

Newberry Herald and News.

VOL. XXII.

PRINTED FOR THE PROPRIETORS BY J. M. LOWRY, NEWBERRY, S. C.

NEWBERRY, S. C., WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 15, 1886.

A. C. JONES, Publishers and Proprietors.

NO. 37

ADJUTANT GENERALSHIP.

CAPTAIN FARLEY AND HIS STATE EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE.

The Captain Assumes the Ground That the Committee in Ignoring His Claims, Thwarted the Will of the State Convention—He Holds the Charleston Defeat Primarily Responsible for His Defeat.

EDITOR REGISTER: Although the action of the State Executive Committee in refusing to recognize my claims to the position of Adjutant and Inspector General furnished me with good grounds for personal complaint, still I would probably remain silent, but that I feel, and know that so many others feel, that a great wrong has been done the Democracy of the State, to my friends and supporters, both in and out of the Convention, and more particularly to the Counties of Laurens and Spartanburg, whose delegates voluntarily put me forward as a candidate for that position. This is a sufficient excuse for coming before the public, to show how, and by whom, the work was done, and to advise such steps and precautions as will make such things impossible in the future.

It is well known to my friends here, and in Laurens, that I had declined to become a candidate for that position, before the Convention met, on the grounds that I did not wish to run against General Manigault, and moreover did not think that he could be defeated, being the strongest man in the State, in my opinion, for the position. It is also well known to the delegates from this and Laurens Counties that I had requested them not to allow my name to come before the Convention, unless a change was to be made and not then, unless there was an evident feeling in my behalf among the members of the Convention, which I did not at first attend. After the arrival of our delegates in Columbia, I was telegraphed for, and on my arrival was told that, after consultation with others, they desired to put me before the Convention for the position of Adjutant and Inspector General, and wished me, after consultation with my personal friends, to decide whether I would run. The Convention being in session, it was with great difficulty that I saw my friends, and it was not until the day of the race that I reluctantly consented. Every one knows the result, and that on the second ballot, after the withdrawal of so worthy a man as Col. McKissick, in a race against so pure and noble and popular a man as General Manigault, then the incumbent, I received 156 votes against his 162 votes, it being a known and acknowledged fact that six of the votes I received on the first ballot were induced to go to General Manigault on the second by a promise on the part of Georgetown to assist them in a succeeding nomination. These things I mention only to show how close the vote was, and how doubtful even the result was, as showing whether General Manigault or I was the choice of the Convention. To show what my real feelings were at the time, it is only necessary to say that when called upon that evening at the Grand Central by Captain, now Adjutant and Inspector General, Bonham and others for a speech, that, after congratulating them upon the State ticket in general, I remarked, "If there is any man in the State who should be congratulated and complimented, I am the man," and that "if I had been allowed to select a man in the State who of all others would reflect the most honor and credit upon me as a competitor I would have named General Manigault."

The death of General Manigault threw the selection of his successor on the Executive Committee, and, taking into consideration the large spontaneous vote I received in the Convention, and the additional important fact that this vote represented a very large majority—probably two thirds—of the white or actual Democratic vote in the State; and, further, considering that the Executive Committee is a small body of men, with merely delegated powers, who were expected to look back to the Convention which elected them, and to the for an expression of their will was thought that their work and their duty clear, and that they were looked for with myself, my friends—say by the public at large—of right and justice, and many of the most of the State have they thought and similar given by a Taking I had del member of them that and and better

endorsement, that I or any one else could bring, than the vote I received in the Convention."

As I have advocated, and had advocated, long before either of our State Colleges were reorganized, that they should be consolidated, and that the Citadel should be reorganized in Columbia under the Agricultural and Mechanical Land Grant Act, (which required military training and discipline,) I feared that some parties might endeavor to use that against me, as the Adjutant and Inspector General is *ex officio* a member of the Board of Visitors of the Citadel Academy. With a view to prevent this I added a "confidential" postscript to my letter to Captain Dawson telling him that although I had my own peculiar views as to the system of education which should prevail in the State, and had given proper expression to them—still that I had never opposed the Citadel, *per se*, or its system of education, and that, moreover, as Adjutant and Inspector General I would be under no necessity to agitate the question, though I had not changed my views.

The Executive Committee (or fifteen members of it) met in Columbia on the 25th August, and after completing their regular organization proceeded to the nomination of a successor to General Manigault. Quite a number of gentlemen were placed before the Committee as candidates, for whom I have the greatest respect, and any one of whom it would have given me pleasure to support under ordinary circumstances, or if they had appeared before the Convention to test their strength before the people.

It soon became evident to my friends on the committee that not only was the endorsement of the Convention to be ignored, but that the sole object of the members from Charleston (or more particularly F. W. Dawson and Wm. H. Brawley) was to defeat my nomination. Supporting for a time Captain C. R. Holmes, or pretending to do so, they soon showed their object by deserting him, and coquetting with the delegates supporting Major Mills, whom they eventually carried with them to join the parties supporting Captain Bonham, whom they thus succeeded in electing. The excuse they gave for their opposition was that I had opposed the Citadel Academy, and, as Major Brawley afterwards said, had voted against the appropriation for the militia which is not true.

It was thus that my defeat was accomplished and the will of the Convention—defeated, for after General Manigault's death I was virtually and rightfully the nominee of the party. Strange to say, if I am correctly informed, ten out of the fifteen present—i. e., Messrs. Hoyt, Shell, Clark, Izlar, Talbert, Hart, Allison, Lee and Dawson—had supported me in the Convention, but only the three first—with Mr. Mower, of Newberry came to my support in the committee; and I would like to know what changes had occurred in me, or in my views, after the Convention, to give them an excuse for deserting me.

F. W. Dawson and W. H. Brawley are, however, primarily responsible for my defeat, and their opposition was based, not on my opposition to the Citadel, but on my uniform opposition to, and exposure of, their bond, railroad and other stock jobbing operations, by which they have controlled, oppressed and plundered the State. For the former I confess that I once entertained, not only respect and admiration of his ability but a warm feeling of friendship, based on his services to the Confederacy, and a belief in his sincerity; but a gradual realization of his true character has forced me unwillingly to the conviction that he is, as I now describe him, an imported English dunkey, totally devoid of principle, whose American experience, as we all know—in spite of his shrewdness and ability—has evolved him into a genuine political prostitute. Such a man has no right to a vote, *ex officio* or otherwise, on our State Executive Committee, and his position on the National Executive Committee—obtained by flattering and fawning around our Hampsons, Butlers, etc.—is a standing disgrace to the State. Circumstances compel me to touch Mr. Brawley more gently, but it is sufficient to say that his eloquent voice, since the time he occupied a doubtful position as Solicitor under Radical rule—has never been heard (in any of our critical moments) in defense of the State, and only when some bond or railroad job was to be put up, by which to complete the plunder of the State, which the Radicals began. Surely, we have our Radical debt to pay, and, verily, he has his reward.

If, however, loyalty to the Citadel Academy is to be the sole test by which gentlemen of this State are to be given or refused positions in the State, even after they have been vir-

tually endorsed by a State Convention, then the sooner we abolish or remove this bone of contention to Columbia the better. It has confessedly been organized, contrary to the Constitution, is improperly located to suit the health of young men of the middle and up country, and might very properly, on the score of economy, health and convenience, be made a part of the free system of education in Columbia, giving a much needed scientific and practical turn to education in the State while at the same time complying with the Constitution and the laws under which we receive the land grant fund. In advocating its removal to Columbia, I was but following the ideas of the Board of Visitors before the war, who contemplated its removal to avoid the epidemics which prevail in Charleston, and which had forced them on several occasions to remove the cadets to Columbia.

Our greatest political difficulty, and the greatest bar to our receiving "justice" in this State, lies in the undue influence which Charleston wields by virtue of unfair and unequal representation—not only in the General Assembly, but also in our Democratic Conventions. Unfortunately she also controls several low-country counties, who, like herself, have undue representation for their negro population in our Conventions. If Charleston was under the control of the gentlemen of Charleston, and, instead of such men as Dawson and Brawley, she was controlled by and sent to us such men as she had, and still has—men who were incapable of sharp practice and political trickery—then we could afford to trust them and her with the extra power. Unfortunately, if we are to credit the statements of her own mayor and the acknowledgments of her own people, she is in a corrupt political state, and her leaders not only abuse the power they have in the State, but resort to fraud in their own Democratic primary elections.

The true remedy lies, first, in the reapportionment of the representation of our Counties in our State Democratic Conventions in proportion to the actual Democratic vote of each County; or, in lieu of this, to resort to a strictly white straight Democratic primary election for all the elective offices in the State. The second is in taking a census of the State as early as possible and giving each County its true and proper representation in the General Assembly. I know that it is threatened that the whites of Charleston and the low country will bring the negro in to the Democratic party to utilize his vote, but I know too well that this means negro equality and negro representation, which they cannot afford, and that the gentlemen of the low country would rather see the State controlled by the reliable white people of the State than by either the negroes of the low country or the corrupt politicians of Charleston.

This is the goal to which the white Democracy of the State must look; and when we reach it, as we most surely will ere long, we will have no more domination of the State by a corrupt ring in Charleston; no more control of the Legislature by the use of the negro vote therein; no more usurpation of power by the Executive Committee; and no more F. W. Dawson on our State or National Executive Committees.

I have worked for, suffered for, and have made too many sacrifices for the State and party to do otherwise than gracefully submit, but I shall bend all my energies in the future to right this wrong, and to accomplish the above ends; and, God willing, my political enemies shall find that though I have been politically (and publicly) defeated, I am not politically dead.

H. L. FARLEY.

Inflammatory Rheumatism.

For over two years I suffered intensely with muscular rheumatism. I became almost helpless, and had to be helped out of bed. At times I was unable to turn myself in bed, and had to be handled as tenderly as an infant. My chest was involved, and the pain was intolerable at times. All the old and well known remedies were exhausted, but no permanent relief was obtained. About a year ago I was induced by a friend to try Swift's Specific. The effect has been magical. My friends scarcely recognize me. My rheumatism is entirely gone, my general health is superb, and I am weighing thirty pounds more than when I commenced taking S. S. S. I am able to attend to all my ministerial work. I am devoutly grateful for my restoration to health, which I owe, under the blessing of God, to Swift's Specific.

Hampton, Ga., April 20, 1886.
Treatise on Blood and Skin Diseases mailed free.
The Swift Specific Co., Drawer 3, Atlanta, Ga., 157 W. 23d St., N. Y.

Food for the brain and nerves that will invigorate the body without intoxicating, is what we need in these days of rush and worry. Parker's Tonic restores the vital energies, soothes the nerves, and brings good health quicker than anything you can use. 98-100

FOR THE HERALD AND NEWS. Letter from a Newberry Girl.

"The sun comes forth; each mountain height
Glow with a tinge of rosy light,
And flowers that slumbered through the night,
Their dewy leaves unfold;
A flood of splendor bursts on high,
And river's breast reflects a sky
Of crimson and of gold."

Would you like a few items from the Land of the Sky, Mr. Editor? But indeed they need not be few, as this lovely French Broad valley with its innumerable attractions is an inexhaustible source of interest. But my eyes are nature-loving eyes. Yours, Mr. Editor, may be different—you being one of the so-called lords of creation—consequently, you may not enjoy a communication of this kind. I speak from observation, as invariably on mountain rambling and climbing occasions, howsoever sublime and wildly beautiful the views we meet, these distinguished (?) personages, who call themselves lords, and think nature endowed them with a station more honorable, more lofty, and in a word, vastly superior to the noblest of her varied creations, look upon the indescribable grandeur before them with the majestic complacency of Alexander Selkirk, when he declared himself monarch of all he surveyed. Apparently, Mr. Editor, they are no more impressed with the sublimity of the views, utter no expressions of admiration or enthusiasm greater than if it were a molehill, or cabbage patch, instead of a magnificent mountain panorama, and indeed they do not evince as much delight as did a *star-hoed lord* recently on viewing a field of cabbage near the celebrated Caesar's Head. The cabbage were extraordinarily fine, but if you will listen, dear Mr. Editor, I'll whisper that he admired the rosy mountain lass who was hoeing them so industriously, and not the cabbage after all. You will excuse me for being personal, but you would have admired her too, Mr. Editor, as I am somewhat aware of the disposition of you "lords." She was decidedly pretty, and as she stood there in the midst of ten thousand cabbage, with hoe in hand, bare feet, coquettish eyes and simple garb, she looked romantically sweet, even as did Maud Muller, on the summer day that she "raked the meadow sweet with hay." However, Mr. Editor, I shall assume that your admiring vision would aspire to a resting place somewhat above this lovely piece of insignificance, as you occupy the exalted position of editor. Yet, editors should manifest an interest in nearly every subject, as among their hosts of subscribers will be found persons of every variety of tastes, ideas, inclinations, etc., and they should feel duty-bound to make their paper equally interesting to all. At present, I trust these lines may not fail to elicit your slightest interest, especially as they come from a lover of the HERALD AND NEWS, and a Newberry girl besides. I must tell you that I give the HERALD AND NEWS a sweet welcome up here. It comes as an old and favorite friend, and in the language of the "Old Arm Chair," who can dare chide me for loving it? Its columns contain spic, interesting matter and after perusing it, I feel refreshed and happy, because I've had "good news from home." Your valuable paper is also enjoyed by my companions here, especially "Mattie Lee," a fair, curly-haired maiden who considers it her darling privilege to have spent last winter in Newberry, and who, I dare say is not forgotten by certain ones of your *juvenile* lords. She and I enclose best wishes for the health and pleasure of you, Mr. Editor, and our friends who may chance to see these simple, school-girlish lines, and we are happy to say that our health is excellent in this anti-malarial valley, and as to pleasure, we know nothing else. The facilities and opportunities for the enjoyment of young folks are so much greater here than in Newberry. First, to live up here does not necessitate such constant, laborious "sweating of the brow," as the yield of fruits and vegetables in this delightful valley is enormous, even lavish, and these with rich, sweet mountain milk and butter, poultry, mutton and fine French Broad fish constitute their chief means of subsistence. They live at home and they live well. The pure water, bracing breezes and exercise necessary to "navigate" over these rough, rocky regions are all exceedingly wholesome, and are astonishing aids to digestion. Therefore, the general health is rarely impaired and the age lived is above our average in Newberry. So the young folks, being robust and jovial, and not having much work to do, rarely allow a day to pass without some kind of fun. And it is more for the pleasure and entertainment of their summer visitors, than their individual gratification, they have frequent drives, un-

rambles, croquet, card and fishing parties, literary socials, boat rides and excursion picnics. The drives would be too nice for anything were it not that the roads are so narrow. Accidents will and do happen on these "narrow gorges." Fears of such create suspense and so diminish the pleasure which might be realized from very remote surroundings. These fears are ridiculed and termed cowardly; but tell me, Mr. Editor, would you not be alarmed with one wheel of your buggy suspended over the French Broad, and the other colliding with the mountain? But you are a brave lord, (?) and of course would not tremble and turn pale like a timid girl. You could perhaps, however, better sympathize with poor mariners as they approach the dreaded Scylla and Charybdis of the Mediterranean. I said *sympathize!* Can you sympathize? Has nature made her lords capable of sympathy? They say not. Shakespeare says: "There is no faith, no trust, no honesty," and if he had been a woman, would have concluded with, *no sympathy* "in men." Ah! ye lords, sigh with regret, that you cannot "weep with those who weep," and suffer with those who suffer, for truly, "suffering with" is sympathizing. You can never enjoy this sweet privilege, as mother nature has reserved it for her who is in every sense capable—gentle, affectionate woman. Yet she needs your sympathy. O, how very, very often, and it would be nothing less than *bliss* for her, could you bestow it. Excuse this deviation and I will return to our amusements.

"On the mountain, life is free,
Hearts are light and full of glee."

On another drive, we met a portable steam engine, drawn by six oxen. Fortunately, exactly at the place of our meeting, the road was slightly wider, having left the river a short distance, the mountain being still on the right. But instead of the river to contend with on the other side, there was a large, strong fence. On attempting to pass, we found the road not quite wide enough, and lo! another collision. Passage was soon accomplished, however, as instead of removing the mountain, we decided to move *only the fence*.

Mountain rambles are romantic, especially when you discover, as you often do, that, sylph-like, you are in a conglomerated mass of verdant mosses, graceful ferns, snowy bright-eyed daisies, lovely hydrangeas, fragrant and far-famed laurel and ivy; while at your feet a crystal streamlet dashes gleefully over the pebbles, threading its way busily and noisily, like a silver ribbon down the mountain side. Such surroundings afford a varied, lovely scene of beauty and would truly prove a joy forever. As you stroll onward and upward the way becomes more rugged and difficult; soon fatigue would prompt you to turn back, were you not possessed with the "Excelsior" spirit, and were you not assisted by some *lordly* arm, or its preferable substitute, a *chastant pole*. Were I a sentimental author, Mr. Editor, I would resort to romantic fastnesses like the above described, seeking inspiration by friendly intercourse with the muses. Yet, had the coveted gift been mine, these present surroundings would, I dare say, produce immediate inspiration. I sit on the mossy, vine-clad margin of the beautiful meandering French Broad, whose murmuring waters flow ever and majestically on to unite eventually with the great "father of waters"—the Mississippi. Around me, on the outskirts of the valley, tower up in awful grandeur, such mountain heights as the Balsam, Hog Back, Looking Glass, Reich, and last but not least, giant old Pisgah. Down the river, within hearing, are the so-called "Lovely Maiden Hair" falls, flowing so smoothly and gracefully over the precipice as to resemble the siren luxuriant tresses of sentimental girlhood. Up the river are the far more beautiful "Connessee" Falls, in connection with which, Mr. Editor, there is a thrilling Indian legend, if you have not already heard it. 'Tis said that years ago, a party of Indians, on a trading expedition to Charleston, S. C., captured a white youth, whom they brought back a prisoner. After many days of brutal treatment they decided to terminate his existence. But Connessee, a noble Indian girl, Pocahontas-like, moved his woe-laden shoulders by her tears and entreaties, to give the handsome prisoner his life and liberty. This was done on condition that he marry Connessee, as she had allowed his kindness and good looks to produce desperate infatuation. On his release they were wedded, and he made chief. For a while, Connessee's existence was blissful, but ere long her old disappeared forever, then came bitter grief, followed by despair. Had she known the sweet patience and resignation of "Evangelina," her fate might have been less sad. But as "it might have been" are the saddest of words, so was hers the saddest of fates. Over-

come by grief, heart-broken and despairing, she sought and gained relief in death, by throwing herself recklessly over the dreadful precipice, and falling with the beautiful innocent water, now known as "Connessee" falls, into the dark, dangerous depths below. Is not such constancy admirable, Mr. Editor? and exemplary too for the boys and girls of to-day, inasmuch as the majority of them are so fearfully inconstant, yet we would not have them suffer such lamentable results as did poor Connessee. Excuse me, kind Mr. Editor, if I exhaust your patience, but just a little more, and I'll begin to close this rambling epistle.

Last week I enjoyed an excursion to Caesar's Head. This you know is a famous peak of the Blue Ridge mountain just over the line in S. C. From here, it is twelve miles distant, in the direction of our "mountain city"—Greenville. The day we went was fine, till towards its close. The early morning, however, was foggy as usual. You know till about eight o'clock every morning this valley is wrapped in an immense cloud of mist, making it very damp and rendering the nearest objects invisible. But as the fog cleared away, (though instead of falling to our regret it rose and we knew to expect rain in the afternoon) a pair of merry tar heels, a pharmacist and a merchant, with the finest buggies and fastest horses in town were seen climbing the mandering ascent which leads directly to my uncle's beautiful gothic domicile. These tar heels taking up their femals crosses, (Mattie Lee and Annie May) were soon going on their way up the mountain, rejoicing (?). The day was beautiful, 'twas indeed a "sweet day! so cool so calm, so bright." The scenery along the road was fine to say the least and was greatly enhanced by ferns, wild flowers and limpid rills—nature's loveliest decorations. There were numerous springs by the roadside, from whose icy waters we were frequently refreshed by our handsome little pharmacist. We reached our destination at one p. m., and after some promiscuous strolling and viewing we sat down and partook, with a decided relish of Mattie Lee's light bread, chicken and cake, which with our gallant merchant's sardines, pickles and confectioneries proved indeed a most enjoyable repast. The refuse our pharmacist found sport in throwing from his lofty perch, into the valley immediately below calling it "bread cast upon the waters," but he was mistaken, as it fell in the tree tops. The views on Caesar's Head are grander and more extensive than those in his throat. I hope to describe them to you, when I began this Mr. Editor, but their sublimity makes me so painfully conscious of my incompetency and insignificance, that the mere attempt to describe them, finds me dumb. But you must know something of this apparently limitless panorama of beauty and grandeur,—can you not come and behold it for yourself? Most certainly you would feel compensated for your long, weary journey. You would find a nice large hotel on the Head; it has but few permanent boarders, numerous transient ones, however. We visited the hotel spring, and what a delightful place it is. The crystal waters trickle gently and musically from a large moss-covered embankment, into a circular rock basin; flowing thence down the mountain, they soon mingle with the waters of our own Saluda and eventually with those of the Atlantic Ocean. After refreshing ourselves with this excellent *Caesar's Head water*, lounging on the cool green sward around the spring, gathering various little mementoes we bade adieu to this lovely place and began our return home.

We soon reached the N. and S. C. line. It is marked by a tall graceful poplar and near it is a small dilapidated building. It is occupied by six sanctimonious looking men who would remind you at once of the solemn old monks of St. Bernard. One of them I am told, some years since was Greenville's Legislature man. I am told that they take advantage of the location of their home in a way that renders an *arrest* an almost impossible in case it please them to commit any offense. If a N. C. sheriff attempts the arrest, they flee from the threshold of their S. C. door, and vice versa. Crossing the line we went onward; suddenly it began thundering and soon we were in the midst of a storm. Our "lords" deemed it useless to stop, but ere long wind and torrents of rain made it necessary, and we were glad enough to take shelter in a *cora crib*. Lucky for us, these mountain hoisters, having such implicit confidence in each other never lock their cribs. But in spite of gossamers, lap-ropes, top-buggies and corn crib, we were victims of a drenching. However after we *billed* in the crib a

[CONCLUDED ON FOURTH PAGE.]