

The Newberry Herald and News.

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TWICE A WEEK, \$1.50 A YEAR

A LOVE STORY

A STORY OF REVOLUTIONARY TIMES.

The story of revolutionary times is from a manuscript given us by Mr. Geo. L. Epps of this county and was found among the papers of his father. The first page is missing and it is published as an interesting historical document. We do not know the name of the author.—Ed.

On approaching the desired spot, no sound that the vine sprang from a small hole, which seemed to have been there partly by nature, and partly by art; its luxurious branches over a large cave, or grotto, the rock by which it was supported, and its branches seemed to be growing so by a few clusters of leaves which could be seen to be growing.

NOTICE

Newberry, S. C., J. I. will sell to the highest bidder my entering he Groceries, on Monday, February 28, 1899. Terms, seemingly bids will be received on a rude same day. I reserve the right to sell any or all bids.

E. La book. Her Store, Lower Main Street.

To cure a hoist with tears. Take Van Lee's Grippe, Coughs enter she arose and seemed as though she would have escaped, but as the intruder stood in the entrance of the rock. As soon as his astonishment had a little abated he addressed her in these words:

"I fear madam, I have rudely disturbed your reverie, but I can assure you it was purely accidental; having observed the fruit on this vine I was induced through thirst to taste them; and then by curiosity to enter the fissure in the rock; but I hope you will readily excuse the disturbance I have given you."

She readily excused his intrusion, saying he had not disturbed her in the least, saying which she would have departed, but the stranger declared that if she departed he should be convinced he had disturbed her, and he never should forgive himself for the disturbance; upon which the lady seated herself upon the same rude seat, while the stranger (for such he was to her) seated himself on a loose stone which lay at the entrance of the fissure. The thoughts which engaged his attention—thoughts of his disturbed country, his forsaken home, his affectionate mother, were forgotten. He sat, musing upon the fair creature before him, without acknowledging save a groan escaping from his lips. They sat some time without speaking, when she, finding the silence insupportable, was just going to arise to depart, when a parrot perched upon a bough at short distance from the entrance of the cave (for so I prefer calling it) and commenced chatting, when the stranger quickly leveling his firelocks, a moment was sufficient to bring the "bead to bear," when he touched the trigger, she went off, a sudden reverberation of the sound among the rocks ensued, a slight shriek escaped from the lady, when the bird, which had occasioned the report, suddenly fell from the bough. After begging pardon of the lady for this second fright he had occasioned her, he proceeded to procure the prize. Upon reaching the bird he found that the ball had just tipped it and taken off a small part of its wing, yet so as not to injure seriously the bird. Picking it up he returned, when he found the young lady about to return home, as she said. He insisted on accompanying her home, as he said it was a dangerous path. She nodded assent, while they proceeded along the narrow path, he going before, but he was surprised to find that she was no ways daunted in crossing the most difficult parts of the path. On reaching the summit of the mountain they found a level plane. Hereupon Jas. slackened his pace until the lovely stranger came up with him. He offered her his arm, which she took for politeness than from any seeming occasion from fatigue. Hereupon he offered her the bird, which he still held, as a reward for the fright the report of the gun had occasioned. She accepted the proffered gift, but insisted

on knowing the name of the donor. Jas. hesitated a moment, then in a low voice replied, Jas. Clarke, upon the hearing of which, a deep scarlet covered the face of the maiden. Jas. noticed it, but was at a loss to account for it on any other than native bashfulness. The truth was she had often heard of the name as connected with those of the "traitorous crew" who gave such annoyance to the English and Tories in Carolina, and a being one of those dauntless few who were not afraid to assert their right to liberty, though a tyrant had declared that the bare assertion was treason. Ere they reached the cot (for so I shall call it) Jas. requested her to reciprocate the favor, and give her name. Upon the request she hung her head, remained silent for some time. Then raising her eyes, with looks of the softest compassion, while a deeper red covered her cheeks, she replied:

"Sir, you will excuse me. There are some things connected with my family which at present prevent my disclosing my name; but," she continued, while a groan escaped her breast, "if our acquaintance should continue I will one day disclose my name and the reasons for concealing it at present. Therefore, you must be content with that by which I am called by those with whom I live, Sophia."

They had now reached the door of the cottage, or rather cabin, when Sophia requested Jas. to step in. He found an elderly matron seated beneath a rude window, diligently engaged with her needle. Sophia gave Jas. an introduction to the lady, whom I shall call Mrs. Phillips. She likewise related the circumstances which led to their acquaintance. After spending some days on the mountain with the fair Sophia, Jas. with that self command which he had over his feelings, bid adieu to the fair scene, after promising as soon as his country would permit, to return to see them.

He proceeded to collect forces to defend his country. After collecting about forty men of undoubted courage, he proceeded towards Newberry, the place of his residence, the company putting Clarke at the head to take command. The second day as they were marching along they were suddenly attacked by a company of Tories, about one hundred in number, who were commanded by Cunningham. Not having ammunition, our party were compelled to retreat, which, however, the most were unable to do. Being taken by that officer, they shared the fate usual to such occasions. Our young hero, however being an active fellow, was enabled to make good his escape, but being pursued by one of the party some distance, he suddenly wheeled round and faced his adversary. At the same time the Tory halting raised his rifle. A deadly silence ensued. They stood face to face about ten paces apart, but with their rifles pointed. Jas' rifle first fired. The ball took effect, glancing the breast of the Tory, who having this gun presented and just at the moment about touching the trigger, feeling the ball, gave a sudden bound and fell to the ground. But at the same time his finger pressing upon the trigger pulled her off, the ball glancing our hero's side just below the right arm, passed on, without giving any serious injury. He stopped, returned, and examined the wound and found to his satisfaction that the ball had struck against a bone and glanced through the fleshy part without any material injury. The youth recovering a little found his enemy diligently engaged in staunching the wound, which he scarcely succeeded in doing, when he perceived several of the party approaching and so near that he knew to escape was impossible. He, therefore, continued binding up the wound of the youth with his handkerchief until they approached. He

surrendered himself a prisoner though he could expect nothing but the rope from Cunningham, yet he was resolved to throw himself upon the generosity of the youth whom he had just shot, and whom, I may say saved, for he would probably have perished if he had not given him assistance. To this he was not mis taken, for the youth recovering from the syncope which the loss of blood had occasioned, declared that the generous youth should be set at liberty, for, continued he, he had me in his power and might, if he had been so minded, have taken my life. So saying he ordered the ruffian who held him to release his hold. Then taking our hero by the hand he bid him adieu. Then joining the rest, he proceeded to the place where the other prisoners were suffering, or rather had suffered, the worst that cruelty could inflict, he reached the spot just as the last unoffending victim had suffered the last pang of the grim monster. Young Smith, for that was the name of the youth, remonstrated against such an inhuman action, which, however, only served to enrage the bloody-minded Cunningham who in return threatened a like fate to the youth if he should dissent. This roused the resentment of Smith's mind, who wheeling suddenly round struck into the woods, leaving the inhuman wretch to commit his outrages alone. He went directly where he had left Clarke, whom he found still remaining at the spot where he had left him. When Smith came up he joined Clarke and they proceeded together through the woods until they reached a small stream. Here they both sat down upon a rock, when the following conversation ensued:

Clarke first broke the silence. He said: "May I, though without being inquisitive, inquire the name of my companion?"

To which Smith replied that his name was Thomas Smith, son of a Captain Smith who held the commission in a company of Loyalists in Newberry.

Clarke then informed him of his name and that his residence likewise was in Newberry, "but," continued he, "if it is not too much trouble, I would like to know what can induce a man to fight against his country."

Smith replied that there was no great inducement to fight against her but still less to fight for her. That being compelled to fight, he thought it safer to fight on the stronger side, and that his father was on that side, but if he was to have his desire his country would conquer.

"Then," said Clarke, "why not use your strength as well as your desire in her behalf?"

Smith replied that if his father was on that side he would willingly join it too. Elated with this intelligence, Clarke proposed that they should go and seek his father and see if he would not join with them. The next day they reached Smith's. Young Smith informed his father that he had come to the determination that if he could not fight for his country he would not fight against her. His father told him to use his own pleasure; that as for himself, he should not for the future take any part in the contest, that the company to which he belonged had a few days previous hanged a traitor near what is now called Flanigan's ford, and from some phenomena which took place he was resolved never to interrupt another. Now the fact was this: They had hanged a man named Johnson near what is now the spring of Daniel Epps, who hung several days, and it is said that the corpse turned every day with the sun, so as always to be, as it were, looking at that luminary. This was said to be the first thing that gave the Tories the alarm in that section. Now as Mr. Smith was one of those who hung the Whig, he was much alarmed, and resolved never more fight against his country. Young Smith was delighted to hear this, and immediately obtained leave to fight for his country.

Our two young heroes now started off, after having replenished their

powder flasks and knapsacks. They joined Clarke's former acquaintances and soon recited the tories from that section; for such men under the command of such a commander as Gen. Casey be suddenly overcome. The Whittens and other staunch loyalists were soon routed. Among the latter was a free negro, who took an active part in burning houses, robbing, abusing females, etc., by the name of Jones. They overtook him on what is now called Jones' Hill. Some of the foremost overtook him and Clarke first riding up to him gave him several blows over the head with his sword without effect. At length Casey reached the spot, and ordered Clarke to desist. He rode up and with one blow of his claymore clove the skull of the wretch in twain. Thus ended one of the most wretched of all that misguided crew who fought against their country.

After clearing the neighborhood of the Tories, Clarke proposed to his companion Smith to accompany him to see his mother and sister, who were living in the lower part of the district. Smith readily consented, and the next day they reached the residence of his mother and sister, whom they found enjoying good health, but under great apprehensions for his safety, for she knew that Cunningham had been in the neighborhood (for he had been there and had taken off nearly all she possessed) and she knew that if he should find Jas. he would be sure to suffer for his love of liberty. But all her distresses were relieved on finding this only son alive and safe. They spent several days at Mrs. Clarke's, which were usually spent in rambles through the fields gathering fruits and flowers. During these rambles Thomas would usually accompany them, and found himself so delighted that when his friend informed him of his determination to start the next day, he felt for the first time that the company of the females had something more attractive in it than he was willing to admit, even to himself. Taking his friend aside he freely acknowledged to him his affection for his sister. Jas. received this intelligence without any degree of surprise, for he had been a close observer of their action. He, however, informed his friend that he had no objections to it, provided it met the approbation of his mother—and sister, he would have added, but being assured that she had no objections, he contented himself with saying mother. Accordingly it was agreed that that night he should make the trial, and if successful that day month the nuptials should be celebrated. They then returned to the house. Suffice it to say, Thomas found the girl equally enamored, and the mother equally willing. The next day they set off. Thomas, as might be expected, rather gloomy, and Jas. thinking of the object that now engrossed most of his thoughts. At length Thomas broke silence.

"Jas." said he, "have you never felt the sting of that little arch god, Cupid's dart?"

Jas. was silent for a moment, but recollecting that Thomas had now some right to know the secrets of his mind, he readily answered in the affirmative, but when pressed to disclose the object, he frankly acknowledged that he knew not the name of the fair object. Thomas supposing that he merely wanted to gull him, insisted on knowing, but being informed in a positive tone he desisted.

A few days after Thomas returned to his father's, where he met with the most violent opposition to his marriage with Amelia, the name of Jas' sister, and it was impossible to gain his consent. We will leave him.

As soon as Jas. was left by his friend, he set off for the place where Sophia was. He found her pale and emaciated, dead to every amusement that whilom delighted her, while she would wander for hours along the mountain without any other companion save her favorite Parrot, to which she would converse as

though she thought it capable of understanding her woes. Jas. remained several days. One day wandering out with Sophia they reached the cave where they first met. Sophia had seated herself on the same rude seat. Jas. remained silent for some time. At length drawing near to her he seated himself, and taking her hand he began:

"Sophia, my country calls and I must obey; yes, I must leave you tomorrow. From my conduct, Sophia, you must have discovered my affections for you. Yes, it is impossible to conceal my feelings. Sophia, I love—I adore—you. Language is inadequate to express my feelings; I should love but little could I tell how much. Let me then, Sophia, before I leave you, know if my affections are reciprocated." He ceased, while she, with her head bent to the ground, remained silent.

"Say," Sophia, continued he, "say, shall I know whether I am to be the most miserable or most fortunate of mortals?"

She raised her head, while the tears stood in her eyes. She replied:

"Jas. I fear my looks have too plainly told you that you are not indifferent to me, but—yes—I—yes, Jas I must act candidly, I must tell you that there is an insurmountable barrier placed between you and me. So we had better break off at once then to let our affections grow stronger, and then be compelled to break off. In the meantime, if it will give you any pleasure to know my misery, know that you are not indifferent to me. But I must break this delusion. Let me tell you, Jas. were the barrier taken away, I know not whether we could be united. Would you have the—no, leave me to my lot, for fortune has separated us, and it is vain to oppose her. So flee and make yourself happy, for I never—"

"Hold," said Jas. "do not pronounce the accursed word, but promise me," said he, "promise me that you will never give your hand to another at least while I am living."

This she readily promised, and if the barrier should ever be removed, she would reward his faithfulness. With this assurance he was for the present satisfied. So they returned, and the next day Jas. departed, so as to be present at the nuptials of his sister.

Young Smith finding it impossible to obtain his father's consent (for although he had resolved not to fight against his country, yet could not reconcile it to his feelings for a traitor, as he considered the Whigs, to marry in his family) resolved to risk the consequences. So accordingly meeting his new friend, they proceeded to the house, having first obtained a parson to perform the ceremony. But as still as they had kept it, it had reached the ears of some of the Tories who thinking it a fit opportunity repaired thither. Just after the ceremony was completed, the cry of Tories was heard from the domestics. At first the two young men flew to their rifles, but a moment was sufficient to convince them of their error, for the Tories, about twenty or thirty by this time, had surrounded the house. The doors were closed, and our two heroes were concealed in a secret part of the house. After a search without success they swore they must be there and they would have them. So fire was called for and applied to the house. Mrs. Clarke, finding their resolve, commenced carrying out the furniture. She then went where the youths were concealed and told them the fact.

"Now," said she, "I will take down this bed, and do you follow close at my heels, and when I step out you must make the best of the chance."

So saying, she took up the bed and descended the stairs, followed by the two young men. On reaching the door a noise was heard on the opposite side of the house. The Tories, supposing it was the young men, ran around the house, while our two heroes were enabled to make good their escape, and although several guns were fired at them, they

escaped without injury. The Tories finding their objects gone turned their hatred upon the unoffending parson, whom they hacked and mangled in the most cruel manner, and left for dead.

It was now ascertained that young Smith was allied to the Whigs, and his father, although he had for it discarded his son, did not escape the calamities attendant upon it. His house was burned, his cattle taken or shot, and he taken prisoner, and taken to Cunningham, who was going to execute the regular sentence. The party had assembled, the tree pitched upon, and the rope tied about the neck of the victim. But just as the man was ascending the tree to fasten the end, a sudden volley of rifle balls was let loose from the adjoining thicket. Some of the party fell dead, others, wounded, roared for mercy, while the remainder made good their escape, leaving their prisoner to the victors, who were ascertained on coming up to be our two young men with some six or seven neighbors, who, hearing of what was going on, had collected to release the prisoner, or die with him. A reconciliation was brought about with the parent and son, and eternal friendship vowed for James, who was the principal in the transaction. The father then proposed to the son that they should visit his daughter, whom he said he had not seen since the commencement of the war. "for," continued he, "had I followed her advice, never should I have raised an arm against my country, and though I exacted a promise from her never to disclose her name, or to marry a traitor, (excuse the expression) without my consent, yet it was easily discoverable that she never intended to marry a loyalist. But my friend and preserver, you shall accompany us, and if," continued he, "it should be agreeable to you and her, I know nothing that would give me more pleasure than an union between two such generous souls."

James thanked him for his compliment and together they set out. A few days travel brought them to a house at the base of a mountain. Here it was resolved that the father should remain and the son proceed on horse, to bring the object of their travel. But a few hours had elapsed when the arrival of the two was announced. James retired from the house to allow the father and daughter to enjoy the transports of their meeting. But on returning, what could equal his surprise—his joy—on finding his own Sophia, the darling of his soul, seated by Mr. Smith. If it could be equalled, it was by her surprise when her father, taking her by the hand, introduced her to his preserver.

The reader will now see the barrier of which Sophia spoke as being placed between James and her. Suffice it to say all differences were cleared away and in due time James and Sophia were married and settled after the war in one of the upper districts of South Carolina where they lived to a good old age, respected by all, and looked up to as the founder of republicanism in that section.

It only now remains for us to state what became of the others spoken of in this history.

Thomas and Amelia Smith lived with their father and enjoyed all the blessings that wealth, friends, and a consciousness of rectitude can bestow.

Gen. Casey lived to see his country free, and enjoy all the blessings a free country can bestow, for being elected to Congress, he filled that station with unending patriotism for several years, but falling sick at Washington, he met his fate with all the fortitude of a brave and good man, and his mortal remains were interred in that city. Thus ended the existence of one of the many chivalrous sons of Carolina, who "pledged their lives, their fortunes, and their sacred honors," to support the liberty of their country.

Notice. Hereafter patterns will be sold for cash only and they will not be exchanged. S. J. Wooten.

A Woman's Toast.

A very bright little army woman rose to to the occasion well a few days ago, says a Washington dispatch to the New York Press, when she was one of the guests at a smart luncheon given at one of the large hotels for some distinguished New England people. It was a large affair and in an impromptu manner a number of toasts were given. In the midst of it the little army woman with horror heard some one say:

"We have among us the wife of an officer in the regular army, and I think it is only fitting that she should respond to the toast, 'The Flag'" The men applauded and the woman smiled encouragement and trembling little as she held up the glass of wine, the officer's wife spoke:

"I belong to a class of women to whom the flag is especially near and dear. All day it waves over the roofs of our little homes in the far frontier, and at sundown the rustle of its folds, mingled with the notes of 'The Star Spangled Banner,' is the lullaby of our babies. We know that it will be the winding sheet of those dearest to us. Since the word Santiago has been written in our hearts I see yet more in this flag—in its red, the blood of our martyrs; in the white, the paleness of their ashen faces; in the blue, the lips set with the word 'Freedom,' and in the stars the souls that will shine forever."

Frank Leslie's Popular Monthly For February, 1899.

Frank Leslie Publishing House, N. Y.

The midwinter Frank Leslie's Popular Monthly is bright, crisp and picturesque. It is to some extent a Spanish American number, embracing among its leading illustrated articles: "West Indiaward, Ho!" in which Champion Bissell gives some valuable information and advice to citizens of the United States who contemplate settling in Cuba or Porto Rico; "To Make a Spanish Holiday," by Mrs. Frank Leslie, in which occurs one of the most vivid descriptions of a bull fight ever penned, supplemented by the splendid drawings of Luis Mora; "An Old Spanish-American Colony," by F. Williamson, giving a beautifully illustrated account of a journey up the great Magdalena River of South America, and a ride over the Andes to the Colombian capital, Bogota; and "General Gomez's Tactics, and Cuban Law and Order," by Thomas R. Dawley, Jr., the famous war correspondent. Furthermore the number contains a paper upon "Ice-Yachting," by Will. P. Pond; a "Sketch of the Founding of the American Patriotic Hereditary Societies," by the Founder general, Mrs. Clara Adams Darling; and "Ice, Snow and Frost," an entertaining popular science paper, by Dr. George N. Johnson. Egerton Castle's story "April Bloom," is charmingly illustrated by Wenzell; and Bret Hart's "Jack Hamilton's Mediation," has a striking full-page picture by Werner. The complete short stories include: "The Thornbourn Tragedy," by Edgar Fawcett; "A Mexican Conjugation of the Verb, to Love," by Bonifon Wilson; and "Rifacimiento," by M. E. Foster Comings. There are poems by Julia M. Lippmann, Madison Canwin and Henry Tyrrell; and "Murgindia," contributions by R. K. Munkittrick, Charles Battell Loomis, Martha B. Washington, and others.

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