

EARLY IRON MAKING.

Mr. and Mrs. William Clark, Typical New Englanders.

[By Major Wm. Hoy.]

MR. EDITOR:—In my sketches of former useful citizens of Spartanburg county, the name of William Clark should not be forgotten. He came to Spartanburg about 1826 and settled on the Tygers at a place called Nesbitt's Iron Works. He purchased the works and adjoining land and paid for it, which was the largest land purchase that had ever taken place in Spartanburg county. I don't know the exact number of acres, but the eastern part of it joined what is now E. Wright's estate, and ran west to near Abner's Creek Church, more than five miles, and north and south from Capt. A. Dean's to the incorporation of Reidville, a distance of five miles. The purchase included at least four thousand acres. The land was very valuable for timber and farming purposes and the water power, the best in the county. It includes two shoals on the river and one on a large creek that enters the river between the shoals. By building three concrete dams and saving the night and Sunday flow of water, five mills of the size and capacity of Pelham could be run. This water power is now the property of Mr. C. P. Berry. Mr. Clark, when he came South, brought with him the reputation of being one of the best business men in New England. I have heard Mr. Lathrop, who came South with him, say that the money he purchased these lands with was the result of a successful contract he made in building a dam in the city of Boston. I never heard Mr. Lathrop describe this dam or tell what it was built for.

My acquaintance, Mr. Editor, commenced when I was in the middle of my teens, and continued until his death, nearly a quarter of a century later. But I can't tell the place of his nativity. One might infer from his predilection for the iron business that he came from Connecticut. Munroe, who learned the axe trade with the Collinses, came with him, and the Collins secret of tempering tools was divulged by him. He promptly, at that early day, put up an axe, drawing-knife, plane-bit, chisel and hammer shop for Mr. Clark at his iron works. Mr. Clark married the widow lady that he boarded with in Boston. I will speak of her further on. It is needless, Mr. Editor, to say that Mr. Clark and Mrs. Clark, with their magnificent personal appearance and faultless dress, joined to Mr. Clark's business habits, created a sensation on the Tygers. If a tedious character called on Mr. Clark on business and one or two monosyllables, yes or no, failed to satisfy the caller, he would politely tell him he would see him again, and perhaps attend to twenty other callers in half that many minutes.

Mr. Clark, notwithstanding his extraordinary business methods, made mistakes that drew largely on his finances. One mistake was that when he came South he located too suddenly. Carson's ore lands, four miles from Abbeville Court House, were said to be the best in the world and inexhaustible, and the existence of the Birmingham mines was known at that early day. Mr. Carson, of Abbeville, the owner of the mine, got me to carry a specimen of his ore to Mr. Clark for examination. Mr. Frey, his expert, called it the best in the world. Excuse me, Mr. Editor, for adding a little of the neighborhood gossip. The Carson mines cropped out along Cane river in the shape of a shoal, and that shoal itself contained two million wagon loads of the ore, and the clouds, they said, hovered around there in forty-five feet, but mostly failed to discharge. I met with a gentleman on the cars the day Lee surrendered. He said he organized a company with two hundred thousand dollars to locate at Carson's mines, but I have heard nothing from him since.

Mr. Clark opened a store at his works, his friend Mr. Lathrop acting as salesman and keeping a hotel. He quickly found out that ore was too scarce in the vicinity of his works and commenced hauling it with wagons from what is now Gaffney's, giving employment to all the Tyger wagons. Hauling the ore that distance he quickly found to be an uphill business. He never failed on Tyger, but he looked out for other resources. He went to the Limestone section of the county, bought what was then called the Cowpens furnace from his old friend Nesbitt and a body of land adjoining that was said to be larger than his Tyger purchase. He quickly removed to it. He was unlucky in getting an agent to manage his Tyger property. He employed a Mr. White who was said to be a graduate of the first college in the United States. The business under his management came to a sudden close but still Mr. Clark did not fail. He sold out his Tyger property as best he could making good titles to all his lands and putting all his means and energy to

improving his property in the Cowpens and Limestone section. About this time Mr. Clark inaugurated a business that brought employment to more men and brought more money into the county than any twenty men had ever done before. I will just remark Mr. Editor at this point that if Mr. Clark when in possession of all his fine Tyger property had built a fine church and presented it to some religious denomination, he would, for at least twenty years, had the honor of being the first citizen of the old Iron District. Mr. Clark's business reputation quickly enabled him to organize the South Carolina manufacturing company at Hurricane Shoals, on Picolet, near Clifton, building a rolling mill, rail factory, casting all sorts of machinery, causing a regular flow of money through the country until the war.

On the advent of the cotton mills four years after, Mr. Clark came to Spartanburg and was in the Nullification excitement. He voted the Union ticket, but said nothing about it. I never heard him mention politics in my life. He was appointed one of the thirty delegates to the reunion convention in Columbia in the year 1833. He was not in the meeting that appointed the delegates and may never have known that he was appointed. If he had accepted the nomination he would have been the neatest dressed man in Columbia that year. Excuse slight deviation. Mr. Editor, from the subject I am writing about.

S. N. Ewins and Josiah Kilgore, from Greenville, attended that convention, wearing clothing made on their own plantation. They were both wealthy men. About 1835 there was a large company organized at Cherokee on broad river to manufacture iron and nails and Mr. Clark was invited to superintend it with the promise of a large salary. Here Mr. Clark made an important mistake. He was allowed to hold on to his place as superintendent of the South Carolina manufacturing company. That made the business too large for one man's supervision and both interests suffered. Mr. Clark's health failing, both concerns failed after it got into the hands of sub-agents. The Cherokee company failed first. Mr. Clark to help the Cherokee company out of a difficulty used funds belonging to the South Carolina company, which gave dissatisfaction to the stockholders of that company. There was nothing morally wrong in what Mr. Clark did. There were millionaire stockholders in the Cherokee Company and their private property was liable. Col. Hampton, father of Senator Hampton, promptly sent money to pay off all liabilities when he found out the situation. He was the largest stockholder in the Cherokee company. Mr. Clark had a taste for science. He aided Dr. Cooper of the South Carolina College in his researches at the furnaces during the vacation of the colleges.

Mrs. Clark, the beautiful widow he married in Boston, was undoubtedly at the head of American housekeeping and cooking, having mastered the French or scientific mode of cooking. Her dinners at the meetings of the South Carolina manufacturing company I never saw equalled. The father of Mr. John Edge of Nazareth, once lived with Mr. Clark. I have recently heard Mr. Edge say that he heard his father say that the best meal he ever ate was prepared from green gourds. Her garden duplicated Dr. Barrett's of Abbeville. Mrs. Clark was blamed by some of her female contemporaries for wearing a wig and deceiving Mr. Clark with regard to her age. Of course I know nothing about that. A more useful class of female contemporaries blamed her for not bringing Mr. Clark into the church, as Mrs. Lathrop did in a much harder case in her husband, Lathrop. Your readers will recollect that I was caught out in a eye-one with him. He cursed the elements so I left his vicinity. His wife prevailed on him to quit his profanity and visit the session of his wife's church. He satisfied them of his determination to do better, he stood up before the church acknowledged his backslidings and promised to reform. I never knew Mr. Clark to use a drop of liquor. He may have used tobacco, but I never observed it. I never saw him smoke or heard him use an oath or a vulgar expression. He was the soul of honor, and had no use for those who were not. Mr. Clark's health failed as early as 1839 and 1840. He was the victim of what doctors called acute rheumatism. I spent a night with him in 1841. He was bedridden, but his mind was perfectly clear. He had another visitor with him that night, Mr. Bailey, of Greenville county, a native of Ireland, a successful manager of iron works, farm log and everything he undertook, 80 years of age and sound of mind. I never spent a more pleasant night. My acquaintance then with Mr. Clark ran to the middle of my teens, but I had never heard him enter into social conversation before, and it lasted most of the night. Any one to get Mr. Clark's respect had to be honest, industrious,

truthful and sober. That night he made special inquiry about a family on the Tygers that was known to be honest, industrious, truthful and sober and had been for generations, barely taking their own part. It had happened that about a quarter of a century after the time spoken of, one of the family had married out of the usual line in a family that it was generally said got the best of a trade. A son of the marriage accomplished some successful financial trickery that I related to the old man. He was good-looking, and he went off from home and married into a respectable family. It happened that there was a very wealthy old man and his wife in his father-in-law's neighborhood that were large negro owners. They sent out a proposal that they would swap ham meat for middling meat to feed the negroes on. They liked middling meat better than ham. This financier was quickly on hand, hailing from the direction of his father-in-law's, telling the old people that he would accept their proposition to trade middling meat for hams; that his wife wished a trade of that kind, and the terms of exchange were agreed upon. He went on to state that some of his sacks had been left at his father-in-law's through some mistake and if agreeable he would take some of the hams along then. This was agreed to and his sack was well filled. He owed one of his neighbors \$12.50 and was asked for it. He replied that one of his neighbors owed him exactly that amount, but he was unable to change his fifty-dollar bill. He was promptly furnished with \$37.50, and he left for parts unknown, leaving his wife, and has never been heard of. Mr. Clark said that nothing as shrewd as that ever happened in Yankeedom. Old Mr. Bailey had never met with anything in Ireland to equal it in shrewdness. Mr. Bailey died not long after this time, his estate being worth fifty thousand dollars. Mr. Clark gradually grew worse until 1847, when he died. His wife had preceded him, and they rest in their beautiful garden at the old furnace. One might infer that when Mr. Clark made a success in business in Boston in his youth and failed in Spartanburg in mature age, that there were as sharp people in Spartanburg as in Boston.

A Rampant Kick at Nothing.

A copy of the Cowpens Centennial, 1781-1881, having been recently sent me by the courteous chairman of the Centennial committee, the Hon. Wm. A. C. ... I have refreshed my memory with the graphic and stirring account of the famous battle of so much importance to American history.

In the oration at the unveiling of the Morgan statue at Spartanburg by Gen. Wade Hampton, I find the following utterance: "They—the patriots of the Revolution, who took part in that battle—had to meet in this fearful conflict not only the British, but their allies, the worthless Tory and the savage Indian."

I bear the name of a family thus stigmatized by the gallant Confederate, and I beg to say to him that the leaders of the Tory Cunninghams were his peers. They were Englishmen of station, wealth and influence and had nothing to gain by their allegiance to the mother country, and in their name and my own I resent the expressed insult.

Upon some occasion the silver-tongued Preston, of our State, made a similar sweeping assertion against the Tories—long years ago, before my existence—and my grandfather, the late Capt. Robert Cunningham, of the war of 1812, and of Rosemont plantation, Laurens District, resigned his eldership of the Presbyterian church and challenged the man whom he considered had slandered his father.

The cartel was accepted, and at the appointed time the two men, with their seconds, met near Augusta, Ga., to settle the question. But the duel was happily averted.

Mr. Preston made the amende honorable, denying that he included the Cunninghams in his allegations, and they parted as friends upon the field of honor.

In the address of Senator Francis, of New Jersey, also, on the day of the ceremonies of the unveiling, he says: "Men in themselves are nothing. What are we? Gen. Hampton, all of us? We are but clay."

My Tory ancestors, too, were clay, but they were of the stuff of which Hampton and other heroes are made. FLORIDE CUNNINGHAM, Asheville, N. C. Aug. 20, 1897.

The navy department has some trouble. It is not smooth sailing all the time. The Indiana needed docking. They were afraid to try the Port Royal dock and there was none superior to that in the United States. They sent it up to Halifax and while in the dock it was considerably injured by carelessness or faulty construction.

Getting the Children Set Up in Life.

"Yes, I've raised up a large family, but none of the children is left with me," replied the old man in answer to my question. "Last year I made up my mind they'd never amount to anything unless they made a start for themselves, and so I bought Bill a shotgun and says:

"Bill, this yere roost ain't fur yo' no mo'."

"And Bill took that gun and went over to Orange Valley and shot a revenue officer and got into State prison for life and is all settled down. When he had gone I bought a bike for Sally and took it home and says:

"Sally, this yere roost ain't fur yo' no mo'. Git on that bike and go out into the world and ketch a man."

"And she didn't lose two minutes hoppin' into the saddle and whizzin' up the road, and in two weeks she was married to a feller who saved her from gittin' run over by a six-mew team. The day after I called up Joe and says to him:

"Joe, yer mouth ar' too big an' yer knees ar' shakelty, but mebbe thar's sunthin' in ye arter all. I'll gin ye that ol' blind ox to make a start with, and don't yo' come back to this roost no mo'."

"Joe took the ox and went, and shuck my hide if he didn't lead him down to the railroad and git him killed by a train and rake in \$40 damages! Yes, sah, and he bought a mawl with the monev, and is gittin' rich by carrying the mawls."

"Jim was next. I calls him up and looks him over and sez:

"Jim, yo'r too pizen lazy to eat good bacon, but I'm goin' to send yo' out to hustle. All I kin spar' yo' is a dollar in cash. Don't come back to this roost 'till yo've made yer fortune."

"Jim took the dollar and went, and durn my buttons if he didn't hire out to a dime museum as the champion tobacco chewer of the world, and he's now drawin' a salary of \$25 a week and board! Thar was one left, and that was Sue, and I calls her up and sez:

"Sue, it's time fur yo' growed-up chillen to be a-gitten'. I'll buy yo' a new pair o' shoes and a sunbonnet and yo' must light out."

"Sue started right off the next day, and got married, and up to this time she's eloped three times, sot the house afire twice, and pizeed her husband once. Looks like she'd do the best of the hull lot."—Chicago News.

OLD PEOPLE.

Old people who require medicine to regulate the bowels and kidneys will find the true remedy in electric Bitters. This medicine does not stimulate and contains no whiskey nor other intoxicant, but acts as a tonic and alterative. It acts mildly on the stomach and bowels, adding strength and giving tone to the organs, thereby aiding nature in the performance of the functions. Electric Bitters is an excellent appetizer and aids digestion. Old people find it just exactly what they need. Price fifty cents and \$1.00 per bottle at Ligon's Drugstore. 5

Dr. Whitsitt in Hot Water.

LOUISVILLE, Ky., Sept. 10.—There is little doubt now that the attempt to force the resignation of Dr. Whitsitt, president of the Southern Baptist Theological Seminary in this city and the boycotting of that institution will result in a division of the Southern church into two organizations. The developments in the controversy, which has raged for some time, and during the last three weeks has assumed a more sinister aspect, render such a result almost inevitable.

The Baptist associations have been holding their sessions in different parts of this State, and the strongest resolutions condemning Dr. Whitsitt, demanding his resignation, and withdrawing all support from the institution unless he leaves it, have been passed in all of them. In nearly every case such resolutions have been adopted almost unanimously, but in the Long Run Association, which has just concluded its sessions, which were attended by several thousand persons each day, the Whitsitt minority was stronger, and the proceedings were characterized by a degree of turbulence and raucous unexampled in the history of the church. Delegates stood on benches and roared themselves hoarse, using language which might have been expected only in a red hot political convention. The resolutions were passed, however by a decided majority. In a speech made the next day, the Rev. Francis W. Taylor characterized the methods of their adoption as "disgraceful" and said he had "sat with bowed head, ashamed that his brethren and professed followers of Christ should lend themselves to such an exhibition of temper."

The city schools of Augusta opened with about 3600 pupils enrolled.

The Chicora College, of Greenville, a Presbyterian school, opened last week with 53 pupils, of which 18 are boarders. It is considered a fine beginning, and President Preston will have to secure more room to accommodate other pupils. The College for Women, A. S. Townes president, also opened. Twenty-five pupils were enrolled the first day, and many others are expected to enter in a few days.

This Will Interest You.

The Atlanta Weekly Journal is now running a missing word contest.

For fifty cents they send the Weekly Journal one year and allow the person sending the subscription one guess at the missing word. The sentence selected is:

"He who has ceased to enjoy his friend's—has ceased to love him." The missing word is the one necessary to fill out the above sentence and make perfect sense. It is not a catch word, but is a plain every day English word.

To the person first guessing the right word the amount of subscriptions received during the three months that this contest lasts, and 5 per cent additional will be evenly divided between all other persons who may guess the missing word.

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