Help swell the variety by making an exhibit at the next fair, October 27-30.

The new exhibitors at the next State Fair will not be a stranger in a strange land. The officers will make him feel at home and will give him all the aid and information he will need. Be there October 27-30.

The State Fair offers you a week of pleasure, a week of profit, a week of business and a week of leisure all combined. Exhibit there October 27-30.

The State Fair belongs to the whole State; every county should assert its ownership and send enough exhibits to capture its share of prizes. Form an exhibitors' club and make a big exhibit at the next State Fair, October 27-30.

To those who at the last State Fair said, "Why, I've got better than that at home," the management says, "Prove it—become an exhibitor." Be there October 27-30.

PEACE IN THE FAR EAST.

Alleged Concessions by Russia to the United States, Japan and Great Britain.

London, July 29.—The Daily Chronicle this morning, on the authority of a "usually well-informed correspondent," hears that peace will certainly be preserved in the far East throughout the coming winter. The correspondent says that Russia has made important concessions to the United States and Japan, while Great Britain, which has conducted her negotiations on more sober lines, has also obtained her desires.

The Chronicle adds that an important Russian declaration will be issued shortly.

ANGLO-CHINESE TREATY SAFE.

Pekin, July 28.—Ratifications of the Anglo-Chinese commercial treaty have been exchanged.

This treaty was signed by Sir James L. Mackay and the Chinese commissioner at Shanghai last September. It provides for the abolition of skin barriers, while native custom houses, enumerated in the government records, are retained. By the terms of the treaty a list of the custom houses, concerning which number there is a great divergence of opinion, must be furnished to Great Britain.

REPLACING PACOLET MILLS.

A Big Worcester Firm of Contractors Busy Repairing Mill No. 3 at an Expense of \$100,000.

News and Courier.

Pacolet, Spartanburg County, July 27.—Messrs. Geo. H. Cutting & Co., of Worcester, Mass., who have the contract of repairing Mill No. 3, of the Pacolet Manufacturing company's plant, are pushing the work forward as rapidly as possible. It will be remembered that this mill was the least damaged by the unprecedented flood of June 6, and the company decided to make the necessary repairs on the mill and again put it into operation before they did anything towards replacing Mills Nos. 1 and 2, which were completely swept away. At No. 3, which is the newest of the mills here, the engine and boiler rooms were destroyed and the upper end of the mammoth five story building washed out. It is estimated that the cost of repairing this mill will reach \$100,000. This does not include the cost of replacing the machinery.

The basement and first floors of the mill were flooded with sand and floating debris and the destruction to the machinery was awful. When workmen entered the basement a few days after the storm they found the sand banked up to a height of ten feet. All the machinery was literally covered up with sand. A large force of hands has been employed in getting the machinery out of the sand and polishing it up. In this manner much of it has been saved and can be used again.

President Victor Montgomery hopes to have this mill in full operation by the first of October, and it is probable that the mill will be run day and night in order to give employment to the many operatives who promised to return to Pacolet as soon as they could be given work.

Nothing definite is known in regards to the replacing of Mills Nos. 1 and 2. The capital stock of the company was recently increased from one million to two million and it is understood that most of the new stock has already been sold. Judging from this it can safely be predicted that it will not be a great while before a new and larger mill will take the place of those washed away.

THE MANCHURIAN NEGOTIATIONS.

Progress Satisfactory and Nothing Remains But to Settle the Date for Opening the Ports.

Washington, July 27.—While there has been a lull in the Manchurian negotiations during the past week, it is stated that up to this point satisfactory progress has been made and there is every reason to believe that before the 1st of September next a treaty will be ready for signature which will define the trade opportunity of the United States in Manchuria. An authorized statement on the situation is as follows:

"The question of the opening of new localities to trade in Manchuria has been in substance satisfactorily arranged with the Chinese government and nothing remains to be settled but the question of the date when said localities shall be opened. This naturally will be subsequent to the exchange of ratifications of the treaty in which the opening is agreed upon."

Consul General Long Dead.

London, July 28.—John G. Long, United States consul general at Cairo, Egypt, died this morning at Dunbar, Scotland, where he had been visiting friends. His death was the result of an accidental fall. Mr. Long, whose home was in St. Augustine, Fla., was appointed consul general at Cairo in October, 1900. He was 57 years old. Mr. Long had spent the evening with Major Gen. Sir Francis Wingate, Sirdar of the Egyptian army, who is home on furlough, and it was on his return to his hotel that the consul general met with the fatal fall.

UNOPENED FOR THIRTY YEARS.

A Package Left at Charlotte with Family which Holds Honor Higher than Curiosity.

Atlanta Journal.

Charlotte, N. C., July 25.—One family in this county certainly holds honor higher than curiosity, and has not the least desire to open a sealed package that has been in its possession for over thirty years.

In 1860 a man who gave his name as Madison M. Tyler, and said he was from Brooklyn, N. Y., came to the home of Mr. and Mrs. Hugh McAuley, who live near Huntersville, and leased a vacant store room that was on the premises.

There was an air of mystery about the man. He never, or rarely ever, spoke of his past life, and he conducted all his correspondence through the postoffice at Harrisburg, which was some distance away. He managed his store successfully and seemed to be making money.

In the second year of his life at Huntersville Tyler borrowed \$300 from Mrs. McAuley. Six months later she saw him making some preparations that indicated his departure. Before she had time to get uneasy about the discharge of the debt Tyler walked into the house and paid her the money with interest. Then he gave her the sealed package, asking her to keep it for him. He said the parcel was valuable and that he would certainly return for it. This happened in 1871.

Tyler left, and has never been heard from since his departure. Some years ago Mrs. McAuley died, but before she died she gave the package to her sister, Miss Martha Black, and asked her to keep it until Tyler returned for it or sent for it.

The parcel is now in the possession of Miss Black. She still holds it for the owner. Not even the paper that covers the box has been touched harshly by curious hands. The package is eighteen inches long three inches thick and quite heavy; that much Miss Black and her relatives know, and no more.

The future of the mysterious parcel? Why, the reputation of the McAuleys and Blacks were established long ago. Unless the owner comes or sends that box will be held intact through the centuries.

ONE MILLION SPINDLES IDLE.

Fifteen Corporations Quit Business—Twelve Thousand Operatives Out of Work.

Fall River, Mass., July 27.—Commencing today and continuing for one week there will be about one million spindles idle in this city, and it is said during the month of August business will be dull. About fifteen corporations are included in this week's cessation of business, and the claim is made that the idleness is due to the high price of cotton. In all, about 12,000 operatives are out of work for the week and 80,000 pieces of print cloth are to be removed from the output. Local business is somewhat affected by the conditions.

Week End Rates.

The Southern Railway announces the following Week End Rates, beginning Saturday, June 6th, continuing to August 23th, for all Saturday trains, good returning until Tuesday following date of sale; round trip tickets will be on sale from Newberry to Charleston, Sullivan's Island, and Isle of Palms, at rate of \$5.16.

Beginning June 6th, continuing to September 12th, for all Saturday and Sunday morning trains, good returning leaving destination not later than Tuesday following date of sale, round trip tickets will be on sale from Newberry as follows:

Spartanburg\$2 10
Greenville 2 10
Whitestone 2 10
Union 1 85
Taylors (for Chick Springs) 2 31
Asheville, N. C. 3 85
Hot Springs, N. C. 4 60
Arden, N. C. 3 85
Fletchers, N. C. 3 85
Hendersonville, N. C. 3 85
Flat Rock, N. C. 3 85
Saluda, N. C. 3 85
Tryon, N. C. 3 85
Brevard, N. C. 4 60
Lake Toxaway, N. C. 5 30

For tickets and further information, apply to S. H. McLEAN, Agt.