Miscellaneous Reading.

DR. MAURICE A. MOORE.

Biographical Sketch of the Author of the Reminiscences of York.

Written for The Yorkville Enquirer.

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, 1795. 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 a man of elegant manners and often said that he owed his ability to enter a room gracefully and to make a good bow, to the instruction

DR. MAURICE A. MOORE.

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 little 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 line, 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 line; 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 year. 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. He 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 time 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. Life 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 stored rich memories of much more connected with York than he gave in 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 "big 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 the 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:

"Dr. 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 laughters 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 gingercake 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 ill, 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. His 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 inches 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 "Historic Church," the "Church Identified," and of "Apostolic 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 of 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, Lossing, 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.

M'LAURIN ON SUBSIDY.

Summary of the Speech Delivered In the Senate Last Thursday.

The News and Courier, of Friday, printed the following summary of Senator McLaurin's ship subsidy speech, telegraphed that paper by Richard H. Edmonds, editor of the Manufacturers' Record:

With the resolution in favor of government aid to American shipping, unanimously passed by the Southern Cotton Spinners' association at its Charlotte meeting last May, as his text, Senator McLaurin, of South Carolina, on Thursday, made one of the most brilliant speeches heard in the senate this session. Senator McLaurin reviewed the wonderful advance in cotton manufacturing and the supreme importance to the South of this new industry. The South, he said, holds the world's monopoly of cotton production. Upon cotton rests the future of this section, and the continued development of coton manufacture is essential to the prosperity of the farmers as well as the general trade.

Increased manufacturing means a home market for cotton, which in competition with foreign buyers has during the last two years broken down the control that the foreign spinners had over prices and thus made the cotton producer more independent of foreigners than ever before. Every new mill built in the South thus increases this competition and benefits the cotton grower; every new mill means employment for hitherto idle hands and an ever-increasing demand for diversified agricultural products. The cotton manufacturers of the South, who met at Charlotte last May, were the leaders in that great industry.

They are making two blades of grass grow where none grew before. From a business having only $21,000,000 capital in 1880 they have advanced it until now over $150,000,000 is invested. Last year Southern mills consumed over 1,500,000 bales, and within a year or two Southern consumption will exceed New England's.

But this industry is only in its infancy. Southern cotton, worth in its raw state an average of only about $300,000,000 a year, though it will this year bring over $400,000,000, is turned into finished products in the world's mills, which are worth before they reach the consumer, over $2,000,000,000. For the domination of this vast industry, which has created much of the wealth of New England and of Great Britain, an industry great enough to enrich an empire, the South is now contending. The men who are leading this industrial army of the South are among her foremost citizens. Many of them proved their devotion to the South during the struggles of 1861-1865, while others are of the new generation, but all are worthy of the highest praise as captains in the great industrial army whose victories mean untold progress and prosperity for the South's business needs. They are in touch with the world's markets and they have a right to be heard in the halls of legislation. The resolutions which they passed last May voiced the sentiment then prevailing, and letters and telegrams from them to me tell me that they are now even more determined upon the need of government aid to American shipping than ever before. Heeding this appeal of the men who are in the vanguard of the South's industrial army, the men whose work is leading the South out of poverty into prosperity, the men who are creating employment and wealth for every class and whose success means so much for the upbuilding of Southern agriculture, I am compelled to feel that my duty calls me to vote in favor of this shipping bill.

Senator McLaurin then reviewed the general progress of the United States and the dominating power which it must hold in the world's trade. There is not, he said, an important railroad or iron bridge built anywhere upon the face of the earth, but that America sets the price therefor. This marvellous growth in our foreign trade has awakened all Europe to America's economic supremacy, and already many of the foremost economists of Europe are proposing an industrial combination against us. With this marvelous progress of the past before us, with our resources of industrial development greater than all Europe combined, with a population of nearly 80,000,000 of active, verile people, unvexed by the arbitrary laws of different countries as in Europe, no man can dare forecast the future of our country. But great and grand as we are, we are depending upon the ships of other countries for handling 90 per cent. of our foreign trade. This is a danger to our country, which should be remedied at any cost, and no possible remedy presents itself except by government aid.

The ante-bellum South was giving great attention to this question of the government to direct steamship lines from Southern ports to Europe, to the building of the Nicaraguan canal, to railroad building and to kindred interests, and many conventions were held