

THE BAMBERG HERALD.

BAMBERG, S. C., THURSDAY AUGUST 10, 1899.

ONE DOLLAR PER YEAR.

ESTABLISHED 1891.

CARRIED TO BOSTON.

Wife and Child of Lake City Postmaster to be Exhibited.

COLORED PREACHER CONDEMNED.

Young Woman From Boston Takes Them Off—Will Hold Mass Meetings.

CHARLESTON, S. C., August 5.—Lillian Clayton Jewett, the Boston girl who recently created a sensation among the negroes of that city by declaring that she would come to Charleston and take back north with her the family of the late Frasier B. Baker, who was lynched at Lake City, S. C., in 1897, with a view to beginning an agitation against mob law, has carried out her design. Miss Jewett arrived here Friday morning accompanied by her mother and a young man named R. G. Larsen, who is a Boston journalist. She had frequent conferences with the Baker woman and her friends, and as a result accompanied by the entire Baker family, the mother and five children have left for Boston. Miss Jewett said her plans for the future were yet formulated, but she hoped to hold mass meetings throughout the north to arouse popular sentiment against lynching and mob law generally. She did not regard her movement as an issue between the races, but was advocating the cause of humanity irrespective of color or condition. She said she was educated in Virginia and had some knowledge of the Southern people and she was well aware that the better element in the South joined hearts with the better element in the North in demanding a halt in the commission of outrages that recently have shocked the world.

She said that since her Boston address was made she has received many threatening letters from the South, but to those she paid no heed, knowing that they did not come from a source worthy of consideration.

Miss Jewett paid for the tickets of the Baker family from here to Boston and she also bought a number of small articles of clothing for the woman and her children.

The Rev. J. L. Dart, a colored minister of this city, who has recently spent some time in Boston, returned to the city to-day and opposed violently the removal of the Bakers from Charleston. He declares that Miss Jewett did not represent the better class of white or colored people of Boston. He says she and those who stand with her merely want to get control of the Bakers to make notoriety and money for themselves.

Good Advice to Girls.

I wish I could say to all young girls, in city or country, to be careful. Never speak, especially when traveling alone, to strangers, unless what they say is distinctly enough to be heard by all persons sitting there. The low voices of strangers speaking to young women or girls, or to whom they have not been introduced should be regarded with suspicion.

Another thing. Have no secrets from your parents. If you begin with secrecy, you are bound to keep it. Your father and mother are certainly your best friends. If you sometimes think they are not, you are probably wrong. If you are right, why are you trying to be wiser than your father and mother? They are wiser than you are.

Sometimes strangers endeavor to entrap young girls by advertising that they would like to begin correspondence. This is the most common means of leading girls astray. The awful results of answering such advertisements may have been brought to your knowledge through reformatory and other institutions, would arouse the American people to such indignation against the newspapers that admit such advertisements, that the wretches that edit them would be driven from decency. Never write a letter to a stranger, nor one to a friend that would disgrace you if it were edited and made public than those for which it is intended.

In almost every school there is some girl bad enough to be in a reformatory. She may be bright and pleasant, but says wicked things, and there are many who are weak; so that an innocent girl may be greatly injured by some schoolmate. The moment a word is said that you would be ashamed to have your father or mother hear, or that you would be afraid to say to a room with a girl that had scarlet fever. It would be better to have your body contract such a disease as that than to have your soul poisoned.—Dr. E. Buckley, in New York Christian Advocate.

Happiness is always a memory of an anticipation.

The Wrong Home. A leather beaten member of the tired fraternity, who had lost a leg and had it replaced by a wooden substitute, stamped his way up the main street of a Lanarkshire village the other day and paused at the door of the first looking dwelling. Knocking at a brisk, businesslike housewife, the man began his stereotyped whine:

"If ye please, mair, I lost my leg" "Aye, before he could unfold another word of his tale the sharp retort came: "Aweel, ye didna lose it here!" "And bang went the door in his face.—Liverpool Mercury.

Satisfied. Opulent Father-in-law—What ails you, George? Since you have married you seem to have lost all your ambition. George—Well, you see, sir, I reached the height of my ambition when I became your son-in-law.—Harlem Life.

Poetics Queer. Weary Watkins—Oh, that I had the wings of a bird! Hungry Higgins—They're less meat on the wings than they is on any other piece.—Indianapolis Journal.

A HORRIBLE TRAGEDY

Mr. Herbert Ellerbe, a Brother of the Late Governor Killed.

LATTA, Aug. 5.—Last Thursday night Mr. Herbert Ellerbe, a brother of the late Governor Ellerbe, was killed while going from here to his home at Sellers.

The story of the killing is a horrible one, yet the tragedy could not have been avoided, for the railroad is not to blame. It was Herbert Ellerbe's own fault, or, at least, from the facts obtained to-day from an attorney, it seems as if he was to blame.

Mr. Ellerbe, it is alleged, went to Latta Thursday to sell some tobacco, which he had placed on the floor of the warehouse at that place. The prices did not suit him and he did not sell all his load, but decided to wait till next day. Late that evening Ellerbe left Latta. He was walking on the track. Nothing more was thought about him until next morning, when an old dray reported to the depot agent at Latta that a man had been killed down the road, the night before by a train. The agent visited the scene and it was then that the fate of poor Ellerbe became known. What there was left of his remains could be picked up on a shovel, for his body was literally ground to pieces, and the fragments scattered from the point where he was killed to Peedee Junction, a distance of nine or ten miles. A piece of his coat and a part of a rib was taken, it is stated, from the brake beam of one of the sleeping cars of the train, when it was inspected in Charleston.

The clothing he wore and the papers found were all that could be used to identify the fragments of his body. The coroner of Marion county viewed the remains and ordered the pieces buried. The inquest was adjourned until next Friday, the 11th, at 10 o'clock. The cause of which is about four days is suspected.

The remains were interred yesterday afternoon at the family burying ground, near Sellers. The train that killed Mr. Ellerbe was in charge of Engineer Frank McGowan and there can be no blame attached to him, for it is thought Mr. Ellerbe was either asleep on the track or he had met with death at the hand of an assassin, and his body placed on the train.

The deceased was twenty-eight years old and was unmarried.

Snakes.

As it is customary with printers The Chronicle force, after hours, were having their good-night chat, and at that time the discourse was based upon the ever entertaining subject of "snakes." Several tall yarns were reeled off like spun cotton. A stranger from the far west was paying the fare to visit with a careful listener, but he did not seem to know much about snakes. He spoke never a word for fully three quarters of an hour.

The stranger was a subject for scurrilous. He wore a red beard that closely resembled a torch, his two big toes pointed and leaned toward each other in the most loving manner possible, and he chewed tobacco like a horse and bit into his pipe. When he spit he would shut one eye.

At last it became evident that he was loaded with a yarn; and it was bulging in him until his eyes stuck out. Then he spoke and said, "I'm from a pilgrim and a stranger among you Georgia folks, and I don't want to say nothing rash. My mother put her hand on my head when I was the turn of four years old and I don't know if I'd never tell a lie, nor have I so far yet, nor never will. I'd rather die, therefore what I tell you is the truth, so help me."

"Go on, go on," he shouted the boys as they gathered round him like flies around a lump of cheap sugar. "Well," he continued, "when I was living in Williamsburg, Kansas, in '73, a cheap John show busted in my town, and gold dust got so scarce that I bought a snake 12 feet long and the rise. I never had no idea of startin' a show nor snake ranch, but I found that this snake would eat up all the rats on my farm. When I had him about the house, he'd become a pet with the old woman and all the children—they are all dead now—and I hope to meet them in heaven. One day the snake never pestered the boys; they appeared to know he was loaded, for business, and whenever my snake crawled into the yard to sun himself my old Tom cat used to sit on a 70-cent grocery that stood in the yard and sing a song, a sort of soliloquy to himself that was enough to fetch out the fire companies. The cat argued that the snake had designs on his person, and that his intention was to eat him up, but I don't know if they were or not.

"One day that snake swallowed my eight day clock, and when I found the snake he couldn't look me straight in the eye, but every now and then he would wink at me much as to say, 'What time you reckon it is?' I knowed he swallowed the clock cause I could hear it ticking inside of him. Me and the boys decided that it would never do to kill a thirty-dollar snake to get a four-dollar clock, so the snake just went on living with us like nothing had ever happened to unting his character amongst us."

TILLMAN'S DAY.

THE PICNIC A SUCCESS.

Many Ladies and 500 People Present.

Synopsis of Senator Tillman's Two Speeches.

Peace and Unity and Pleasure in Morning—Fireworks and Gingham in Afternoon

Senator Tillman arrived in the city Thursday afternoon and was met at the depot by Mayor Hughson and Mr. C. W. Stasell of the reception committee. He was taken in a carriage and escorted to the Marion Hotel where he was entertained. Later in the afternoon he was driven over the city by other members of the committee.

Next morning Senator Tillman received a large number of callers at his room at the Marion, his numerous friends and political supporters from all parts of the county calling to pay their respects and state bands with him.

At 11:30 o'clock the committee consisting of Mayor Hughson, Superior Dorn and Mr. C. W. Stasell, called at the Marion with carriages and escorted Senator Tillman and Congressman Stokes out to Richardson's grove, where the picnic and speaking were to be held.

At the grove a crowd of perhaps five hundred were gathered. There were a hundred ladies present, and seats were provided for them in front of the speaker's stand, which was erected beneath the spreading oaks that furnish a grateful shade from the sun.

Soon after Senator Tillman Dr. Stokes and the committee arrived on the grounds, the meeting was called to order by Mayor Hughson, who made a few remarks in a happy vein, welcoming the crowd and expressing the hope that all present would enjoy the day, and then announced that the meeting would be opened with prayer by Dr. J. A. Clifton.

After the invocation by Dr. Clifton, Senator Tillman was introduced by Dr. H. T. Abbott, as follows:

Fellow Citizens:

During the eighteenth century there figured a man in Great Britain who conceived that a Reformation was needed in the established church of England. Those high in authority in both church and state treated him with contempt. The doors of the churches were locked against him. He was abused and vilified. And, as he preached in the streets, and on the heath around Moorsfield, London and elsewhere the mobs would bowl, stone and rotten egg him, and with their nefarious and diabolical aethemata pursue him like a beast of prey. But this man firm in his convictions of right, and upon whom it pleased God to confer those extraordinary gifts which command the homage and admiration of men, touched the main spring which put in motion a church whose power was unparalleled in the annals of church history. A church which from an insignificant beginning has in a little over a hundred years not only equalled but surpassed her sister denominations in numbers, wealth and colleges. A church whose preachers are found in every town and in every hamlet. A church whose doctrines are preached in the populous city, and to the border ruffians of the far west. A church whose songs are sung in the palaces of the rich and huts of the poor. A church whose missionaries are found in every land and every clime. A church whose parish has restored the moral elements of human liberty and proclaimed a free salvation to all.

And where is Mr. Wesley buried? The English people reaching the highest inspiration of which the high est type of which the human race is capable that of according to the enemy justice and recognizing worth wherever found, he reposes in Westminster Abbey. He sleeps with the kings of England. He sleeps with the greatest men of the greatest nation upon which the sun of Heaven shines. This act will ever rebound to England's glory, and dazzle and blaze with all its meridian splendor and halo of glory upon her escutcheon as long as history records noble deeds. And today there is not in this broad land an intelligent Christian of whatever name or creed but what regards it as a benefaction to the world that such a man as John Wesley lived.

In eighteen hundred and ninety there appeared upon the political arena of South Carolina an anomaly in politics. A man entirely unknown to fame. A regular one gallus, wool hat horned handed son of toil, a full blooded bay seed clod bopper and who had only gained some little notoriety by newspaper controversies, in which he always made his adversaries come off second best. He even gained the hatred, malice and envy of those in authority simply because he advocated what Jefferson, Jackson and what every true democrat should, that of equal rights to all and special privileges to none. A Government of the people by the people and for the people, equal opportunities to all, and that the offices should be divided among those who merited them, and not monopolized by a chosen few. But it was not until the campaign opened in Greenville that his mighty powers were developed, and, like Asak of old towered head and shoulders above all his contemporaries and proved himself to be an Olympian of Olympia. The opposing candidates flushed with previous victories, and intoxicated, as they supposed, with superior intellect and training laughed him to scorn and expected after a few speeches on the hustings to send this presumptuous plebeian, this demagogue, this crank, back to plough handles and cornfield, were he rightly belonged.

Little did they know the strength which patriotism lends when liberty strikes with every blow. For as a

mountain stands while wind storms roar so did he meet his relentless foes, and again and again sent them back shamefully beaten. By the subtlety of his logic, the spell of his eloquence, the force of his genius, and the magnetism of his person he swayed the multitudes and soon convinced his antagonist and the county he was no ordinary man.

At the very first meeting he generated an embryo whirlwind which gathered strength and velocity at every meeting until soon the boasted intelligence, wealth and press with the bull dozing, jeers, sneers, vilifications, vituperation, misrepresentation and aspersions joined in one miscellaneous, heterogeneous conglomeration of propaganda to stem the tide. But all in vain. In his Herculean strength he scattered them like chaff before the wind seeing the helplessness and impotency of their cause they actually sent to Washington and Georgia for help.

But these imported politicians, like trees in the forest before a tornado, he swept aside carrying everything before him and was triumphantly elected governor of South Carolina; and in four years, having outwitted the statesmen, puzzled the lawyers and confused the judges, and having the legislative, executive and judiciary departments of the government, he was complete master of the situation to the delight of his friends and the chagrin of his enemies and the utter amazement of the country, and placed upon the statute books some of our most salutary laws; instance, the primary law, in which the people are allowed to choose their own candidates from coroner to United States Senator, a privilege all free people should have, and which you never had before; Floating the state bonds at a lower rate of interest, under the most trying circumstances, thus saving to the tax payers seventy five thousand dollars a year; protecting the farmers' interests by really and not by going through the farce of nominating those who deal in fraudulent fertilizers; the dispensary law, which some of the best minds in the country, both clerical and laymen, pronounce the best solution of the liquor question that was ever formulated, and which Gladstone pronounced the most difficult problem which the statesmen of all civilized and enlightened countries had to contend. And a constitutional convention by practically eliminating a certain vote from the politics of South Carolina, of itself was worth the reform movement.

While supporting every educational institution he founded, he did what no other administration has ever done, founded two large colleges which in their stately beauty and grand proportions are not only ornaments to South Carolina but to the South.

And ladies, right here let me say a word to you. Women, the admired of all the world, it would seem like sacrilege to approach such objects of universal admiration with other offerings than hearts of devotion and words of praise. She who is, has been and ever will be the paragon of all beauty, the cytherea of all eyes. It is at her shrine that the prince and the poet, the warrior lay their richest offerings. It is to gain her approving smile that stirs within the youth those deep aspirations for fame, that craving for boundless ambition, that quenchless thirst for renown which in his wild imagination he hopes to make earth's teeming millions shout his praise and the very stars to echo with the thunders of his name. Yet you, the acme of benignity, the plus ultra of perfection, the chief d'oeuvre of creation, the crowning jewel of the casket, the rose leaf upon the mantling cup of bliss, the summum bonum of God's gifts to man. Yet South Carolina never appropriated a dollar to build a College for your especial benefit until the Tillman administration did this own act of justice to your sex, and female education will be inseparably connected with his name, and the daughters and grand daughters and great grand daughters will ever honor his name, thus

"The mist of time which lesser lights obscure, Will augment his glory more and more"

And ladies it was he who from the executive chair openly and boldly declared that under all circumstances and at all hazards, even with life itself, would protect women's virtue. After another thoroughly organized campaign and being opposed by the best talent the State could afford and again backed by the wealth, intelligence and press and all the outside pressure that could be brought to bear against him, he was triumphantly elected United States Senator, a position to attain which was at once the height of man's ambitions, the consummation of political aspiration.

But it was said that when he coped with those intellectual giants of the senate he would be a cypher. What was the sequel? When it was known that the mogul of South Carolina was to speak, the newspapers tell us every Senator was in his place, the galleries were crowded to overflowing. Not a paper perhaps in the U. S. but commented upon his speech, and two thousand congratulatory letters piled Pelion upon Ossa high on his desk, tell in unmistakable language how the speech thrilled and received a responsive echo in the hearts of the American people from the Gulf of the south to the lakes of the north, from the shores of the Atlantic to the shores of the Pacific.

And that is not all, the news was soon sent on the wings of lightning to the capitals of Europe, and the next morning the dailies announced that the great Carolinian had thundered against the gold bug.

Since then he has been invited to speak in almost every state of the union, and again and again he has been the recipient of the most enthusiastic ovations from the people.

Now, fellow citizens of Sumter County, let us throw aside our prejudices and petty differences and imitate the example of our public spirited mayor and honored senator and like the people of England, honor him who honors you and who, we hope, in nineteen hundred, under the leadership of W. J. Bryan, will be the democratic candidate for vice president of the United States.

Senator Tillman spoke for forty minutes. The following is an outline, not a verbatim report of his speech.

Ladies and Fellow Citizens:

There is an old adage that a prophet is never without honor save in his own country, and I have occasion to realize from reading the South Carolina news papers that if I have any claim to be a prophet or if I have ever foretold any event with the true prophetic spirit these claims have not been recognized, nor have the papers realized that Ben Tillman is a prophet.

If I had known how I was to be praised and belauded and how thick a coat of butter was to be spread over me, I think I would have staid away from Sumter. I may have merited to be praised for some things, but have never before been the recipient of so much as Dr. Abbott has bestowed.

Perhaps all present do not agree with all that Dr. Abbott has said, the words are too recent and the years too fresh for all to feel as he feels, or think as he thinks, and as I have always admitted and recognized the right of men to differ in opinions, and I still recognize that this right is a heritage of free men, I bear no malice toward those who differed with me in the past and fought me and the principles I advocated.

Yet while sitting here and listening to Dr. Abbott's words of praise I could not help thinking of what the News and Courier and the State would do if Dr. Abbott's speech were to be printed in their columns. I believe the presses would explode with indignation. Had I been consulted I would have advised Dr. Abbott against making the speech he did in introducing me, but as I was not consulted and was not prepared for what was said I take it as it was intended.

I am not here to rake up old feelings or to stir up strife that belonged to past years. We are getting along pretty well, and I would rather see a word that would tend to incite feeling and prejudice.

If I cannot find anything else to talk about I can tell you what I know, or rather what I don't know, about growing tobacco. I am just learning about it and the further I get into it the blacker the truth seems to turn.

But before I enter upon the discussion of the "Questions of the Day" I wish to refer to my attitude as your representative. When I went to Washington to take my seat in the Senate I entirely sunk my personality in the position, and I have never inquired or sought to know whether a man was a reformer or a straight thinker who wrote to me or asked my assistance as senator. I have written to serve the people in the way possible, and a man's political affiliation has had no influence with me. I was called upon to aid him. It has been charged that when the appointments of officers in the army in the war with Spain were to be made I had set out of my worse political enemies appointed so as to get them out of the country. I merely recognized in this instance that certain men were exercising of resignation and I used my personal and official influence to secure for them what they deserved. As I have said, I sink my personality in the office, I have known no difference and have made no distinctions between men on account of factional lines and I shall continue to act in the future in the same way.

I see that there are many ladies present here today and I am glad to see them. On none of my previous visits to Sumter—on four occasions—were the people of Sumter sufficiently cool and in their right minds, to permit their women to come out. But now they are here and I am glad to see them, and to know that the people are cool.

A hot box was not to be compared with the meeting on the Court House square in 1890 when I came to Sumter. I seemed to me that all four wheels were on a single axle. There is no difference today. I am striking and I am glad to see that Sumter has cooled down, but I saw that there had been a great change from '90 when I attended subsequent campaign meetings. But the "Questions of the Day."

The present situation, as I see it, is very dark and gloomy. We South Carolinians, who are so conservative, do not wish to go back to the old condition of affairs in the United States. The condition in the centers of population are far worse and the outlook is darker and more gloomy than you can realize. Ever since I have been in the senate I have accepted every invitation possible to speak in other States in order to inform the people of the conditions in the country, as large as I might be able to serve you and the country better and more intelligently.

The country beyond the Potomac is reeling with wealth, but the people do not own it. There is more poverty, more suffering, more grinding down of the mass of people there than in the south. The wealth is concentrated in the hands of a few rich men, and the condition of the others is worse than we realize. Hence the war there were but few millionaires in the United States, the wealth of the country was more equally distributed and the output of the people was far better. Now there are four or five thousand millionaires, they hold the wealth of the country in their hands and they place of competition and the price is fixed, and the people have to pay the price demanded. You suffer, but that is nothing to the trusts. There are

They own the government and select the officers. They are moving now to obtain a fuller control of the country and are striving to establish an industrial slavery.

Why is this? The people of the north are not Americans, but foreigners. The north has been filled up with foreigners who came over in such numbers that they have accomplished an industrial conquest. These people are not Americans and are ready tools in the hands of the bosses and of the money power. They are corrupt and sell their votes. They vote as they are told and have no voice in the selection of their officers or in the government. They simply obey their bosses. This condition of affairs makes it possible for one man to control the great State of New York, and today Thomas C. Platt is the boss who selects the officers and dictates the policy of the State. It was the same thing when Croker or Hill was the boss in New York.

In Pennsylvania, the next State in riches and population to New York, the same condition exists. Matthew C. Quay is boss, and he rules it absolutely.

All of this is the result of foreign immigration. The country has been filled and over crowded with ignorant classes who are slaves of the political machines. They obey absolutely the command of their bosses and vote for their nominees. When the men thus elected go to Washington they are not free men and representatives of the people, but the tools of the money power and the puppets of the bosses who made them.

It is only since the war with Spain that southern men have had a show, and the war was worth all it cost if it accomplished no other good to the country than to have the people of the south at least speak freely and advocate their principles or work for the interests of their constituents. The system of boss rule extends to congress, and men may not get up on the floor and speak or introduce a bill without the permission of the speaker. Even the men of the Republican party may not speak without the permission of Reed, and then not more than so many hours or minutes. A Democrat may want to introduce a bill; he must get up on the floor, address the speaker, who asks what the gentleman from South Carolina wishes to discuss; when told that he wishes to introduce a bill on such and such a matter, the speaker looks the other way and says, "the gentleman from Virginia has the floor," and the gentleman from South Carolina must sit down and pocket his bill. What our poor little seven representatives from South Carolina do? Very little. What are we to do about it, with only twenty million against fifty million? When asked, I say to them, "We will stand up in the middle of the road, so help us God. Fight until we redeem the country and bring it back to the use of freedom and liberty."

The people of the South, and this applies especially to South Carolina, are a homogeneous people, descendants of Revolutionary sires, of English, French Scotch, Scotch Irish, Dutch and Irish extraction, and they are American. And in our people we have the only true Americans now to be found in the country. They are the seed corn of liberty, and I tell the people of the North when I speak to them that when they want seed they will have to come to us to get it for you have let your soil grow sterile and your soil is barren. And every word of this is true, for in the South and deeply implanted in the hearts of the people, generations and a priceless heritage is the spirit of freedom and the true democratic principles that must redeem the country if it is ever redeemed from corruption and the money power.

It is a strange fact that negroes regard a legal hanging as they would regard a picnic. It has no terrors for them. Whenever a negro is hanged publicly, the negroes of his race flock by the thousands from miles around, and spend the day, as they call it, "frolickin'." But let a negro or two be lynched by a mob and the effect is very different. There is nothing funny to the ignorant brutes about the way Hose was treated or the way negroes have been treated in the lower part of this State the past few days. The inevitable result of such action is that all the bad negro characters in a settlement leave or behave as decent citizens. It is safe to predict that there will never be another criminal assault in the Palmetto and Newman sections, until this generation has died out and the fate of Hose has been forgotten. The only regret the people of the south have is that the crime makes the lynchings a necessary evil. The ignorant negroes of our country districts are worse than animals. Even those who have lived in the south do not understand them, but we do know that the moment the white race loses absolute control of them life in the south would be impossible. The hatred that lurks in their souls for the white race is more bitter than the hatred of an Indian, and in sections where they outnumber the whites three to one it is absolutely necessary that they be kept in subjection. We of the south regret that we have the negro with us at all, and there are but few men in the south who would not be glad to see the whole race back in Africa. But so long as the negro is with us, there is one thing certain, and that is that the white people of the south must control.

Henry W. Grady. Atlanta, Ga., July 26, 1899.

[Henry Grady is the son of Henry Grady, the lamented editor of the Atlanta Constitution. This publication was in the New York Herald of July 31, and has caused much comment.]

THE following are the appointments for quarterly Conferences of the charges on the Sumter District, S. C. Conference, for Third Quarter of 1899:

Santee, Summerton..... Aug. 12, 13
Heath Springs, Hanging Rock Aug. 12
Kershaw, Shiloh..... Aug. 12, 13
Camden Ct., Ebenezar..... Aug. 12
Camden Station..... Aug. 12
Waterloo, Salem..... Aug. 12
Richland, Browns Church..... Aug. 12
Sumter Ct..... Aug. 12
Sumter Station..... Aug. 12

Tras. J. O'Leary.

LYNCHING DISCUSSED.

Young Henry Grady Writes to New York Herald.

SOME VERY PLAIN TALK.

"Office-Seekers, Invalids, and Cowards are the Only Ones Who Do Not Take Part in Lynchings for Rape."

To the Editor of The New York Herald: Strange as it may seem, no writer or speaker has yet had the courage to tell the truth about the lynchings that take place almost daily in the south. Immediately after the San Hose lynching there was a rush of southern apologists who undertook to enlighten the north as to the true situation and make excuses for this section.

The people here at home simply took their utterances as a huge joke, quietly loaded their guns and waited until it should again become their duty to avenge some ruined family. The honest truth of the matter is, the people of the south, almost as a body, are not opposed to lynching the black brutes who assault white women. The best people of the south have no excuses to offer to the people of the north. They fail to see the necessity of apologizing to the people of any section. It is a matter that does not and never can concern those who do not live in the south.

The problem is with the white people of the south and they are going to solve it regardless of outside interference.

The one cause that writers from both north and south play on persistently as the cause of the lynchings is the slowness of the courts. The tardiness of the courts has nothing to do with it. Swift justice would not cause lynching to stop. Nothing can stop it as long as the crime is committed. Nothing on God's earth will stop it as long as there is a white man left in the south. All of the talk and the newspaper articles will not decrease lynching as long as our unprotected white women in the rural districts are assaulted.

And the plain unvarnished truth is, there is not a white man in the south who wants to see it stopped. This is even truer of the good white women of the south.

The State officials offer rewards and do much talking after each lynching, but it is all for effect. How foolish it is to think that any individual in a section could be punished for something that all take part in or at least sympathize with. Is anyone insane enough to think that any southern governor would commit political suicide by letting the impression get out that he was making an honest effort to punish those who lynch negro assassins of women?

The people of the south do not claim that lynchings will put an end to the crime. But every white man believes that matters would be much worse were it not for the prompt action of the people.

Revenge is not the basis of mob action. Rage is the crystallizing point of mob action. And it is the rage of the frightened animal brought to bay—the frenzy of men who cannot but feel that their own homes may suffer next. Office seekers, invalids and cowards are the only ones who do not take part in the lynchings. Another strong reason for lynching is the example it offers.

It is a strange fact that negroes regard a legal hanging as they would regard a picnic. It has no terrors for them. Whenever a negro is hanged publicly, the negroes of his race flock by the thousands from miles around, and spend the day, as they call it, "frolickin'." But let a negro or two be lynched by a mob and the effect is very different. There is nothing funny to the ignorant brutes about the way Hose was treated or the way negroes have been treated in the lower part of this State the past few days. The inevitable result of such action is that all the bad negro characters in a settlement leave or behave as decent citizens. It is safe to predict that there will never be another criminal assault in the Palmetto and Newman sections, until this generation has died out and the fate of Hose has been forgotten. The only regret the people of the south have is that the crime makes the lynchings a necessary evil. The ignorant negroes of our country districts are worse than animals. Even those who have lived in the south do not understand them, but we do know that the moment the white race loses absolute control of them life in the south would be impossible. The hatred that lurks in their souls for the white race is more bitter than the hatred of an Indian, and in sections where they outnumber the whites three to one it is absolutely necessary that they be kept in subjection. We of the south regret that we have the negro with us at all, and there are but few men in the south who would not be glad to see the whole race back in Africa. But so long as the negro is with us, there is one thing certain, and that is that the white people of the south must control.

Henry W. Grady. Atlanta, Ga., July 26, 1899.

[Henry Grady is the son of Henry Grady, the lamented editor of the Atlanta Constitution. This publication was in the New York Herald of July 31, and has caused much comment.]

THE following are the appointments for quarterly Conferences of the charges on the Sumter District, S. C. Conference, for Third Quarter of 1899:

Santee, Summerton..... Aug. 12, 13
Heath Springs, Hanging Rock Aug. 12
Kershaw, Shiloh..... Aug. 12, 13
Camden Ct., Ebenezar..... Aug. 12
Camden Station..... Aug. 12
Waterloo, Salem..... Aug. 12
Richland, Browns Church..... Aug. 12
Sumter Ct..... Aug. 12
Sumter Station..... Aug. 12

Tras. J. O'Leary.

INVESTIGATION ENDED.

Penitentiary Business Comes to a Close.

MUCH CARELESSNESS SHOWN.

Col. Neal Admits Responsibility for Over \$3,000.

GREENVILLE, August 3.—The Penitentiary investigation has been closed. The committee is now at work preparing its report. It will be submitted to Governor McSwain, and he will take such action as he sees proper. The sequel will be one or more cases in civil court and likely criminal. The testimony has developed two striking things: Almost absolute indifference and carelessness in the handling of the State's affairs and business by those charged with such responsibility, and second, the development of the tendency to get something for nothing out of the State, that is, "any old thing" at the State's expense. The committee has not yet summed up the amount due the State for "any old thing," convict hire and the like, developed in the testimony. The record thus far makes up this summary: Admitted by Col. Neal to be due by him and which he expects to pay \$3,584.41. This includes \$387.17 for the Fretwell oats, not included yesterday. Convict hire on J. B. Watson contract, settled by unpaid C. W. Ragsdale's note, \$2,000. Interest since December 24, 1898, \$70. J. B. Watson's draft, unpaid, held by bank settlement for convict hire \$2,600. Interest on Watson's draft since February, 1899, \$60. Open account of J. B. Watson for convict hire \$2,800. Total admitted due \$11,104.41. This does not include \$73 for the Tillman carload of bricks; or the laundry account, or fertilizers for gubernatorial farms, etc., commissary stores and the like.

The committee held over to-day for the express purpose of hearing the testimony of Col. Willie Jones and Mr. W. W. Russell. Mr. Russell was sick and could not come, and Col. Willie Jones arrived, but his examination did not last three minutes. He said that the W. W. Russell note for \$600 was a new note, the proceeds being all placed to the Penitentiary account. The note was a renewal, nor did it take place of any other as far as he could recollect.

Mr. Stevenson said that the committee would enter upon the record that it would agree if Mr. Russell were present he would testify that the note given by him July 8, 1898, was an accommodation note, signed by Mr. Russell at the request of Col. Neal, and that the proceeds of the note went to the Penitentiary account, and that the note was a new one, and not given