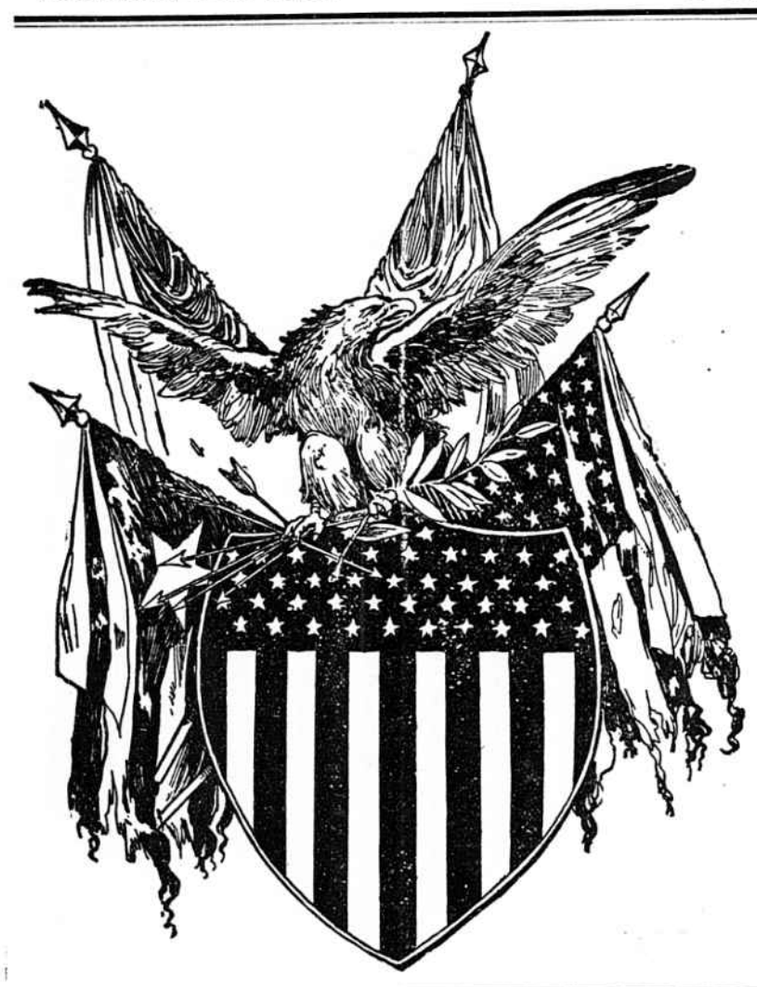
YORKVILLE ENQUIRER.

ISSUED SEMI-WEEKLY.

L. M. GRIST & SONS, Publishers. | A Family Newspaper: For the Promotion of the Political, Social, Agricultural and Commercial Interests of the South. | TERMS---$2.00 A YEAR IN ADVANCE. SINGLE COPY, FIVE CENTS.

ESTABLISHED 1855. YORKVILLE, S. C., WEDNESDAY, JULY 6, 1898. NUMBER 54.



THE STORY OF LIBERTY

Senator McLaurin Told It Over at Gaffney.

Beautiful Lesson Beautifully Presented.

Here In America Citizens First Became Sovereigns and Here the Boon Must Be Forever Guarded—The War With Spain Restores the Brotherhood of the North and South.

We have assembled for the purpose of celebrating the 122d anniversary of the natal day of our republic. We renew today allegiance to the principles for which our forefathers suffered, in order that we might enjoy a measure of liberty and prosperity never before allotted to the people of any nation.

There was another summer day, nearly 2,000 years ago—it may have been the Fourth of July; we at least do not know it was not, while we do know that it was in the time of summer—when the son of an humble carpenter, a lowly Nazarene, despised by the wealthy and aristocratic, but beloved by the common people, descended into the water, and the voice of God spoke from the clouds, saying: "This is my beloved son, in whom I am well pleased." The Son of God had come to teach the world that "all men were created equal," and the only commandment he gave was "to love one another"—a universal brotherhood of the subjects of God. This was the first that the world had ever heard of the true science of political economy.

Ambition, avarice and lust bade men put aside the unwelcome truth, and instead of the doctrine of equality there was taught the divine right of kings to rule and the strong to oppress the weak. One hundred and twenty-two years ago there was not a foot of ground upon the earth where the voice of liberty could be heard. A group of men, nearly all of them farmers, met in Independence Hall, and startled the world with the declaration, first made by the "Prince of Peace," that "all men are created equal." Liberty awoke from the sleep of centuries, her fetters were unbound, and the old bell rang out the glad tidings of the birth of a new nation that was to bring about the freedom of the world. Its tones reverberated along the peaks of the Alleghanies down to the shore of the Southern sea, where the waves joined in the chorus and the winds whispered them across northern plains until they were echoed back from the granite rocks of New Hampshire. The words of that declaration of independence have never ceased to reverberate throughout the world. Republics have been established in Europe, Asia, Africa and the islands of the seas. No civilized nation exists where the people have not been accorded priceless liberties they did not possess when that band of patriots laid the foundation of our Republic upon the cornerstone of divine government.

"All men are created equal" and the governments derive their first power from the consent of the governed. The Bible tells us that we are all equal in the sight of God, and that no man will enter the kingdom of heaven who does not desire to become a subject of God. It would seem that a divine mind, in a single thought, expressed the scheme of government by which God rules the world, and by which it is intended men should rule themselves.

What is revolution? What mysterious influences work in the minds and souls of men, until the divine yearning of a whole people finds expression in the words of Patrick Henry, "Give me liberty or give me death?"

Who can understand it? We can read of the battles and recount the exploits of the many revolutions that have occurred in the history of mankind. We can look back and see the wise heads of Franklin, Jefferson Madison, Hamilton and Pinckney around the council board. Amid the smoke of battle we can see great figures that tower above their fellows. The calm brow and the chiselled lips of Washington, the ringing voices of Marion and Sumter, the flashing eyes of the fiery Morgan, as he turned at Cowpens, like an angry tiger, brought to bay.

But, after all, these are but surface indications. The soul of the revolution lies deeper. Some one has said that far back in the dim night of time, some slave raised his weary head, and looking at the blue dome of the clear sky, caught sudden inspiration from God's free sunlight, free air, and the glad song of God's free birds, that he also of right was free. That vision of liberty which flashed in upon the soul of that unknown bondsman has been an undying revelation for all climes and every succeeding age. With it came liberty, and with liberty came democracy, lighted in a never dying flame by God's eternal truth. It has its foundation not in reason. The birds of the air and the beasts of the forest will often, without apparent cause, cross rivers, mountains and plains until they find the region best suited to their nature and development. So does mankind, in obedience to some subtle instinct, yearn after and seek that liberty which means democracy embodied in a theory of government. When oppression and wrong have dammed the tide back until the pressure breaks down all opposition, the waters rush forth and sweep everything in their paths. This history calls revolution. We can chronicle the great events, but we seem forever to fail in catching the divine inspiration which, some day, in obedience to a higher power, will free each individual from the tyranny of his fellowman.

Well for the nation which seizes the true spirit of revolution. It comes to a nation once in awhile, and then it escapes us like a ghost, that with noiseless feet and fingers on lips, passes on into the realm of mist and silence. Standing here today, we should catch new inspiration and fresh vigor from the story of Revolutionary days.

It is eminently proper that once a year we should meet and recount, not only the deeds of valor and heroic suffering by which our forefathers gained liberty; but that we should recall the principles for which they fought, in order that we may not be lulled to sleep by fancied security, and awake to find that our limbs have seen fettered and our freedom lost. Better that our wrists and ankles be bound with chains and irons, and our souls and hearts be free, than that our wrists and ankles be free and our hearts and souls be bound in chains of gold. Better that we be feeble than that we use our strength to oppress our weaker brothers; better to be poor than that we use our wealth to degrade humanity; better to be ignorant than use our learning to the disadvantage of our fellows.

In our government there should be be no masses, no classes. Each voter is supposed to be a sovereign, and he owes it to himself and to his country that he rule wisely and well. "Eternal vigilance is the price of liberty," and in this connection no wiser words could be had than the prophetic language of the Father of our country in his farewell address.

There is no spot within the fair domain of Columbia's land, where the lessons of the early days of our republic can better be learned than where we are gathered today. Every school boy knows the story of the seven years during which we strove for independence. We all know the glories of Bunker Hill, Bennington and Ticonderoga. We know how the fires of patriotism burned brightly, and how our inspired leader—George Washington—was worshipped by the people. We have all read of the manifi-

cent fight the sons of South Carolina made at Fort Moultrie. Then we remember the sad days following the defeat of Washington at Brandywine and at Germantown; the terrible winter at Valley Forge; how the Continental congress refused supplies, and the deeds of Washington were forgotten; how we blamed him for our distress. The people of a hundred years ago were very human. We remember the Wyoming massacre; we remember that Savannah and Augusta were captured; how Charleston surrendered; and the defeat at Camden ended all organized resistance to British rule in the Carolinas, as it had been ended in Georgia. We remember how, with a discredited currency, a soldier's wages for a month would not more than buy him a dinner in a good hotel. We remember through the pages of history how our patriots starved and froze when icy winter fettered the northern streams and how they laid out under the southern pines and prayed that their cabin homes might be spared, and how, amid those prayers, the light from the mountain sides showed that their supplications had not been heard, and that even then their cabins were on fire, while the shrieks of women and children told of worse fates for loved ones than mortal tongue can describe.

The British troops, flushed with victory, their officers resplendent in gold lace, well fed and warmly clothed, were treated to the best in the land by Tories who should have helped their patriotic brethren. General Gates, the idol of the people in the north, was removed, and General Greene given command of the less than 2,000 half clad, half starved soldiers of the Continental army. But:

"Freedom's battle once begun,
Bequeathed by bleeding sire to son,
Tho' battle oft, is ever won."

To the south were Cornwallis and Tarleton, wined, dined and feted. Tarleton, the adonis of the British army,

"In speech, in gait,
In diet, in affections of delight,
In military rules humors of blood,
He was the mark and glass, copy and book
That fashioned others."

This was the condition of affairs at King's Mountain in October, when our people showed the stuff of which they were made. Three months later—January 18th, 1781—the old teamster, General Morgan, defeated the British forces at the battle of Cowpens.

Then followed the masterly retreat through North Carolina, the splendid achievements of Marion, Sumter, Lee and Pickens in South Carolina, and the surrender at Yorktown.

Every historian must trace the turn in the tide which brought victory to our banners at King's Mountain and the Cowpens. I can only describe that conflict in general terms. Morgan, who led the American troops to victory, was a man of the people, uncouth when compared to the pampered Tarleton. But as Burns has said:

"What though on homely fare we dine,
Wear hodden gray and a' that?
Gie fools their silk and knaves their wine,
A man's a man for a' that."

Morgan was 6 feet in height, of large frame and extraordinary strength. His sunburnt face was disfigured by a scar on the left cheek, and a historian of the times says "His eyes expressed the calm resoluteness of the tiger in repose." Morgan was born in New Jersey, but moved to the valley of the Shenandoah in 1755. In early life, from what I can gather, he seemed to have been very much of a public nuisance. He was forever engaged in some brawl and gambled and drank to excess. His strong animal nature craved excitement, and found its stimulus in rattling the dice upon a tavern table or bullying the young men of a country town.

The revolution opened for him a great field and satisfied this restless craving. We hear no more of vicious habits; but he lived a life of almost Spartan simplicity. He became quiet and taciturn at the Cowpens. He told his men to remember "that Old Morgan had never been beaten." A few words that are said to have had an extraordinary effect on his hearers.

With vastly inferior numbers and without anything like the equipment of the British army, General Morgan was not dismayed, but determined upon giving the enemy battle. A writer in Harper's Magazine gives the essence of his address, which is not given in the histories, which merely state that General Morgan addressed the troops. He said, "Remember, ball and powder kill much prouder men than George's. Rely upon your rifles and take careful aim. They were trained in many battles—we in workshops, fields and forges; but we have our homes to fight for and we do not fear to die."

The battle was fought in a beautiful valley at the foot of Thicketty mountain, a field such as Byron described when he wrote:

"The death shot hissing from afar,
The shock, the shout, the groan of war
Reverberate along the vale,
More suited to the shepards tale;
Though few the numbers, theirs the strife,
That neither spares nor speaks for life."

Tarleton, with a confidence born of many victories, never dreamed that he could be conquered; but the Continental army fought desperately, because they kney their all depended upon the result of the battle. As the red coats charged upon the determined patriots, not a man flinched; and while orators may use more rounded sentences, none can better describe the scene than General Morgan himself in his plain, blunt report, which I will read:

[Here Senator McLaurin read General Morgan's official report describing the battle. It was dated "At Camp, on Cain's Creek, January 19, 1781."]

Such is Morgan's report. Tarleton and his "wild devils," had met a wilder devil than the best of them. The backwoodsmen of the Carolinas had produced a leader and a soldiery more than a match for the best in the old world.

Although our success was complete, it will be seen that we fought only 800 men against more than 1,000 regular British troops. I hope, at sometime, to see a bill pass congress providing that this field be kept sacred, and that at Cowpens there shall be a national park, where our citizens can read upon indellible tablets the record of the deeds done upon that memorable day. Every American should be proud of the battle of the Cowpens, thankful for the liberty that was given them there, and until patriotism dies in our hearts, the spot will be sacred to the memory of those who immortalized it. The battles of Cowpens and King's Mountain were pivotal points in the series of events which gave birth to the American republic.

The people of Spartanburg, York, Chester, Edgefield and Fairfield, with those of Lincoln and Mecklenburg counties, North Carolina, were the first and firmest in resisting British authority in the south. The hills and valleys around us are eloquent with the story of heroic deeds. Well may the descendants of those who followed Morgan, Butler, Williams, Pickens, Sumter and Marion, seek to perpetuate the memory of Revolutionary days. Those were brave, hardy, mighty souls. Once we forget the simple, wise men, who shaped the early destiny of this republic, we will blot out the guiding stars which have kept the ship of state on her true course through calm and tempest. We should gather and carefully treasure all local traditions before it is too late. Senator Bate, of Tennessee, told me an anecdote of Colonel Tom Sumter that I have never seen in print.

Senator Bates' mother was named Patience Dowell and she was a grand niece of Sumter, and, by the way, this gallant Tennessean is said to very much resemble Sumter himself. Sumter was a great big giant of a fellow with a voice like a fog horn. It is said his "holler" could be heard for miles.

On one occasion, when he was off on a foray, the Tories came and stripped his plantation of everything on it, and, worst of all, captured his good wife "Molly" and carried her off. When "Old Tom," returned his rage knew no bounds. Hastily gathering together such forces as he could, he put off on the trail of the Tories. He overtook them on the third day and hung about until night. Then he deployed his forces around the Tory camp and told them to await his orders to fire. He was afraid of Molly being shot in the meelee. So when he got everything ready, he let forth a yell that fairly made the earth tremble. "Lay down Molly, lay down Molly," and Molly recognizing those stentorian tones, fell flat on the earth. Then came the command "fire" and "charge." The Tories were as badly frightened at Sumter's yell's as at the firing, and fled in dismay. Molly was recaptured without a scratch and caried home in triumph.

The published records are singularly incomplete about Sumter. Senator Mitchell, of Wisconsin, told me something that may be of interest. He says that Dr. Draper, of Wisconsin, collected a great deal of material preparatory to writing a life of Sumter, and died before he could carry out his intention. This material is now in the archives of the state of Wisconsin, and it seems that our state might have it examined, and, if advisable, published in some enduring form.

In this section, the hated memory of "Bloody Bill Cunningham" still lingers. In command of a band of Tories, not far from here, he captured a fort, and after promising protection, put every man, woman and child to the sword. He committed the same atrocity at Hay's station, in Laurens county. Cunningham had a fitting compatriot in "Bloody Bates," who, with his Indian allies, received the surrender of Gowan's fort, and then murdered every one except one woman, a Mrs. Thomas, who was scalped and left for dead; but who for nearly 50 years afterwards lived, I think, near where the city of Greenville now stands. "Bloody Bates" met a tragic end. After the war he was put in jail under a charge of horse stealing.

At the time of the massacre at Gowan's fort, there was a family named Motley. The mother, father, and every member of the family were killed except one boy, who was not in the fort at the time. This boy was now a young man, and learning that "Bloody Bates" was in jail, he left the field where he was at work, went straight to the jail, and putting a pistol to the head of the jailor, forced his admission and shot Bates dead.

There is a similar incident related of General William Butler at Ninety-Six. His mother and father had been murdered by the Tories, one of whom was named Loveless. Horse stealing seemed to have been one of the many accomplishments of these Tory marauders, for Loveless was on trial for the same offense as Bates. There was no evidence against him, and the judge directed the jury to bring in a verdict of acquittal, which was done. Before, however, Loveless could get out of the dock, Butler and a file of men walked in, and taking Loveless, in the very presence of the court, carried him out in front of the courthouse and hung him in the presence of a large crowd who had assembled there. The judge was named Burke, and being but recently arrived from Ireland, was greatly horrified. He adjourned court at once, and went post-haste to his home in Charleston, and when some one asked him why he did not prevent such an outrage, he replied, "Why, they would have hung the court, too."

There were great leaders in this section, and while the heroic deeds of Morgan, Pickens, Williams, Bratton, McClure and others are carefully treasured, we should not forget the unknown and unnamed dead. On the battlefield of Cowpens, as on any other that dots the bosom of this fair land, are humble and forgotten graves, where rest ashes as worthy of distinction as those to whom we have reared mighty columns of granite and marble. It was not simply Washington, Morgan, Greene and Marion; it was the heroism, wisdom and fortitude of the men who followed them, which made the Revolution successful.

We are now in another great war. On the streets, on the train, and elsewhere, I see men in uniform. The other day I was in the depot leaving New York. I saw near the gate a young woman, plainly dressed, with a six months old baby in her arms and holding a little boy of three by the hand. She was crying bitterly, and an old mother and father tried to comfort her. After awhile a company of soldiers marched in to take the train. She bit her lips, choked back the tears and tried to put on a smiling face. A young lieutenant caught her in his arms, and though I couldn't hear the words, I knew he was telling her that he had to go, that duty compelled him not to desert his company. On another seat I saw a mother, with her arms about her boy who was going out as a private. Ah! my friends, these men have not waited to be made a colonel or a brigadier. They are not inspired by the hope of glory. There is no laurel to crown the brow of the humble private who stood on that hill near Santiago and defied death in the darkness of the night. These privates go forth as portions of a great machine to act their parts in suffering, in silence and in death. I bow to them in reverence, for no warrior ever won renown except as the leader of heroic privates.

Every man that went into Manila with Dewey is just as much a hero, whether congress passes a resolution of thanks, votes him a $10,000 sword or not. Not only is this one of the most appropriate places at which to review the events of the birth of our republic; but there has never been an anniversary of the Fourth of July so fraught with lessons to the American people. For many years the cry of the oppressed has been heard from the neighboring island of Cuba. Engrossed with business and wrapped up in the pursuit of the "Almighty Dollar," we contented ourselves with the old, old answer, "Am I my brother's keeper?" We had a duty to perform and did it not. Then came the culminating atrocity. The Maine was destroyed and 266 of our sailors hurled into eternity. A thrill of horror went throughout the land. Our ears were no longer closed to the cry of the starving Cubans, and we demanded that their oppressors leave this hemisphere. From every state, and almost every hamlet in this broad land, came demands that we rescue the oppressed and avenge the death of citizens. The congress of the United States passed, almost unanimously, a declaration of war; the president of the United States issued a call for 125,000 volunteers, and over 400,000 responded. The spirit of '76 had not died in the hearts of Americans. The heroism of Concord, of Cowpens and of Moultrie had been handed down from father to son, and from son to grandson. Brothers had, for a time, become estranged; but when first the call to arms sounded, they forgot all that had threatened to separate them. A Lee and a Grant, a Logan and a Butler stood shoulder to shoulder under the one flag of a common country. This country could not continue to exist with a solid north and a solid south as it did in the latter years of the 50's. The conflict ended at Appomattox. We thought it then a defeat, and defeat seemed cruel and bitter; but when the country called once more for the service of her sons, we found that in defeat lay our greatest victory, and our country was united as it had not been in half a century. We are re-united as we never could have been without a national conflict. We have not forgotten the gallant struggle upon southern fields; we are proud of the men who wore the gray; but out of that conflict has come a better understanding than we could have had without it.

We are proud of George Dewey, "the Green Mountain boy," and his matchless victory in Manila; we are proud of the gallant ensign Bagley, of North Carolina, who ran the Winslow where duty called into a harbor where it was practically certain she could not escape. We are proud of the heroism of Richmond Pearson Hobson, whose great grandfather was one of the North Carolinians distinguished during Revolutionary days. The south offered the first sacrifice of blood to the cause of a common country, and we are proud of it.

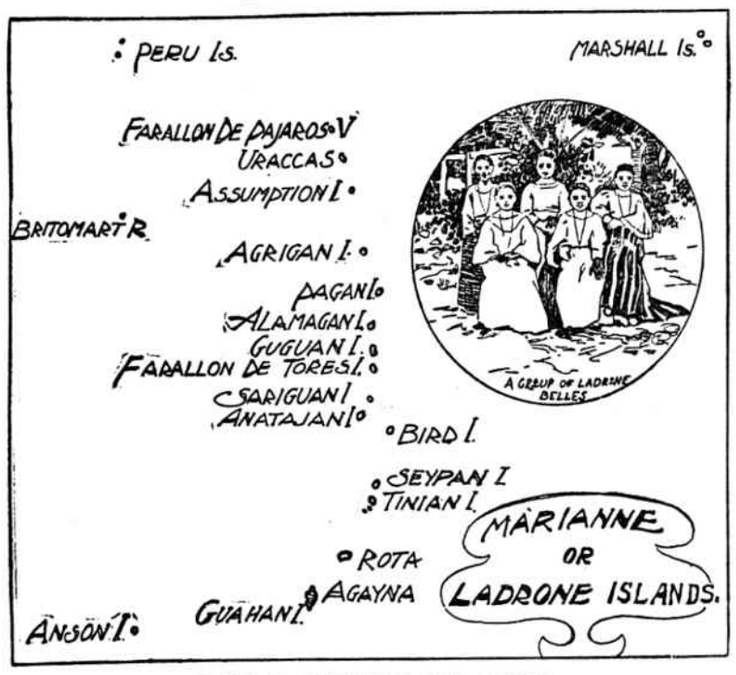
I see before me an old woman. Her hair is white with the frost of many winters; care and trouble have drawn deep lines in her face, and her hands are hardened with toil. In 1861, her husband went to the war and was brought home and laid at her feet a corpse. She lived only for her baby boy, and toiled far into the night that he might have a fair start in the race of life. When her work is done, ere she retires she takes from her bureau drawer an old gray uniform with a ragged hole in the breast of the coat, passes her hand lovingly over it, and dampens it with her tears. A few days ago, a new uniform came to the little cottage—it was blue; and when the son returns from Cuba, crowned with the laurels of victory, the blue uniform will be laid beside the gray; and the mother's pride in him who wore the blue, will soften the widow's grief for him who wore the gray.

On this birthday of our republic, we can, therefore, rejoice, not only at the liberty granted us under the declaration made July 4, 1776; but we can also thank God, that we are now a united people, and that our house is no longer divided against itself. From the rock bound coast of Maine to Pacific's Golden Gate, from Superior's crystal waters to the evergreen shores of the Mexic sea, brothers are we all, proud of the stars and stripes whether we come from the rising or setting sun, from the bleak prairies of the Dakotas or the sunny slopes of the Carolina's, content to rest beneath its folds from the dawn of the morning when the earth is wrapped in gray, into the eventide, when the skies have donned the blue.

DEWEY IS REINFORCED.

HONG KONG, July 4.—The United States dispatch boat Zafiro, which left Cavite, Manila harbor, on July 1, has arrived here. She reports that the American troops in the transports City of Sidney, City of Peking and Australia, convoyed by the Charleston, arrived at Cavite on June 30, having taken the Ladrone Islands on the way and having left men there.

The Spanish governor and other officials captured were brought to Cavite. The United States troops commenced to disembark at Cavite on July 1.



THE LADRONE ISLANDS.

The Ladrone, or Marianne, islands comprise a group of about 20 islands belonging to Spain in the north Pacific ocean. They lie north of the Caroline islands, between 13 and 21 degrees north latitude, have an area of 416 square miles and a population of probably 12,000. When Spain took possession of the islands, toward the end of the seventeenth century, the natives numbered 40,000, but they rapidly disappeared under Spanish rule. But few of the natives are descended from the old aboriginal stock. The islands are very fertile, and the climate, though excessively hot, is not unhealthy. Breadfruit, banana, cocoanut, sugar, rice, corn, tobacco, cotton and indigo are all successfully grown. The islands have not been as productive under Spanish rule as they would become under more favorable conditions.