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BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH

of

DR. MAURICE MOORE

MAURICE AUGUSTUS MOORE, whose “Reminiscences of York” have for some weeks claimed the attention of the readers of THE ENQUIRER, was born the 10th day of August, 1796. He was the seventh child and fourth son of Alexander Moore and Dorcas Erwin, his wife. A sketch of his father, as one of the first associate justices of York, forms a part of one of “The Reminiscences.” His mother died before he was three years of age; but in less than a year his father married Mrs. Catherine Marion.

Her father, Colonel Palmer, had moved to York district from St. John's Berkeley, the settlement of French Huguenots. Her first husband was a cousin of General Francis Marion. This lady was a woman of fine character and held, to the last day of her life, the affection and veneration of her stepson. He used always to say that it was the best thing his father could have done for his children to marry such a woman. He was also very fond of Colonel Palmer, his step-grandfather, who was a2 man of elegant manners and often said that he owed his ability to enter a room gracefully and to make a goad bow, to the instruction received from him. Colonel Palmer was wont to put the boys of the family through the manual of etiquette as carefully as an old soldier would have drilled them in the manual of arms.

Dr. Moore was, at a very early age, sent to school to the Rev. Mr. Walker. He was their preacher as well as teacher, and highly beloved by all. There was a feature common to schools at that period called “exhibitions,”’ in which the boys acted plays, usually a good comedy, followed by a farce. It was in the latter that Maurice Moore showed such histrionic talent, old school fellows would say, long afterward, if he had chosen the stage for a profession he might have rivaled the elder Jefferson in comedy. He had the faculty of throwing himself into the part he acted, for the moment, making it to him a reality .

His quick sympathy, joined to a passionate nature and high temper, suddenly ended his early schooling. At 16 he was a tall, undeveloped lad. One day his father, then in broken health, came home very much agitated and excited. He told of an altercation with two neighbors, in which he said they had taken advantage of his physical weakness to Insult him. The passionate young son, In a transport of rage, pursued the men and attacked them both with the blind purpose of avenging the indignity offered his father. Fortunately for him there was not then in use the ever ready pistol of today. He only had nature's weapons of stick and stone. Of course two full grown men were too much for the youth; but In retaliation they swore out a warrant against him for “assault and battery with Intent to kill." His friends thought it advisable for him to avoid the possible results of the law by his leaving the state. He went to Mecklenburg county, N. C., and taught a ttle school for three months. He always said, in afterlife, that he would rather maul rails for a living than to teach. After this he went to Charlotte and clerked in the store of his brother-in-law, Mr. Andy Springs. While residing in Charlotte he was a member of a militia company, at the time of the war of 1812-15. When men were called to fill the quota of the state, 15 was the contingent required of his

company. The men were drawn up In Une, the order read and volunteers for the war requested to step out ten paces in front. He was the tallest man In the company and stood at one end of the Ine; the smallest man, a little tailor, was at the other end. The two alone marched out. Their valor did not count for numbers. They were ordered: back in line and a draft was ordered to obtain the 15. He would have Insisted on going anyhow, but for the advice of friends.

In 1821 he determined to study medicine. He used to say that it was owing to the counsel of his eldest brother that he did so, and also that he was a man of temperate habits. One Christmas he was with a lot of convivial friends and drank too much. He went to his brother's in this state. The next morning his brother said to him:

“Maurice, you do not care for liquor?”

“Not a bit,”” he replied.

“Well, promise yourself right now that you will not touch a drop for a

ear. Then promise yourself that you will not do so until you are thirty. After that you will be safe.”

He made the resolve, and after 30 made a new one, never to take a drink except when he wanted it. He was wont to say that most men acquired the need of stimulants by at first taking a social glass, when really they did not want it. It was during the same visit that his brother suggested his studying medicine, and he was always grateful to his brother James for the interest and counsel, which he felt directed the course of his life for good.

He read medicine in Wadesboro, N. c., with an eminent practitioner, Dr. William Harris, and finished his medical course at the University of Pennsylvania. Ile located in Yorkville and went into co-partnership with his brother, Dr. William Moore, who had already established a fine practice there.

In 1824 Dr. Moore married Miss Adeline Allison, a sister of Albert Allison. She was a very beautiful woman and died two years after their marriage. After her death his health was poor and he spent sometime in Cuba to recuperate. He was fascinated by the climate, and always believed that In lime it would be annexed to the United States, in which event he was determined to make it his home. Even at that period the tyranny of the Spanish government and the corruption of the priests was so great that he said neither life or property were safe, and there was no law for redress. Lifa was so cheap that he never went out after dark without the feeling that he might be stillettoed In the streets.

Dr. Moore returned to the States, restored in health and resumed the practice of his profession. It was while a physician he gathered the materials for his “Reminiscences." He loved the very soil of the old district. His quick sympathies attached him deeply to the people with whom he was In touch, his infinite humor and lively imagination

his articles. It was with difficulty he was persuaded to allow them to be written. The appreciation shown for these memories of an old man was the happiest Incident of his latter years.

In 1833 Dr. Moore married Sophonisba, the eldest daughter of Judge Nott. After his marriage he removed to Union county, and from that time did not practice his profession; but devoted himself principally to agriculture. The third year after his residence In Union he was solicited to be a candidate for the legislature and was elected by a very handsome vote to represent his adopted district.

Perhaps an Incident of this campaign may not only throw a light on the personality of the man whose character we've undertaken to sketch; but also convey an idea of the old-time methods of electioneering. Dr. Moore having so recently come into the district was, of course, personally an entire stranger at many of the precincts. A ”hig muster” was always attended by the candidates as a good opportunity to form the acquaintance of the people and try to gain votes. He, with two other candidates, one a native of 1..¢ district, the other a prominent lawyer, longer a resident of the town, were riding together late one evening near the point where the next day “‘the muster" was to take place. They came to the forks in the road. Dr. Moore turned off from the path taken by the others.

“Where are you going, Dr. Moore?” asked one of the candidates.

“I don't know; but there are too many of us together to thrive. I'll strike out for myself.”

After some chaffing on their side, each took their own way. Presently he overtook a man riding along the road. He checked his horse and began to chat. After awhile he told the man who he was. “I’m sorry I can't vote for you, Dr. Moore,” said the man candidly, ”but I’ve promised Herndon and Thomson to vote for them.”

Dr. Moore showed a proper amount of regret, but did not let it lessen his good companionship. When they came in Sight of the man's house, he said:

. Moore, as I said, I can't vote for you: “but stop and stay all night with me. There's a corn shucking at one of my neighbor's tonight. You'll meet everybody there and get acquainted.”

It was a golden opportunity. Dr. Moore went. He sang corn shucking songs: he shucked corn on bets of ginger-cake and persimmon beer, to be paid next day at “the muster.” He worked honestly; but as the farmers were experts, he always lost. He told jokes, he laughed peals of merry laughter at the jokes of others; he ate heartily of the supper and bragged on how good everything was. In short he captured the crowd, men and women.

The next morning he was the first candidate on the ground. He bought out the ginger cake and persimmon beer wagons, and when bets were claimed, lost at the “shucking” the night before, he was ready to pay up. When the rival candidates, sure of the field, came, they found Instead, Dr. Moore in a full tide of good fellowship with the crowd. On the day of election he had every vote but one, at that box.

Dr. Moore served two terms In the legislature; but afterward never allowed himself to be persuaded, although often solicited, to be a candidate for any office.

His plantation in Union was subject to malarial fevers, and he got into the way of summering for health's sake, at Glenn's springs. The place then was little known to the state at large. Noting the therapeutic action of the water on different diseases. he became impressed with the great medicinal value of the water. In 1838, he was the chief person in forming a stock company, with a capital stock of

$15,000, to purchase the spring of Mr. Glenn and develop it. Dr. Moore was elected president of the company. At once a large hotel was built and opened for the accommodation of the public. The seasons were too short to make the investment a paying one. In a few years the company went into liquidation. The outlay, however, was a boon to suffering humanity and Dr. Moore never regretted the financial loss incurred In the development of the springs.

In 1841 Dr. Moore was elected cashier of the “Bank of South Carolina,” located in Columbia. He went to that city to live; but at the end of two years he found that the confinement of bank life was impairing his health and he resigned his position.

After this he fixed his residence at Glenn Springs. To the invalids frequenting that resort he was _ helper, comforter, encourager. It was. said that no one could be so Hl, but Dr. Moore could tell them of a case similar to their own, only a little worse, who had come to Glenn Springs, persevered in the use of the water and recovered. Hus lively sympathy, medical profession and fund of humor made him a factor hard to depict by pen and Ink In the life of the watering place.

Dr. Moore was a splendidly handsome man, with a magnificent physique. He was six feet two inches In height, weighed 225 pounds, and was perfectly proportioned. His step was elastic and his carriage erect even in old age. He was a fine horseman, a beautiful dancer, made a superb bow, always wore the ruffled shirt of the old regime, had dark hair and piercing eyes, almost, black.

To give an Idea of what an athlete he might have been, one day at Glenn Springs, while watching some young men who were jumping, he remarked:

“Although I am now 50 years old I believe I could jump as far.“ The young men Insisted that he should try. He consented. The elevation from which they jumped was a step seven finches above the ground. His jump, measured, was 11 feet and 1 Inch, which was thought to be so remarkable a one that two young men marked It with a peg of heart pine driven into the ground. The narrator of this fact writes, “the peg could probably be found now if one were to scrape away the sand which has washed over the spot.”

When the eventide of life set in, he began to read for recreation, but In a systematic manner. When interested In a subject he read all he could find written from every point of view. In reading Smollett and Hume's History of England, he became interested in the history of the Church of England. Further reading convinced him of the “Fistorle Church,” the “Church Identined,” and of ””Apostolle Succession.” Until then he had been a Presbyterian, the church of his fathers. From his investigations he determined to become an Episcopalian. He was confirmed in the church at Glenn Springs, which largely through his efforts had been built after his change or faith.

In 1858 he wrote, as a labor of love, the “Life of Edward Lacey.” This little pamphlet was published In 1860 and was so valuable as a study of upper South Carolina during the Revolution, that Bancroft, Lessing, Draper and other historians, wrote him complimentary letters, saying how much light it had added to the subject. Numerous historical societies In New England and the Middle States, wrote to him for copies to place in their collections.

In conclusion, his unbounded hospitality must be noted. As a host he was cordial and genial to a wonderful degree. His wife was a brilliant woman, a beautiful

conversationalist, and a notable housekeeper, and relatives found weeks of delightful intercourse under their roof.

Dr. Moore was a good friend, and as old Dr. Johnson expressed It “a good hater.” He was cast In a big mould and was free of all smallness,

Dr. Moore left three children; two sons, Maurice A., now dead; James Nott, resident In Spartanburg; Celina, widow of Dr. T. Sumter Means.

On the 31st of August, 1871, in the 78th year of his age,

> “Sustained and soothed
> By an unfaltering trust,
> Like one who wraps
> the drapery of his couch
> About him, and lies down
> to pleasant dreams”

he died, and was buried in the grave with his wife at the Fair Forest graveyard, Union county, South Carolina.

CELINA E. MEANS

INTRODUCTION

“Dear to my heart are the scenes of my childhood; and amid the distractions of civil war, political strife, and Negro supremacy, I find incalculable pleasure in giving back to early years spent in York, In which district I was born and lived the earliest and best part of my life; and though many years have rolled over my head since I found n home out of her bounds, the “old stamping ground” !s very pleasant and goodly still to me; and many localities, families and anecdotes, belonging to them, which Illustrate the first settlements and settlers of the district, are fast fading from the knowledge of the living, as a new generation arises; and though of interest as landmarks to all who claim to be of York, will be burled in oblivion (as much belonging to her history has already), if someone does not stoop and rescue the bits not yet engulfed entirely by the passage of time and string them together. Shall this be?

When I think of her devotion to Liberty in the Revolution; even her aborigines, the Catawbas, true Whigs; the good and distinguished sons of her soil, men claiming her ever lovingly and proudly as their mother, though often far removed from her limits; and lastly the long list in the roll of Confederate dead, I am moved to step forward with the little remaining strength of three-score-ten-(four) down Lethe, as far as I am able, and take upon myself, according to my mean ability, the task of chronicling THE PAST OF YORK. I do not intend to attempt a history with precise dates and all things in order, such an undertaking belongs to a younger son, rather a record of individuals, manners, customs, reminiscences of an old man who recalls the day when there was but one glazed house outside the county-town limits; young ladles played on spinning wheels instead of pianos; many people believed In witches, and corn shuckings were fashionable instead of tournaments. York was mostly settled by Scotch Irish from Pennsylvania, who first found a resting place there from the old country; but after a few years came farther south for a permanent home, and gave to their new settlement the name of the one they had left in Pennsylvania. When the war of the revolution came, to the never-to-be-forgotten honor of the Scotch-Irish of York and Chester districts, South Carolina, be it said, they were as true as steel to the Whig principles which they early espoused. No “Bloody Scout” arose in their section, a Tory was a ”rare bird,” and an anathema marantha to his neighbors and relatives. On the soil of York, Houck was defeated and Ferguson killed. To Lacy, one of her sons, was given the honor of beginning the attack at King's Mountain. He and his men belonged to the good old stock. They fought with the tenacity of the old Covenanters, their forefathers, the and marched and bivoucked with the nay spirits and good humored endurance of their Irish ancestry. Indeed, these settlers were a happy mixture of the canny Scotch care, with a spice of Irish spirits and good humored endurance, a decided improvement on the stern fanaticism of the one, and easy pliancy and want of thrift of the other. In religion they were Presbyterians to a unit, good conscientious men, “true and just in all their dealings;” always punctual attendants at the meeting house, looking up to their pastor with the faith, devotion, almost, of a Romanist to his Padre. Yet it was not a venial sin to get groggy at the court house sales day, or get so exhilarated at the polls election days, as to have several small fights; and at a wedding, the best of men would dance a jig, hornpipe or reel, and “come home with a drap too much in the e’e.”

THE CATAWBA INDIANS

The aborigines of York were the Catawbas, who, as late as the year 1760, numbered 3,000 warriors. They had all the characteristic bravery of the red men of America, but were ever kindly dispositioned to the whites, and from the earliest settlements, dwelt in amity with them. Sad, indeed, ts the contemplation of their present state. A miserable remnant hangs around of waters of the river that bears their name, though the fish, once their prey and sport, have nearly all left its broad hunting grounds and the laborers' gee-haw to his plodding plough-horse, echoes through the hills that once resounded with the high hunting cry of the Catawba, to the bounding stag or fainting hind.

The women engage In a rude pottery, making pans and pipes, which they exchange in the neighborhood for provisions and old clothes. The men, still too proud to work, live on in worthless dignity upon the poor pittance paid by the state for their broad fertile lands. It is 20 or 25 years ago since (with what aching hearts we may well Imagine), they acceded to the proposition of the state to sell their lands to South Carolina, and they went to Haywood, North Carolina, to join the Cherokees, give up their Individuality as a people, and be blotted out from among the nations; but North Carolina refused them a home, and they came back to the haunts of their forefathers, a Hiving monument to the cupidity of the whites, which must excite the sympathy of every generous heart.

Their numbers were reduced to less than one-half, not long after the Revolution, by the smallpox. The tradition that I heard in my boyhood was, that It was introduced through the avarice of some of the white men, to enable them to get more easy possession of the rich lands of the Indians. Be this as it may, the fatality of the disease among them was awful. The treatment of all diseases was the same with the Indian doctors, and to each and all they gave a corn-sweat. The mode of administering this was to boil ears of corn, slip-shucked, take them steaming out of the pot, and pack them closely around the patient, and as soon as it produced a profuse sweat, they were taken up and thrown into the river, and It was more frequently a dead than a live body that was taken out of the water. Experience was no teacher to the Catawba physician: for I remember being told by an eyewitness, a reliable man who lived among them at the time, that he had seen 26 a day, during the prevalence of the scourge, taken out of the river dead.

Hagler was the name of their last king. I remember being told, by the same individual referred to above, of the mode of his burial. The grave was ten feet wide, ten deep, and ten long, and In it, with his body, was put his handsome mounted rifle, a fine powder flask, gold and silver moneys, pipes, tobacco, etc. In fact, the grave was nearly filled with valuables, the personal property of the dead king. There was guard of sixteen warriors appointed to keep watch over it a moon, (or four weeks) and some Virginia gamblers, who had been present at the interment, got rum enough to make the guard drunk, succeeded in doing so, and rifled the grave of all it contained of real value.

Hagler died childless. One sister remained who had married General Newriver, and had an only child. Both husband and wife died soon after the king. leaving thetr little daughter, Sally. an orphan at the early age of 5 years. This little princess was taken by Thomas Spratt, the Intimate friend under his kindly, sheltering roof, knowing no pangs of lonely orphanage.

Sally Newriver, as the last of: the royal family of the Catawba race, Is an interesting personage. I remember seeing her once when a little boy, she was then an old woman, and save the keen, piercing black eyes, had no vestige remaining of the high beauty it was said she possessed in her youth. She remained with her foster-father, Thomas Spratt, till she attained her 18th year, when she went to her tribe and demanded her rights of royalty. Seated on a jet-black pony, with six of the most attractive maidens of her people as attendants, she rode with grace and dignity of mein to the principal town, near King's Bottom. The Catawbas came out en masse to receive her, greeted her presence with loud acclamations of joy, gazed on her with pride and admiration, fitted up a new wigwam for her residence, gave her princely rents, paid every respect to her person and wishes, but never gave her the title of queen. In the Revolutionary struggle they had imbibed the prejudices of their white compeers to monarchy, and would not have a crowned head over them. From this time forth, Sally Newriver's home was with her nation, but frequent long visits did she make to the haunts of her girlhood, and the dead friend of her early orphanage. She never married, for the smallpox, which had been so dire a visitation to the Indians, had left her the sole scion of the royal stock, and she could not mate beneath her. Revered by the Indians, loved by the whites, she lived to a ripe old age, a right noble woman, meet representative of the royalty of the tribe, which sunk with her into the grave.

Soon after the Revolutionary war, perhaps two or three years, a white man named Adam Caruth, induced four of them to accompany him to england and make their appearance in the theatres as specimens of “live Injuns,” promising, of course, part of the emoluments to the actors. They drew large houses, showing themselves in their paints, decked with feathers, armed with tomahawks and bows and arrows, shooting at a target to show their skill, dancing their war dance, singing their green-corn songs, and showing off all their native accomplishments. This was an entirely new feature in London amusements, and they made a large amount of money. Traveling for some months through the British Isles, they returned to London, and there the contractor. Caruth, pocketed the earnings and returned to America, leaving the Catawbas alone and destitute In the vast city. Their case, after a little, came to the ears of some charitable and wealthy individuals, who gave them their passage home; but three days after they sailed, three of them, sea-sick, weary and disheartened, jumped overboard and drowned themselves. The only survivor, Peter Harris, got back safely, and long afterward told me the history of the voyage, the ill-fate of his companions, and villiany and bad faith of Caruth.

I have known but little of “the nation" for the last 20 years; but I can, up to that time, speak of their chief characteristics, and one, that of honesty, was so marked, that in these times of peculation In high places, I wish to hold up as an example to our officials, the poor savage, who would eat of fruit on a tree out of an enclosure, but never, even a peach or an apple, no matter how luscious to the eye, would they take, until after they had asked and obtained permission to do so.

For years, the law among themselves was their own, and no white officer of them. What was between themselves, was among themselves. It was in later times that a man named Sam Scott, killed a woman named Cantey, (both Catawbas). He ran away to the Cherokees, for fear of retribution, and remained some six or eight years, but he could not be satisfied and returned to the Catawbas, fully armed, always on his guard for fear of being killed, and especially avoided liquor. For a year he remained sober, but going to Columbia with some others of his tribe, he lost his caution and got drunk. On becoming sober and finding he had been unharmed, he was much relieved from his fears, and after the returned to “the nation,” would now and then Indulge; but the “avenger of blood“ was not sleeping, for one day, when Scott

was lying drunk by the roadside, a party of several Indians came by, among them a girl of 14, the daughter of the murdered woman. She gathered. a large rock and hurled it at his head, breaking the skull. The others drew him to one side of a wigwam, and there he breathed for several days, the Indians feeling no sympathy for sufferings they deemed merited, and admiring the spirit that inspired the deed, he died and was buried, and the whole matter was ended.

I was told not many years since, by one who hod preached to them himself, that though the Catawbas all understood the English language, and missionaries of all denominations had faithfully preached the Word among them, not one, up to that time, had ever professed conversion and become connected with a Christian church.

It was between the years of 1760 and 1769, that Thomas Spratt obtained a lease for five miles square, from Hagler, King of the Catawbas, to extend through three lifetimes, or 99 years. He was the first white man who located in “the Nation;” for prior to this, no pale-face had been able to induce them to allow a settlement on their territory. Spratt was a man, true and just In all his dealings, possessed of courage and tact, and also thoroughly acquainted with the Indian character. He gained their confidence and always retained it. To exemplify his great power over them, I relate an anecdote of Indian justice In connection with him.

It was some years after Spratt's residence among the tribe that a French dancing master chanced to travel that way. Meeting a party of Indians, one asked him what he had in his box, referring to his fiddle case. To please and concilate the Indians, he took out his violin, showed it to them, and furthermore delighted them by playing some lively airs. Having satisfied their curiosity, he returned his fiddle to its case, and continued on his route. One of the savages, seized with the spirit of Achan, ran ahead of the traveler, shot him from an ambuscade, and possessed himself of the coveted instrument. The article in hand betrayed him; and it was soon noised in ”the Nation” that a white man had been killed. Spratt felt it incumbent on him to use his influence to protect his color. He took with him, Messrs. Barnett. Garrison, White and Erwin, white friends, and went to see King Hagler. When they arrived at his encampment, he was out on a hunt with his warriors. Not caring to delay in the matter, they went on in quest of him, and came up with him at no very great distance, on the top of an eminence, near Hagler's Branch. He received them with cordial dignity, and, after the usual friendly greeting of hand shaking, the leading question, “if they were not all friends and brothers?” was asked by Spratt, as the white spokesman, to open the business in hand. The King replied “they were.” The white man then continued with his speech, and told of the recent murder of a pale-face by one of the red men, and demanded justice. The king, with benignity, answered, “Justice shall be done, and immediately.” Then requesting the white men to seat themselves around, sought the highest pinnacle for himself, took his stand upon it, and taking up his handsome, silver mounted rifle, put In fresh priming, blew a piercing blast on his hunting horn, and with the air of a king and eye of an eagle, watched the approaches on every side. In a few moments, an Indian came into view, tolling up the ascent with a fine buck on his back. As soon as the Indian king descried him, he raised his piece to his shoulder, fell on his knee, took a rest, deliberate aim, and fired. The unerring rifle did its work, the victim of the savage monarch's justice fell dead, and the royal marksman turned to Spratt and his associates, extended his hand in turn for each to shake, In token of further amity between them.

Of course they had to be satisfied with his law, administered in his way; and readily accepted his warm invitation to them to dine with him. The repast was venison without salt, and sweet potatoes roasted on the coals and served on pieces

of pine bark for plates; and directly as they began to eat, the king would order the attendants to remove it, and bring a fresh piece of bark with another supply of venison and potatoes. This was repeated several times, and done in imitation, Mr. Spratt said, of a dinner Hagler had once had the honor of taking with Governor Bull, in Charleston, where the changing of plates had struck his fancy as something very grand, and he now observed the style in honor of his white guests. Thus ended the visit of Mr. Spratt and his friends and a white man was never again murdered by the Catawbas.

THOMAS SPRATT

Mr. Spratt's residence was about two miles from the old “Nation Ford,” on the Saluda road. He was a public spirit man, and induced the Indians to grant other leases to white settlers. He also gave a man named Garrison, I think, 1 mill site, to enable him to put up a gristmill, which he aid, on the mill site how commonly known as “Webb's Old Mill,” on Steel Creek, the first erected in “the Nation;” and Garrison, I think. was probably the third or fourth white settler. Mr. Spratt lived to an advanced age, seeing white settlements grow up where he had known but Indian towns, and the powerful tribe among whom he had come when young, dwindle into insignificance. How mutable are the things of this world! I remember seeing him once. He was a tall, spare man, kindly spoken, and active for his years, He raised a large family. His son, Thomas Spratt, died unmarried: James married a Miss McRea, and left three sons, Thomas, Robert and Leonidas, the last, lately the editor of the Charleston Standard, an accomplished gentleman and graceful writer. One daughter married Hugh White; another, Arthur Ervin; a third, a Mr. Garrison; and a fourth, a Mr. McNeil. The fifth, Susan, never married.

WILLIAM ERVIN

The second white settler in the “Indian Land” was William Ervin. He was from Virginia, and through the influence of his friend, Thomas Spratt, obtained from the Catawbas a lease of three miles square, extending from Steel Creek bridge, on toward Charlotte. He moved here with his family, and ever maintained pleasant relations with the natives. A small field of the rich land produced corn bread and hominy, and his trusty rifle procured always deer and wild turkey for meat. Our now common daily beverages of tea and coffee were luxuries well nigh unknown in the families of our hardy backwoodsmen, and little labor and expense were necessary to a comfortable subsistence. Milk and butter were usually abundant. But a few years after Mr. Ervin's immigration, a disease among the kine in his section of country was prevalent, which proved fatal to his entire stock. He bought a fresh supply, for he could not, he declared, live without milk and butter. The distemper again visited his range. The third time he bought; the distemper killed every cow. In thorough disgust, he sold three miles square of Indian land, for an Indian pony, a silver watch, a still and an old wagon, shook the dust off his feet and removed to the head waters of Turkey Creek, near the spot where Yorkville now stands, and where his cattle found immunity from disease. He never could be brought to acknowledge that he regretted the exchange; for he was a dear lover of butter, and milk was a fair necessity to him, he would always declare, in exculpation of his exchange.

William Ervin was a man of short stature, inclined to be corpulent in his old age, when I knew him. A brave, free hearted man, who would fight for a friend and give his last shilling to a needy stranger, with a great deal of dry humor and fund of

anecdote, which he told well. He fought at Fort Du Quesne, and used to say he did there “some of the tallest running to save the red hair on the top of his head.” He was in the Keowee expedition, and afterwards fought till the end of the Revolution as one of Lacy's command, and lived years after to tell many a merry tale of his campaigns. His wife was Miss Sally Ross, a sister of Maj. Frank Ross, of York, a woman of great energy and good sense, who lived to the advanced age of 98. They had three sons and four daughters, Arthur, Frank and William, who was called the handsomest young man of his day; Dorcas, Jenny, Mary and Katie, from whom are many descendants now living In York.

GENTLEMAN FRANK ROSS

Francis Ross was born in Virginia. When quite young, his parents emigrated to North Carolina, and settled in Mecklenburg County between Coddle Creek and Rocky River. Before the war, he came to the ”new acquisition”, now York county, and located about two miles from where Yorkville is now situate. Here, from his high sense of honor, wealth, and uncommon grace of manner and person, he soon acquired in the settlement the title of ”gentleman,” a custom brought by the Scotch-Irish from the “old country;” and every now and then, we find the epithet applied, In old times, to some man of the community, admired and looked up to for his superiority in accomplishments, property, or family. In all the old land papers of Ross, though signed by a cross, he Is styled “Gentleman Frank Ross."

Gentleman Frank Ross had a favorite sister married to William Ervin, and though bitterly opposed to the match, he afterward became much attached to his brother-in-law; and in his family met the romance of his life, which, more for the interest of my young readers than an incident of his life, I narrate. His reconciliation with Ervin, too, is characteristic of the times in which they lived. At a large public meeting, a common bully, who had a drunken spite against Ross, went through the crowd, frequently in close hearing of Ross, saying with loud and insolent oaths, “Gentleman Ross was no gentleman, and he could whip him!” This, of course, was very annoying to a bold, high-spirited man, but the fellow was beneath his notice. and his only refuge was dignified silence. Now, William Ervin, in his younger days, was a ”wild, drinking man, generous and brave. Although his brother-in-law had never been friendly with him, he was his wife's brother. He did not choose to allow such indignity to be offered him in public. “His Irish was up,” and he wasn't afraid to fight the boasting bravo, which he did, giving him a good, sound thrashing, making him leave the assemblage and go quietly home.

Ross, though above noticing the insolence of the man himself, was much relieved to be rid of it, and appreciated the generous temper which performed the act, looked up Ervin, shook hands, and accompanied him home that night to see his sister. And there he met Mrs. Graham, the sister of his brother-in-law, Ervin. She was an uncommonly beautiful and attractive woman, and more than three years before had been married to John Graham, an uncle of Governor Graham, of North Carolina. They had lived very happily for six or eight months after their marriage, when the season arrived at which he was in the habit of taking cattle on to Philadelphia for sale. He made his arrangements and started to “the Norrard,”’ as our old settlers called it, with a fine drove, and he was never heard of again. His wife was young and beautiful, and of a most pleasant disposition. They had lived agreeably together, and everything combined to make home attractive. As weeks on weeks went by, and still no tidings of him, his friends were forced to conclude he had, on his road home, been murdered for the money he obtained in Philadelphia; for such murders were not infrequent in those early days of our country's settlement. At

length, too, the young wife gave up hope, believed this solution of his disappearance, and by her brother's kindly hearth-stone, found, In her early widowhood, a home.

Frank Ross became acquainted with her on his first visit to his sister's house, and was soon captivated by her beauty and gentleness. Nor was she proof against the attractions of Gentleman Frank Ross. The avenues of her heart again opened, and love entered in mastery there. She consented to marry him; but an unexpected obstacle presented itself, the bitter opposition of Mrs. Ervin, who would not hear of her brother marrying a woman whose husband might be alive. Yielding for the present, Ross by no means relinquished the idea of making Mrs. Graham his wife. At the end of three years, he again renewed his suit, for the seven years of absence of Graham made it legal for his wife to marry; but Mrs. Ervin could not accept this common rule and overcome her feelings, still insisting they ought not to be united, without proof of the husband’s death. Susie Graham’s tender conscience had experienced more than one prick at the new affection, which had at first, unawares, grown in her breast, and she yielded to the prejudices of her sister-in-law, rather than to the entreaties of her lover, and finally discarded Frank Ross. He afterward married Rachel Love, of York district.

At the beginning of the Revolution, he espoused the cause of the Whig party,and was an active partisan leader up to the time of his death. His first service was in the “Snow campaign,” In the winter of 1775-76. In the summer of 1776, he commanded a battalion from York, which was in the ”Keowee expedition,” and in the spring of 1779, in command of a battalion of cavalry, joined Colonel Hammond and his “light horse,”’ near Augusta. On the morning of the 29th of March, five miles east of Rockey Comfort, they attacked a party of Cherokees. Nine Indians were killed, and some white men who were dressed as savages, (three Cherokees and three whites) captured. The rest fled and saved themselves; but here Major Ross received a mortal wound In his abdomen. From a MS. journal of General Joseph Graham, of North Carolina, we make the following extract: ”The brave Major Frank Ross died of his wounds the 31st of March, and was buried with military honors the 1st of April, in sight of, and opposite to, Augusta, on the Carolina side.”

Major Frank Ross was more than six feet in height, of a muscular frame, and weighed above 200 pounds; had dark hair, eyes and complexion, of noble presence and commanding port. He was cut off in the meridian of life, being only about 36 years of age, at the time of his death. He left three sons, little lads, when he was killed, James, Alexander and William.

A faithful Negro, belonging to their father from boyhood, (whose name, as he was well known and respected in Yorkville, in my recollection, shall be recorded in these ”reminiscences”), going always under the sobriquet of “Cracker Tom,” managed their plantation after his master's death, working himself as well as making others do it by force of example combined with authority, and during all the minority of the young Rosses, making the finest crops, keeping everything in order on the premises, and proving himself worthy the confidence reposed in him. When Alexander and William removed from the homestead of their father, “Cracker Tom,” now verging toward old age, begged to stay in his “old cabin home.” They indulged him, and every year corn and meat were sent down for his support. At last the decrepitude of years made him willing to go to ”Mas’ William's" to be taken care of till he died.

James Ross was dearly beloved; but died early, unmarried, and I always heard was ae youth of exceeding promise. Alexander .studied law, and settled In Lancaster, where

he also died single. William married and left family. One son, Dr. Frank Ross, now resides in Charlotte, N. C.

It was In the summer of 1776, a battalion, composed mostly of men from York, was ordered to oppose the Cherokee Indians, who had been induced, through the machinations of two Scotchmen, Alexander Cameron and John Stewart, to espouse the British side, and raise the war-club. This body of men was under the command of Major Frank Ross. It was in July they took up their line of march, and before they arrived at the “Block House,” in the northeastern part. of Greenville district, the residence of Colonel Height, an Indian trader, they met with the exciting intelligence of the murder of Colonel Height, a Whig, the pillaging of the station, and the abduction of Mrs. Height and her two daughters by the savages. In addition to these awful tidings, they heard the tale of the murder of a son of Colonel Height, which caused the heart of each brave soldier to beat with sympathy and a desire to avenge these outrages.

Young Height had heard of the base purposes of Cameron and Stewart, which contemplated a rising of the Indians; and having from boyhood known the chiefs of the Cherokees intimately, he hoped to have influence enough to undo the work of the wily Scotchmen, and fearlessly went alone to the Keowee towns, for the purpose of persuading them against taking the warpath.. He was too late. The evil spirit was not to be exorcised, and not only were his efforts as peacemaker among them unavailing, but they barbarously murdered the unoffending youth, who had. confidingly gone Into their midst. His early death was the more sad, because of the broken life and wrecked hopes that fell upon another. He was affianced to Susan Parris, the daughter of another Indian trader, whose post was at another “block house,” situated where the town of Greenville, S. C., now stands.

After the deed of blood, like the wild animal smeared with crimson gore, the insatiate thirst of their appetites for more, must be appeased. The Cherokees set out to carry horror and desolation along our frontier settlements. One of their first encampments was at the house of Parris. He being a Tory, they looked upon him as a friend and confederate, and told him of their slaying young Height, unfolding, too, their plan to kill his father and destroy all his property. The heart of gentle Susan Parris was fairly paralyzed by the unexpected blow of her lover's death. But woman-like, she forgot her own woes to avert disaster and sorrow from others. Those threatened now were doubly dear by their common loss. She quickly fell upon a plan to save them. From her father, on account of his politics, she knew she need not look for assistance. Therefore, unaided, she must achieve her design. As soon as dark came, she took a horse from the stable, and all womanly fears being swallowed up in her great apprehension for the fate of her friends, through the dark, wild forest paths she hurried along, hoping to apprise them of the threatened calamity in time to enable them to escape. Sad indeed, to relate, her act of heroism was In vain. The Indians knowing the relations existing between Susan Parris and the murdered man, on discovering a horse had been taken from the stable, and guessing who had done it, surmised he design and destination. They hurriedly gave the alarm to the others, broke of their encampment, went through a nearer way, and when she arrived, a bleeding, lifeless form, and smoking ruins, told her agonized heart her efforts to save were fruitless.

Major Ross pushed on with his command, In the hope of rescuing Mrs. Height and her daughters from their captivity. As they passed Parris’ Station, it was with difficulty that he could restrain his men from visiting on Parris the fate of the dead trader. But the brave attempt of Susan Parris to save the Heights, and

sympathy for her sorrows, induced them to hold her father and his property sacred and pass him unmolested.

Some miles beyond Reedy river, the battalion joined General Williamson, who had twelve or fifteen hundred men under his command. The combined forces proceeded rapidly, and as they drew near the Keowee towns, every effort was made to avoid falling into any ambuscade which might be laid by their cunning foe. An advanced guard was composed of 125 men, with an addition of 25 Catawba Indians, who were valuable auxiliaries in such a campaign as this.

> I think it more than probable that this body was entirely composed of York men, with the addition of the friendly York Indians, all under the command of Major Ross. The account I have given, I had from the lips of two of the actors. First, in my boyhood, from Mr. William Ervin, whose timely assistance save Major Frank Ross's life, in his struggle with the Indian; and years after Mr. Ervin's death, meeting Mr. John Kidd, who was | also in the Keowee expedition, he gave me the same account, incident for Incident. hey both belonged to the York battalion.

They were placed in the front ranks, and with the characteristic caution of their mode of warfare, would often pause in the march, and examine with the greatest care the bark of the tallest trees, to ascertain if they had been recently ascended; for it was the practice of the southern Indians, in their warfare, to have a certain number of "climbers" to look out, as well as "runners" to bring in news.

It was not long before they descended a cove. Here the Catawbas made a halt, and pointing to the wild pea vine, and rank weeds freshly broken and trampled upon, which gave evidence that some numbers of feet had recently traversed this place, they advised that the advance guard should remain here until the main body of the army came up. But the whites were impatient to go on; and, although the Indians insisted on going no further, they were finally overcome by persuasion, and again took up the line of march. The trail now descended into a small valley covered with grass, situate between two bald mountains and by a gushing rivulet. Following the course of the branch awhile, they came to the spring, around which large smooth rocks were lying in abundance. The quick eye of the savage warrior was caught directly by a few corn field, beans scattered here and there, which, attracting their attention, a minute survey showed them on a flat rock the foot-print of a naked foot. It being noon-day, and the rock fully exposed to the scorching rays of a July sun, it was incontrovertible proof that the enemy was near at hand. The Indians now refused to go on until the remainder of the army came up, which by this time was two or three miles in the rear. This refusal of the Indians to advance caused a parley of half an hour or more, when a proposition was made by a young Frenchman, an aide-de-camp of Moultrie's, named St. Pierre, who was a volunteer in the expedition, that the captain of the advance guard should lead on the men. The captain hesitated to take the responsibility of so hazardous an undertaking. "I will lead!"' at last exclaimed the impetuous St. Pierre, "if the rest will follow." To this all readily acceded. Accordingly he went forward, following the plainly-marked trail, which led directly up a bald mountain, with no growth, except rank grass and wild pea vine, higher than a man's head.

In single file, with trailed arms, and in perfect silence, they ascended the mountain. They had gone about 400 yards, when spang! went the report of a rifle, and the rash but brave and generous St. Pierre fell dead. A quick succession of shots reverberated from cliff to cliff, poured forth from the guns of the concealed Cherokees. The clamor was enhanced by their yells, producing a terrific effect. The

whites found themselves “each man his own commander,” and in their confusion, leaving the path beaten down by their feet on their ascent, ran helter-skelter through the long grass and luxuriant pea-vines, making poor speed, as they thought, for at every ten or twelve steps they would become so entangled In the vines, that the only way to extricate themselves quickly, was to hold their guns tightly in front against their thighs, throw themselves forward and roll, heels overhead, rise as quickly as possible and run; then when again entwined, another somersault and race. The hostile Indians had planted themselves through the tall grass above, with tomahawks and scalping knives in hand, and seeing their foes rolling and tumbling pell-mell down the mountain, of course Imagined them to be severely wounded, and bounded forward to finish them with a tomahawk and secure the coveted scalp, for which the British government, to their shame it 1s recorded, gave a guinea apiece.

Major Ross was with the advance guard, probably the commander, till the voluntary assumption of that postilion by young St. Pierre in the disastrous attempt just recorded. He was among those who rolled to the bottom, and in a little ravine was attacked by an Indian. They grappled. In the struggle both dropped their weapons, but not till from both the blood was flowing freely. Ross was a remarkably athletic man; the Indian was less muscular, but naked and greased, a custom of Cherokee warriors, and holding him was like holding an eel. The savage was about to gain the advantage, when a soldier, coming up, (or rather rolling down), saw “the situation,” clubbed his musket and knocked the Indian down. Major Ross, faint ”from loss of blood, fell at the same time. He had received a blow on the head from the Indian's tomahawk, which he thought fractured his skull, and believed death was upon him. By this time the Cherokees had ceased the pursuit and withdrawn up the mountain. The men, bruised, wearied and disheartened, gathered around the major, who was a man much beloved, among them the surgeon. After a short examination he exclaimed, ”Pooh! Ross, you can talk. Now, if you can bite, your head's not broke, and you'll not

old surgeon screamed loudly with pain. All felt perfect confidence in the doctor's surgery, never doubted his theory, and were delighted at the evidence afforded of their friend's certain recovery. Ross, himself, felt much relieved by his successful effort, was helped to his feet, and walked to where his late antagonist was lying, who, though in the agonies of death, grinned defiance at his adversary. Ross took the Indian's tomahawk, and to terminate his mortal sufferings, burled it in his brain.

The main body of the army having arrived, they forthwith, though with more precaution, pursued the Cherokees up the mountains, but did not overtake them that day. Late in the evening they arrived at the first Keowee town, containing about 75 wigwams. The entire population had fled, and the only human being to be seen, was an old Indian squaw, whom they secured as prisoner, and after pulling green corn from the smiling fields, sufficient to feed their horses, destroyed what remained growing, and burned the huts to the ground. They placed the old woman on an Indian pony, and directed her to pilot them to the nearest Indian town, promising to let her go uninjured, if she did their bidding, but threatening death if she dealt treacherously with them. The old squaw smiled with contempt at their overtures and warnings; and when the encampment broke camp the next morning, and the men started on the march, they felt it was with an ambiguous smile the old woman beckoned them on.

All day, through a most broken and rugged country, the army pressed forward, still incited by the hope of the re-capture of Mrs. Height and her two daughters, Twilight found them two or three miles from the town, where the Cherokees had

assembled. As night came on, the old guide led them into narrow defiles, amongst fallen trees, broken rocks, and here and there a precipice. It was useless to try to proceed. The troops could not travel through the dark in such a trail, besides they felt satisfied the squaw had misled them, and they must halt for the night, with their arms in hands ready for use, for they were, by this time, In sight of the town, could plainly see the Indian fires, hear their fiendish yells, and later in the night, what was indeed heart-rending to them, they could hear the wailing and screams of a female voice. This drove the officers and men to fair desperation, for the wild country and darkness were such that, although many made superhuman exertions, they could not find their way across rocks and chasms that encountered them at each step, and rendered their attempt to proceed worse than useless. At the first glimmering of day they pushed on, and before sunrise they were at the Indian town. It was deserted, but the naked corpse of the ill-fated Mrs. Height lay not far from the fire, around which, through the night, the cruel savages had danced their war dance, and ended the sufferings of their poor victim. A soldier pulled off his coat and-threw It over the body. They dug a grave and piously buried her near the scene of her sad death. For a few days longer our men pursued the savages, then reluctantly gave up the effort; but, in returning, completely destroyed the Indian country, burning all the towns and destroying the green corn, after which the little army was disbanded.

Not long after the Cherokees sued for peace, were compelled to cede their lands beyond the mountains of “Unacays,“ to South Carolina, of which are now composed the counties of Greenville, Anderson and Pickens.

The daughters of Colonel Height were sold from one tribe to another, and at last got to the Mississippi river, where a French trader happily met them, and benevolently bought them from the Indians and carried them to New Orleans, whence he sent them to their relatives in South Carolina, five years after the massacre of their parents.

COLONEL WILLIAM HILL

The first iron works erected In the upper part of the state stood on Allison's creek, the present site, I understand, of flourishing flour mills and a carding factory. They were owned by William Hill. These works were a most important enterprise, and an incalculable benefit to the whole vicinity. The loss of them, when burnt by the Tories of Ferguson's command, was felt by the farmers and soldiers of the surrounding country, to be the bitterest blow the enemy could have Inflicted. The farmers knew not where to obtain the implements necessary to till the soil, and feared they might be forced to return to the wooden plow. The latter missed the ordnance obtained from the forge to visit vengeance on the foe, who was daily harassing their friends and country. So more than one good Presbyterian echoed “Amen” to Elder John Miller, who, when sometime after the event, being desired to pray, with all solemn fervor said:

> ”Good Lord, our God who art in heaven, we have reason to thank Thee for the many favors received at Thy hands, the many battles that has been won. There Is one great and glorious battle of King's Mountain, where we kill the great General Ferguson and took his whole army; and the great battles of Ramseur's and Williamson's, and the ever memorable and glorious battle of the Coopens, [Cowpens] where we made the proud General Tarleton run doon [down] the road helter-skelter; and Good Lord, if ye had na’ [not] suffered the cruel Tories to burn Belly Hell's [Billy Hill]

> iron works, we would na' [not] have asked ony mair [any more] favors at thy hand. Amen."

Hill was a staunch Whig from the beginning of the contest. He, and Neal, were elected the colonels of a regiment from York. (It was then required of each regiment to have two officers of that grade). He was throughout the war an active patriot. He fought at Williamson's, where Houck was defeated and killed; bore a most conspicuous part in our effort at Rocky Mount, and the gallant incident I now relate, had it been performed by Putnam or some other Yankee hero, would have been chronicled in every common-school reader in the United States.

Our men had, after three attempts. driven the garrison of Colonel Trumbull's New York Tories into some log houses which served them as a fort, from which our men could not dislodge them by assault for want of artillery. General Sumter conceived the idea of "fighting the devil with fire," and called for two men, as a forlorn hope, to execute It. The volunteers for this desperate service were Colonel William Hill and Adjutant Jemmy Johnson. The duty was to run to a large rock which stood within the abatis, each carrying an armful of light-wood. When they reached this rock, they could screen themselves behind it safely, and from thence throw the lighted wood on the roof of a building adjoining the log fort. One hundred yards did these men run in the face of the enemy, the guns of the latter bearing directly on them the whole distance. They gained the shelter unhurt. Hill watched the enemy while Johnson ignited the pine and threw the burning brands on top of the nearest house. The Tories soon perceiving their design, a detail sallied forth and drove them from their position. They ran back to our lines, not under the fire of the port holes only, but also that of the detachment that came out against them. A merciful providence surely protected them; for their clothes were riddled with bullet holes, and even locks of hair cut from their heads, yet they were unscathed. A heavy rain falling extinguished the flames thus hazardously kindled, and Sumter ordered the firing to cease, gave up the attempt and fell back to Landsford.

At the hard fought battle of "Hanging Rock," Colonel Hill bore a part and received a wound in the wrist. In fact, he and his regiment were: under General Sumter to the end of the revolution, and shared in all his stirring campaigns, always enjoying the confidence and affection of the "Game Cock."

History still owes to the memory of Colonel William Hill an important debt, for though named in her records, his sacrifices and efforts in the great cause of freedom have never received their due meed of praise. Well may the shades of our partisan leaders cry,

> "He that doth good to the multitude Finds that few are truly grateful."

I hope a biography of this valuable Revolutionary hero may yet be written, for surely the Incident at Rocky Mount would constitute him one, without the many other deeds of valor which wreathe the laurel for his brow. I am able to give but a meagre outline. My materials are too imperfect and faulty, my memory too treacherous to touch but lightly the theme. Neither does it come within the scope of these "Reminiscences" to undertake so arduous a task. I therefore leave it to those who come after me to do the "noble Roman justice."

After the act of 1785, establishing the county courts, he was elected one of the seven judges. By the act of 1791, when the number of county court justices was reduced to three, William Hill, Alexander Moore and John McLanhan "were elected by

joint nomination by the senate and house of representatives," and administered the law for years, and I do not remember to have ever heard, In after days, a complaint of wrong received at their hands while occupying this position. In 1799 the county court system was abolished and the people showed their affection for and confidence in Colonel Hill, by sending him as one of their representatives to the general assembly.

He was a man of strong native talent, with few early advantages, shrewd acuteness and a firm integrity of purpose. He was a man of wealth, amassed mostly by his own energy. The much lamented iron works were rebuilt by him after the war, and were a source of considerable revenue. I remember "in the sere and yellow leaf'', when he was above 70 years of age, a thin old man of medium height. He was then in Yorkville on a visit of either pleasure or business. He left four sons and two daughters. General D. H. Hill is a descendant, on whom the mantle of his grandsire has happily fallen.

In his old age Colonel Hill wrote a history of Sumter's campaigns, but it was never published. I have seen the MS. The events are well told, and if prejudices ran too high toward some parties, In some pages, perhaps he knew better tan others of what he wrote, In consequence of some of the allusions contained in the manuscript, his heirs considerately prevented its publication. He died on the plantation at the iron works and was buried in Bethel graveyard.

ALEXANDER MOORE

Alexander Moore, of whom I have spoken as one of the colleagues of Hill in 1791, was the son of James Moore and Rachel Black, his wife. They were among the original Scotch-Irish settlers of York. Alexander was born in Pennsylvania, being a child several years of age when his father removed to this state. He was the eldest of a large family of girls and boys. His parents, though poor, determined, as was quite common with the early Presbyterians, to educate one of their sons for the ministry. Naturally, the election fell on the first-born for these advantages. He was early sent to the "larnin," and had all the opportunities of education that early period afforded. A natural taste for literature, united with a good mind, made him a hard student, and, for his time, a very finished scholar. He graduated at the College at Charlotte, North Carolina, about the beginning of the Revolutionary war, felt no calling to preach, and the contest waging between the colonies and the mother country seemed to indicate to him the line of present duty. His father, too, being a good Whig, as were all the Scotch-Irish, saw his country's need, and was reconciled to the abortion of his long cherished

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Mr. Moore was one of the brave little band of patriots who attacked Houck at Williamson's, where our men killed the Philadelphia lawyer and routed his command completely, with hardly one man to his three. In the division of the spoils, a very fine grey mare fell to the share of Alexander Moore, which he rode many a day in the rounds of Lacy's "rangers." In 1781 (I think) he was elected a Lieutenant, and was in command of the company that guarded the bridge at the battle, near Biggins' church, of Jumby's Bridge. About 1783 he was elected sheriff of Camden district, (under the constitution of 1778), by the senate and house of representatives, to serve for two years. He was re-elected to this office more than once. In 1789 he declined a renomination, and was succeeded by Joseph Brevard, (afterward Judge Brevard), of Camden. In 1784 he married a Miss Dorcas Ervin, and

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In 1789 he was a candidate from Pinckney district for the general assembly, but was beaten. The cause of his defeat shows the devotion of our early people to their pastors. While a candidate, Mr. Moore had on some occasion that required it, expressed freely his opposition to the Rev. McCanna, remaining in charge of the Bethesda church, of which congregation he was a member, from the habitual indulgence of the preacher in drunkenness. Relations and friends and neighbors, held up their hands in pious horror. To speak evil of the Lord's anointed was a heresy beyond their ken, and were Alec Moore twice as near and dear, they could not send such a man to represent them in the legislature. Thus, his own section of Chester and York failed him, and he was left out. Before the election of new members came, the minister had too evidently fallen from grace for his flock to be blind to his faults; for one day, when intoxicated, he had ascended the pulpit

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He was often called upon to perform the marriage ceremony, and I recall a scene that I witnessed at his house 65 years ago, and relate it to show how a “big wedding,” was managed in those days:

Between 10 and 11 o'clock in the morning, some of the party descried a cavalcade of apparently 35 or 40 persons coming up the road which ran past Mr. Moore's residence. In front rode two men and then behind them two and two, a gentleman and a lady; the entire crowd paired off, and thus strung out, magnified their appearance and presented as an Imposing a spectacle as possible. As they drew near enough to distinguish faces, the Moore’s recognized In the first gentleman and lady, a couple who were to be married that day, and though no warning had been given, knew the meaning of the escort. About 100 yards from the house, the procession halted. The foremost riders who were the “bottle carriers,” turned their horses and rode back the whole length

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The third time they dismounted, hitched their horses, formed and came into the house. Squire Moore went forward to the piazza to receive them. They announced their desire for him to marry their candidates for the holy state. He invited them in and performed the ceremony with due solemnity. After which, the bridal party, being almost all of them acquaintances and neighbors, the tables and chairs were cleared out of the hall. Some one among them being a musician, had brought his instrument, and they commenced what would be literally “the light fantastic toe” to the present generation. The “pigeon wing” and the “flying shuffles“ tramped to the merry of the fiddler's highland fling and Irish Jig.

> “Nae cotillion brent frae France,
> But hornpipes, jigs, strathspeys, reels,
> Put life and mettle in their heels;”

till dinner hour approached. Then they began their arrangements for leaving. Of course the Squire must accompany them to the feast at the residence of the groom's mother. At first he declined; but as it was about two miles to go, with this and some other accessions to their numbers, they remounted and fell into line. The ”bottle carriers,” with flask replenished, again handed the exhilarating beverage to all, three cheers were given for the new married folks, and away they cantered

with merry hearts and good appetite to partake of the abundant cheer prepared by old Mrs. Brown.

“How ridiculous!” does some young maiden exclaim? In three generations from now, will not our fashions be as “outre?“ What think you would your grand-dame feel were they to glance in at a modern party and see you whirling by. with some gay cavalier, in one of the favorite round dances? I hope the girls in a good time coming, will not only cry, at the description of them, “how absurd; but how disgusting!”

Squire Moore was a man always before the people, and filled the various offices of trust reposed in him, with ability to his state, and satisfaction to his community. His manners were urbane and his hospitality unbounded. He had a fine person, commanding, almost stern in appearance, and was one of the few men in his day, who always wore a black broadcloth suit, ruffled shirt and high-top beaver hat. He had some peculiar religious notions, but was orthodox in his faith, and died a triumphant death in the 53d year of his age. He was buried in the Bethel graveyard, of which church he for years had been a member.

JUDGE JOHN MCLANAHAN

Of John McLanahan, one of the three county court justices already spoken of, I am sorry I cannot give an extended account. I know nothing of his antecedents; not even the place of his birth. I remember having seen him once or twice. He was a slender man, altogether fine looking, with very finished manners. He was well educated, and in every respect an accomplished gentleman of excellent business capacity. His popularity among the people is attested by their electing him a member of the legislature: once I know, and perhaps several times. He, Hill, and Moore were all, at one time, members of the general assembly. He was a Federalist, and from the espousing of that party, lost favor with the people of York, and could never get them to elect him again. After this, he removed to his plantation near Landsford, and spent the later part of his life in retirement. He was never married.

> “The weary pilgrim slumbers,
> His resting place unknown
> His hands were crossed,
> his lids were closed
> The dust was o'er him strown
> The drifting soil,
> the mouldering leaf,
> Along the sod were blown;
> His mound has melted into earth,
> His memory lives alone.”

And it has almost perished; but I would not have one who served our fathers well in his day and generation, thus forgotten; and If he were mistaken, 'twas honestly so.

My recollection may be incorrect as regards Hill, Moore, and McLanahan belong the only justices of the peace from '92 to '99; but such is my impression. I think they were the three associates during that period. I have no opportunity to examine the records which might confirm or disabuse my mind of this belief. It may be that others served during the time, and they were in office only a portion of that period. I cannot assuredly say; but in my own mind I am satisfied of the fact that they were the only ones.

ADAM MEEK AND THE GHOST

One of York's earliest sheriffs, I think the first after the present division of the district, was Adam Meek. He lived near the mouth of Bullock's Creek. I do not remember ever to have seen him; but know he bore a high character in the community for real worth. He was a man of great integrity, fearless in the discharge of duty, and particularly distinguished for his sound common sense. He had a considerable family, and many of his descendants live in York county still; none, however, I believe, bearing his name. Tis daughters severally married John S. Moore, Baldwin Byers, and Samuel Moore, of York. One, perhaps both his sons, married and removed west years ago.

I recall a mysterious occurrence in the life of Mr. Meek, related to me after his death, by his brother, Mr. James Meek, a man of perfect veracity and the highest respectability. It exemplifies the intrepidity of the former's disposition and his uncommon firmness of nerve, which fitted him so well for the trying duties of the office he held.

In the days of yore, our forefathers were commonly believers in the supernatural. Scotchmen all believe in second-sight and warlock grim; Irishmen in banshee and bogie; therefore, 1t is not to be wondered that descendants of the two should see more than other folks, and have many a legend of haunted houses and witched souls.

> “Wi mair ’o horrible and aufu, Which e’en to name wad be unlawfu’.”

There was a great excitement among the people of Bullock's Creek, in the immediate vicinity of Adam Meeks’. In Gordon's Old Field, which had for years been a large open barren, and through the middle of which ran a road, an apparition had appeared to many. Indeed, every one who, for some weeks past had, after dark set in, been traveling that way, were sure to see the phantom-shape, at which sight they hesitated not to confess, they Invariably put whip to their horses, or flight in their heels, and made off with all speed till they could reach the wood which skirted the field around, for this was the limit of the ghost's walk; as when they drew near the shadows of the friendly forest, it vanished.

Some faint-hearted, but reliable neighbor. was relating to Mr. Meek a view he had of the spectre a few nights before, as he passed along the road through the old field.

> “What did It say?" inquired the listener.
>
> “I never stopped to let it get near enough to hear a word from it,” was the candid reply.
>
> “Well! if ever I see it, I will talk with it,” quoth the bolden spirit of Adam Meek.

It was not long afterward, he told the brother (who narrated the tale to me) that he had one evening been detained till a late hour, and it was dark, when, on his way home, he entered the haunted old field. About the middle he descried the ghost approaching. He stopped his horse and waited until It came up to his side. He and the ghost conversed together, and it accompanied him to the woods, a distance of 200 yards, talking all the while, when it disappeared. He came on home, but the

substance of the discourse he said he could not then reveal; but perhaps, later, he might be able to do so.

Mr. James Meek said that an uncommon amount of fraternal affection and confidence existed between his brother and himself, in all the concerns of life. From boyhood they had been used to repose all trust in one another, neither ”withholding any secrets from the other; therefore, he knew if it were possible or right, his brother would not conceal any part of the matter from him.

Some weeks after his interview with the apparition in Gordon's Old Field, Mr. Meek left home, and was gone nearly two months; and still, after his return, never divulged the meaning of his long absence as to where he had been or for what purpose. In reply to questions on the subject from his family and brother, his answer was, "I cannot tell you now, I may before I die; but that is not certain. This I can tell you, the ghost at Gordon's Old Field will never be seen again. I can assure the vicinity it has been seen for the last time.”

It was even so. The road through the old field lost its terrors to the belated traveler, whether riding or walking, for the spectre visitant was seen no more from that time forth.

The mysterious interview and Journey of Mr. Meek, his brother thought had some connection with the ghost of Gordon's Old Field, but no explanation was ever made, as he died without ever giving any further account of either. There was certainly something strange in the tale, but his strength of mind gave him some knowledge his neighbors were afraid to fathom. What this was, some promise made, perhaps, or his discretion, made it undesirable for him to repeat.

A WITCH STORY

This weird story brings to my mind one my step-mother used to often tell. I happened before she married my father, and she herself was present at the scene. The narration never lost Interest to me, as I knew the people whom it concerned. After hearing It, I would creep to bed, my excited imagination easily conjuring each gust of the wind, rustling through the trees, to be some old witch on her broomstick, who might come down the chimney and ride me away. Old Mr. Rainey, who lived in the Bethesda congregation, believed himself bewitched. He was, for many years, a weakly, sickly man, and all his aliments were, by the whole community, attributed to the power of old Balsey Fox, a noted witch, who lived in the “Black Jacks.“ The only way to remove the spell was, by some means to obtain the benediction of “God bless you” from the old sorceress. To do this, some scheme must be fallen upon to entrap her into it unawares, as, of course, she would not voluntarily abjure her dominion over him.

A plan was conceived of inviting all the women of the neighborhood, within a circuit to include old Mrs. Fox, to meet at his residence on a certain day, the object of which was generally known, A large concourse assembled, men as well as women, but the witch, alas, was not among them; and without her presence the rest could avail nothing for the intention had been that each woman of the assembly should lay their hands on the sick man and say “God bless you.” It had been thought the hag would be ashamed and afraid not to do as the rest; and on the pronouncing the holy name her reign would be ended. Old Mrs. Fox did not come, and what was to be done? Among those whom friendship and curiosity had brought to the scene, was Colonel Edward Lacey. He declared that the witch should come; and off he cantered on his spirited bay. In due time, expectation was fulfilled, for up rode the

gallant colonel, with the old woman behind him, a lean, withered beldame; but wonder of wonders! Although she was only an old hag's weight, 96 pounds, the large blooded animal they had ridden was reeking with sweat, in a perfect lather, and the horse blowing as if he were bellowsed. Men and women gathered round the panting steed In utter amazement.

But the witch had come. There was nothing longer to hinder their proceeding with the good work. All the females collected in the hall where the afflicted man was lying. One by one, in regular turn, with solemnity, they advanced to old Mr. Rainey's bedside and pronounced the desired benison, ”God bless you, Mr. Rainey.” Old Mrs. Fox's turn was the last. All eyes turned toward her. She went forward, however, nothing hesitating, but the listening ears caught the words, “My God bless you, Mr. Rainey.” The devil was her deity, and the cunning witch had banned instead of blessed the sufferer. She outwitted them, and the pious effort was of no effect.

Perhaps some, in this enlightened age of spirit-rappings, may feel desirous of making a jest of our old superstitions, and say they are sure not one particle of it possesses them. I believe it an often infirmity of human nature, and hold with Dr. Brazier, of the Methodist church, when at the age of 96, of whom I once asked the question, “if he was superstitious?” ”Yes,” he replied, ”and I believe all men are, if they would tell the truth. I don't like to see a rabbit run across my path.”

“Pshaw!” said old Colonel Ben Saxon, secretary of state, who was sitting by, "I don't regard it a picayune; I always make a cross mark and spit on it."

Once afterward, in conversation with the late Chancellor Harper, In regard to the persecutions for witchcraft in Scotland and New England, I asked him what he believed. His reply was like that of a Roman augur, Indirect. His words, though, impressed me. They were, ”We have the highest evidence of human testimony to believe in witchcraft, for many individuals have confessed, just before being launched into eternity, they were suffering the just penalty of their crimes, for they were guilty of witchcraft.”

In discussing the subject of mesmerism, In its early days, with Rev. Mr. Elliott, of Beaufort, in which he strongly believed, he told me of Mesmerist's power and clairvoyant skill to a marvelous extent. I told him we might begin to believe With our forefathers in witches, and, for his amusement, related to him the tale of the bewitchment of

MOSIE GABBIE OF YORK

Mosie Gabbie lived two miles above York court house, and it was either In the year 1620 or 1821, when he lived with a brother-in-law named Burns, that his family and neighbors were much excited and bewildered by his case. He said that he was bewitched, and his curious state confirmed the minds of others in the same belief. All day long he would lie in bed, In a kind of stupor, and could be roused only when directly spoken to, when he would relapse Into the same comatose state, if left alone. Between 11 and 12 o'clock at night, he would utter a fearful yell, spring from his bed where he had been lying all day. rush cut of the house, be absent till daylight, when he would return with his hands and feet full of chestnut burs. On being questioned by his family as to when these nocturnal alarms first began, to where he went, and why he so behaved, he would piteously declare he could not help himself; that old Mrs. Biggart, a commonly reported witch, rode him every night to old Violet Weston's and hitched him under a large chestnut tree, In front

of the house, while the witches had a dance in the rickety old dwelling. In vain did his sister and her husband devise and execute means to keep him at home. Every effort failed by some mischance, for at the fatal hour he would give the awful shriek and be gone, they scarce knew how. At last they ceased trying to “prevent him, yielding undoubtedly to the belief that Mosie was bewitched and ridden every night. Winter came and passed; spring, summer, fall – the seasons made no change, for it was a certain fact that every night, let the weather be what it might, raining, sleeting or snowing, he would, between the hours of 11 and 12, give a hideous yell, jump out of his bed and be gone ‘til day dawn next morning.

The family became so accustomed to it that their slumbers were scarcely arrested by it for a moment. Among the daily tasks assigned the children, the picking of the burrs out of their Uncle Mosie's feet and hands, was one of the most arduous. Only once, after the first unavailing efforts made at the beginning of the strange occurrence by the frightened household of his brother-in-law, to keep him from his midnight jaunts, only once again, was an attempt made, I say, to outdo the witch. It happened thus: Old Sam Burns, father of Mosie Gabble's brother-in-law, with whom the latter lived, was talking with Colonel Billy Ferguson on the subject of haunts. in which Burns was a strong believer. Ferguson hooted the Idea. Burns told him of Mosie's case, and Ferguson laughed the tale to scorn, offering to wager that he could keep him at home. Old Mr. Burns Insisted that it was supernatural, and proposed that Ferguson should go some night and make the trial. Colonel Ferguson was eager to do so, and a night in the next week was agreed on for the purpose.

Punctually the two met at Gabble's house, and having announced to the family the cause and object of their visit. the family, at the usual hour, retired to the other room of the cabin, and left the old gentlemen to their watch in the room with Mosie. Time wore on rather slowly, as time watched, usually does, and Ferguson, a little weary, reclined himself upon a chair which he placed down before the fire, resting his back and head against this hard pillow, but still chatting with Burns, who, too, had sought a recumbent position, by lying across the foot of Mosie's bed, which was standing near the fire. Conversation grew more tedious and labored; they had no candle; the blaze of the fire flickered uncertainly, and the old men, before they knew it. and certainly against all their intentions, fell into a doze. All was still, when the quiet of night was broken by a horrible shriek from Mosie ”Gabbie, as if he were possessed of numberless fiends. Colonel Ferguson was fully aroused in a moment, and sprang from the floor to his feet. Old Mr. Burns, too, was awakened, but rose more slowly from where he was lying. Seeing Burns rise from the bed, Ferguson, in the excitement of the moment, and the dim, uncertain light, mistook him for Mosie Gabbie and mounted him, determined to prevent his escape. Poor old Mr. Burns, horror-stricken, thought the witch had chosen to mount a new horse and was on him; and in the agony of apprehension, rushed under the bed. It was not | very long until the double mistake was discovered; but meanwhile, during the scuffle, Mosie was up and gone till daylight, when he returned, haggard and burred as usual. I do not know that Ferguson was a convert to Burns's opinion, but he never could be induced to make another effort to keep the witch from her ride and Mosie was left to his fate for five years.

One day I was passing Sam Wright's hotel in Yorkville, when I noticed a crowd of people in the house and yard. It was not a public day, and my curiosity was a good deal excited as to the cause of the assemblage, and I concluded to go in and see. Enquiring of some of the crowd, I was informed that the celebrated Dr. Brindle, from Lincolnton, North Carolina, a witch-doctor, was in the house to prescribe for all who needed his services; and, furthermore, that the day before, he had cured Mosie Gabbie. Old Burns, who always kindly took great interest in the poor lad,

heard of Dr. Brindle and his great success in like instances, and went to North Carolina to see him. The doctor said, with confidence, he could cure Gabbie, and agreed to return with old Mr. Burns to try it. A large number of persons, probably 50, from the neighborhood," gathered in to see how the doctor would proceed in the matter. The first step of the physician was to administer an emetic, which caused Mosie to eject from his stomach crooked pins, needles, hair balls, etc. This was attested by many persons who were present, who, in telling the tale, would say they were willing to swear on the Bible they saw him throw up this trash. After this, a black cat, which had been procured for the purpose, was tied to a chair, a switch of dead hog-weed was provided. and the doctor gave the cat nine "clips." Mosie then taking the switch, gave the cat the same number of strokes, then waited nine minutes and resumed the feline castigation, striking a different number of times, and pausing a longer or shorter period, but always by odd numbers.

The doctor told them that the witch who rode Mosie, would, by this means, be brought to the house and ask for some trifling favor, and would be in great distress of mind and not leave until the favor was granted. They continued the discipline of the black cat until late in the afternoon, when, sure enough, up walked old Mrs. Biggert, as the as the doctor predicted, though as Mrs. Burns said, she had not been in the yard for years before. On this visit she asked for some little thing, perhaps a pitcher of buttermilk, which being refused, she seemed in the greatest trouble and hung around instead of leaving.

This seemed a singular fact for those present. By a little sleight-of-hand the needles, pins and hair-balls might have been so manipulated as to deceive them, but the presence of old Mrs. Biggert was unmistakable. Late in the evening Mrs. Burns gave her what she wanted, whereupon the old creature expressed great delight and trudged off home. From that hour Mosie Gabbie was free from the spell, and slept in his bed all night like other folks.

After this ower tale, I, even, must test the conjurer, and went into the room at Mr. Wright's to see him. Advancing, I told him, I wanted to know if he could cure a pain in my arm. "O, yes, he could make it well." Taking my hand so as to extend my arm to a right inclination, he passed his hand quickly down the length of my arm from shoulder to wrist, and with a flourish, as he passed the extremity of my fingers, said, "in!, out!" with each manipulation; and repeating it three times, pronounced me well. I certainly was, for my ache was entirely feigned. I paid my quarter for the manoeuvre very willingly, having satisfied my curiosity, and amused myself awhile longer watching him with others.

When I finished my tale, Mr. Elliott said, "Do you think any one could believe such a tissue of absurdity?" "Yes," was my reply; "many, before your revelations of mesmerism." "Oh! no," he insisted. We were walking up the hill at Glenn's Springs, and I pointed to a group of men sitting in front of the store-door talking politics and news while waiting for the mail. I proposed we should join them and repeat our narrations, predicting I would have the most believers. He willingly agreed, and joining the crowd, I introduced the topic. He talked well, and they were much entertained. When he was done. I said it reminded me of a case, I'd heard of in York, and told them of "Mosie Gabbie." When I was done, I asked, "Now, gentlemen, if you were bound to believe one story or the other, which would it be?" "The witch story," was the reply of all. Mr. Elliott with his true courtesy, laughed at the confirmation of my statement. Now, probably as mesmerism is no longer new, he would find as many believers as I.

THE TURKEY CREEK NEIGHBORHOOD

Was settled, In great part, by families om the lower portion of South Carolina. Among these were the Palmers, Williams', Marlons, Kings, Normans, Pierces, and Cotruriers. Some of these came up prior to the Revolutionary war, some after its close. They were wealthy, and brought with them into the district, a large number of Negroes. Being high livers and poor managers, they soon scattered among their thrifty up-country neighbors, a number of their slaves, as it was quite a common rule with them, to sell one or two Negroes each year, to bring in a revenue for next year's expenses.

Although they were not enterprising and money-making citizens, these families were a valuable accession to York district. They were people of high tone of character, warm hearts, genial hospitality and courtly manners. This mingling with the earlier settlers, had a softening influence tn social life, and introduced a gentler element of modes and means. I distinctly remember old Captain Joseph Palmer, the very embodiment of an old-school gentleman, always wearing the beautifully plaited ruffled shirt, well blacked top boots, and riding a fine horse; with a bow of grace and elegant dignity, old Sir Charles Grandison could not have surpassed. During the war he was, part of the time, commissary for Colonel Edward Lacy's regiment of mounted infantry. After peace was restored, he held for many years the office of magistrate. He was a surveyor by profession, and one of the most accomplished of his kind. His plats were models for their accuracy of measurement and neatness of execution. He was universally looked up to and respected. Even a stranger was bound to feel the power of his finished manner and courtly address. It was really an advantage to the youth of his vicinity to enjoy the opportunity of imitating such accomplishments. These, too, held him a good deal in awe, for they well knew that a gauchere or rudeness, would not pass, in his presence, uncorrected. Over the broad mantel-board in the hall of his house, during the Christmas holidays, in plain letters, easily deciphered, he would chalk the following quaint distich:

> "Pray stand aside, sirs, 'tis every one's desire,
> As well as you, sirs, to see and feel the fire."

And the shivering little urchin who would thoughtlessly plant himself in front of the blazing logs, to the exclusion of others, would hang his head abashed, and step deftly to one slide, when his attention was pointed "to the writing on the wall."

Some of these families, after a few years, sold their purchases and returned to the low-country. Others made York their permanent home, and their descendants still reside in the district. When I was a boy, numbers of the Huguenot families of Pineville would, every summer, travel up in their carriages, spending the seasons in our more salubrious climate, with their relatives and friends, who were settled here.

To a Septuagenarian, nothing is more striking than the change of social customs within his recollections. A young man wanting to address a girl, in the olden time, would ask of the father or guardian of his inamorata, "the liberty of the house." This being granted him, whether the attentions were agreeable or otherwise to the young lady, she "was bound by respect to her father and every sense of politeness, to receive the swain's attentions, with courtesy, till he came directly to the point with her; when she could give him a decided refusal or acceptance.

I recall a practical joke played by a gay and beautiful young widow, Mrs. M., and her niece, Miss Betsy M., who was not far inferior in attractions. It would now be deemed a jest unrefined beyond fastness, in those days a merry humor, though I cannot say I would not now question its propriety, if committed under my tutelage. But those who perpetrated it, would have shrunk with blushes, from the indelicacy of a round dance.

It was Christmas week and hog killing time. Two young gents, Jimmy M., and Mansfield G., concluded to go a sparking, and the charming widow and Miss Betsy M. were, to each, an attraction. The cheery blazing fire inside was a pleasant contrast to the snow on the ground outside. So cozily did the day roll round, they concluded they would remain during the night. About the hearth, the circle gathered; told stories, asked riddles, and the evening passed away merrily. When the hour for retiring came, the ladies gave an excuse that the candles were out and that they had not yet another supply, the firelight must serve the gentlemen in their stead, and by it, they hoped they could make their way to the bed. Jimmy M. said he knew their quarters, having occupied them before. Mr. G. was equally complacent. Good-nights were exchanged, and all went to their different apartments. G. disrobed before his bed-fellow and ran and jumped into bed. As he slipped in, he hastily drew up the covering to exclude the frosty air. Out he bounced, crying at the top of his voice, Snakes! snakes! Snakes in the bed.” “Snakes!” exclaimed the astonished Jimmy. “Snakes, and snow on the ground?” And seizing a blazing pine knot, he ran to the bed, threw down the covering, lying about the middle, a coil of, expanded hog entrails.

There had been a larger amount than was needed prepared for the sausage, and the surplus was seized by the girls to blow up, and with them, perpetrate the joke. A burst of smothered merriment from the next room, the domicile of the ladies, explained the affair to the young men. Jimmy M. was badly in love, took the trick in good part, laughed heartily at the excellent counterfeit and G.'s unseasonable snakes. The latter, more sensitive, redressed, declared he felt himself insulted and would leave. The ladies, who were still in full toilet, came out and met him as he was starting, begged his pardon, assured him it was but a jest of the season, etc., etc. He could not blow them up as they had the entrails, so he rode away in cold dignity.

Now, my friend, Nat Marlon, took his mortification more gently. We escorted home one Sunday, from the meetinghouse, one of old Col. Beckham's daughters. There were beside, going to Colonel Beckham's hospitable house, several young ladies. Each had an escort, and the young men all accepted an invitation of the old gentleman to remain during the night. After tea a servant entered to remove the boots of the gentlemen, bringing a pair of slippers for each to assume, while he was blacking the boots for the morrow’s wear. As it was customary, although the ladies were present, the beaux, without hesitancy, submitted to the pulling of their boots, and the comfortable substitute offered, until Nat's turn came. He declined. “His boots were not much muddied, were very hard to get off,” he said, and “the servant need not black them.” “Oh!” replied the colonel. “this boy can pull any boot I ever saw, let him take them off for you.” “No, I thank you,” returned Nat urbanely, “I am sure he could not succeed with these. I have always to use a boot-jack or get to the crack of the door.” Old Colonel Beckham's pride in Caesar's efficiency was aroused, and he insisted on his being allowed to try. Nat was in for it and the stout Negro laid hold. Nat was a small man; but just then, a very determined one. He held a stubborn foot and rigid toes, but the burly strength of the black was too much for him; his foot gave way, the boot slipped off, and there, in full view

the matter. Poor Nat boasted no foot to his stocking, a leg and a heel was all, the rest completely worn off; and to use the oft-repeated pun, “each toe spoke Its perfect health, for they were all able to be out.”

At weddings, quiltings, or parties of any kind, where there were enough assembled together, the young people would always have a dance. No one ever made any religious objection, and I've seen an elder, of pure piety as any man who ever lived, lead off the reel. Our minister used to look on and say he much preferred it to the games sometimes Introduced to vary the entertainment. When pawns were forfeited by some faux pas, by an unlucky individual in the game, a frequent penalty in paying was, the offender being a young man, to kiss some designate girl through the rounds of a chair, placed on his head for the purpose. I must agree with him. It is a far more pleasant sight lo see well-taught feet, keeping time to lively music, than to witness the romping games which are instituted as a vent for the exuberance of spirit that youth, health and untried hearts are given by Dame Nature.

When a few young persons accidentally met at a friend's and would gather in the long winter evenings around the huge fireplace, which took almost the half of the end of the good-sized hall they would agree alternately, to tell a tale, ask a riddle and sing a song. The rule compelled each to contribute their share to the evening's amusement. All ”would comply, and those whose attempts were failures, stood being laughed at good naturedly; feeling, In that way, if not the other, they had given their quota to the evening's fun. Those who sang well were called on repeatedly for songs, and there Is a ballad much ”admired, sixty years ago, which I have never seen in print; but my memory serves me so well as to enable me to recall all but four lines. It is, I think ”a pretty sequel to the always popular Scotch song of “Auld Robin Grey,” and I cannot refrain from giving it. It was called:

THE DEATH OF AULD ROBIN GREY

“The summer it was smiling,
All nature round was gay;
And Jennie was attending,
On poor auld Robin Grey;
For he was sick at heart,
And had no friends besides,
Save only poor Jennie,
Who newly was a bride.
”Oh! Jennie, IT shall die,” he cried,
As sure as I had birth;
Then see my poor old bones, I pray,
Laid decent In the earth;
And be a widow for my sake,
A twelve-month and a day;
And you shall have what e'er belongs
To poor auld Robin Grey.

I laid poor Robin in the earth,
As decent as I could;
And shed a tear upon his grave
For he to me was good.
I took my rockall in my hand,
And to my cot I hied;
Crying wae is me! what shall I do.
Since poor auld Robin's died?

Search every land, throughout the world,
There's none like me forlorn: |
I'm read e'en to ban the day,
That ever I was born.
I tried to laugh, I tea to sing,
To pass my time away,
For father was dead, mither was dead
And e'en auld Robin Grey.

At last the merry bells rang out,
I could na' guess the cause
But Rodney was the man they said,
Who gained so much applause.
I doubted it the tale were true,
Till Jamie came to me,
And shewed to me a purse of gold,
Said Jeannie 'tis for thee;
Auld Robin Gray is dead I find,
And still your heart is true
Oh! Jeannie take. me in your arms,
And I will be so too!
Pres' John will join us in my kirk,
And we'll be blythe and gay,
I blushed, consented and replied,
'Adieu! auld Robin Grey.'"

The air was a sweet, plaintive one, that suited well the simple tenor of the tale; and the voice now long silent that poured forth the melody, better far, untaught though it was, by all but a true ear and fine taste, than many a one I've heard since, trained under masters to trill Italian Sonatas and French Rigolettas, not one word of which could the listeners understand, to add interest to notes my old fashioned ears deemed more torturing than pleasing.

As the witching hour of midnight drew near, the tales would increase in horror and mystery. Each one of the circle drew their chairs nearer to one another, and the sinking fire, and excited imaginations all aglow, made even the boldest half afraid to look behind them on the gloaming darkness.

Vehicles of all kinds were scarce. Ladies, as well as gentlemen, usually rode on horseback, and many a well-to-do farmer hauled up. his corn crop on sleds. The said corn was made without a trace chain, for they used as a substitute, laths made of white oak. As they knew no better, these did excellently well except at the end of the row, as in consequence of the stiffness of the laths they had to lift the plough clear around. It was a great improvement when raw cow-tugs, made of green cow-hides, were introduced. The stretching and contracting properties of these

gears were exemplified, over well, perhaps, by the tale told by a countryman, who was swapping lies with an old acquaintance.

He said he cut down a bee tree about a half a-mlle from his house, on the creek. The tree broke as it fell, and out gushed a stream of honey into the creek, that made metheglin of its waters for a matter of 25 yards. He ran directly home for his cart and yokea up his oxen, the gears of which were green cow-hides. He drove back to his bee tree, loaded his cart heavily, and then drove off for home. The oxen went well, but the cart never moved a step, for the cow-tugs kept stretching till they stretched alJl the way to the house. He turned the oxen loose when he got there, threw the yoke over the Nmb of a tree, and in the evening the cart came creaking up to his home, for the sun had drawed up the cow-tugs to the right length again.

At the period of which I speak, there was but one glazed house in the district, outside of Yorkville. That was! bullt by old Colonel Bratton. It boasted two or three windows, filled by one sash, each. composed of four panes, not more than about 6x8 Inches in size. I am under the impression that the building is still standing at Brattons-' ville. I often think those primitive times were very happy ones. The very) absence of elegance and luxury stifled! envy and extravagance, and encouraged sociability and hospitality.

Bacon was almost invarlably out by harvest, and from that time on till winter, there would be slaughtered alternately a pig, beef and sheep, to furnish meat. Boned turkey, eggs lacram, etc., were unknown efforts; and a roasted fowl, baked pig, or big chicken ple were the chef d’oeuvre of our culsine. The low-country families of ”lurkey Creek usually had as daily diet, the luxuries of coffee and sugar; and I remember an instance of a gentleman of the Scotch-Irish stock marrying into one of those famliies. On his next trip afterward to market, Charleston, he brought home, for his new wife's menage, a full sack of coffee and a barrel of sugar. His relatives looked on this as unparalled extravagance. It was the amount of stock usually laid in by a store! With foreboding ther prophesied “that woman would surely oreak Alec.”” Their habit was a cup of coffee for breakfast on Sunday mornings, and this, with fits invarlable accompaniment of fritters, was a feast worthy a lalrd.

Practical Jokes were much in vogue, and usually taken In good part, though occasionally an Srrasclible disposition felt like resenting them. Old Mr. Jamie Mc, was an Irishman born, and a perfect gentleman. He, though rich, never owned slaves, but had a family of free Negroes in his employ, and a man-of-all-work, Jim Downs, an Emerald islander, too. He always ate and slept in the kitchen, and was a dirticr specimen of the genus homo than most of the blackamoors.

One day General Lacy went to Mr. Daniel Williams's, on Turkey Creek. The compliments of the day being passed, Mr. Williams naturally enquired 11

What a life he led at Mc, 's; as bad as a Negro. In fact Mc, kicked and cuffed him about worse than a ”Negro. When did he die and what was the matter?”

“Old Mc, came home in a frolic the other night, took a notion and made Downs wash himself right clean all over, put on clean clothes, out and out, and, to top all, put him to bed In a clean feather bed. Next morning they found old Downs dead.”

A good laugh followed the exposition ”of the hoax. It was repeated from :one to another until it came to old Mr.

‘'Mc, 's ears. He did not relish the sarcasm, and laid up a good tongue bast.ing, at least for Lacey, when he met ”him. A vendue in the neighborhood, not long after, afforded the opportun!lty. A drink or two taken, however, drowned malice and they were soon to| sether, merry aS boon companions. | Parson McCarra joined the group, and ,took more than one social glass. The whole party felt their liquor. Mc, , - stupefied, fell dead drunk. Lacey's ”merry mischief in the ascendant, wit ”the parson's help, lifted the prostrate Mc, on some plank, tnen composed his limbs, like those cf a corpse for burial, | Placed on each cye a silver piece, and ”paid McCarra a silver dollar to preach Mc, ’'s funeral sermon over him. When .Me, returned to consclousness, and ”learned the sport he'd made for others, his wrath was loud and strong, and for weeks after he carried a gun to kill Lacey. However, anger died out before he met the general, and it all at last passed, in its proper light, as a drunken humor.

I cannot say I commend this scene above the doing of the present generation. It will, perhaps, be hard for my readers to credit me, that two of tine prominent actors were of the highest respectability, itn fact, among the leading men of their community, considered themselves as gentlemen and were deemed so by every one. Wi.h McCarra it was different. His had been a higher vocation, and this he had forfeited by his own weakness. Not Preserving the elevated standard of morais usually practiced by the clergy, which raised them so far above common men, they were revered as those to whom “it was given to be called the sons of God;"’ while he was deemed fit to give zest to an Iinebriate's gleeful fancy. He was a talented reprobate,

his calling, the record of his name might have been one of merit and honor, instead of the mournful memoriam, “An unfaithful Shepherd."

Institutions of education grew up with such raplditу in our state during the 15 or 20 years prior to our late civil war, that we almost felt as if the power of Aladdin's lamp had been elicited to rear the piles, whose halls are those wot learning. With such facilities for the acquirement of knowledge and accomplishments on every hand, it is very hard to realize the dlfMficulties which lay In the way of obtaining even a@ common-schoo) course, at the close of the last century.

The latent ferocity of the anlmal man seems never, except In civil wur, to culminate in Its cruelty. We read the record of his crimes in history, and shudder to know our natures may be so abused. The Tories of the Revolutlonary war, with a sense of hatred ever sharpening their thirst for every petty injury possible to visit on the patriots, destroyed books wherever they found them, full well knowing how irreparable was the loss to their possessors. Even when by some unwonted pity they spared the home-roof, Lhe precious featherbed was ripped up, and {us contents scattered by the four winds of heaven. Other articles of household comfort and all provisions, printed volumes and papers, were committed to the Names. No matter if it were the “Book of Books,” still more refined was the cruelty. No pleading of the helpless woman would avall to save the volume, whose inspired word taught her to “sing songs in the night.”

Roys who were not able to bear the hardships of camp life and the burden of a day's march with the clumsy musket, sustained a part Ilttle less severe ;at home. Striving, with earnest effort, 1to fill the absent father's place, they helped their mothers till the soil, as; best they might, with the rude Implements of husbandry they could procure} and devise. In spite of these dificulties, the virgin soll ylelded a subsistence for themselves and the younger} children, with a spare morsel, now and then, to share with those on whom al harder lot might fall. The devoted women of those times were compelled] to plough and spin, brew and bake, and nobly did they perform their mis-4 sion. But work done, there was nd spare hour for imparting the Ilttle book knowledge they might have to the children, who were wearted, too, In theln round of allotted tasks. It required incesszant toll for daily bread and a garb to cheat cold wind. ”Twas wisely sa ordalned: for this ordering of Provtidence kept them alive to the powerg that were in them, and sustained them whereas, if they had indulged in oné moment's idleness, they would haved faltered and fallen.

Thus, when the struggle ended, thé victorlous back woodsmen, worn, though they were, with the weary strife, were buoyed up by the thought of theif glorious success, and were urged on bs that proud remembrance, te build uf fortunes In the Innd they had freed from foreign masters, and stimulated to rear sons for a place in the council

of a country, where mind and merit, not rank and wealth, gave the preeminence. Naturally they began to bethink them of schools and scholars. Out of some well-secreted horde, here and there, a book crept to light; but alas! where were the teachers? Most

lives on freedom's altars, and ”the places which Knew them, knew them no more.”" The mintsters of the gospel were the usual resource; and, generally the spiritual teacher became the dally Instructor. These were Presbyterians in all the upper districts, as the descendants of the first settlers still adhered to the faftn of their fathers. The preachers of this denomination, then as now, were all able divines and learned men. Many youths who were afterwards eminent as statesmen, theologians, doctors and lawyers, were indebted to them for their Induction into the paths of literature and science. AlIthough prevented by their ordination from being men of blood, yet by words of encouragement, acts of endurance and well quoted promises of divine help and strength, they incited the patriots and their families, !n hours of darkness to endure to the end. The Tory ralder and British Invader visited them in their day of visitation; and they, like their flocks, were plundered burnt out, and some, for a time, had to flee their homes. Indeared by their common suffering, revered for their sacred office and superior attainments, perhaps no more happy a selection could have been made, had every college of the mother country offered candidates for the pedagogue's chair.

To show the scarcity of books, I remember being told by Mrs. Judge Nott that she learned her letters, and to read and spell, In ”Locke's Essay on the Human Understanding,” and was

proud to be the possessor of a volume of her own, as many of the children in schoool had to borrow from their more fortunate mates, a book from which to learn their lessons, as they were not able to procure one of their own. The same lady

told me the mode of instruction to her In writing was, the master, with a pointed stick, wrote a copy on an even spot of earth, below which, she, with a like instrument, imitated him as best she could.

The earllest of the academies of learning in the up-country, was that of the Rev. Dr. Joseph Alexander, of York, the pastor of the Bullock's Creck congregation. This school was founded a few years after the close of the Revolutionary war, and it, with one other, (Dr. Abner Pyles' Grammar School In Laurens) were for some time the only grammar schools in the upper portion of the State. It stood, for years foremost among the classical inStitutions of the day, and many men, afterward distinguished, knew no other alma mater. The course was mainly confined to the Greek and Latin languages, Moral Philosophy and (eography, and we may judge by the position attained in the world by some of hls pupils, he was an instructor worthy the reputation he enjoyed. Here did Andrew Jackson taste "the Pirrlan spring," and Judge Smith

"Lay foundation for renow

And all the honors of the gown,' William H. Crawford, Governor David Johnson, Rev. Mr. Walker, Colonel Thomas Taylor, Isaac Sadler, (the poet), and innumerable others, who have played their parts in life's drama, and played them well, exeunt omnes! I know not that one survives, who studied at the feet of this Gamallel.

Dr. Alexander was a Scotchman by birth, and a staunch Whig from the beginning of the contest. <All through | the struggle he was prominent in his section for his efforts In the cause. | When the Rev. Mr. Tennent was sent on his tour through the upper country in 1775, Dr. Alexander was one of his active assistants by calling his congregation together for him to address. He rested at night at Dr. A.'s residence and the men of the vicinity Hstened to_

_ se

Bettered by the speaker's eloquence."

This was so Irresistible in its flow, few could withstand its influence; and when the cholce oratory of the public speaker falled, he would afterward converse individually with the most prejudiced, and the ciear argument and winning manner usually cenverted the obstinate. Mr. Tennent visited a congregation of Dr. Alexander's on Thickety. An extract from his quaint journal says: "Rode thirteen miles, crossing Broad river at Smith's ford, to a meeting house of Mr. Alexander's on Thickety, where I found him preaching to a crowd of people assembled to meet me. When he had done, I mounted the pulpit and spoke near two hours. The people seemed convinced and after writing an Association from memory, refreshed myself and drank out of a cowbell. They signed the Association ana retired seeming contented."

Dr. Alexander established a hospital at his residence. I understand this place Is now owned by Jack Smarr, Esq. My information may be incorrect as to locality. This infirmary was of great benefit, especially when the scourge of smallpox prevailed. Many, after preparing their systems for the disease, were taken to Dr. Alexander's to be Inoculated with the pox and would remain under his care till well. This was before the wonderful discovery of Jenner's mode of vaccination was Introduced, and Dr. Alexander's beneficent establishment was much valued and esteemed by the surrounding country. His strong efforts for the

Whig party made him so very obnoxi-; ous to the opposite side, that he deemed it a necessary precaution usually to ascend the pu!pit, gun in hand, to have it ready for self-defense, in case of any outrage. What a picture to the mind's eye! The rude place of worship amid the primeval forest, the few aged men all armed to some extent, the anxlous-] faced women, the pale, care-worn chlldren, and the frail, lame preacher, who, with rifle in ,hand, Hmps up the alsle and ascends the pulpit! The carnal weapon Is put aside, and the voice, of supplication is heard, for spiritual weapons to fight the good fight of faith; to be of good cheer through evil as well as good report. Amen. hushed silence fell throughout the little group, as the words of the chapter are read; for precious food are they for week-day memory. Then comes the text, followed by the brave exhorta| tion to endurance, trust and faith in _ God's love, for he will surely aveng _ his elect, who cry to him day and | night. The services ended, a few words | to one another about absent husbands and sons, an Interchange of the last news from the battle-field, camp of »rison,-a warm pressure and shake of the hands tn farewell, and they take _ the paths to their several lonely dwellings, encouraged by the words preach-' ed that day for the onerous trlals and : duties of the week begun.

Dr. Aiexander continued In the exerelse of his ministerial functions until very aged. His mind was weakened, 2nd his articulation so indistinct, frony ,feebleness and loss of teeth, that on@ / could not understand what he said, sufficiently to keep the thread of his dis‘course. I remember seeing and hearing j him. He was a small old man, with i nothing which struck me as remarku‘ble In his appearance, except thet h wore a close-fitting white linen skull cap. After he relinquished his school, \ ’

the Rev. George Reld took charge of the academy at Bullock's Creek for a few years; but soon removed elsewhere.

I have tried, but without success, to learn the period of the Rev. William ' Cummings’ labors at Bethel. This church was organized as early as the year 1764, by the Rev. Mr. Richardson, though they did not have a regular preacher untll in 1770, when the Rev. Mr. Balch took charge. The troubles of the war, It Is probable, caused his removal, for during the Revolution he emigrated to East Tennessee. I think Rev. Mr. Cummings preached in this congregation soon after the war. This is conjecture merely from concurrent lestimony. While living in the Kethel congregation, he opened a school of good standing, and numbered among his pupils, too, the future hero of New Orleans, General Andrew Jackson. I know this from his own lips. I dined with General Jackson in 1832, and the

by the president's lively recollections of his schoolboy days in York, and the enjoyment he evidently derived from our mutual reminiscences, and my ability therefrom to glve him the later hlstory of many of his early friends. In his Inquiries the old veteran used a vernacular very famillar to my ears, but now so obsolete I will have to explain my meaning: “Can you tell me anything,” he asked, ”‘of Dr. John AlNson, who married Miss Betsy Hill, while I was at Bethel, going to school to the Rev. Mr. Cummings? He was but 19, she only 17, and they were the handsomest couple I ever saw make their appearance.” When I was young & bridal

pair's attendance at church, on the first Sunday after marriage, was always “making their appearance,” and ever afterward the expression was applied to designate that particular

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Sunday in their lives. I know literally nothing of Mr. Cummings individually, more than after preaching and teaching some years at Bethel, he removed to Georgia and there died.

Mr. Reid taught but a few years at Bullock's Creek, and when he relin| quished the school, Rev. Mr. Walker, a son-tn-law of Dr. Alexander, opened a classical academy In the Bethesda congregation, about the year 1806. This he ably conducted many years. Most of those who were his pupils are gathered

There was a feature in his school very pleasing to both pupil and patron, ”which IY recommend to principals of male schools now. It was called an “exhibition,” and was much more agreeable, in its studied varlety, than the examinations now in vogue. These consisted of dialogues, speeches, and several scenic representations, comedies, farces, and sometimes even

tragedy, acted by the boys, which used to draw a large concourse of people to witness them. Never lived there a bet_ter man than this young preachei 1nd teacher, yet taking a little wine for the .Stomach's sake, through the infirmity of the flesh, he sinned. I recall one | Friday, when Mr. Walker stopped at my father's gate on his way to Chester. He refused the invitation to come in ,and take a social glass. My father, ”‘on hospitable thought Intent,“ proposed to bring out the decanter to him, as he sat on the horse. ”‘No! no! as you Insist, I'l go in, not take a drink on horseback.” He was going to see a erlminal who was to be hung on the following Friday, a man named Floyd, ”who had killed the sheriff of Chester district, Colonel Nunn. My step-mother was much interested in the man's case and begged her preacher to call as he returned, and tell her if the man seemed penitent and to have lald hold | on the precious promises held up for his acceptance. He kindly promised | he would gratify her. About an hour, before sundown, I, with my father, was under the shade of a big chestnut tree which stood near the barn, he riving boards and I piling them, wacn Mr. Walker hove in sight at a full gallop. As the horse neared the gate, expecting to be checked up at the frequent stopping place, he fell Into a long trot, which almost caused the rider to lose his perpendicular, but urged on he resumed the canter. Mr. Walker righted himself; for with the smoother galt he could retuin the proper equilibrium--and passed with a dignified “Good afternoon, ”Squire.” I Hfted up my head, big with discernment for a lad of ten. ”Never stir! father, if Mr. Walker wasn't drunk!” My father turned sternly: “Let me ever henr of you saying such a thing as that again, sir, :nd 1'll give you such a whipping as you never had in your life!” Mum, was the word after that. In a few moments my father threw down the frower and walked to the house. I followed, for my task was done when he stopped work. He wuiked through the hall where my stepmother and sisters were sitting at their sewing, and went into his own room. “Katie!” he called, and his wife followed. I crept near the door, and heard him telling the mournful tale. How hard I felt it, I might not repeat my knowledge, gained too, through my penetration, to the girls; but the Interdict was too heavy, and when my ste)mother came out with a face a yarca long, I could only hug myself with sterfle complacency that I knew, too. Day after the next belng the Sabbath, in

the pulpit the good old man confessed his fault with vears to the congresation, who wept with him in sympathy and love. Nor was there one to whom

he was less dear or respected from the ”humillating avowal; freely was his sin forgiven and forgotten, and not for one instant was his usefulness Injured. I might, after this, tell the other urchins what I'd seen; but the information had lost Its zest, and I wondered vainly why my father Issued so stern a mandate, when after all, Mr. Walker told about it himself in the meeting house. I think it was In 1802, Mr. Walker visited Kentucky, and saw ”the falling down exercise,” as it was called. Soon after his return, he preached at a big camp-meeting in the Waxhaws, and described it to the people; how whole congregations were struck down by the splrit of God, and falling confessed their sins and pralsed the eternal Father for the wondrous redemption given in His son. The large assembly, as they listened, were moved, and here was the first of this singular demonstration of religion, seen in South Carolina. Not long after, the period’ for the annual camp meeting at his own church of Bethesda occurred, and again many, Hke Paul, were struck down by the power of God. Peculiar were its workings. Many now deem it as but a nervous affection, arising from sympzathy and undue excitement of feeling. I know not; but this I affirm, that drunkards were reformed, the profane became godly, and many who had been scoffers were, from this time, true beNevers. Mr. Francis Erwin was taken at that meeting with “falling down exercise,” and told'me afterward that for ten years from the time of his conversion, he never, for one moment, doubted his salvation, and I knew him for a good man of eminent piety to the close of his hfe. Some who were thus affected, it is true, fell away from their profession, and returned to their sins lke “a dog to his vomit.“ I remember watching the scene with apatheticcuriosity, for I was too young to take in

the spiritual meaning, and too philosophical to be carried away by the outward agitation. I was much amusec by old Mr. George Dale, who would approach the exciting scene, but stand behind a tree, from which he would peer around awhile at the writhing, groaning multitude. exclaim in a theatrical manner, ”‘What morose noise is this I hear? Methinks ”tis some demoniac!” then turn and run away, as it afraid of contagion. From LGethesda the “falllng down exercise’ extended over the state, like «a mighty wind stirring up dead men's bones, then lulled as a storm exhausted of its strength.

Mr. Walker was for many years the beloved pastor of the people of Bethesda. At Iast he determined on retiring from the ministry. I heard him preach his last sermon. After the close of the services we walked out together, beneath the shade of ”solemn forest trees.” cand sat down on a rude seat near the “silent city of the dead.’ He asked me !f I discerned any decline in his preaching. I truly told him ”no; that the sermon of today equaled those 1 had heard from him tn years gone by.” “It Is my last,” he said; “T always determined when I used to regret Dr. Alexander's tenacity to the functlons of the pulpit, I would take warning and not so err: but quit the ministry before age sapped my ability and Impaired my usefulness.”

He afterwards removed to the West, and there, full of years, was gathered to the tomb,

“T venerate the man whose heart Is

W hose “hand ds are pure, whose docrine, whose Hf

Coincident. exhibit Tucid proof

That he is honest in. the sacred use.””

A good many years elapsed after the location and settlement of our county seat, before it came to the dig

‘nity of naving a store among Its public enterprises. The wants of the industrious are proverbially few. Money too, was very scarce: and its need, of course, discouraged mercantile undertakings. Moreover the condition of the roads wes such it was a huge undertrking to get on a small stock of goods. Sti... you must not jump to a concluslon and suppose that your grand dames and great grand dames, were debarred that well known dellght of feminine Hfe, anc were altogether cut off from shopping.

The peddicr's pack opened once or twice a year at their doors and gave them a season of gratification’ more Intensely enjoyed from Its unfrequent occurrence, then a promenade of Main street with Dobson, Adickes, ete., to cali on once or twice a week as at present, by her descendants. The opened goods of the traveling vender offered what her cards, wheel and loom could not supply. Needies. pins, buttons and scissors were laid in as necessaries; and If butter and cheese had sold well, out from the traditional stockings came the silver to pay for the stuff petticoat or clock stockings, the comely dame treated herself from the peddler's store. Or, happliy, a rosy cheeked Jass hal ”lucked”’ well with her poultry and the coveted gold ear-bobs, or real silver thimble were now possessed.

Three of the first and most cnergetic of these traveling merchants, were James Patton, Daniel McMahon, and James Latta. They usually went on to PhiladeiIphla, the mart at which they obtained their stock, together; as the money bags they carried were attractive to rabbers, many of which, in those early times, waylaid the road, as in their unity they found strength to resist the attacks. For further mutual benefit and protection, each took a circuit, to which bounds he confined his peregrinations, thus securing large profits by monopoly. Patton's division was from Spartanburg, on through the mountainous region of Buncombe, N. C.; and investing | his emoluments in the teeming lands of | the iattter section, laid the foundation | ol a large fortune. McMahon's rounds lay from Spartanburg on to Unlon, into Newberry and Fairfield, on to York. | Mr. Latta's were York, Mecklenburg, | Iredell, Lincoln and Rowan. ”

Latta was an Irishman, indeed, all; of them were from “the gem of the| sea”’, and he had started forth to cross the main and seek, {in the new country a brave fortune. He had with him one little son, Robert, three years of age, and left an elder one with his wife in the “ould country.” While at sea, his vessel was wrecked In a terific storm, and the conflict with the waves for life, ”for himself and little boy, seemed a doubtful contest. The Controller of our destinles) gave means to save, and, strange to relate, the same day and hour he buffetted the waters so wildly his wife's soul was launched into eternity, all unconscious of the danger of her husband and child. Of course, months elapsed before he knew of the aMicting coincidence, but it was one frequently related.

For years, court week invariably found Mr. Latta at Yorkville. On some planks laid across benches in the publlc square, his varietles were spread open for the Inspectlon of the crowd, among whom, of course, he found many purchasers. If the weather was

give a bill of goods and prices sold on such a day; but it is beyond my power.

Old Mr. Michael Moore, one of our perambulating hotel-owners, opened the first store In the village. It was a modest assortment, and Mr. Latta's pack still retained, unabated, Its popularity. However, the latter, too, concluded to put up a store a little later. His son Robert, now grown up t

man's estate, was left in charge, and thus, in the Infant backwoods town, began the career of a storekeeper, of the man who afterward was among the merchant princes of the state. No man ever IIved, I suppose, whose atten{lon was more devoted to the business in which he was engaged. The large amount of property owned by his father, was greatly enhanced by the inde‘fatigable efforts of the son.

' At the tlme of Robert Latta's marrlage. his father advanced him from a mere clerkship, to the dignity of a partner. This continued some years. In 1810, Robert Latta visited England, and on his return established himself independently in business. He opened a store in York, and afterward had branches in Columbia and Camden. He began dealing in stocks, and money seemed to grow to his order.

It is not my purpose to trace Robert Latta through his successful moneymaking career, it is too well-known in your midst; but a few words as to the character of this man, whom I knew well from long association and family connection.

He was exact in business transactions to the last farthing, owing or owed, it must be paid. Yet the gift to a nephew, who bore his name, of $10,000 In cash to enable him to properly. -establish himself in business, and the handsome marble pulpit of the Columbia Presbyterlan church, prove his to have been no niggardly spirit.

I always thought one great secret of [his success was his indefatigability. There was, tousea slang phrase singularly applicable to him, a ”never say dle spirit’ which carried him through levery crisis, either mental or bodlly.. There was a pertod in his life when he seemed to be in the last stage of con

,Sumption; but he would not succumb to the great debility another would not havedreamed of resisting. Hethrough- : out the day. would time himself by the: watch, walk five minutes and He five minutes. One day, in this state of health, he rode around to my house in Yorkville, for the transaction of some business, and

during the entire time so occupied, he observed this regime, a bed having been prepared tn the room for his use.

In this low state, he determined on trylng the waters of Virginia Springs. On his way to them, some physician whom he casually consulted, recommended the use of the nitro-murlatic ald bath to his side. He tried It, and always attributed his remarkable Improvement to its application. Later, a trlp to France seemed entirely to restore him, but he finally dled of consumption, at the advanced age of 73.

He was twice married. First to Miss Allison, of York, who dled early with consumption. She left two sons and a daughter. Only one aurvived his father, the late Willlam A. Latta, whose children are the only representalives of the much loved Dr. John A. Allison.

Robert Latta's second marriage was with a lady of Philadelphia, Miss DIIworth. She survived him several years, but Is now dead. His only surviving child, the daughter of this marrlage, is Mrs. Johnston, of Charlotte N. C., a “most noble lady.”

Robert Latta was a tall, spare man; as dry in conversation aa in appearance, having but a faint idea of a joke, and generally failing when he tried One. It was, in truth out of nis line of business. For pleasure, as it is generally esteemed, he had no part or parcel. His life's objects were business and health,

One of the town's earliest settlers Was Mr. Samuel Wright, an [Irishman by birth and a cenrpenter by trade. lhe property he accumulated, shows encouragingly, how much honest indus.try may achleve, a lesson worthy to be learned and remembered at all times, and especially in these changed ones on which we have fallen. He did not con

ifn due form, were, for “drying plank,” 80 much; “making window frames," so much; and so on through a long list of work, concluding with “fixings and 'things, six dollars.” Like the contingent fee of a boarding school, ”fixings and things,” were sure to cover the extras not enumerated.

He opened a hotel and keeping it was one of his avocations. One night I was awakened (I Ilved just across the street) by hearing the hotel bell ringing. It was a cold, drizzling midnight; what could it mean, fire? No; the weather precluded the idea. Ding dong. ding dong, went the bell with measured tone. I got up and opened the window to try to satisfy my curiosity. Soon Mr. Wright's tonea greeted me, in despairing accents, addressing one of his boarders, who had arisen with him, also an “Emerald Islander;” “Patrick, Patrick Carlin, do you see anything the matter?” The old man was a strong believer in the supernatural. “No, Misther Wright, I can see nothing I can tell.” As my eyes grew accustomed to the gloaming darkness I could discern the figure of the old man in his shirt, just as he had arisen at the first alarm, shivering with cold and fright. The bell suddenly ceased; and as nothing could be discovered, the old gentleman and Patrick Carlin went back to bed from their fruitless search,

and JI, too, subsided to my warm nest. In about 15 minutes, just as all were getting warm and comfortable, and Somnus stealing our sense deliciously away, through the window I had left standing open, in wafted clearly the sound of the bell. Ding dong, ding dong, and I heard one of my tormented neighbor's girls cry out, ”Daddy, it's at it again.” Up rose old Mr. Wright and Carlin, in quest of the

cause, and I, too, took up my station at my win* dow. No one was near and the thing looked mysterlous, as the bell rang on uninterrupted in its solemn tones. “Get me a long pole,” cried Cariin; “there's devilment in it, and I'll find it out.” The pole secured, feeling around near the bell with its end, at last it struck a foreign line, stretched tightly. Tritmphantly Carlin, with his pole, folJowed the course, and was soon out of, slight. After a while he returned. He: said he had followed it across the back building and other street to the; red house, and the fellow seeing him coming, had jumped down and ran off. “But sure I have got a fine bundle of twine to pay me for my puins.” He had gathered up and rolled it as he came along, and showed a big ball as his trophy. It came out next day that John Chambers had climbed the wei! | poie, tied on the twine, and tien egtablished himse!f in the red house to, play on old Mr. Wright's well known | superstition. Cariin's pertinacity had nipped his fun in the bud and rather turned the tables.

Oh! me, those merry days when 1 was young! Calling up among the memories of my prime in York, comes a frolic of my own. I may as well relate {it now as at another time, as it serves to show the fellowship, mirth and merriment we than enjoyed. Old Mr ko) Cooper, of Turkey Creek, thougut he .would) make some malt |

beer for sale, and take It to York during court week. It was pretty much a philanthropic effort: for he hoped some thirsty soul would be induced to quaff his beverage Instead of corn whisky. He put the barrel on the fore-wheels of a wagon, hired some man to carry it up and sell it for him, furnishing him with a measure cup, ete. The old gentleman treated me to some, he was gencrously inclined with it, and I am forced to confess it was. a most villainous compound, neither meal nor matt. When night came, his agent got permission to store the barrel tll next day in Squire Davidson's! office.

There was then In Yorkville, a young physician named Gaither, and erratic! genius, very fond of Nquor, and always in love. Passing near Squire Davidson's shop with me, Gaither proposed that we should steal some of old Mr. Coop 4 er's beer for 2 frolic. I said it was mean stuff; but he insisted It wag good. “All right,’ quoth I, ”‘the cupg are on the barrel; we can draw a messure and pay old Mr. Cooper tomorrow.’} The light from Squire Davidson's dwel4 Mug enabled us to grope our way ta the barrel and find the measure. We turned the spile and let the liquor flow until i¢ was about full. I then turned back the spile: but still It flowed. Galther tried. Truth was we had broken i Here was a ditemma. “Stick your finger in the cock, Gaither; it won't do to let the beer waste.” He did a0 and we quaffed some of the liquid, nog fmproved In favor by our predicament “TI tell you, Gaither,” I suggested] “keep your finger In, and I will run down street, and get a cork and stop It: tomorrow I can get a new spile for tha old man.” Gaither agreed and I seq

out. As I turned the corner goin down street, I met, face to face, Mr Sadier. I knew he and Galther wer

always sparring at one another, and a bit of fun entered my head. “Mr. Sadler,” said I, “stopping, “Galther and [, for our amusement, concluded we would steal some of old Mr. Cooper's beer, tonight, and in doing it have broken the splice. I have left him stopping the beer with his finger, till I get a cork to stop lu; you know what to do.” “Oh! yes, I will go In for a law book.” “But atop,” said I, ”till IT am ready. I will be back in a few moments with a stopper, and cough as a signal.” Having got the cork, I came back. As I appreached, I ahammed loudly. Squire Sadler got up and said in a loud tone, “Mr. Davidson, I would like to borrow James’ Digest, for a little while.” “Certalnly, squire: It is lying on my oflice table, you know where I always keep it.” “Yes, yes, don't trouble yourself; I can get it. WIN just take this candle to light me, step In and get it.” I was nearby waiting the denouement, Miss Davidson was then Gaither's dlvinily, and I knew nothing but the fear of waating all of Mr. Cooper's beer would detain him. As Squire Sadier entered, he spied Doctor Gaither, afraid to move his finger. “What rasczlly Negro 1s this?” cried Mr. Sadler, with well assumed anger. “You black scamp, stealing Mr. Cooper's beer, are you? You shall go to jall, you thievIng wretch?” “Dr. Maurice Moore was with me,” was Gaither's first ¢»Clamation. "What! Dr. Gaither, fs It you? No, sir, no one willl believe Dr. Moore was with you. He steal beer. Ue is too much of a genticmun. MUSE call Mv. Davidson." Gaither, stlll ati id lo move, cried, ”Maurice Moore wi uh me; it's a joke.” “A pretty joke!" Here I ran in: explained it as a Joke, fitted the cork and released Galthev from durance vile, molified Mr. Sadier and relieved _Sulther without his then dlscoverin my joke. Twelve hours later, tne tale told to him was a Werent thin

Another of Dr. Gaither's loves was Miss Myers, sister of the widow Clendening. We frequently went together and spent the evening, { engaging the widow, while Dr. Gaither courted the sister. Invariably, as we walked away, Galther would say, ”What a lovely gir! Miss Myers is: so unaffected and gentle, and not so d, d ugly.’ The lady had golden charms, which, potent though they were with Galther, could not entirely annihilate the memory of beauty's spells. One evening Mrs. ClendeniIng gave us a delicious eggnog before we left; we enjoyed and compliimented the drink, as though we sippet ambrosia, and Mrs C, said: “Well, gentlemen, any evening you wlll bring the eggs,, I have sugar und brandy,-- we will have a nog. Only a few evenings elapsed until Galther proposed we'd get eggs and go round. Knowing Gaither's pocket money was tow, I proposed to buy the eggs, If he would carry them. It was a bargain and we went around to Jefferys’. I bought the eggs and Gaither put

six In each coat skirt pocket, and then wlth a steady step went around to tne widow's. The double attraction of ladies and nog, carrled us round right frequently to Mrs. C.'s, and Stanhope Sadler wanted to know of me whcre we went so often of an evening, "'Galther walking \ike a dle." I explained, and next evening, as, witn a pocketful of eggs, Galther walked by my side, 1 was not surprised at Stanhope's running out and throwing an= arm around each, wanting to know "what we were after," and could only give vent to peals of laughter at the two streams of yellow from poor Galther's pocket, and the look of rueful discomfiiure on his countenance at the contretemps.

Poor Gaither! Your's was a sad end; and my merry reminiscences are hushed by the memory of your fate. He! never succeeded to any extent In York-' ville; removed to Georgia, and there ended his fitful existence witn his own hand, cutting the arteries of each wrist with a razor, and thus bleeding to death.

The land which is the present site of "Yorkville, was owned by William Edward Hayne, Esq. He possessed thousands of acres called "the Barrera," Including in extent ten miles from his furnaces on Aliison creek, with the exception of some settlements on the low-grounds. This gentleman donated lots for public buildings, and afterward drew a plan for the laying off of the town, which, had it been adhered to, would have added to Its beauty.

The first house bullt was on the spot now occupled by the Presbyterlan church, and was' owned by Robert Smith. Of him I know no more than his name. The second residence was that of "Gentleman Alec Love," a in-law of old Mr. Jimmy Ross. His connection with that worthy gentleman, and ao customarily neat toilet, I presume, gained for him the pleasant appellation under which he was always known. The site of his residence was between H. F. Adickes's store and restdence, where now stand ao tin and shoe shop. The third domicile was put un by David McCall, a large two-storled log building, and was opened by him as a house of entertainment. He, after a few years, sold out to his brother, John McCall, who thus became "mine host" of the village. However, when court week came, old Mr. Michael Moore and Mr. Jimmy McNell were in the habit of carrying a wagon loaded with beds, cooking utensils, plates, etc., to the village, and renting a house owned by Mr. Beatty: and while the crowd remained, furnishing entertainment and accommodations. The week following always belng court week a Chester, the worthy copartners and their impromptu hostelry, migrated thence, ready, for the week, to take In bench and bar, as well as common folk. And after the death of Mr. McCal his wife aun continued to keep opey ho any years she might bé truly called "the Mother of York," ang was a woman whose generous soul warm heart and charitable actions, ars beyond all praise. She was beloved b all the classes; and with reason, for ay a friend, neighbor, mistress, she hag searce a peer. Left a widow, with fiv small children, she managed with in! dustry, energy and cconomy, her hom affalrs; but in sickness and distress, n matter whether among high or low she was ever ready to minister to bod or mind diseased, out of the flowing springs of sympathy ever welling up i her tender heart. "Men's due deserts, each reader ma!

For men of men do make a good! how; But women's work may never come « 1

No mortal man their famous act may ow.'

Many now in Yorkville remembe old Mrs. McCall, and the kindlineg that Iilved with her to a green old age The same beaming benevolence sceme to have distinguished her girlhood, fa on the occasion referred to In anothe number, when In company with Prest dent Jackson, of none did he Inquly with more affectionate interest, thal a “blooming lass of his school days a Bethel, named Grizzy McKinney." A the tlme of the conversation with Gen eral Jackson, she was my loved and ré spected landlady. Universally, amon her acquaintances, was her death la mented. The whole village mourne her loss. Of few it can be said, as 4 her, she left not an enemy. Her sog

Mr. Hilly McCall, now lives in the vicinity of Yorkville, and knows probably more of its early history than any one else living. To him I am tndebted for the name of the first resident. ,

Dr. Joslah Moore located In Yorkville | in 1803 and was the first physician who gettled there. He was one of Dr. Alexander's pupils and received hig first classical instruction at the iullock's Creck academy. He graduated, afterward, at an Institution In Kentucky, and studied medicine with old Dr. McDowell, of Danville, Kentucky, and then returned to his native state to practice. Dr. Moore was a man of firstrate natural abilities, with a cultivated, well-trained mind. He was successful as a practitioner and loved as aman. He played most delightfully on the violln, and had a voice remarkable in the sweetness of its varied modulations, and was fond, I presume of dancing and society, as I remember he was one of the managers of the first ball ever given in Yorkville. However, the social hablts, which contributed to ula popularity, led to his early death. Ile contracted habits of intemperance, which induced disease, cutting him off in the medium of his days and in a full career of usefulness. He left a widow and two children. The latter married early, and all of them long ago left the state. Thus no memento of this once esteemed and prominent citizen now remains. How evanescent are the things of sense. How true the mournfal cadence of Ralelgh's dines:

r‘-ven such is time that takes on trust, ve,

When we have wandered all our. r Ways, Shuts up the story of our days

JUDGK WILLIAM SMITH.

| the “limb of the law” which first grafted its destinies with those of

the growing town, was of material which afterward formed a strong plank tn the bench of the state.

William Smith, later Judge Smith, was the first resident lawyer of Yorkville. I have always thought he was (rom Lincoln, and am still under the impression, though a biographical sketcn of him published some years ago by his granddaughter, says he always spoke of himself as a South Carolinian; ”and she had a vague Impression that |by the adjustment of the boundary lines between North and South Carolina, his birthplace was thrown from |the latter Into the former. I think it she is correct

in belleving the state ”of his nativity changed by a new sur| vey, {t Is probable she got the facts reversed.

A portion of York district formerly belonged to North Carolina. It formed a portion of a county called Tryon, | which also included the present counties of Gaston, Lincoln, Catawba, etc., in its boundarles. The court house of | Tryon was located near where the road |from Salisbury to Smith's ford, on Broad river now crosses the road from Yorkville to Lincolnton, known as the “King's Mountain” road.” For this lo- | |callty Iam indebted to Rev. S. L. Wat| son; but neither he nor I can designate j the points of Hnes which then formed ithe boundary between North and South Carolina.

Judge Smith received the first clements of hig Latin under Dr. Alexan-_ der, but finished his course within the time-honored walls of Mount Zion cul'lege, Winnsboro. That he was a man ,of the first order of intellect, the varlous positions of eminence to which he was preterred, undoubtedly prove. *His career furnishes to young men a most ”encouraging example, portraying the | strength and accuracy. Much of his effect of ambition, energy, perseverance and sobriety. His parents were

happily able to give him a good education and profession. His further patrimony was but good advice and a blessing. Two young men who were hls contemporarles, Slmon Taylor and Bob .Hill, dashed about in their sulkles on the circuit, while Smith rode a chunk of a horse, carrying saddle-bags filled with law books. In the race of life, now far he-ran ahead! They were the sons of wealth and had not the stimulus of an empty purse to spur them on and call out every faculty to gain the go2l, True, in the beginning, there was little promise In tne young lawyer, of the future brilllancy of his career. He was wild and dissipated. Suddcn'y he was brought to consider and mend his ways

Galloping his horse at full speed one

ay, he came to the forks of the road. He wished to take one, the horse the other. The result was the animal ran up against a tree, the force of the shock throwing both to the ground, the rider apparently Hfeless. The effort to restore consciousness by the companions of his ride, were, for sometime without effect. At last animation was restored, but the injury received was a serious one, confining him for ”sometime; but he found the bed of pain profitable for it ”brought him to himself.”

At the very time he got his hurt he was determined to lenve South Carollna, In consequence of trouble got into through his misdemeanors, and had matured his plans to do so. He was thus prevented from carrying out his design, his season of reflection changed his course, he determined on better things and a new way of living. He was a man ever able to abide by a firm resolve, and a long (tlde of success rewarded the arduous study and temperance of his after Ilfe.

For many years Judge Smith was a member of the legislature from York,

and at the time of his election as judge, in 1898, filled the position o of the senate. In 1816 he was first elected to the United States senate. In 1822 he was

defented by Robert Y. Hayne for the United Stats senate. His York friends showed their sympathy and confidence by returning him at their next clection, a2 member for the house of representatives; and the following years in the house, he took Prioleau's resolutions and changed

em,

In 1826 Judge Smith was again clect4 ed to the the United States sen ate to fill the unexpired term of John Galllard. The doctrine of nul; Hficution, about this time, became the popular one of South Carolina] and Judge Smith being «an un4 compromising Union man, was agaig superceded tn 1850, thts time by Site phen D. Miller. File friends in the dis trict of York, to soothe his wounded ambition, elected him to the slate sen ate.

I think of Judge Smith as one ot th bitterest pollticlans I ever knew. H temper, naturally dogmatical, wai soured by the constant defeats of hi party. He hated Mr. Cathoun with bi ter anlmosity and felt that honors o fered (to the latter by the state, we insults to himself, His affections we finally so alienated from the people South CaroHna he removed from t limits of the state and found a ho In Alabama, where, some years c:arlle he had transferred the ereater part his property.

In many essentials Judge Smith w a kind mon, a pleasant nelghbor, hospilable sentleman, and a good co panion to those he Iikee: but Impiic bie In his prejudices and unforgivi in his enmities. One of Johnson's g haters. but true as stec! in a friendshf{

It was while at Dr. Alexund school he formed an attachment

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Willinm H. Crawford, which frlendship remained intact during their lives. After the contest for the presidency in 1824, when Adams, Jackson, Clay and Crawford all entered the arena, an article published In the papers, quite humorous In tone delineating the race as one of a jockey club course, caught the mood of the people, and was read ' and referred to coristantly. Smith, then residing at Pinckneyville, Union district. had exerted every nerve to secure the election of his old friend, W. H. Crawford. The newspaner burlesque said the Jackson horse strode through the state of Tennessee with utmost speed, on through North Carollna with almost equal velocity, and Into South Carolina, where, although > man named Smith, at Pinckneyville, rushed in and tried to scare him off the track for the Georgla horse to get uhead, the Jackson horse jumped over him, stretching himself and losing no thme until he reached the Georgia line. Cateh Clarke facetiously remarked to Judge Smith, on meeting him soon after reading the piece, “Well, judge, the Jackson horse was too much for you, ran over you; you could not scare him off the track.” ”tHe would have been had he been bridle-wise, sir,” hissed Judge Smith in his sarcastic tone.

Hs schoolmate Jackson, however, bore no grudge against Smith for his superior affection for Crawford, and their sameness of political creed cemented and strengtnened their earlier thes. After Judge Smith removed to Alabama, Jackson appointed him a judge of the supreme court, but he declined to accept the high position.

Judge Smith built a very handsome residence on Turkey creek, but returned again to a village life. Herehe always dispensed much elegant hospitalily both to strangrs and to townsmen. Some of the handsomest entertain

ments I have ever attended, were dinners given by him; and dancing parties with music and fine suppers, were frequently enjoyed in his pleasant mansion, He Improved the beautiful jlot and built the handsome house now ”owned by stobert G. McCaw, Esq., but ”pefore he completed his designs, he ”removed to Huntsville, Alabama, where ”he built for himself a palatial residence.

His manner of speaking was conalderably sententious, and his pithy remarks frequently impresed themselves upon one's memory when the same words from another's lips would have been forgotten. Mr. Bob Cooper once said, ”‘Well Judge, you have done a great deal toward Improvement; you have bullt a fine house on Turkey creek and one in Yorkville, now you ought to bulld a mill.”

“I have often noticed, Mr. Cooper, that a mill was a fine thing for the neighborhood, but a bad thing for the owner.” In the trite reply is a proof made manifest to many who have had experience to test the matter.

Nothing could show the devoted attachment of this stern judge more strongly than the habit of removing his daughter's body wherever he went. She was his only child. She married and died eariy, but her bones found not a final resting place until they were taken by her father to Alabama, where he now Illes beside her.

His memory was remarkable for success in business may be attribuled to this, and his exactness In even small matters. TI once tested his power, and was struck forcibly, as an eye witness of a trait of mine I had often before heard remarked upon. I had busIness In court for one of the heirs of Dr. John Allison, and for the want of ”a certain paper, was much perplexed, and said I might not, without it, be able to establish the claim. Some frlend suggested that Judge Smith might have it, as he had been Dr. AlHson's executor. I called to sec the judge and told him of the desired paper and the hope that he might have it. “I have it.” he answered promptl;. “Patsy,” he called to the servant gir’: “vo into my office look in the teft hand corner from the door, on the shelf, and bring me a small red hair trunk with brass nails.’ The woman soon returned with the article described. He took out an immense bunch of keys, soon selected Gne and fitted it. As he turned the key, he said, “I have not been in this trunk in fifteen years, but the naner you want Is in the right hand corner, farthest back, near the bottom.” He looked in the designated spot, took out a bundle of old papers from near the bottom, and soon produced the one I coveted. I almost forgot my gratification at its possession, in admiration of the remarkable exhibition of memory.

His resentments were strong, and sometime he allowed his irrascible temper to get the better of him, and he would use his cane as well as the biting sarcasm for which he was famous. Iisticuffs, too, were rather more dignlfled then than now; but though I have seen the judge several times attempting to take things high-handed in a dispute, some one always Interfered, after one or two blows, and stopped the combatants; and neither party could boast, without some lower in state might have thought chastisement from the astute judge an honorable mark of attention, in the spirlt of Dr. Wills,

begged the gentleman's pardon for stepping on his toes in the crush. “Quite welcome sir, quite welcome,” replied the honored Esculaplus. From his early residence, high positlon and dogmatical character, Judge Smith, was long an autocrat of York. True, he was tyranical to some extent; but for many years he was the pride of our district. Early in life she bestowed on him her- honors, later he showed the wisdom of her trust, winning high places for himself, and from reflecting back on-her his fame. So if not loved, he was universally looked up to and respected. To young men he was full of good advice, and oftentimes kind and encouraging to them. In some noints his example is worthy of imitation. A reformed prodigal, filling places of great trust; poor at the beginning of lire: at the end possessed of a princely fortune, gained by his determination and energy. Listless Idler! weary loafer; turn over a new leaf,

“go thou and do likewls

It has not been long enough since he passed away from among the Hving, for me to glve a sketch of Dr. William Moore; nor would it be becoming tn me to record a panegyric over his merits. Enough of our people remember his purity of purpose, singleness of heart, and strict integrity of character. Always devoted to his

profession, singularly tenacious of the dignity due to the calling, and ever impatient of any jest or trick infringing on his practice, these were to be recognized as strong traits of his character by those of the community who knew him.

All Fools' Day, which has just passed, brings to mind a practical joke of 45 ”years ago, in Yorkville, of which Dr. Moore and a young man named Kuykendal were the victims.

Jack Kuykendal was a hatter, industrious, sober, and much liked in our midst. A marked characteristic of his might be called, so strongly woven in ”this daily life, was his devotion to an uncle living near Yorkville. He could hold no conversation with anyone with

out quoting the opinion of ”‘Uncle Jonathan Kuykendall,” or holding up his example. Uncle Jonathan Kuykendal said this, or did that, was the burden of his song; and from his acts or Ideas in the devoted nephew's mind, there was no appeal. The first of April had drawn near sundown and no fun marked its annals. The proverbial affection of Jack Kuykendal to Uncle Jonathan Kuykendal, and the ultra respect In which Dr. Moore held the dignity of the profession were the strings to be played upon.

A Negro was instructed to go to the shop where the former worked, call to him from, the street, through a plank ripped off on that side of the bullding, (the door opened round on the other side Into the yard), and tell him his Uncle Jonathan Kuykendall was very ill with the colic, about to dle, and he wanted him to get Dr. William Moore and come out with him os quickly as he could. Young Kuykendal threw down his work, ran out of the door, round to the street as quickly as he could, to ask the messenger some questlons; but the man had disappeared. Suspecting nothing for a moment, he soon found Dr. Moore, and while he got ready ran for a horse for himself to rlde. He came to me, I was about to rlde myself. He went to someone elsc, his horse was very lame; a third, his animal was out of town. In desperation he applied to old Mr. Jimmy Ross, hlis Iandlord, for it was wellknown that he would never lend his horse. Kut moved by Jack's entreaties, distress and ill-success in other quarlers, to the surprise of the jokers, he succeeded In getting the horse. Soon he and Dr. Moore started at full speed, A iIlttle beyond the present residence of H. F. Adickes, someone Was stationed to hall them’on the road to Inquire where they were going. They were In such haste they hardly

checked their steeds to reply. ”‘Isn't it the first of April?” with a lttle leer called out the Inltlative Interlocutor. Dr. Moore took the alarm, came t full stop and wanted to know how Jack got the news of Uncle Jonathan'sillness. A few words of explanation aroused suspicion, and they turned their horses heads and rode back. If they needed more, the amused faces of the funmakers and their confidants which greeted them on the street as they went back, certified to the hoax. Then came the good part, Dr. Moore's indignation and Kuykendal's delight. Not one plcayune did

the latter care for belng an April fool in his relief that there was nothing the matter with his Uncle Jonathan Kuykendal.

Stanhope Sadler, who always was, and still is, I believe, a practical joker, frequently got up good ones; but one Ist of April, quite early In the morning, the tables were turned and the joker was caught In a trap like hls own making. About sun-up, someone stopped him on the street and told him that Sheriff Henry wanted to see him immedlately on business. Sadler forthwith went around to Henry's office, one room of his residence. Henry caught the Idea the instant Sadler asked him what It was he wanted to see him about, and answered naturally and readily, ”‘No, it was my wire that want

polnting to the door. Sadler, without hesitation, stepped to the door and unceremoniously opening it, hastily waik-. e Mrs. Henry had just risen and had only donned a short flannel skirt of scarlet. In amazement, she dropped on the nearest chair, tucking her feet on the rounds, trying vainly, with the scanty dimensions of the skirt, to hide their stockingless state. Sadler completely taken aback, stood without a word to say, staring at Mrs. Henry spellbound, apparently, till a bystander in the office, enjoying the fun with Sherlf! Henry, called out: “You may come out Sadler, and maybe remember for the rest of the day that this is the first of April.” Stanhope bolted. When Judge Smith was elected to the bench, he induced his friend, Dr. Jas. A. White, to be admitted to the bar and remove to Yorkville. If he did not give him his entire business, he threw a large amount in his hands. It was thus Dr. White got most of the practice he had, for his success as o lawyer was very limited. He was an excellent man, much respected, though a Iittle inclined to be dogmatical; and with a good deal of manner somewhat tinged with pomposity. Judge Smith brought a French lady, a Mrs. Tanee, and her daughter, Miss Loutse Tanee, for the purpose of his daughter's education. They remained with him a year, had a roqgm in his house, and had a schoo) attended by some pupils from the village. The next year Mrs. Tanee and her daughter went to house-keepIng and ovened a school for young la

come from a distance. It was quite a successful enterprise. Mrs. Tanee's became a fashionable seminary and Dr. White had generally from 20 to 25 young ladies from the different upper districts, under his roof and charge. His rule, though judicious, was not very stringent, and the young men of the town enjoyed this’ addition to the society, in pleasant intercourse and harmless flirtations with their different favorites. ,

During this time, the then celebrated master of legerdemain, Handel, vis{ted our village. The first night his reputation drew a large crowd, which was delighted by his inimitable skill. The next evening he was to give another exhibition, and several of the young gentlemen--myself among the num- |

ber, were anxious to have the pleasure

morning at Dr. White's. He was not the motion. “Dr. White,” she said,

the young ladies, as he disapproves of Ithe whole matter.”” We rehearsed th

spectability were there, and that they were so pleased that they Intended t go again that night. Words were wasted. Mrs. White stood firm, and agali confronted us with Dr. White's author Ity and notions. ”He did not think i right to encourage adventurers comin into the country and carrying out ° the community so much money.” had to swallow our disappointment an give up the matter.

Later In the day, I met Dr. White sit ting in McNeel's hotel plazza. In th farther end were two of the host's littl boys, whom Handel was amusing wit some tricks. I broached the subject o the show to the doctor; but he was im movable, relterating all that his wif had said, with more of the same rea soning. An idea struck me. I left th group of two or three and went to Han del, I asked him if he could perfor in daytime, some of the tricks he ha done the evening before. Wis reply wa in the

affirmative. ”Well,” said I, “bk you show Dr. White some of thos ”tricks now, I think he would like ther

a

iment, for there are over 20 of them.’ He was more than willing. With me 1 was love, with him it was money. “ will go and get ready,’ said he; “an when you hear me rap on the floor up stairs, ask that knot of gentlemen t come up. I'll try to show them some thing.”

I returned to the group, and it was but a Httle while until I heard the signal. I then told them that Handel proposed giving us a little entertainment, and as I wanted Dr. White to sec his skill would they come up-stalra with

All went readily. Among those present was Randolph Hill, then a student of law, who was very reserved and retiring, and that morning happened to be dressed In a round-about jacket. When we entered the room, he took the seat farthest back, quite near the door. Handel. stood at the other end of the room with a small table before him. When we were seated, he took up a pretty Httle box from the table. "“Genticmen,” said he, ”‘this box Is locked: but unfortunately the key Is lost. If I had {t I could show you some pretty tricks with cards. Look in your pocket; perhaps some of you may have a small key."' We looked casually, but no one had a suitable key. “Excuse me," persisted the showman, ”“no offense intended, but willl that young gentleman with the jacket, be kind cnough to took in his pocket again?” Hill examined more carefully and found n small key. He said he knew nothing nbout, It didn't belong to him. ”Thank you; let me ace it.” It fitted exactly. White knew the distance at which THM had been from the operator all the time and felt Inclincd to tax me with \ts transfer; but I was as guiltless as himself. “Now, gentlemen, call for a card!" says the sleight-of-hand man as he held up the open box on the palm of. hishand. One after another called for different cards and up they would pop. Dr. White said it was a Httle strange, but It might be done so and so, trying | to explain.

“Now,” said Handel, putting aside the box, “will some of you gentlemen Le kind enough to come beside me here hy the table und help me perform some ricks?"

“IT will, sir,” said Dr. White, hoping by close proximity, to detect the showman's art.

“Here's a half dollar, can you hold money?”

“IT think I can, sir, pretty well,” replied the doctor.

“Very well; hold this In your hand. There, have you got it”

“Yes, sir.”

“All right! Hold on tight."

“Presto, change!" Open your hand.”

The money was gone.

“I know when it went,” said Dr. White, with a puzzled alr, ”but I don't know how it got out of my hand.”

We all laughed

“Let me try again.”

White now held the money ao tightly clenched you could see his frame tremble with the effort: but presto change, the money had vanished.

“Maybe, you can hold It better on the table under your hat,” suggested! tho operator, “‘let's try.” He put a half dollar on the table and Dr. White tuak off his hat, a broad-brimmed Panama , put It over the money, and with both hands resting on either, stretched fingers and thumbs encircled the crown and pressing the brim down tightly. “Heads or taila?” quoth the wianrl.

“Tails,” hazarded the doctor.

“I say heads,” returned § the trickater.

“Lift up the hat.”

Dr. White did so and In [it stuck 2 fine, large, white- head cabbuge. The aaeney had disappe

again said the trhumphant Handel, “throwing the money down on the table.

Dr. White, now convinced that it was beyond his ken, put his hat over It, merely laying his hand lightly on the

crow:

“Heads or tails?”

“O, another cabbage hend, I suppose,” aaid Dr. White.

“I say talls, lets see.” Sure enough the cash was gone again; but In the hat lay, curled around, the finest, fullest fox-taill I nearly ever saw.

Dr. White was not only convinced, but delighted. It was so wonderful, everyone should see an exhibition of such skill. That night cost him $40. He not only had his wife, adopted daughter, and all the boarders to come, but brought every Negro he had, even to the old African cook, I don't know how old.

The schoo! flourished for some years, Dr. White continued to board the girls. At length old Mrs. Tanee dled. He then took Miss Louisa, the daughter, to his house. She taught the school for a year, and then gave It up. When she left Yorkville she went to a half-sister in Wilmington, and from there took a steamer to New York. I believe on the voyage the vessel was wrecked, and she perished. She was a very ugly woman, but of most superior mind and accomplitshments, and altogether one of the most fascinating women I ever knew. Seven years after she left York I was in

Charleston. The landtord showed me a trunk with the name of Miss Loulsa Tanee on it, sent to his care by Dr. White subject to her orders. It had remained unasked for all this tlme. He opened it not long afterward, and found it contained only a lady's full paraphernalla.

Dr. White did not remain long in York after the close of Miss Tanee's school. A year or two after, he removed back to his plantation on Turkev creek, Which, after some years, he sold and emigrated to Kentucky. There he met with much trouble. His adopted daughter, to whom he was singularly devoted, married in opposition to his wishes, and he lost by death the wife of his youth. He married aguin after some years, thus repairing his desolate stnte; and his latter years in Kentucky

| were better than his first. In two step

daughters his pride was gratified by their beauty and style, and his declining years cheered by their affectionate attention.

“Whom the God's love die young.”

From the death-sleep of half a century, I call again to the listening ear of the present generation the name of Albert Allison, a man whose soul was honor, whose life was love. Never in her annals had York a son of greater promise. Alas!

“The good die first, While those whose hearts are dry as summer dust Burn to the socket. "

Albert Allison was the only son of Dr. John Allison and Elizabeth Hill. his wife; therefore the grandson of old Colonel Willlam Hill. He was born In 1/91, near the mouth of Crowder's creek, York district. His father, Dr. Allison, was a very popular and eminent phys!clan of the last century, in York, but died in the prime of life with consumption. His epitaph, written In the hearts of the peopie and oft repeated by their lips, was, “A most perfect gentleman.” Like father, Ike son, and on Albert early fell the mantle of affection thrown around his father by the community, and he proved by his life that he merfted the heritage of love. He received a good education and went Into bus{ness early in liffe. His first employment was keeping a store In Cheraw, Ss. C. Here he remained unt!l the breaking out of the war of 1312, when he returned to his own district.

A company of volunteers, gotten up for service in response to a call made by the state, composed of men from Spartanburg, Union and York, elected Albert Allison, of York, Heutenant, although so young a man, (being only 22), and from hts continued residence in Cheraw, almost o stranger. But quick

ly. did his winning manners gain affection and confidence. In 1814 the company was ordered into service. This was, as time proved, inglorious; but had their been a stirring campaign, filled with gallant actions, none better would have borne their part or more delighted in intrepid deeds and brave feats, than the man of whom I write. A manuscript containing the proceedings of a court martial held at Haddrell's Polnt, dated November 4th, 1814, is lying before me. Col. Hugh Means was president of the court, Major Dawkins, Major Robinson, Captain Kendrick, Captain Chestnut, Captain White, Lieutenant Brandon, Major Roach, Captain Johnson, Captain

Faucett, Captain Felder, Lieutenant Richie, Lieutenant Morrow, members of the court, and Lieutenant Albert Allison judge advocate. This evidences the ight in which he was regarded in the brigade, for it was a high compliment to prefer so young a man to this post. Judge O'Neill, in his autoblography, speaks with grateful appreciation, of a similar position given to him during the same service. Young Allison remalned on this post of duty untill he was mustered out of service.

In 1816, Mr. Allison was elected clerk of the court In York. I am under the impression that he was the first clerk elected by the people. Previously they were chosen by the legislature. This office Mr. Alllson held until the time of his death, being re-elected several times. The last years of his Hfe he was in a very feeble state of health. Consumption, the insatiate foe of his family, was gnawing at his vitals with fatal force. At the time of his last election, he was too weak, from his disense, to be able to visit any of the different precincts to sollcit the continued support of the people. As there was an opposing candidate canvassing the dlatrict, this caused him a good deal of

needless anxlety, as the result proved, for his friends were “legion,” and he was again elected by a large majority. For some months prior to his death, his debilitated state of health was such that he could not undergo the fatigue of office business; but under his directions, both the writing and the duties in the court house belonging to the clerk's office, was performed by his cousin, Wiliam Randolph Hill, thtn a lad of 16, to the entlre satisfaction of the district.

Albert Allison certainly Inherited the uncommon personal beauty of his parents, and I think of him as the handsomeat man I ever saw. A tall, fine person, fair hair and complexion, blue manner and elegance of dress, in all, a gentleman of most rare accomplishments and lovable qualitles. He died, unmarried, in May, 1820, having entered the 2$th year of his age. Fifty years since, all that was mortal of Albert AlItgon was committed to the bosom of mother earth; but ”‘the good never die,” and as I write, nature's dew moistens my cheek In remembrance of him and his many virtues.

“Green be the turf above thee, Friend of my early None knew thee but to love tnee, None named thee but to praise.”

In memoriam I again guide my pen. Joseph Grandison Martin was born in 1796, In York district. He was the son of John Martin, Esq., whilom clerk of the court in Pinckney district. His mother was a Miss Palmer, daughter of old Captain Joseph Palmer, told of in a former number, and one of the most beautiful and fascinating women of her day.

Mr. Martin studied law and was admitted to the bar. He practiced a few years, but being elected commissioner of equity for York district, gave up the law, except that belonging to his office. He was a man of good business capac- | ity, wrote a beautiful hand and was a general favorite. He was elected captain of a militia company, but was never known by the title glven him by the rank, for warm-hearted and open-handed, he was ”‘Joe Martin" to the district. , Generous to a fault, he never accu- | mulated property, but nature had gift- | ed him with an unfailing

fund of hu-' mor, rich, rare and racy, with which | he embelished and enjoyed Hfe. His’

and hair, a heavy beard, small in stature, always neat in dress, and in manners a perfect Chesterfield.

The tate furore on gold mines reminds me of one of Joe's best practical jokes, of which, by the way, he was very fond. There was a company , formed in the village, to which belonged a good many of our gentlemen, who had associated themselves for the purpose of leasing, for purposes of speculation, all places on which they could find indications of gold. It was a grand scheme, but most of the number had the gold fever severely. One of the concern, a Mr. Leach, was the «ompany agent to take leases, 3ell the:n, etc. Wherever he found a flint rock on a man's plantation, he instantly effected, if he could, a lease on all the minerals for 20 years.

Martin wrote a letter, ante-dating it but not attempting to disguise his hand writing, purporting to be from a man In Richland district, saying he was desirous of going into mining, and proposed to exchange ten likely Negroes fora mine, etc. This letter Joe crumpled | and solled, to give it the appearance of careless handling. Meeting Leech on: the court house steps, he said in an off-hand manner, “O, Leach, I believe I've’ got a letter for you. It was handed to! me a week ago down at Jack Lindsay's, but I forgot about it. I suppose it's of: no consequence.” And having got It,

, cited faces. Joe told me the “go," and ”that he had not attempted to disguls¢

out of his pocket, he handed It over tq the gold mining company agent. Thig gentleman read it with growlng ex; citement. “It's a very important lettes , a very Important letter Indeed, jusf like your confounded carelessness, Joe forgetting it. I must see the company immediately,” and off he hurrled, with; out unfolding the contents. Leach posted round town from one to anoth er, and soon members of the company were secn in knots consulting with ex

his writing, with which most of thi parties were perfectly famillar. It their elation, however, tt did not occu to them. Leach was not long in ar ranging the matter; the letter having been so long delayed, It must be at tended to forthwith. He soon had hi horse ready and a bag of rocks to tak with him as specimens, the propose purchaser desiring to see some. Mount ing, he bowed a courteous good-bye t the bystanders, and started for Colum bia. The joke had now gone fercnoush and Joe had commissioned mc to sto it. I was standing by one of tly company, as Mr. Leach rod off. “I understand,” said I, ”Leach |! golng to Columbia to sell a mee. rob you read that letter?” ”Oh! wa the reply, “it's all right, a ane’ offer. “Did you notice the writing; you ha better read that letter again.” A glim mer of the truth dawned on his ming “Stop, Leach!” he called, for Leach hal the letter with him. As Leach rod back (he had gone nearly 50 yards), al other of the partners joined my

awak ened friend. They all re-read the le’ ter, and at once recognized Joe Maj tin’'s well-known writing. Joe had dlg appeared to the protecting shadows ¢ his office walls. The company we fain, too, to hide their dimlinish¢ heads. They could not fight, yet

was but a dry laugh to get up at thell

expense. The gold mine speculations seemed to die out like the extinguished smouldering wick of a The hoaxed were so sore and shy, it was hard to get a word with them on leases or selling.

Joe Martin was never married while 1 knew him: but being of a susceptible nature, he was always In love, and generally had the luck to become enamored of a widow. I have heard him sollloquize his prejudice to the idea, with humorous seriousness perfectly Inimitable. “Washington, Jefferson and Napoleon Bonaparte, all married widows,” he would say, ”and why not. 1?”

His conversational powers were very fine, and adorned with a playfulness very attractive. He had the peculiar faculty of relating incldents, introducing each particular and detailing what “he said,” and “she said,” without become tedious: investing all with touches of his own sparkling wit. “He was a fellow of infinite jest and excellent fancy.”

“Alas! poor Yorick.”

He held the office of commissioner In equity for four years, belng succeeded by his brother, himself declining a reclection,.

Some years later he removed to Mississipp!, and from thence to Arkensas. There he met his fate and married, like “Washington, Jefferson and NapoJeon,” a widow.

It is with a partial pen I trace his culogy. Born in the same year, connected by family tles, associated I: boyish sports, intlmate in manhood's years, he was always my friend. ”In what corner of the earth shall I seek his fe Now?" , "Tn 1859 the accidental falling of a tree cut off the remainier «f his days.

“Tread lightly on his ashes, ye men of genius, for he was your equal; weed his grave clean, ye men of goodness, for he was your brother! Thy genius has

' flea up to the stars from whence it ”came, and that warm heart of thine, wlth all its generous and open vessels, compressed into a clod of the valley.”

' Thomas Williams, Esq., was of a . Virginia family, but was himself born ”in Wilttamsburg district, South Carollina. He first located in Lancaster and | there married a Miss Crawford, cousin ”of General Jackson. Some years after, with a family of several children, he moved to Yorkville. He was a very popular man, and being endowed with a fine mind, soon had a large practice and the reputation of being the finest jury lawyer in the up-country.

: One evening there was a knot of us gathered in McNeel's hotel plazza. Colonel Williams was among the number and also a ventriloquist named ”Charles, at that time visiting York. ”Conversation turned on Idiosyncracies -and dislikes. Willlams remarked that ”he hated hogs worse, and was more afrald of them than anything else. He accounted for it by having been bitten by one once when a child. It was a fact, he said, that his hair fairly stood on end, if a hog bristled up at him in the streets.

That night there were services held by the Methodists fn Crenshaw's “long room,'' which stood on the present site of Rose's hotel, the congregation not then having a church building. Colonel Williams was a member of this denomination, and being one of the most zealous, he was, of course, In attendance. The sermon was frequently interrupted near its close, by the cries of a child. The mother being much interested in the preaching, at the first scream of the child, pressed it up to her bosom, rocked it back and forth by swaying her body, trying to quiet it without diverting her attention from the speaker. Another sharp, quick yell

| | i | caused her to cease her motion and look down on its face. It appeared to be in a deep, placld sleep. By the time she was fully absorbed in the minister's remarks, the child suddenly screamed out again. On looking at it, it still seemingly serenely slept. This recurred several times, and the mother. began to feel alarmed, but not being able to imagine what was the matter with her child. i

Services being ended, the congregatlon dispersed, and Col. Willlams took | a candle from the interior of the bulld- | ing to the outside and held it, at the: foot of the step, to Nght the crowd) down, for it was very dark and a drizzling rain had commenced falling. | About all had gotten out, when al- | most at Williams’ feet sounded “ugh! ugh!” like the grunt of an old sow disturbed in her bed. Down went the candle to the ground. “Shew! shew!” cried Williams, and he involuntarily ran. After a little he checked himself Into a walk. In a few moments he heard the ill-natured grunt “ugh! ugh!” just a little behind. ”“Shew! shew!” said Williams. The guttural note drew nearer. “Ugh, ugh!” “Shew! shew! the beast Is going to bite me, I do believe. Shew! shew!” Again the ominous “ugh! ugh!” of the sow. Unable longer to contain himself, he incontinently took the undignified pace he had just abandoned. Once or twice he slackene@ it. Each time the disagreeablefamilargrunt admonished him | | of the proximity of his pachyderma- | tous foe, and belleving himself pursued by the angry animal, he ran nearly all ”the way home. However, he did not hear the swinish tones after he passed McNeel's, and next morning met on the street his grunting, now grinning, | pursuer, in the person of Charles, the ventriloquist. Colonel Williams would hardly belfeve he was his quondam en- | emy, but his assertions were corrobo- |

rated by McNeel, who was with him. The strange crying of the baby was also accounted for, much to the anxious mother's rellef.

Colonel Willlams was once run for

O'Neal, I believe, was the successful opponent. Colonel Williams was a frequent member of the legislature from our district.

In 1833 he removed to Montgomery, Alabama. Alas! how many ormanents of our society has South Carolina lost by the restless spirits of her sons. In Montgomery he was for many years at the head of his profession. During our late Clvil war he passed away from among the living. To his generous soul and high spirit, the chains of our present state would have been galling Indeed, as they are to his few compeers who live. How many feel like the fabled man of the classics, chatned to a rock, with vultures ever and anon feeding on his liver.

There still stands on the cross street In Yorkville, opposite the residence of the late Colonel Witherspoon, and at present occupied by Mr. Whit, a house built by John McKnight, a carpenter, and known in my day as “the red, house.””

McKnight sold the house in a few years and moved to Fiorlda. It passed from one hand to another, frequently changing hands. It bore an 1! name. Strange and unaccountable noises had been heard In it. It was said to be a haunted house, and, therefore, was often without a tenant.

A man named Abernathy, from Charleston, a sallor previously, moved up to Yorkville, bringing with him some trunks of dry goods on specula

tlon. He rented the “red house,” and in one of the lower rooms laid the goods out on a long table, in default of a counter, ready for inspection and sale. Himself, his wife and his mother, occupled apartments upstairs. They soon told of belng awakened at night by the sound of a crush, like goods falling off the table. As soon as they could get a candle lighted they hurried down stairs. No one could be found. The table, though, was overtutned. and the goods all lylng on the floo On examining them not a plece was ”gone, and nothing else they could discover. appeared to have been disturbed. Looking to bolts and bars with redoubled vigilance, they set the tables up as they were before. Hardly retired to their beds until they heard the same sounds of a crush. On going down, it was a repetition of the first disturbance. Table overturned, goods on the floor, but not the wrapping of a finger to be missed. This, Abernathy, ”his wife and mother, all solemnly affirmed, happened night after night. They also heard, they said, strange rapplngs in alfferent parts of the house, for which they could find no cause, nor in any way explain. The reputation of the house, confirmed in hia mind by those mysterious occurrences , determined Abernathy to move his family, as: soon as he could get another house to, go in, firmly belleving this one to be a haunted house. | For a long time ”the red house’’ was without an occupant, and had conse-. quently fallen much out of repair. It had got Into Dr. Crenshaw's hands, I ' think, when an opportunity of renting It. If in a better state, induced him to have it fixed up. Abernathy had moved Into the country; but, being a “jack of all trades,” Dr. Crenshaw got him lo take the job of glazing it, the wlindows belng nearly gulltless of glass, there being scarcely a pane to the sash. Abernathy came to town and went to work quite readily, for in daytime he did not mind being In the haunted house. One _ evening, having been ”drinking a good deal during the day, he laid down

before the fire he usually kept up In one of the fireplaces when he was at work ,and fell asleep. e ”did not awaken until next morning, and then was proud beyond measure at the acclident, boasting that he had stayed all night, alone, in the haunted | house.

Abernathy, in his elation, began to

‘about the matter, declined. For ”day or two, every time we cam: In contact, he would again propose and insist on it. At length, becoming annoyed by his pertinacity, I determined on some fun at his expense, and agreed to make the bet with him on certain conditions. | He was so eager for the wager, he sub‘seribed to anything to get it up. The stake, by his own choice, was a fine hat, and a condition of the bet was that after he once laid down that night he was not to rise. If he did so on any |account he lost. .

After supper, armed with his tools and a bottle of whisky, he went Into the “haunted house.” He worked until late, taking frequent pulls at his bottle .to fortify his courage. He locked and barred the doors, and over each lower window sash drove a nail to prevent them from being hoisted. At length, tlred and sleepy, he laid down on his pallet before the fire.

Outside, watching our chance, were beside myself, William McCaw, Randolph Ervin, and one or two others. We were tired of walting, for Abernathy had worked later than we had anticipated. As soon as we saw through the windows that he had laid down, we began operations.

His head could hardly have touched the pillow till he slept, and so sound was his slumber, he was not easily disturbed. We were provided with one of old Mrs. McCall's cats, a bladder containing shot to tle to Its tail, and Willlam McCaw had a syringe which held nearly a quart, filled with water ready for use.

Abernathy had fastened the window so securely, it was a great deal of trouble to get one open. With the help of a crowbar, we at length succeeded in doing so. We threw In the cat as we ralsed the sash, for she was getting obstreperous, and using her claws vigorously, and then let the sash fall of its own welght. This nolse aroused Abernathy for the first time. Around the room went the cat, dragging the biladder of shot after her on the floor. “I'll shoot some of you!” roared Abernathy; “I know you boys are trying to scare me.” Rattle, rattle. ”I'll shoot some of you, I say,” again he cried, afrald to raise from the pallet on the floor, the condition of the bet being that he was to lose if he arose. The cat found o dark corner, and the fire was nearly burned out, and rested a moment on her terrified circuit. A confederate,

nounced the awful words, “This night shall thy soul be required of thee,”’ The cat again began to run around the roum as furiously as before. Rattle, rattle, went the bladder on the floor, and groans issued from different: corners of the building. “I'll snoot you! I't! shoot you!" halloed Abernathy. The threat was echoed by a hollow groan. On went the cat In Sts frantic course, fairly mad itself with terror. “Great heaven! I can't stand this," said our hero. Groans burst from every side In

response. ”I must get up.” he continued. He arose and dashed to the door of the room in which he was

lying. He had this so securely fastened that It took him some little time to undo It, and in the meantlme we were enabled to meet around the corner. The front door opens near the corner. At last he got the door unlocked, and ”reached the front entrance, where he paused a moment on the step. WIINam McCaw, from our station around the corner, discharged the whole contents. of the syringe, full in his face. The terrified man looked up at the sky , It was beautiful starilght, and exclaimed, “Merciful goodness! raining, and not a cloud in the heavens!” With that he started at full speed down the atreet; In his fright and haste! leaving the door open. Guessing that) he had gone to get some cne to help) him fathom the matter, we ran In and berated the cat, in order that no ev!dence of human handicraft might apy pear to ald their Investigation.

“We hid ourselves in some rank weeds near. Presently Abernathy re turned, accompanied by his landlord; Mr. Smith. As they drew near, we heard the latter say soothingly, ”‘Oh {ts just some of the boys who werd trylng to scare uu.”

“But, I tell you,” said Abernathy, “forty empty wagons running away would not have made the noise.’ | A&A full examination of the differen parts of the house revealed nothing; jand at length they came out. Mr | Smith adhering to his belief, and ac counting In various plausible wavs fot the noises. “You were scared, Abe nathy, and could not judge closely,’

h.

“Isn't It clear?” asked Abernathy firmly. : ' “Yes, perfectly so,” replied Smith | “for there were myriads of stars stud ding the etheral vault with Its col brightness.

“Well! I declare I never caw a hard | er dash of rain in my life. Here, Smit

just feel my clothes; I am right wet

This was a poser, Mr. Smith, with all, his imagination, could not clear up. “He shuddered, as no doubt the brav- |

est cowers When ihe can’ 't tell what 'tis that doth a. | JIow odd a single hobgoblin's non- | | Should “cause more yor than a whole ; host's iden Abernathy never ar hat or bet to} me afterward, and neither again did he try the experiment of sleeping In the “haunted red house!”

Perhaps the fourth or fifth resident of Yorkville, was Mr. James Ross, Sr., familiarly known as “old Uncle Jimmy Ross.’ In latter years he was certalnly one of the oldest settlers, and for a long time kept a public house. In looking over some old papers today, I find one of his bar accounts, bearing date 179S and 1800, which, as a curiosity, I pubiish to this generation:

Estate of Doct. monn Allison, Dr. ames Ross.

1798. 8. Dz. Oct. .9. oT? pint whisky..... 7 SHNG oo... c cece ve eee 8 “ brands 19

1800. Jan. 21.“ 4 slings, at 1}.. 48 “” 7 sling ..... . 12 Jan. 22. “1 sling 12 ’ Feb.18. “1 sting ..... 12 ”1 sil 12 April 8 ”3 slin 36 Dec, 27. 2 slings ”at “ia! 24 Aprit § oe seven enes 12 1802. “LT SNM ....65 sees sees 12 Nov. 9 “ 2 fait B ints whlisky.. 12 £124

This Nquor, I'll warrant, was pure; and the prices not so high as those! how forced on us by revenue laws.

One of the most extravagant incidents I ever witnessed, transpired on

the street near the house of Mr. Ross. Just at daylight, a Negro, called Isaac Watson, was starting home from his wife's house, when a mad dog jumped out of old Mr. Ross's garden, the present site of Moore & Son's brick bulldIng, and attacked him. The Negro recognized the dog as one belonging to Dedman. Three months previous, there had been great excitement in the village. A mad dog was known to have passed through, which had bitten dogs, hogs, and even one or two calves, that afterward exhibited signs of hydrophobia, and were immediately killed. Two Negroes reported Dedman's dog to have been bitten, and he was requested to dispatch him. The dog was a fine one and a great favorite of his master, so he declined to kill him, but proposed to keep the animal up in a pen, in his yard, so as to avert any chance of mischief. As It was Negro evidence, he could not be forced to

faction was felt at his not doing so. How the animal escaped from confinement was never known. As the dog confronted the Negro, Isaac recognized him and knew his danger. He repelled the furious bound with a welldirected blow, hitting the animal on the side of the head with his fist, hurled him heels over head, several feet back, and at the same time, yelling at the top of his voice, ”‘get out! get out!” Again the dog sprang at the Negro. Again he was felled to the ground, the Negro still screaming with all the power of his lungs, ”‘get out!” but to no effect were either blows or cr les, for on agaln came the horrid beas

A number of persons had Collected in consequence of the Negro's yells, most of whom had jumped out of bed and ran to the rescue without walting to put on their clothes. However, when they saw that the big black of Dedman's was the cause of the outcry, every one feared to draw near to Isaac's rellef, being afraid that the rabid creature would turn on them. Guns were brought, but they could not be used for fear of killing the man instead of the dog. The Negro, knowing It was a fight for life, never dared to move his eyes from his dreadful adversary. | He repulsed him agaln and again, by ; the steady hard blows of his fist; the! dog aiming every assault at his throat. The sweat poured like rain from the Negro's brow, every pore was sweltering. From ftve to seven minutes did this awful combat last, though seemingly to the intensely excited lookerson, three times as long. One cried to him to do thts~another that; thus sug“esting relief. At last, Ben Chambers called out. “choke him!” Everyone reechoed the happy thought. “Choke him! Choke him!" was heard from all sides. As the dog arose and came on with mad é “fury, Isaac, instead of the oft-repeated blow, seized him very firmly with both hands around the throat. “Hold him! Hold him!" was now the cry; but the black man did not need the admonition, for he held on with the deathi svip. Sam Chambers seized a fence | rall, and ran up and broke the dog's | hack with it, when he was then soon: dispatched; but Isaac never let go his! grip on the throat until the brute was | finally dead. The Negro's’clothes were | badly torn, his shirt in front entirely | gone, the cuticle distinctly marked, ! but blood no where drawn

I have witnessed many fights, both : before and since, in Yorkville; seen men strip to the buff, hold their clothes and slap.them encouragingly on the bare back, and say, ”Go in! I know you are not the man ever to be whipped;"" but never have I ever seen anything to equal in ferocity or interest the rencounter between Isaac Watson and Dedman's dog. Old Mr. Ross lived to a great age, much respected as a good man by the entire district. His faults were few, “his virtues many. Though fond of his grog, he never drank too much. I have seen him perform the remarkable feat of pouring his Hquor Into a tumbler, put it In his pocket and carry It to his well without spilling a drop. There he udded the cool water direct from {ts source, and drank his reviving beverage. Never was the weary wayfarer turned from his door’ unrefreshed. Comfortabie bed and board he always found given to him, whether he had money to pay or was without. Old Mr. toss was indeed, a “cheerful giver.”

When he died in 1826, the community ”felt as though a landmark was removed, so entirely was he identified with, :and beloved in his viclnity, | “His Hfe was gentle; and the elements _ So mixed tn him, that nature might

sta up And say "to all the world, this is a man!”

In connection with the earllest days | of the Yorkville bar, I should have no‘iced, before now, Mr. John Hooker; but the short period of his residence In our village, and my youth at the time, caused me, to momentarliy, forget that hts individuality was once linked wlth

ork.

Mr. Hooker was from Connecticut, and a graduate of Yale college. On his first coming to South Carolina he was a tutor in General Hampton's family, ”afterward

practiced: Jaw in Columbia, {In partnership with John Henry Egan, and there married a Miss Chapman. He had studied his profession and been admitted to the bar before he came South. After practicing several years in Columbia, on Judge Smith being elected to the bench, he came to Yorkville. Here his” perfect probity and good abilities soon secured him a fair |

practice. However, he only remained about three years, belng induced, by the persuasion of his friends in Columbia, to return there. He left York in| about 1812. The following year he was elected a trustee of the South Carolina college, and lived but a few years longer. He left no children, and though once a busy actor, even as we, in life's drama, few Hve who know there was | ever such @ man.

“What nts men, who grasp at praise |

Isut bubbles on the rapid stream of, ime,

That rise and fall, that swell and are! n

Born and "forgot, ten thousand in an | hou

I remember seeing Mr. Hooker once | whenI was alad of about 13, or perhaps, | 14 years of age. Court week, in those | days, was very different in its observance from those of latter years. Frequently, at such a time, there was more women than men collected in from the country, and those, too, of entire respectability; for wives took advantage of the opportunity afforded by their husband's business calling them to the court house, to accompany them, and It finally got to be the general fashion for women, as well as men, to go the village court week. Tuesday, however, by a kind of common custom, was the day of greatest gathering in. Children, of course, came with their mothers, and it was a perfect concourse in the streets of all sexes, sizes and conditions. On one such day, the crowd adjacent were attracted by strange sweet sound issuing from Mr. Hooker's house, still standIng just below Rose's hotel, clearly heard through an open window. It Was certainly a musical instrument, but an entirely new one toe them. The side-walk next to the house, was soon crowded with listeners. I among the number thus collected, enjoyed one

‘tune after another, ~layed very pret| tily. Presently Mr. Hooker, with ” Squire Sadler, came walking along. As they passed. the former remarked “pleasantly, “the crowd seems fond of / music,” and he and hts companion entered the house. In a few moments |they came out. The music had not | ceased, and the gentlemen, in coming out had left the street door open. Onc or two listeners construed this Into a permission, if not an Invitation, to en‘ter and see the instrument and the manner of performing on It. That the entrance was not deemed an intrusion, the pleasant notes continued by the performer proved, so others were em_boldened to do the same. At last my ”curlosity overpowered boylsh dimdence, and I, too, went in and saw the first plano I had ever seen, and the first ever brought into York district. This was about 1810. How many instruments of the kind, and performers, now within her

boundaries, belong to statistics on the growth of accomplishments? My remembrance of Mr. Hooker's appearance its that of a gentlemen about five feet ten Inches in height,and altogether fine looking. His epitah, written by Chancellor DeSaussure, conveys his character gracefully and concisely, and I therefore transcribed it

“Possessed of an acute, logical mind and a sound judgment, guided by pure integrity, he became a very eminent member of the bar of South Carolina. The public respected him for his virtues; the court esteemed him for hits talents and learning: his brethren

deportment, his active benevolence and the purity of his affections, endeared him to a large circle of friends; but above a}], to the beloved partner of his fe and her famlly.”

Robert Clendenen was born in York District. His father was an Irishman by birth, and a coverlet-weaver by trade. The opportunities of education he was able to afford his son were Hmited. However, he acquired a good English education; but was no linguist. On first going Into business, young Clendenen clerked for a brother-In-law In North Carolina. Afterward he and this gentleman, Mr. Hart, put up a store in Unton District, In this state, In copartnership, Mr. Clendenen attending to the bus!ness. By this means he acqulred sufficlent money to study a profession. He chose law and studled with Mr. Hooker In Yorkville, was admitted in 1813, not long after Mr. Hooker's return to Columbia, and naturally fell heir to: his practice. He was very fortunate in. thus succeeding to a good business, ' and his sound judgment, quick intelligence, and piteasant, facetious manners, not only enabled him to retain it; but increase it rapidly. Colonel WilIlams and himself about equally divided, for some years, pretty much the whole business of the district. .

Mr. Clendenen was always industrlous and did not allow success to render himself careless. In truth, his opponents at the bar were men of strength, and attention to study and business were necessary to cope with them. Besides Colonel WilHams, wlth great powers of popular oratory, there was Job Johnson, a man of much popularity and ability; Robert Mills, Esq., a man of great perseverance and wonderful energy, and ”others I could recall far above mediocrity, who practiccd In the same courts with him. But never relaxing his efforts, Clendenen maintained his fair positlon, attained by his own Industry and talents, up to the time of his death.

He was the senator from York several times, going as often he chose to do so, and was always a prudent, con

I

servative politician. He made a handsome fortune by his practice and married a Miss Myers, who also had a) fine estate. He had two children by. this marrlage, both daughters. His wife, after some years of widowhood, married Dr. Hemmingway, and removed to Mississippi.

Mr. Clendenen died before he was an old man; indeed, but little pasy life's prime, his constitution worn out; by his own abuse of it. How fatal has been the

allurements of the liquor flend to many of our prominent men. No example, no warning, no entreat

break the horrid spell of the ficry draught, even though frlends and reason repeat that It is consuming vitality, and will cut short the days as a tale that is told.

In person, Mr. Clendenen was low in! stature, inclining to corpulence, witht a pleasant countenance. Between Judge Smith and himself there existed! a feud, irreconcillable, the cause of which never transpired, although the, bitterness was well known and frequently discussed.

In my sketches of the lawyers of Yorkville in the past, the name of Ikdward McKelvey must not be omitted, although death made his career so brief, he had no tlme to make a mark ”In the annals of our bar. He was borr in St. John's Berkeley, on the Santee, and possessed the fine manners and warm heart, 80 marked an accompllsh‘ment in that sectlon as to be, one ”might say, characteristic of his native _ neighborhood. He studied law In the ”office of Colonel Joe Gist, at Pinckney, and began the practice in Yorkville ag |a partner of Colonel Gist, though after thts, he scarcely lived 18 months He endeared himself to all who wer4 associated with him, his handsom@ merry face and good manners makin

pleasant impression on every on with whom he came in contact.

In returning from Union court, which: the lawyers of Yorkville were always in the habit of attending, the day being sultry, at Broad river some of. them proposed to refresh themselves by a bath. McKelvey imprudently re-| mained longer than the others in the | water. The next day he was not well, but thought it only a casual indisposl- : | tion. In a few days he was taken in| with a case of highly developed billious | fever. This terminated in his death. | He was buried beside his mother, 12 | miles from Yorkville, on the planta- | tion of Philander Moore. |

Had it been the will of Providence | to have continued Edward McKelvey's | life. there is ttle doubt he would have added lustre to the profession of. which he was a member.

William Randolph Hill was one of those men, unfortunately for his state, | wooed from her shades by the genius. of western emigration, the moving | spirit, which has so rapidly filled the! Gulf States with a respectable popu | lation, and left the mother states to fec] the loss of many a promising son. Civillzation seems always to have a western tendency. From the earliest pertods of history, travels of men and trade-currents of God, seem to move onward to the countries of the setting sun. Many, I think, have made a fatal mistake; others have gained naught by

selves on new soll. It is with regret I now contemplate the rising of the tide of emigration ebbing to the west. Better, far better, with most, would it be “to stick to their last,” put their shoulders to the wheel of fortune's car, and by manly shoves, raise {t from the filth and mud fn which it is mired, to the smooth road and pleasant fields of prosperity. South Carolina is our mother. Would you forsake her when cast down, trampled on and dishonor- |

ed? No; stay with her, though lying In ashes, and when her days have been fulfiied, your hearts will be lifted up that the time of her visitation is ended.

Randolph Hill was the eldest son of Solomon Hill, Esq., of York district. The former, however, was born at the Berwick Iron works, Spartanburg district, his father, at the time of his birth, living at these works superintending them. Not long after the birth of this son he returned to York, and within her boundaries he was reared. He received a collegiate education, studying and graduating at Litchfield, and began the practice in Yorkvlile, about 1823 or 24. He was recognized by the whole district as a young man of the first order of talent. He early represented us in the legislature, soon had a fine practice, and fame beckoned him on apace, to laurels grown on Carolina soil, but he determined to remove to Mississippi, and located in Canton. A few years after he retired to private life, and determined to devote himself to agriculture. About this time I met him in Charleston. He had been on a visit to this state. and while here purchased a large gang of Negroes, to take on to his western plantation. Pointing them out to me, he said, ”“‘There they are. I have bought them, but I do not doubt in 25 years, they will ever one be free.” After this he lived the life of a country gentleman, conducting his farming oprations with success.

I feel that I cannot do this man justice, although I, as all who knew him did perforce, appreciated his eminent talents. Giving up the allurements of public Iife, not seeking the high places he would so well have fitted, he enjoyed the solaces of home and endear-, ments of private llfe. Perhaps he chose the better part, but I could never cease regretting that he did not take the stand in his country's councils. his wisdom, prudence and integrity so: fully entitled him. He was a man’ respected and beloved wherever he. lived: his example and precept tnflu- | enced those with whom he_ was_ thrown; but a reserved spirlt and sen- | sitive heart, made him shrink from’ the world's jostie and glare. Put a short tlme ago he passed to the bourne from whence no traveler returns. Peace to his ashes!

Other gifted men, his contemporaries, who remained in York, have too recently passed away, and are too swell known in your midst, for me to attempt a tribute. Some other chron{cler will be more competent for the task. Long years of separation, with only casual meetings, have gone by since I was among them. Mine are reminiscences of days growing dim in the twilight of remembrance, which I felt would beincomplete dldI not touch, in my theme, on so talented a man, who belonged to the history of York, as the late William Randolph Hill.

“Pleasures are like poppies spread, You seize the flower, the bloom isshed; Or like the snow falls in the river,

A moment white, then melts forever; Or like the borealis race,

That flits ere you can point the piace; Or like the rainbow''s lovely for. Evanishing amid the storm, Nae man can tether time or tide.” i

When I proposed the writing of these : scraps of memory, I warned my readers that all would not be in order. There-. fore, I may now retrograde, without apology, to about the year 1800, when a settlement known for many years by the distinctlve appellation of ”‘Halifax,”’ was made in the district. Few now, I presume, are aware it ever had existence.

It originated by an old man named Ward, a gentleman of considerable means coming from Halifax, Virginia,

tivity. Each night a dance, the ball

and buying a targe survey from Bob Barrow, Esq., (the celebrated old land monger), and settling himself thereon. It was o very fine body of land, lylng on Fishing creck, about four or five miles south of Yorkville. Not long after, a number of families emigrated from the same vicinity Jn Virginia, and Mr. Ward sold off to them small tracts of land, settling them there on little farms thickly around him. With one consent, in loving remembrance of “old Virginny,” they entitled their new nelghborhood ”‘Halifax,“ and so it was soon designated by the whole district. Among the families thus added to our population, were the Wrights, Paces. Foremans, Knights, Edwards, Bensons, Cooks, and others whose names I do not now recall. These people retained the renowned hospltality of the “Old Dominion,” and for many years, in my young days, this section was the centre of merriment, good Hving, open-hand- . ed generosity and frolics In the district. : A dancing school was a standing Institution. One of their number, Mr. Ben |.

*. delicate feet in the dance to twinkle round.”

Almost every man of Halifax played the flddle, old Mr. Ward excelling among them in this, as well as most else. Indeed, this old gentieinan, from his seniority, wealth and benevolence ” was, as it were, the patriarch, his house, the headquarters of the settleent.

Christmas week was one of entire fes

always opening Christmas Ieve, at old Mr. Ward's; then each night succeed: j ing, by a kind of routine, from one, house to another. They were too generous to confine the guests to themselves.

Kindred spirits were always wel-| come, “tne more the merrier’ their motto, and many lively gallants and merry maidens, not belonging there, participated in the holidays at ””Halifax.” Nor was St alone at Christmas. times they had their fun and frolic. Scarcely a month ever passed by without a dance being gotten up In this, neighborhood, usually though, it would | be at old Mr. Ward's. !

A dance in those days was a dance. | A frolic (instead of a party) It was! called, beginning before sundown and: not ended till nearly dawn; and es I! once heard an old lady say while look- | ing on in the ball-room at Glenn! Springs, at the languid movements of belies and beaux In cotillions, then the fashionable dance, “when I was a girl, I did more honest dancing in half an hour, than one of these do the whole evening.”” Dancing In those days was an accomplishment much admired, and the steps which accompanied each par-' ticular dance pecullar more or less to it, and all requiring practice and activity to perform. Ladies’ dresses were worn short. and the feet lightly keepIng time to tune with varylng motion, was a very pretty sight.

First, though, the evenings usually | opened with a minuet. This was a fig- | ure requiring but two persons, a slow, | stately dance, showing time well exe-' cuted, and much grace if well done. | Then would follow six handed reels, as’ many as space permitted being formed | on the floor. After these, the whoie company usually jolned in a country: dance cailed the “German Paw.” | About

‘The wee sma’ hours ayant the twal,”’| they began dancing the "Strathspey- | Congo.” ”The first figures of this were | like those of the minuet; not quite so slow, but all motion, gentleness and | Brace, Suddenly the music varied to| the Congo, a time resembling that of the hornpipe: the dancers, as in the minuet, but two on the floor at a time, without losing step, threw themselves into the transition and life and agillty marked every bar. Again, another varlance of time in the music and with stow, almost solemn step, the dancers walked the cadences of the Strathspey time. These ended, jigs began. But two occupied the floor at a time, and when in the quick motion they had lost their breath, two others would rise and take their places, they glad to sit down. _At old Mr. Ward's, he was almost al| Ways called on to play for these, for in | this, as In most else, it was conceded he excelled in the neighbohood. Long before this portion of the evening's ' amusement had come, he always grew ”sleepy. His bed sat in one corner of the hall where they danced, houses, ' you must remember, in those primitive | days, not being as commodlous as now. ”When he got tired and drowsy, he sought his pillow, not letting the presence or jollity of his guests interrupt his slumbers. When aroused to play the jigs, he would, good humoredly, rub ”his eyes, set up In bed, and take the in‘strument in hand, and there he sat fiddling merrily.

A frequent finale was for the company to call on his favorite daughter and a young man named Willlam Ervin, to dance the last jig. This young lady, Ferebee Ward, was very pretty, and so general a favorite, she might be called the Queen of Halifax, a beautiful dancer, and her form one which might have served to Inspire the sculptor's chisel. Willlam Ervin was not of Halifax, but a frequent participator of its festals. Ile was esteemed, with one consent, the handsomest man of his day. To use a frequent “expression In regard to him by his old fashloned friends, ”‘as handsome a man as ever walked the face of the earth.” He, too, ' was uncommonly graceful In “meas- | ured tread to music,“ and it was really a pretty show to see Will Ervin and Ferebee Ward dance a jig. The old man's bow arm seemed insplred with new life, and faster and faster flew the dancers’ toes, playIng on the floor with different steps, beating perfect time, till dancers and musician ceased from fair exhaustion.

Old Mr. Ward was a somewhat pecu- | llar men. Although so hospitable, neve) tirlng of company at his own house, he did not leave home to seek soclety. I cannot remember that I ever saw him in Yorkville. He had a Negro named Arnold, in whom he resposed every confidence. This slave directed the mak{ng of the crops, saw to

their gathering, sold them, paid taxes, laid in supplies; in fact was major-domo on the premises , his master's factotum.

Mr. Ward owned quite a large number of Negroes, and was notedly indulgent to them. The temper of the whole settlement seemed for good Ilving, and good fellowship, not gain. They made abundant supplics on their fine lands, and enjoyed them on their tables.

Mr. Ward's good nature was imperturbable. I remember an old Bailey, a neighbor, wealthy, but a miserly kind of creature, trying it by sending the impertinent message, “he'd thank Mr. Ward not to send home the toll and keep the grist.” One of Mr. Ward's tn«dulged Negroes kept his mill. Mr. Ward puffed out a blast of smoke. laughed at old Balley's cool {mpudence, said he expected the boy was dlshonest, and he would make some of the other Negroes miller, and laughed at the idea of keeping grist Instead of toll, as a good joke.

Like the snow bank, this nelghborhood melted away and by degrees It disappeared. The younger members of its

society married and went out of the settlement; the older ones moved, some to other parts of the district, or far away. Old Mr. Ward, the first landmark, sold his plantation to Mr. Clendenen, and spent his last years in the home of his son, Mickey Ward, Esq., in Lancaster dlstrict.

Ferebee Ward married, first, Jack Crocket, Esq. An early widowhood was her portion; but she brightened a father-in-law's home, In his declining

years, after her bereavement. After ”|

his death, she married again, and, I trust, found the sun-down of life peaceful and clear.

Thus Halifax and its identity have completely passed away among the things that were; Its joyous feasts, Its gay revelings, living only in the memorles of Septuagenarians.

By acclident my mind has been caused to revert to some Incidents and anecdotes I had well nigh forgotten, which may be of a moment's amusement to my readers.

Some days since, a man with his wife and two children, stopped, in passing my door, wanting employment. I did not need their services; but in an old man's fashion I asked their names, where they were from, etc. The woman told me that she had been raised in York county, and I knew who she was, when she said, in answer tomy Inqulry, that she was a granddaughter of Abram Moss. He was an old man, as I remembered very well, and one highIy esteemed for his goodness of heart and honest intentions. The Moss family were among the few {tn York who espoused the cause of the king in the Revolutionary struggle. They all enlisted In his service. Abram served two years with the Royalists, but his convictions changing, he became a Whig and was a good fighter in our cause.

| When he applied for a pension for his | services In the patriot army, he caused | jt to be inserted in his declaration that ' he first fought against the United States, but became convinced of his error and afterwards joined the Ameri. . can army. Congress granted him a' pension In consideration of his two years’ service.

At the time of the battle of King's Mountain, Abram Moss had joined the | Partisans, but his brothers, seven in! number, were on the other side, all In | Ferguson's command. <A curious fatal{ty marked them on that day. They were all men of large stature, each beIng over six feet in height. After the! battle they were al! found lying behind the same tree, dead.

In none of my sketches have I dwelled upon the two important engagements of the Revolution fought on the soil of York. They are matters of history and come not within the scope of | my theme. The events, too, of Houck's. cefeat and King's Mountain, have been | canvassed and re-written until au! within the circle of my readers are fa- | miliar with the general detalls of each engagement. However, there !s one fact, not generally known, one which I had only learned in late years myself, which had an Important bearing on the battle of King's Mountain. I will relate: It here. I have wondered, in thinking | of it, and have heard others express! surprise that Tarleton did not come to} Ferguson's assistance, Ferguson did | apply to Lord Cornwallis, then at Char- : lotte, for ald, and sent an express to him at that point, asking it. This express was ridden by Abe Collins, the celebrated counterfelter; but fortunately an old Mr. Caldwell, Hving In the forks of the Catawba, took Collins pris

ner and kept him three days. : the dispatches were delayed three days | and Cornwallis did not receive them In sme to send Tarleton to Ferguson's

| After Ferguson's disaster at King's Mountain, Lord Cornwallis immediately began to retreat from Charlotte to Winnsboro, Letween Old Nation ford and the present town of Chester, he called a halt at the house of an Irlshman named Johnnle Service, and surprising him, took him prisoner. This man, to use vernacular, was a “queer specimen,” In many things seemingly half witted, and was so regarded by his neighbors. Yet, with all of his apparent lack of sense, he possessed drollery ”and cunning, and had a talent of repar| tee that was surprising to those who knew him. By Cornwallis's orders, he _ was brought before that officer for examination, and as he came forward, he | looked upon the men in the uniform In apparent delight, exclaiming, as If In : simple wonder,

“Och, but yees a braw company wi’ i ye!

| “What Is your name?” demanded: the British commander.

“Johnny Service, at yer service; and | what are ye named?” was the reply.

“Cornwallis,” the military interpolator condescended to answer.

“Ony thing related to Tommy Wallace, up the road?""’

The aides began to smile, and one, to ”releve his fordship, asked,

“Have you anything to drink?”", of

course meaning spirits.

“Oh, yis, yer honor. Rin, Margy,” (addressing his wife), ”and bring some ' butter milk frae the spring.”

The ofticers, in default of better cheer, ald not disdain the refreshment offered, and Margy soon brought up from the springhouse a pailful of the cool white draught, and Johnny himself dispensed with cheerful alacrity and Hberal measure tinful after tinful, one by one. to his unwelcome guests. For having but one cup to serve with, each took his turn, all drinking quite greedily. As

ohnny neared the bottom of the vessel, he called o

“Margy, Margy, what Is this here?"

“Nothing but a mote, Johnny.”

“A mote! Hout awa, Margy, did yer ever see a mote sitting on its hunkers | bliinkin wi Its twa ees in yer face?” and selzing a frog, he twirled {it out of the butter milk to the great disgust of the Imblibers.

“Could ye,” he Inquired, as CornwalIs and his staff rose to go, ”‘could ye wet o letter for me to my kin-folk in Ireland?"

“No,” said Lord Cornwallis shortly.

“Ah!” said the undismayed Johnny, “now, if ye were only my countryman, Lord Rawdon, surely he would not say me nae: but would send my letther across the say.’

“Let the man go,” said the lordship; “he's a fool.” :

The desire to send letters to his kinfolk was quite the burden of Johnny Service's song, and led to tricks on his verdancy and native want of perception. Soon after his arrival in Amerlca, he was at Baird's store, drinking with a number of others, who had collected for the same purpose, a8 Was a custom with them. An owl, in a wood near by. began her cry of “hoot. hoot; hoot, hoot, too

“What's that?” questioned the newly arrived Irlshman :

“The post horn,” said a wag; “It's the maf! carrying letters on to Charleaton.”

Johnny relinquished his cuo and started off at full speed, calling to the supposed mall carrier to stop, as he had “na letther to send to his kin-folk in the ould counthry.”’

it Is needless to say that the wise bird was above such folly.

Johnny Service is not alone among his countrymen, Jn the good things gotten up at the expense of their credulity on first introduction to American manners. A trick of old John G, , , me self an Irishman, on his nephew, whom

he had sent for and brought over to this country, I will here Insert as a companion to the story of Johnny Service and the owl.

Tne nephew bore the same name of his uncle. <A day or two after the young man's arrival, old John G, , , took him out to walk in the woods, a mace good the occasion to lecture the new comer on his behavior In the strange country.

“Now,” said the uncle, “there are frults In this country ye have never seen. They are real good to ate, but ye will nae Ilke them at first, but ye must learn to ate them or folks wilil laugh at ye. There's wather millons, very good to eat. They grow on 2 vin "ke a gourd. And apples-, they are very nice. Ye'l!l get fond of them dl! rectly. They are round like balis an grow upon the limbs of trees. Ye mus learn to ate all these things.”

"Look here, Uncle,” says young Joh G . “gre these apples?” pointin

filled with green fruit

“Yes, mon, jump up the tree and tr one; ye'l nae like them to begin, bu soon ye'll be fond of them.”

Young John climbed up the tree, chose a large green persimmon, an resolutely chewed it up.

“Boy! boy!” called the uncle from be low, “what are ye whostling about?’

“I'm nae whosting, uncle,” quot young John. “the appie has drawn m mouth up 5s

After the. ”war, General Lacy, Joh

them he was elected to the ”‘House 0: Lairds." Poor Johnny was not allowed t serve, though; for John Adair, when they went to Columbia to take their seats, moved that Service should not be allowed a seat, as he was non compos mentis, and explained the circumstances of his election. The motion was carried, and Service, to the day of his death, never forgave Adair; and no wonder, for not being permitted to sit in the “House of Lairds.”

“I wilt close this desultory number with a ghost story of which the above John Adair was the hero.

General Adair was returning home one night, accompanied by his body servant, both on horseback. their way was by a graveyard. Egyptian darkness reigned, relleved now and then by flashes of lightning. The gloom of the night increased, and the lightning begun to flash in quicker succession; but the general was glad of the frequency of the lightning, as a glimpse thus galned of familiar objects by the wayside, assured him that he was still on the right road, while without the lurid lssht he could not have seen his hand before him. The rain had somewhat , abated, when above Its still pattering drops, his ears caught the sound of moaning, accompanied by a_ harsh, grating noise. He checked his horse to Isten, and a flash of Nghtning revealed the immediate vicinity of the graveyard, from which he was convinced the moaning sound proceeded. Full of curjosity, and desiring to understand what the sounds could be, he turned to his waiting man and bade him to go and see. But the darkey, wise tn his seneration, declined so awful an undertaking.

“You cowardly scamp!” said Adair. “Hold my horse and I will go myself.”

Dismounting, he proceeded to execute his design. The servant soon found a hitching place for the horses, not daring to stay alone In the hearing of the haunt, and at his master's heels sought

safety, though doubtless he would have trusted to his own 1f he could have run.

General Adair groped his way towards the spot whence proceeded the sounds, as well as he could, its increasIng distinctness guiding his approach. The sound was a jarring nolse, as of the sawing of a board, with an occasional moaning accompaniment. At length the sound seemed under his feet, and he was convinced that It came up out of the earth. He discovered that he was standing by a grave, at the head of which was a hole, and through this hote. plainly came up the mysterious sound. Not wishing, as he aft@rwards explained, to put his own arm in the muddy hole, he again ordered his servant to Investigate the mystery by inserting his hand to feel for any object that might be in it. The Negro's superstitious Instinct was too strong for him to yleld ready obedience, and Adair, impatient at his servant's terror, thrust his arm at full length into the hole. Hls hand same !n contact with and grasped an object having fur or hair. -He quickly withdrew his arm and at the same moment a vivid flash of lightning revealed to each other, master and

man, in the hand of the former, a grinning o‘possum!

The animal was gnawing at the ”boards of the coffin and giving occasional growls, which produced the singular combination of sounds, the subterranean location adding to their dismal effect.

A less resolute man than the general would have permitted the enigma to remain unsolved; and the circumstance would have remalned one of the most mysterious kind, numbered among those we often hear of as defying explanation..

Not one man in a hundred, I think, would have possessed the nerve to fathom the mystery as did General Adalr; for many who would fight to the last a verltable foe, would have ridden quickly by the graveyard, and “whistled to | have kept his courage up.”

In 1824 LaFayette accepted the Invitatlon of the United States government and visited the great republic he had. nourished with his own blood, in Its en- | feebled Infancy. :

When the news of his arrival In New : York reached our village, the enthusiasm of the citizens prompted the illu-. mination of the little town. Every window, facing on the street, had a. lighted candle to each pane and In those: houses which boasted no sash, ranged. rows of candles, one above the other, | in their unglazed openings, so not one’ could be accused of a deed of darkness. | The streets were light as day, the popu-: lation promenaded' them, grecting. one another with a kind of gleeful vi-: vacity, for there was a great heart- | throb throughout the states, then truly unlted, of joyous welcome to the natlon's guest. !

The Monday after the news of his arrival, the people of the country crowded into the village to hear the pacticu-: lars of LaFayette's coming. All min- i atlae relating to the generous veteran was of Interest and the gathering exceeded even those of sales-day or court: week.

LaFayette first, after his reception Inj

then traveled east, then gouth. His tour was one serles of ovations, and It was March, 1825, before he reached South Carolina.

The uniformed volunteer companies of Lancaster, Newberry, Lexington, Fairfield, Chester and York, went to Columbia to receive, with all pomp of circumstance, the loved foreigner. The legislature had made a handsome appropriation to pay the expenses of a proper reception; love and pride stlmu

lated each section to vie with the other, | in handsome appearance for the occa-' sion. York, ambitious to pay all defer- | ence to the man the state ”delighted to} honor,”’ made up a very handsome com-. pany of mounted Infantry, numbering| 80 men, all well uniformed, under the command of Capt. William Randolph Hill, The compiimentary position of surgeon, was given to your Sentuagenarlan

A bright spring day saw us take up our Hne of march, in the highest spir-. its.

“Jest and youthful jollity,

Qulps and cranks and wanton wiles, Nods and beck and wreathed smiles,” echoed from every heart and Ilp. We stopped at Chester on the first day for: dinner, at the hotel of George Ken-; nedy. Esq. After thus refreshing man and beast, we continued our way till, as the shades of evening deepened, our officers began to think of a halt. We' stopped at one or two well-to-do farmhouses, but on account of the number desiring it, were dented anything like accommodations, It was nearly eleven o'clock at night when we stopped agaln] at a Mr. Mobley's, on Wateree creck, Agaln was the refusal given us. The large corn cribs, with the gratin, was too tempting a spectacle to the men as they looked down on their hungry and somewhat jaded horses. It wus impossible to reach Winnsboro uns tll long after midnight, and here wags as good a place to stop as any other, The choice was, therefore, given ”the lord of the manor,”’ to measure out corn for our horses and be pald for it; or the men would throw down the crib and take it. Suchan alternative quickly forced him to compliance: and not tad) do things by halves, as we prepared to feed on our saddle-blankets, he roused up his Negroes, of whom there were quite a number, for he was a man o wealth, and made them bring up va

rious troughs from different lots and pens, and we had nearly enough to provide our horses well, The men, of course, quartered themselves in fence corners, outhouses or wherever they could find a place to lay their heads, for his house being but a cabin with one room, of course could not lodge the goodly company. Donom Witherspoon and myself, more fortunate than our comrades, secured the only spare hed, and bringing in, for fear of accident, our saddles, and Witherpsoon, in addition a pair of saddlebags, we put them under our bed for safe keeping, and soon were locked tightly in the arms of Morpheus. A few hours before day we awoke with the cry of fire ringing in our ears, and found the room In which we were lying, iluminated. Our first confused thought was that the ouse in which we were lying was: the one burning. Springing up in our selfish absorption of one idea, I cried for my saddle, my friend for his saddicbags, thinkIng of our Columbia parade instead of the farmer's loss. It; was, however, only a Negro house, and the large body of men rushed up and in a few minutes extinguished the flames before much damage was done. At daylight we were on the move, having

order breakfast prepared for us. When we got there, we were divided Into two squads, forty at each hotel. Fasting had given us good appetites.

“Dire was the clang of plates, of knife

That merc’less fell like tomahawks to work.”

Ohe of our number distinguished himself by eating 13 eggs. The board was well spread; all played a d knife and fork and made no apologies, and In buoyant trim we remounted. Witticlams were cut on small occaslons, and with good natured glbes and

pleasant jests. we relieved the tedium of the road. Before sundown we drew near Columbia. At the edge of town we saw two gentlemen coming toward us who, from their uniform, we knew were of the committee of arrangements sent out to meet the milltla companies, I galloped forward to the captain's side as they drew. near, and, in heraldic style, announced “Captain Hill, of York!” A courteous greetings was given, and Capt. Hill was assigned to the upper part of the market house, as quarters for hls company.

Columbia was crowded from garret to cellar. Visitors from every section of the state had flocked In, and hotels and private houses were all filled to overfiowing. For weeks ahead, rooms were engaged at the hotels, and it was impossible, if you had not taken this precaution, to get an apartment at one. All knew such an occasion would never come again.

“The dumb men thronged to see him and the blin

To hear him speak.”

About noon, the next day after our _arrival, the troops were marshaled out to receive the distinguished visitor, who came that day from Camden. Re‘lays of horses had been appointed on the road to enable him to make the jaunt in the most expeditious and least fatigueing manner. Having the position of an officer, but being fettered by no command, I was at liberty to separate myself from my company, so I pushed on to gain the eartlest possible view of the hero.

About a mile out of Columbia the companies were halted. Governor Manning, then the executive, with his staff, awaited to recelve LaFayette. An elegant open barouche, drawn by two beautiful horses, magnificently caparlsoned, stood ready to convey him to the city. Soon the cynosure of all hearts appeared, having been escorted from Camden by a brigade of horse, under General EBradiecy, of Chester. The cannon roared forth its thundering welcome, acclamations of heart's alfegiance greeted him: and froin every | volce were cries of welcome. He was handed into the vehicle prepared for him, and by his side rode old Colonel Tom Taylor, the father of Columbla, himself a revolutionary hero, both un- | covered. On the box, In addition to the driver, was a footman, both in livery; and two fine looking mulattoes, also in handsome livery, holding an extra rein to guard against any accident occur

ring from the high mettle of the flery |

steeds, chafed by the measured pace | and excited by the vociferous salutations of the enthusiastic throng which ! cuntinually made the air clamorous | with shouts of welcome. The military | display was imposing. Among the companies was Captain Meyer, of New- | berry, father of Dr. Meyer, who had | 125 men under his command, each one | mounted on a white horse, all hand- | somely uniformed and caparisoned. To' this company afterward, was assigned | the special honor of escorting General LaFayette from Columbla to: Charleston. The intense feellng of the crowd vented itself frequently, as we proceeded to the town, In wild hurrahs. The happy old veteran, his face beaming with pleasure, bowed low again and again from side to side, in delighted acknowledgment of the noble compliment he was recetving. \

We entered the town by Taylor | street, turned into Main street, across , which were thrown triumphal arches of | evergreens and flowers, and on either side, at intervals, jets of water played in the sunshine. Where Bridge street | crosses Main street, the Procession | stopped. Here the mayor made his, speech of welcome, the orator of the: day delivered hls address, and during |

these ceremonies the companies were dismounted, the men filed facing in on each side, the Hne extending from | Main street some yards past Mr. Randolph's house, which had been gencrously tendered and fitted up for the use of the noble Frenchman during his stay. The speeches ended, through this living avenue LaFayette walked to his temporary residence. To Francis K. Huger, in recognition of his noble risks gencrously hazarded to liberate the Marquis de LaFayette from his long imprisonment, when Immured at Olmutz, even though fruitless, was accorded the honor to walk by his side in the day of his majesty, through the street of the proud capital of Huger's own state. They were in front. LaFayette, limping in his gait, leaning on Huger's right arm, proceeded slowly down the ranks. <A cannon rolled out its sonorous reports in the distance, feux de jole were continually echoing! along the line, and little girls, in holiday attire, threw bouquets under his feet, thus literally strewing his path with flowers. Behind him came the dignitarles of state and city, two and two, arm in arm; a most Iimposin. spectacle. I, in virtue of my rank, stood three paces in front of the ran and file. Next to me was Major Moore, of Winnsboro. As LaFayette approach ed, I saw, every now and then, some o: the officera on either side, shake hand with him, Coveting, too, the privilege; I whispered to Major Moore to shak hands with him when he came up. ”“ wi!l,”” he repiied, in the same tone; an when LaFayette got to where we wer stationed, the major advanced a pace put out his hand, and, as if acknowl eding the grand Introduction of th splendid pageant, for there was n other, said I am happy to be made a quainted with you, sir.” LaFayett grasped the proffered hand, bowlIng an repeating the phrase all the tlme on hi

lips, coming, I doubt not, straight from, the heart, ”very happy.” I stood next, in sitence, and held out my hand, and I never received a more cordial grasp and shake, accompanied by the words “very happy, very happy.” Ah, who | would not have been happy on such a: day. Nearly half a century before he | had listened to the dictates of his noble | heart, and came from a foreign land to’ a bleeding country. Forbidden by his government, admonished by his friends | end giving up the delight of home and. the endearments of a young and beautiful wife, he alded a people struggling for freedom, and on their battlefield of Brandywine poured forth his generous biood. Now, the natlon, one of the nations of the earth, greeted him with shouts of undying love and gratitude: and Carolina, proudest of the land, in joy and love, strewed roses under hits feet and wreathed Immortelles above his head. .

An amusing incident relieved the intensity of feellng without marring the effect, as it might have done on a less grand occasion. To Dr. James Davis and Professor Henry Nott, had been assigned the duty of going about twenty paces In front of the procession to sec the path clear and all in fifting order for the tread of the august personase to follow. Some mischievous boy, at a cross street, threw in an old gander. Of course the serried ranks gave no outiet for the intruder, for behind {he military companies were a great multitude, no man could number. To trv to catch the goose was out of the question, as It, of course, would create confusion and unseemly mirth; so he walked, In solitary dignity, poking out lls reck from side to side, stopping how and then to give a hiss at the men. The doctor and professor, hats in hand, were fain to walt hls movements, now and then venturing a mild ”shew! shew!" and giving a gentle fourish of

| their hats to accelerate his movements.

The gander would give a ”“quaw! quaw!" in return, not: improving his pace, but merely resuming the even tenor of his way, and so he led the yan to the end of the Ine.

At last LaFayette entered the house. Here everything was arranged most _berfeetly for his comfort. Judge Nott's ”old Harry, a servant renowned in his ”day, throughout Columbia, for his su| perfority in every good quality, was as| signed as his body-servant. Judge De| Saussure and others had their most ac| compilished house servants to attend In ”walting. Cut glass and silver stood around in profusion, contributed by the cltizens for the use of the occasion.

. Two sentine!s, with fixed bayonets on

their guns, were posted at the door to prevent the entrance of intruders. Of| ficers, however, were all allowed to en’ter unquestioned. The Iinstgnia of of| flee shown by my feather and sword, | obtained my admittance. In the pass| age, I met General Bradley, of Chester ', an acquaintance. With him I went into the room where LaFayette held a kind of levee. and was presented by name. Again [had the honor of pressing my hand to that of the generous -Ifrenchman, whose nobility of nature, far above that of birth alone, had been accounted worthy of, the {frlendship, even of our Washington.

After the introduction, and my taking with LaFayette a glass of wine, for servants in attendance filled bumpers of sparkiing champagne, which all but he quaffed to the bottom, he merely performing the courtesy of touching the giass to his lips, I withdrew to the farther side of the room from where -he stood and stationed myself near the door.

Here I saw a strange but pleasant incident transpire. An old African, neatly dressed, came to the front door and started In; but the sentinels Interposed

their bayonetted guns to bar his entrance. The old man contemptuously pushed them maside saying, “Pshaw! | pshaw! sec guns afore you was born; , been where dey been shot by soldiers, loo,” and without farther opposition from any one gained his way. Hecame ktralght to the room where the distingulshed guest was standing among the | crowd and said out, “I come to see General LaFayette.” LaFayette turned, looked at him and remarked: “An old acquaintance; don't tell me who It is." The Negro advanced to the Marquis, and bowing, held out his hand and said, “Howdy, Mas’ LaFayette; how you do, sir. You ’member me?” “Yes, stop; don't tell me your name. Ah! I have it. Pompey, belonging to Colone! Buchanan, the first servant who walted on me when I came to America. When I tanded at Georgetown I was taken first to the camp of General Buchanan, near there, and Pompey waited on me," said he, as he shook warmly the old man's hand. The nobleman called for a glass of champagne with Pompey, which that worthy took with great dignity. Then he put out his hand and said, ”‘Good-bye, Mas' LaFayette: we getting old, we'll never meet again. God bless you.” They shook hands again. Pompey went out, mounted his pony, and started for his home near Winnsboro, saying he’d come to see General LaFayette; now he'd done that he was going home

dec DeSaussure's house was next to the one occupied by LaFayette, and here in his yard, did thls gentleman of the old school, have servants In attendance, constantly bringing fresh water and dispensing It to the thirsty men. It was but a cup of cold water, but how graceful the action, how pure the heart so full of thought for other's comfort. Frequently would the courtly gentleman, when the soldiers crowded In, take the pltcher In hand while

I the servants ran for more, and fill the

cup after cup of water with his own hands.

The bau given that night, in the state 4 house, was, I suppose, a splendid affair, Durlng the entire night fire rockets were sent off. The next day LaFayette rode around town, calling on different men of eminence. Among others, 80 honored, was William Edward Hayne, formerly sheriff of York, the son of Charleston's Revolutionary martyr. Mrs. Hayne brought out her infant and said to the general, “Sir, when my baby Is grown, I want to have it to say It was once in the arms of General LaFayette.” Benignly he took the Infant In his arms, kissed and blessed It. Whether the babe Ilved to mature years, to boast the gentle action which graced its infancy, I know not.

After three days’ stay, we saw the bright pageant ended, and returned to York, lits beauties to recount, its pleasures to recall. Even now, after the lapse of 45 years, I recur with pride to these day

“Then none were for a party;

Then all were for the state: * Then the great helped th And the poor man loved the g great. "

I do not remember any preserved record of these great gala days In South Carolina, and have, therefore, been moved to tell to the young, as well! as the gap of years allow, the pomp of the reception at their state cnpital of the Marquis de LaFayette, proudly; participated In by the gay company from York.

In 1822 or 1823, Paddy Carey came from Rogeraville, East Tennessee, to: Yorkville. He was a printer, and wag

tather, Rev. Wm. C. Davis, the founder of the sect called Independent Presbyterians.

After his residence for awhile in Yorkville, Carey concelved the Idea of. publishing a weekly newspaper, as a private enterprise, for at that time, there was no paper printed in the state, , above Columbia. The undertaking was generally encouraged and promised to’ be a success. Carey got up a subscrip- | tion Hst, fixing the price of tne paper at $3 per year, to which many readily signed their names. There was much debate about the name, Carey asking and rejecting suggestions of different appellations, until he made it quite a village topic. We all thought he had decided on calling it ”The Spirit of '76,” when lo! one morning ”The Ploneer’’ surprised us by its modest presence; and all had to confess the suitability of its title and a good omen of {ts futurity, Carey having begun with so happy a hit. The first Issue was about the size of foolscap writing paper. The

type was set by a Httle boy named Smith. The other hands were too busy about the book to be able to spare time for this new work. It grew In size gradually, and in its maturity was a paper of respectable dimensions and much merit. James Edward Henry, after its enlargement, became a valued contributor to The Ploneer's columns. His was “the pen of a ready writer,” and his articles much enhanced the popularity of the paper. One of his storles: “Myra Cunningham, a tale of the Revolution,” was a pleasant little novelette much admired, ran through number after number for several months. However, one of his. best pieces almost got Carey into a serlous scrape. The relation will serve to show how well Major Henry painted everyday pictures, and how human nature is allke the world over.

On the Fourth of July we had a ball

in Yorkville. It passed as such things usually do, with Its modicum of comPiiments and cuts, a pleasure to some, a disappolntment to others, and it was over; but the next Issue of The Ploneer had “A Description of a Fourth of July Ball,” under the new and singular nom de plume of’ ”The Wasp;"" and it had a sting, for !t was surely “our ball” depicted. Homé actors were certainly drawn; and so well, too, the take off could hardly be called a burlesque. “Maj. Doublehead,” was undoubtedly meant for Major Darwin; _ “Becky Biter’ was a true portralt of one of our village beauties, whose

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The Misses Eggleston, admirable young ladies, was a deserved compliment to the Misses McMahan; as too, was the description of an accomplished young gentleman of very fine manners and eppearance, which was certainly Donom Witherspoon. “Mr. Fudge,"’ was Charley Coggins, and no one hesitated, it was so plain who was meant, to say that the vinegar faced Ilttle girl described as “Betsy Crult," was Miss Betsy Chambers. “As good a little thing, if she was sour looking,” uncle Ben Chambers swore, ”“‘as was in town,” and no one could put her derisively In the papers with ”Impunity, he’d break every bone in Carey's. trifilng car1 cass."

Carey had put forth one wasp and | found himse!f in a nest of them. More than one Individual went to ask him what he meant by versonnalities so | pointed. In vain he declared the arti| cle was sent to him two weeks before | the ball, and he had delayed its publication. He got no credence. The verdict “was that he was lying out of the matter.”

In the midst of this “tempest in the

; teapot,” a gentleman from Chester rode inlo town. In giving the news of the day from Chester, he mentioned that The Pioneer had been received a little while before he left, and the peopie were quite Indignant over a des-' erlption it contained of their ”Fourth of July Rall.” He then began to enu-| merate the different. individuals with! whom Carey had taken the unwarrant- ' ed Hberty of showing up in a ludicrous. Nght to the public. Chester, too, had “Maj. Doublehead,” “Mr. Fudge,” and ”Miss Becky Liter.’ The excitement at hand began visibly to decline. We were forced to subside and believe Carey's statement, and felt very sheepish that we had been fitting caps on! our neighbors. “O wad some power the giftie gle us To see ourselves as others see us!” Carey, fortunately, had dodged Ben Chambers until the denoument, and saved sore bones if not broken ones. Paddy Carey was fond of his cups. Alas! they wrought his ruin, and over them he was apt to grow pot valiant. One night Carey and Abernathy were in Joe Martin's office. A decanter and glasscs had beén put down on the tabie, and as they soclally drank, they busily talked. From their accounts, they certainly had not held the doctrine of Hudibras, that °

“THe who fights and runs away,

Will live to fight another day;” for Carey told of a difficulty he once got into while he lived in Tennessee. It was during the war of 1812, he said , a recruiting officer was stationed In Rogersville, and some men he had were a good deal disposed to bully the citizens, One day three of them, Carey, said, got into a dispute with him, tried to “hector” ft over him; but he told them he was not the man to take anything off of any man, much less their insoience. With that, one of them made at him, and, Carey said, he just

took him a cuff on the butt of the ear with his fist that made turn a somersault equal to e circus man. Another of them came at him and he gave him ' such a blow in the chest that he didn't /@raw a tong breath In a week. The | third soldier, seeing his comrades get‘ting such rough handling. sprang to cid them, but, Carey said, he boxed him right and left tll] he learned him manners to his betters. ”‘They” were | all, concluded Carey, ”‘bigger, heavier |} men than he was, but I taught them a lesson that they, I don't think, they forgot soon

Aber nathy said that Carey's fight reminded hlm of one he had about the same time. He was in service, he said , in the war of 1812, and part of the lime, on duty at Point Peter, Georgia. 'Whlie there he got into a row with some _ sailors. There were four, he said, in their party, and he was alone. They all came at him /at once; but he clubbed his gun and knocked two into the sea; but his gun breaking In two, he dropped the pleces and caught one of the other sailors by the throat with his left hand and choked him into an apoplexy, and with his right hand gouged the other fellow until he cried “‘nough” In right good earnest,

Joe Martin listened to these tales of remarkable prowess in silence. Not having been in the war, he had naught to match them. Suddenly he jumped up, and going to his desk and opening it, took out a dirk, stuck it hurriedly In | the breast pocket of his coat as if con| ceallng It; but carefully leaving the | handie exposed to the view of the two worthies at the table. Then he walked with decisive tread across the room to the door and locked it, and turned and ndvanced to the table. As he did so, | Carey and Abernathy, who had watch| ed him with growing apprehension,

asked simultaneously, “What do you mean, Joe?” “I mean to dirk a little,” said Joe, vehemently, with the same breath blowing out the candle. Carey forthwith got under the table by which he sat, and Abernathy found his way to an open window and jumped out into the street. Joe had his jest, so he quickly relighted the candle and ran to the window to call Abernathy back, for Mrs. A. was a termagant and Joe was afraid of her tongue; but he could not get Abernathy to come In. “Oh!"’ said Joe, “It was all in fun, Abernathy, nothing but a joke; come back, come back.” “Joke, indeed,” said the cl-devant sailor; “If It had not been for the cabin window, blast my eyes, but you would have had my light out.” Carey emerged from the cover of the table rather crest-fallen, and ever after was not apt to boast of deeds of valor in the presence of Joe Martin.

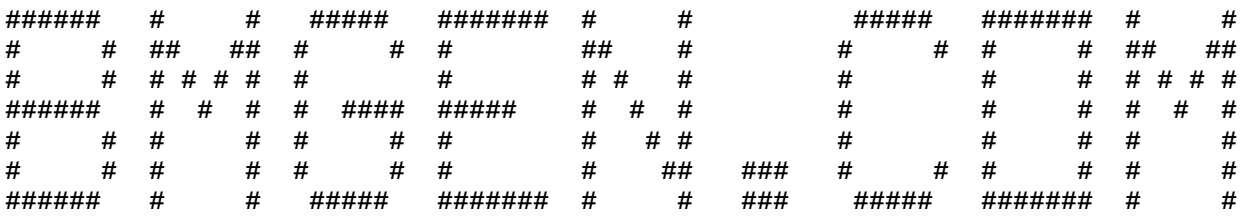
The publication of the Davis MSS. was Interrupted by the death of Rev. Robert Davis, to whom his father had given the copyright; but Carey's newspaper still gave him an occupation in Yorkville. His career, however, was downward. Yielding to the fatal love of drink, frequent and disgraceful scenes of debauchery sank him below wl former associates. His wife, worn out with his dissipations and worthlessness, left him and went back with her children, to their friends In East Tennessee. She afterwards Joined the Shakers, and gave her children to the care of relatives while she devoted herself to her sect. In 1845, Carey, too, left Yorkville, to return to his native state,

and further I know no trace of him.

“Oh! that men should put an enemy In their mouths, to steal away their Ins.”

Carey, in his day, did a good work in York. The enterprise begun by him has been well sustained by others. York has always had good reason to boast of her “Weekly.” It is with prideful satisfaction I undo the ample folds of her paper, so superior In its size and style to those of our up-country towns, and not excelled by any sheet In the State.

portion” to Tuk YoRKVILLE ENQUIRER. My friends, you who, week after week, have read a Septuagenarlan's reminiscences, and hearkened to my tales, will meet me in THE ENQUIRER no more. I have done. The scraps, historical, anecdotical and blographical , I essayed, are ended. Hundreds of others crowd tnto my mind, but I fear I-shall grow wearlsome. If I have glven the pleasure I have received In reviving old memories, I am happy. In naught have I thought to offend. Truly, all was written In love. The old man of three-score-ten-and-five has brought back the days when the rosy coloring of youth tinged life. Now twilight falls, the “windows are darkened” as I look out on Its shades, and though by reason of the ”great strength’? glven me, I am still here, ere long the genial warmth that lingers around my heart and throbs, will be chilled, stilled and silent forever!



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