

Maynard

See original in Baity
Envelope

THE UNION REPUBLICAN
WINSTON-SALEM, N.C., THURSDAY, JULY 14, 1910.

100TH BIRTHDAY

MRS. BAITY, OF YADKIN COUNTY REACHES THAT RIPE OLD AGE.

SKETCH OF HER LIFE

One thousand people gather in her honor-A sumptuous dinner served-many presents.

(On June 30th, Mrs. Harriet Baity, who lives 6 miles South of Yadkinville, N.C., celebrated the 100th anniversary of her birth. From 800 to 1,000 people gathered and enjoyed a sumptuous dinner. A collection was taken up for her support and many useful presents were given her. Mrs. Baity is getting very feeble and is deprived of the senses of hearing and seeing, although she is able to go about with the aid of some one. The Republican is pleased to print in part a sketch of Mrs. Baity's life as prepared and read by Mr. Claude Nicholson. Not one person in a thousand lives to celebrate their 100th birthday. So seldom is this the case that occasions of this kind are very exceptional.) Local Editor.

SKETCH OF MRS. BAITY'S LIFE.

*** The facts I shall present to you were gathered from the lips of Sister Baity some two weeks ago. Go with me back to 1776, when our beloved ancestors were in arms against the British government for their liberty. Let me give you a pen picture for just a moment-I hear the sound of battle, the smoke from rifles of the Red Coats fills my nostrils, and mine eyes rest upon a man walking down the lane from his dear home. A woman stands in the door and waves a farewell. At the curve of the road, the man turns and throws a loving kiss to his better half. This man is Steelman, the grand-father of Sister Baity, who said with Patrick Henry "Give me liberty or give me death." At the close of the war when all were rejoicing because of the liberty and freedom they had won, there came from Massachusetts a man of foreign birth, who sold to the people the necessities of life.

This gentleman, Maynard by name, never returned to his Northern home, but wooed, won, and married the daughter of our Revolutionary hero, Steelman.

These people settled on Deep Creek, Yadkin County. On June 30, 1810 their first child was born to them, Harriet Maynard. The home of Mr. and Mrs. Maynard was blest with 8 loving and obedient children, 6 daughters and 2 sons, all of whom to our knowledge are dead except the lady whose birth we are celebrating today. During the early part of the 19th century the conveniences and luxuries of life meant death and havoc except by means of transportation from cities many miles away.

It was on a journey of this type that Mr. Maynard contracted yellow fever in South Carolina. He reached Wilkesboro when he wrote his wife of his illness, and asked her to come at once. Mail facilities in those days were very perplexing for they had mail only once a week. The day that Mrs. Maynard received the letter she and her daughter Harriet, started to the bedside of the sick man. Before they reached Wilkesboro they met a gentleman who told them at Mr. Maynard died the day she received their letter, Sept 1827. Alas! She visited his grave, shed a tear of remembrance upon it, returned home and soon followed him to the Great Beyond. After the death of Mr. Maynard, the duties and responsibilities of support rested on the eldest daughter, Harriet.

She went to school, but not to public school for the public school system had not been established then. Her teachers were Messrs. William Millstead, Robert Rhodes, Young, and Cashdollar. Two years after the death of her father when 19 years of age Harriet Maynard and Pleasant Baity were happily united in the bonds of matrimony Jan. 28th, 1830. In 1834 these good people stood on the doorstep of their humble home on Deep Creek and there viewed, Halley's Comet, that has caused so much anxiety for the past few months. It was about this time she professed faith in Christ, but she did not join any church for several years. In 1848 she joined Cross Roads church, of which she is still a member, and was baptized by Brother Nathaniel Chaffin in May or June of the same year.

In the great struggle between the North and South she went into the fields and labored for the support of her family. Mr. Baity was disabled and did not serve in the conflict, all seemed well until Dec. 9, 1891, when Bro. Baity stepped down into the chilling waters of death and crossed over to the other shore. For 62 years these sainted people fought battles of life together hand in hand. The twain stood together like two trees of the forest with interlocked branches. Their affections

had taken deep root together in many a kindred grave.

Side by side in life's battle they had fought a good fight and won the day. But death came to unjoint the alliance. Sister Baity has blessed her generation by giving to the world 9 loving children, one son and 8 daughters. Four of these are yet living to comfort her in her golden age.

The eldest, Enoch, died at Cooleemee some two years ago. Caroline and Rachel, who attend to the wants of their aged mother, Margarete of near Elkin, N.C., and Martha of Blacksburg, S.C., are the only ones who lisp the name mother. Sister Baity has lived to speak the names of 182 children, grand-children, great-grand-children, and great-great-grand-children. She has looked upon the crimson blood of America's heroes as it trickled down the hillside from the great struggles, of war of 1812, Mexican War, Civil war, and Spanish American. Friends, just think of Mortal living during the chain of seams that compose the century mark. Wonderful indeed! From the stagecoach, to flight by aerial transportation from the hand-loom to the city factory, from the invention of the first telephone to the wireless telegraph, from the tallow candle to the incandescent lamp, and from the water wheel to the electric motor, Sister Baity has seen the changes. She has watched the growth of the U.S. since she was the 13 original colonies until her domains reached the North Pole. We are glad to have Sister Baity with us today and we can say with Oliver Wendall Holmes, Youth fades; love droops; the leaves of friendship fall. A mother's secret hope out lives them all. Sister Baity is a consecrated christian woman, having been a member of the church 62 years. She says that she moved into the house where she now lives in 1884, 26 years ago, but soon she will have a home not made by hands. Just two weeks ago she said to me, "I don't understand why I am kept here, but Jesus can make a dying bed soft as downy pillows are while on his breast I can lean my head and breathe my life out there."

May God bless Sister Baity and give her many happy birthdays is our prayer.

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