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The European War Cloud.

LONDON, January 22.—The rumors of war between France and Germany, if they were communicated to the people of both countries in the concentrated, compact form in which they are presented by the London press every day, would paralyze every peaceful industry on either side of the Rhine. It is fortunate probably that neither the press of Berlin nor of Paris is so enterprising as that of London. If the contrary were true, it is difficult to see how an immediate conflict could be avoided. But there must be something in this unceasing rumble that comes from the two great continental nations that have a feud centuries old that has to be washed out by blood. One can almost hear the sound of constant preparation on both sides. There is an endless din of incipient strife. The French Chamber is to grant without debate nearly \$20,000,000 for the armaments for the army, one feature of which is a new repeating rifle. The *Republique Francaise* comes out this week and asks if it is not too late to make the change. It says: "Why so much precipitation? Is the house on fire? We are asked, indeed, how, if we have war in two, three, or four months, can we hold our own against the enemy if our troops are not provided with the repeating rifle? This argument supports our view. It would be a hundred times better for us to enter on the campaign with the Gras rifle, with which our men are familiar, than to use a repeating rifle, the adoption of which would necessitate a total alteration of our tactics. Let us not be misunderstood. All we ask is that the Minister of War should think twice before launching the country into such a colossal undertaking as the transformation of the armament. We write under the influence of a feeling of patriotic anguish."

On the other side they are talking with equal seriousness. The German Emperor, in replying to an address from the members of the Prussian Upper Chamber, spoke entirely of the need of strengthening the army, and of the consequent necessity of the adoption of the army bill rejected by the Reichstag. It is believed that the German government will publish a decree forbidding the further export of horses. The *National Zeitung* of yesterday says: "We are positively informed that the statement about the impending issue of a decree forbidding the further export of horses is true, and it is due to the fact that the French have lately been buying horses in this country to an extraordinary and suspicious extent. The news comes from Berlin that 3,000 horses arrived at Hamburg early this week from Denmark en route for France."

There has been an enormous increase of the German forces on the French frontier, the force having been raised from 40,000 to 90,000. This has been met by a corresponding increase in the French frontier forces, and the two armies are now separated only by a neutral zone of from twenty to one hundred miles. They are almost face to face. The French War Office is particularly active in strengthening the frontier force. Three nights ago six batteries of thirty-six guns and a full complement of men passed around Paris on the way towards the Rhine. The French have been buying large quantities of lumber in Alsace for building temporary barracks for the army at Conflans, a strong strategic point terminating all the roads leading to Verdun. The *Norddeutsche* had an article this week on the mobilization of the Prussian Red Cross Society, praising the step of organizing a volunteer force in time of peace, because it may thus support the military Red Cross attending the army, which, it adds, will perhaps need it very soon, and will, of course, call for it in the event of a struggle for the Fatherland. On the same day came the news of the arrest of two men at Lyons, supposed to be German spies, who had gone there to get details of the military force there, and get one of the new French repeating rifles, with its cartridge and new explosive, known as Melinite.

This is the tenor of the news that comes over the wires from the continent every day. Yesterday all the European bourses were down in consequence of the uncertainty of the situation. The atmosphere is thick and heavily laden with these warlike rumors. The tension is very great, and the situation is so painfully uncertain that it is almost worse than war itself, especially when

every sensible man knows that there would not be, in any event, the possibility of avoiding a conflict that fate has set down to be inevitable.

A Senatorial Wrestle With Serious Results.

Senator Kenna, of West Virginia, is an habitual outdoor sportsman, and he is never so contented and happy as when, with a party of chosen companions, he is hunting or fishing near his beautiful home in the mountains of West Virginia.

The Senate usually adjourns over from Friday until the following Monday, and during these short recesses Senator Kenna frequently makes up a party and takes them up in West Virginia to enjoy whatever sport may be in season. Several weeks ago he invited several friends to go off on one of these Saturday expeditions for the purpose of hunting deer. They left Washington Friday afternoon, and were upon the hunting ground bright and early the following morning. During the first hour a fine buck was brought down by one of the party, but after that game became scarce and the hunters grew weary. They made a halt for luncheon, and after they had refreshed the inner man the Senator and his companions became as frolicsome as so many school boys. They indulged in fast races, jumping, and other feats of gymnastic exercise. Finally, Senator Kenna brought up the subject of wrestling, and declared he could score two out of three falls from any member of the party. Senator Blackburn, who prides himself on being an expert catch-as-catch-can wrestler, accepted the challenge, and the Senatorial gladiators prepared for the bout. Kenna won the first fall with ease, but in the second round the Kentuckian, after a hard tussle, landed his opponent on his back fair and square. The third and last round commenced, amid great excitement among the few spectators. Baskets of champagne and boxes of cigars were freely wagered on the result, and the bets were about even. After struggling for nearly fifteen minutes in the most stubborn style, without either of the contestants gaining any decided advantage, Senator Kenna called out "Time," and the referee, a well-known Congressman, commanded the men to "break away." Kenna complained of a sudden and unusual pain in his side, and declared that he would have to give up the bout, unless his rival was willing to call it a draw and allow all bets to stand off. The latter proposition was readily accepted and the party went back to Senator Kenna's house for dinner. Two days later it was discovered that Senator Kenna had broken two of his short ribs, and has since been under the care of his family physician. He says Joe Blackburn is one of the best wrestlers he ever attempted to down, but he is confident that he can put him on his back when his ribs are all right.

A Lucky Administration.

WASHINGTON, January 23.—It is a girl. Secretary Whitney is the happy father. And Senator Payne is again a happy grandfather. The luck of the Cleveland Administration is unabated. Never before has there been so much that was lovely and lovable concentrated in two years of public life here in Washington. A President with a bride of twenty-two. A member of the Cabinet a bridegroom at sixty-two. The Secretary of the Navy the happy father of a little daughter born this morning. Secretary Whitney is the only member of a Cabinet that is remembered by the oldest inhabitant to have contributed to the population of the United States during his official term. The household of Secretary Whitney is rejoicing over the advent of the little miss, over whose birth all the good fairies who come to bless a Sunday child evidently presided. The little one is pronounced by those few who have seen it, including the masculine attendants of the Secretary's household, a perfect beauty. Mrs. Whitney is very well indeed.

This is the fourth child of those now living, the older ones being two boys and a girl, Miss Pauline, who is about 12 years old, and the youngest next to the baby born to-day.—*New York Herald.*

Dr. John Marshall, F. R. S., writes as follows: A girl or woman who meets with this accident (of setting fire to her clothes) should immediately lie down on the floor, and so any one going to her assistance should instantly, if she be still erect,

Religion in War Times.

At a banquet given in Chattanooga recently, Col. Lewis Shepherd made a request, seconded by all of the gentlemen present, that Mr. Templeton, of Knoxville, who was present, relate an incident which occurred during the war at a revival service held by his father in North Georgia. Mr. Templeton kindly consented, and related the following in a most effective and touching manner, eliciting the most generous applause at his conclusion:

"My father," said Mr. Templeton, "resided in Chattanooga, but about the time that Sherman made his way into the South he fled to Georgia, and stopped in Gordon. He was a preacher and wherever he went he always preached and whenever an opportunity afforded

"About the time that Sherman was driving Johnson toward Atlanta, some time in the early part of August, 1864, my father was conducting a revival at a little house called Pine Log Creek church, about ten miles from Cahoon. The times were most terrible about then: murder, robbery and rapine were of daily occurrence, and the whole country was subject to visitations by marauding parties from both armies. One day the old gentleman was preaching a sermon of unusual power, and before he had gotten well under way a gang of Confederate soldiers rode up, and dismounting out back of the church, asked if they might be admitted to the church. Of course they were cordially invited in, and took prominent seats in the church.

"Not long afterward a cloud of dust was seen in the road from the opposite direction to what the rebels had come, and pretty soon the tramp of horses' hoofs was heard, and it was soon discovered that it was a squad of Federal troops, and before the Confederates in the church could be apprised of the approach they had ridden up to the door. Perceiving that religious services were being held, they alighted and asked to be admitted. They were then told that there were Confederate soldiers in the church, but insisted on going in, and they were admitted likewise.

"Naturally the strange spectacle created some consternation in the congregation, and for a time it seemed as if the confusion would break up the meeting. But my father raised his voice and began most fervently to plead a better life, beseeching his soldier hearers to become religious and abandon their sins. He preached with unusual force and power, the strange scene lending him inspiration. Strong men were stirred to the depths and wept like children, and the scene of confusion was soon changed to one of strong religious awakening.

"When he had concluded his sermon, as was the custom in those days he invited those who were convicted to come forward to the mourner's bench and pray and talk with him on the all-important subject.

"Then it was that one of the grandest sights ever witnessed occurred. Those soldiers, enemies to each other, engaged in a bloody war, arose as one man, friend and foe together, and marched to the front of the church and knelt together, Confederate by Federal, their muskets joining and crossing each other, their revolvers touching each other as they knelt, their heads bowed upon the same altar and their tears mingled almost in their deep contrition and profound feeling. All animosities were forgotten, all strife forgotten—they were together as brothers around a common altar.

"After the services they met on the outside of the church they shook hands pledged fraternity, and each party went off, taking opposite directions. They had been looking for each other perhaps with murderous intent. They found each other, but they separated with love instead of hate, friendly instead of angry."

The recital of the story was listened to with marked attention and interest, every one being deeply inspired with the beautiful incident, which is true in every detail.

In Case of Fire.

Dr. John Marshall, F. R. S., writes as follows: A girl or woman who meets with this accident (of setting fire to her clothes) should immediately lie down on the floor, and so any one going to her assistance should instantly, if she be still erect,

make her lie down, or, if needful, throw her down in a horizontal position and keep her in it.

Sparks fly upwards and flames ascend. Ignition from below ascends with great rapidity, and as a result well known to experts, the fatality of disfigurement in these lamentable cases is due to the burns inflicted about the body, neck, face and head, and not to injuries of the lower limbs. Now, the very moment that the person whose clothes are on fire is in a horizontal position on a flat surface the flames will still ascend, but only the air and not the flames encircle their victim. Time is thus gained for further action, and in such a crisis in a fight against fire a few seconds are precious—nav, price-less. Once in a prone position, the person so afflicted may crawl to a bell-pull or to a door, so as to clutch at one or open the other to obtain help. The draught from an open door into the room would serve to blow the flames, if any, from the body; or, again, still crawling, the sufferer may be able to secure a rug or table-cloth, or other articles at hand, to smother any remaining flames, for as soon as the horizontal position is assumed they have no longer much to feed upon, and may either go out, as the phrase is, or may accidentally or intentionally be extinguished as the person rolls or moves upon the floor. In any case, not only is the time gained, but the injury inflicted is minimized. In the event of the conditions not being self-help, but assistance from another, if it be a man that comes to the rescue, having first or instantly thrown the girl or woman down, it is easy to throw off his coat and stifle the diminished flames with this or some other suitable covering, the flames playing upward now from the lower limbs or the lower part of the body of the prostrated fellow-creature. If it be a woman that rushes to give aid, this last-named condition suggests that the safer mode of rendering it is to approach the sufferer by the head and fling something over the lower part of the body for fear of setting fire to herself.

In these fearful accidents, the horizontal position be assumed or enforced, there could be, in short, comparative immunity and limited injury. If not what what must happen? The fire will mount the flames (and it is these which will do the injury) will envelop the body inside and outside the clothes, and will reach the neck and head, and then, indeed, they may be smothered by a coat, or wrapper, or rug, while the victim is frightfully disfigured or doomed to perish.

A Hot Spur to Death.

[General E. M. Law, in the Century.]

Farnsworth and his cavalry, (on the extreme Union left, afternoon of the second day Gettysburg.) were riding in gallant style, with drawn sabres and unopposed, up the valley. As they approached Snyder's house, and as I stood intently watching them, I saw a ragged Confederate battle flag fluttering among the trees at the foot of the opposite ridge and the men with it soon after appeared, running out into the open ground on the further side of the valley. It was the Fourth Alabama regiment, Law's brigade which had been taken from the main line and sent down by Lieutenant Wade. The men opened fire as they ran. The course of the cavalry was abruptly checked and saddles were rapidly emptied. Recoiling from this fire they turned to their left and rear, and directed their course up the hill toward the position occupied by our batteries. Bachman's battery promptly changed front to left, so as to face the approaching cavalry, and together with its infantry supports opened a withering fire at short range. Turning again to their left, Farnsworth and the few of his men who remained in their saddles directed their course toward the point where they had originally broken in, having described by this time almost a complete circle. But the gap where had entered was now closed, and, receiving another fire from that point, they again turned to the left and took refuge in the woods near the base of Round Top. When the last turn to the left was made about half a dozen of their number separated from the main body and escaped by "running the gauntlet" to the right of the First Texas regiment.

While these movements were in progress I could plainly distinguish Gen. Farnsworth who led the charge and whom I then supposed to be Kilpatrick. He wore a line have-lock over his military cap, and was evidently wounded at

the time he entered the woods. Here with his little handful of gallant followers, he rode upon the skirmish line of the Fifteenth (Alabama) regiment, and pistol in hand, called upon Lieut. Adrian, who commanded the line, to surrender. The skirmishers in return fired upon him killed his horse and wounding Gen. Farnsworth in many places. As he fell to the ground Adrian approached him and demanded his surrender. He curtly refused to surrender at the same time killing himself with the pistol which he still held in his hand.

During the afternoon the pickets of the First Texas regiment had been so near the point where the Federal cavalry were preparing for the attack as to hear their voices distinctly when raised at all above the ordinary tone. Just before the charge was made they heard some one say, in an excited, angry tone: Colonel, if you are afraid to attack by—I will lead the charge myself." I afterward learned that the speaker was General Kilpatrick, and that the words were addressed to General Farnsworth, who was aware of the difficulties of the movement and would not have made it if the matter had been left to his own judgment. However this may have been he certainly bore himself with the most conspicuous gallantry throughout that fatal charge.

An Old Letter from George Washington.

The following extraordinary letter from George Washington, President of the United States, to Charles Cotesworth Pinckney and Edward Rutledge of South Carolina offering either of them the Chief Justiceship of the United States Supreme Court, is among the buried manuscript treasures of the Charleston Library Society, which have never been in print. The copyist writes enthusiastically to the *Sunday News* as follows:

Could such a letter be written now? What a tribute to the chivalrous honor of the men of those days, and to the men who could so fully understand it. Oh, dear old mother! Shattered by shell devastated by fire, swept by cyclone, shaken to pieces by earthquake, lift up your face, tear-stained for the sorrows of your loved ones, and say, as you point to the record, these were the children of my womb. These, and such as these are my jewels!

The letter is in the fine bold autograph of President Washington, and reads as follows:

[PRIVATE.]

COLUMBIA, May 24, 1791.

Gentlemen: An address to you jointly on a subject of the following nature may have a singular appearance, but that singularity will not exceed the evidence which is thereby given of my opinion of and confidence in, you and of the opinion I entertain of your confidence in and friendship for each other.

The office lately resigned by the Hon. Mr. J. Rutledge, in the Supreme Judiciary of the Union, remains to be filled. Will either of you two gentlemen accept it? And in that case, which of you? It will occur to you that appointments to offices in the access of the Senate are temporary, but of their confirmation in such a case there can be no doubt.

It may be asked why a proposition similar to this has never been made to you before. This is my answer: Your friends whom I have often conversed with on like occasions, have always given it as their decided opinion that no place in the disposal of the General Government could be a compensation for the relinquishment of your private pursuits, or, in their belief would withdraw you from them.

In making the attempt, however, in the present instance, I discharge my duty, and shall await your answer, (which I wish to receive soon,) for the issue. Of my sincere esteem and regard for you both I wish you to be assured, and that I am, gentlemen, your most obedient servant,

G. WASHINGTON.

Chs. Cotesworth Pinckney and Edward Rutledge, Esqrs.

Mr. Riddleberger to Resign.

WASHINGTON, January 22.—Senator Riddleberger said to a friend to-night: "I propose showing the Senate that I have some rights in that body and do not intend that I shall always be looked upon as one like many of the others, simply occupying a seat in the chamber. I have my opinion upon subjects, and have the same right to express myself as those who have been elected to the Senate because of their vast wealth. I have never opposed anything that I thought was proper. There is too much aristocracy in the Senate, and a growing tendency

upon a majority of Senators to do everything except what is American. It is not a body representing the people of the country, but upon the contrary, a kind of a club where none but the rich and arbitrary are wanted. A poor man in the Senate is treated by many of his brother Senators as an outlaw and looked upon with scorn and derision. I am poor and am proud of it, and all the time I have been here there has been one Senator who has shown me the courtesy of inviting me to his house. This was Senator Palmer of Michigan. I asked him if it was necessary to come in evening dress and he said it was. I could not go because I did not have the money to spend with which to purchase the conventional evening dress suit. "It may be," continued the Senator, "that because I do not wear a dress suit I am not appreciated by my colleagues."

The Senator for the last few days has been considering the question of resigning and will probably resign at the assembling of the Fiftieth Congress. "I think," he said, "that in the event of my resignation I will enter the State Senate of my State and do what I can to repeal some of the odious laws that are now upon the statute books, which have been enacted under the Mahone rule. I know that Mahone despises me, but I do not care for that. If I could control every vote in the State, Mahone would buy them away from me in fifteen minutes. Mahone has a standing in the Senate, because he has money. I have done as much for the people of Virginia as he. The other Senators can speak of me as they like, but they cannot buy me; neither can they force me to vote to all times in the interest of corporations and array myself on the side of the would-be aristocracy."

The Atlantic, Greenville & Western Railroad.

A number of gentlemen interested in Susong & Co's, enterprise in building the Atlantic, Greenville & Western railroad are here for the purpose of organizing a syndicate. The Tennessee members did not arrive last night, as was expected, and the meeting has been postponed until their arrival. Capt. Kirk and Sullivan are busy arranging the accounts of the road. The building of the road, which will be a feeder to our city, is certain and we can look forward to its early completion. The gentlemen are determined to push it through, and when the road reaches Greenville, opening up the magnificent section of the country through which it will pass, another advancement to our permanent prosperity will have been accomplished.—*Greenville News, Jan. 27.*

A Cure for a Felon.

Take common salt, roast it on a shovel until it is as dry as you can make it. To a teaspoonful of pulverized castile soap add a teaspoonful of Venice turpentine; mix them well into a poultice and apply to the felon. If you have ten felons at once make as many poultices. Renew this poultice twice a day. In four or five days your felon will, if not opened before your poultice is first put on, present a hole down to the bone where the pent up matter was before your poultice brought it out. If the felon has been cut open or opened itself, or is about to take off the finger to the first joint, no matter put on your poultice; it will stop right there, and in time your finger will get well even if one of the first bones is gone. Of course it will not restore the lost bone, it will get well soon.

To Accept the Oath.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 22.—Representative Hammond to-day submitted to the House from the Judiciary Committee the report on Mr. Dibble's resolution, authorizing the acceptance by the House of the oath of office made by Representative Aiken at his home in South Carolina.

After reciting the fact that Mr. Aiken was duly elected and returned as a member of the House, but by severe illness has been unable to appear and take the oath, and must so remain unable during the remainder of this Congress, the report discusses the legal aspect of the case, and concludes that the House can, and under the circumstances should, accept the oath of office sent here by Mr. Aiken.

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