

The Abbeville Press and Banner.

BY HUGH WILSON.

ABBEVILLE, S. C., WEDNESDAY, MAY 1, 1889.

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THE PEOPLE OF ABBEVILLE COUNTY ARE INVITED TO INSPECT OUR STOCK OF SPRING AND SUMMER GOODS.

Every Department Filled With Bargains.

COME AND SEE FOR YOURSELVES.

We Propose to Offer Our Immense Stock of Spring and Summer Goods at the Very Lowest Living Prices.

We have the Choicest Goods to Select from, and can Please the Most Fastidious.

The greatest care has been taken in selecting our Stock so as TO PLACE THE BEST GOODS ON THE MARKET for as little money as possible. Remember that we are positively HEADQUARTERS FOR CLOTHING. Our Plain and Cassimere Suits are not only in the Latest Styles, but unexcelled as the best fitting and best goods that can be bought. We have Diagonal Suits in all Styles, ranging in price from \$8 to \$30. A large line of Prince Albert Suits, very Stylish. An immense lot of extra Pants at Great Bargains. Also, a complete line of Alpaccas, Serges, Flannels, and Seersuckers.

Undoubtedly the Largest Stock of STRAW HATS Ever Brought to Abbeville, at Twenty Per Cent. LESS THAN THEIR ACTUAL VALUE.

The most beautiful line of Gent's Furnishing Goods, Shirts, Cuffs, Collars, Neckwear, Hosiery and Underwear, in all styles and grades.

We will Sell You the Best Shoes for the Least Money.

No one can fail to appreciate our elegant Stock of Dry Goods.

Farmers especially should not forget that

We always have on hand an Enormous Quantity of Groceries, Hardware, and Tobacco at Rock Bottom Prices.

Even the smallest Purchase is always appreciated by us, and we shall always endeavor to make it your interest to deal with us. We shall take pleasure in showing every one through our stock.

P. ROSENBERG & Co.

A Woman's Reply.

Do you know you have asked the costliest thing
Ever made by the hand above—
A woman's heart and a woman's life,
And a woman's wonderful love?
Do you know you have asked for this priceless thing
As a child might ask for a toy?
Demanding what others have died to win,
With the reckless dash of a boy?
You have written my lesson of duty out,
Man-like, you have questioned me;
Now, stand at the bar of my woman's soul
Until I shall question thee!
You require that your mutton shall always be
hot,
Your socks and your shirts shall be whole;
I require your heart to be true as God's word,
And pure as Heaven your soul.
You require a cook for your mutton and beef,
I require a far better thing:
A seamstress you're wanting for stockings
and shirts;
I look for a man and a king.
A king for a beautiful realm called "home,"
And a man that the maker, God,
Shall look upon as he did the first,
And say: "It is very good."
A loving woman's hand, and the rose will fade
From my soft young cheek, one day—
Will you love me then, 'mid the falling
leaves,
As you did in the bloom of May?
Is your heart an ocean so strong and deep
I may launch my all on its tide?
A loving woman's hand, and a woman's life
On the day she is made a bride.
I require all things that are grand and true,
All things that a man should be;
If you give this all, I will stake my life
To be all that you dreamed of me.
If you cannot be this, a laundress and cook
You can hire with a little pay;
But a woman's heart, and a woman's life
Are not to be won that way.

SHIPWRECKS IN SAMOA.

Six Men-of-War and Nine Merchant
Vessels Wrecked in Harbor—148
Lives Lost—Terrible Gale in the
South Pacific.

APIA, SAMOA,
March 23, 1889.

Dear Neighbor:

The news of the gale in Samoa, and its attendant shipwrecks and casualties, has, no doubt, reached almost every one in the United States,—still, an account of the terrible calamity by one of the "saved" will be of interest to most readers.
Apia, with its adjoining towns of Matutu, on the east, and Matafele and Mulime on the west, is located on the water front, forming a deep half-moon line around the harbor. Sailing directions warn mariners as to the dangers of the harbor, especially during this (the rainy) season of the year. These dangers consist in the harbor being very "open," i. e. unprotected from gales by extending coast lines at either end, and in the many treacherous coral reefs lying all over the bay. These reefs, in many instances, are observable at low water; but the greater dangers exist in those lying further down; some of them have nearly perpendicular walls for a considerable depth, then breaking off into abrupt caverns under the sea. The melody of that charming old strain, "Coral Caves," comes to mind in striking contrast with the cruel reality of coral caverns that have so lately become the death chambers of scores of gallant mariners.

On the morning of Friday, the 15th of March, Mr. H. J. Moors, an old resident of the place, and an intelligent and observant gentleman, called my attention to the barometer, which had begun falling. Later in the day, he showed me the instrument again, which, by that time, had fallen to 29.28; at the same time he said that he

anticipated the hardest blow of the season, the falling glass warranting his prognostication. Thereupon he closed his store and braced doors and windows for a hard storm.

At four P. M., the surf was beating upon the shore very heavily by a steadily increasing sea, and no boats were to be had by myself or two other officers in which to return to the ship. The men-of-war in port were sending down their top-masts, and securing everything on board for a hard blow, which, indeed, had already set in.

I, and my two companions "turned in" at my cottage about ten o'clock, having been obliged, just previously, to cut down a large bread-fruit tree near by in order to save the house from being crushed in.

At 4:30 the next morning, March 16, I was aroused from a troubled sleep by my friend, Mr. Moors, who was calling for help on the beach, saying that either the "Eber" (German) or the "Nipsic" (U. S.) was coming ashore. I was with him in two or three minutes, and found his alarm all too true. The "Eber," a staunch little iron gun-boat, was being rapidly driven towards the most dangerous reef in the harbor, allowing not a shadow of hope for her safety, although not three hundred yards from shore. The gale was terrific, the rain and surf blinding, almost, and it was hard to make out the different ships in harbor, however near they were. On shore, trees were being blown down, wharves and bridges washed away, and wreckage of all sorts washed up in the road.

At 5:25 a. m., the "Eber" struck the reef, bounded up straight, then fell up on her side and disappeared forever! The awful horror of that moment will never leave my mind; scores of fellow-men perishing in call, yet I was powerless to help them. However, we did the best we could,—plunged into the surf with lines to rescue any who might be washed ashore. In three or four minutes (they seemed hours at that time) we picked up two men almost exhausted, and one poor fellow already dead. Waiting a reasonable time for any other living bodies to come ashore, I left the surf, gathered in a few Samoans, and ran to a point in Matafele, opposite which I had judged that the German frigate "Adler" would soon be lost.

Alas! too true; the "Adler" struck where I expected she would at 6:20 a. m. Taking in the situation and the possibilities for saving those washed ashore, I ran to the store of a venerable looking and well-to-do white man, (I regret to say he is an Englishman) where I found him and his son nailing strips of tin over cracks in the door to keep out the surf. I quickly begged him for a line of rope to save life with;—as he hesitated I offered him a twenty dollar gold piece I had put in my pocket, in case of need, before leaving home. (This was quite twenty times the value of the rope I asked for.) It seems past belief that a human being (?) could refuse aid in such a thing,—but I was refused, and by the leading man in the white church of Apia, the man who occupies the chief seat in the synagogue, and boasts the loudest of the blessedness of Christianity, and what it has done for the Samoans. It has doubtless done so much for the natives that this old scoundrel has been shared out. Some one has since told me that it was probably the old man's

hatred of the Germans that caused his refusal. Worse yet: if people of another nation—one that is just now very bitter against Germany—can risk their all to save their enemies, surely a Christian non-combatant can sell a little impersonal assistance.

But to leave that accursed tradesman to the retribution that will probably be visited upon him ere many days, and return to the wreck. Failing to get the rope, I ran back to the beach, for, as the "Adler" was lifted clear out of the water and crushed down upon her side on top of a reef within five hundred yards of shore, I had no time for further quest. Forming a line with the natives we waded out as far as possible to catch the bodies before they could crush upon the rock-bound beach. The storm was steadily increasing, and at times one could not see further than twenty yards ahead, hence our work was more difficult, and less liable to be successful. However, we picked up nine men and one officer alive, and three dead bodies. While this was being done I saw that the good ship "Nipsic" was going ashore in Apia, and was, of course, obliged to go to the rescue of my own ship-mates.

The "Nipsic" was badly used up; during the night the German ship "Olga" had gotten adrift and rammed the "Nipsic" three times, on one occasion cutting off our main yard, and on another the "Nipsic" was going ashore in Apia, and was, of course, obliged to go to the rescue of my own ship-mates. The "Nipsic" was badly used up; during the night the German ship "Olga" had gotten adrift and rammed the "Nipsic" three times, on one occasion cutting off our main yard, and on another the "Nipsic" was going ashore in Apia, and was, of course, obliged to go to the rescue of my own ship-mates.

It was the purpose of Capt. Mullan to keep the "Nipsic" afloat until daylight and then "beach" her as safely as possible on the sand. In obedience to these orders Ensign H. P. Jones, Jr., officer of the deck, handled the ship in admirable style. While the "Olga" was colliding with her, and scattering debris everywhere, he and the Captain stood shoulder to shoulder, never budging from their position, though obliged to cling desperately to the rail for support. In momentary danger from falling spars, and other wreckage, these two men proved their manhood and became heroes in the truest sense of the word. To the orders of the Captain, and their execution by Ensign Jones, are due the preservation of nearly every soul aboard the "Nipsic," for, had she gone down when rammed by the "Olga," scarcely a man would have lived to tell the tale.

At 7:20 a. m. the "Nipsic" was beached in beautiful form within sixty yards of the shore at high water, and fifteen at low. However close she was, a tremendous current from the Vaisigao River swept between her and the beach, rendering swimming or rowing a boat quite impossible; added to this were the awful seas constantly break-

ing over her and threatening destruction to the vessel even then. At last a line was gotten to the ship, to which a hawser was made fast, and when it was hauled taut by hundreds of natives and whites ashore, the crew and officers escaped by climbing down the rope "hand over hand." A sad wreck the old "Nipsic" looked—piled up on the beach, with masts splintered, yards gone, smoke-stack cut off, and rigging and sails torn and flapping over the sides. Two boats were lowered on the starboard side, but only one reached the shore, it being washed high on the beach by a powerful sea, the oars proving utterly useless. The other was capsized as soon as she struck the water, and seven of the crew were swept out to sea on the current of the Vaisigao and drowned. A painful sight, indeed, to see them lost, and not a chance of their rescue; yet so it was, as seven stout sailors found watery graves in the angry sea close to the land where their fellows stood powerless to save. When all had left the ship and the hawser was clear again, it became my duty to go aboard and secure the money and papers of the pay department. What a miserable sight was the once trim and handsome ship when I climbed over the side and went aft to the safe! Tying the pay-roll and other valuable papers on my back and making fast the money in the "treasure belt," I fastened it around my waist, and slowly went "hand over hand" across the hawser again; before I had gotten to the beach, however, two stout Samoan friends waded out in the water and pulled me off the rope and shouldered me ashore. It was a great relief, for \$20,000.00 in gold is no trifling burden to carry while climbing a hawser over a resist- less river.

The United States ship "Vandalia" lost her anchors, and was run into by the "Olga," and at 9:30 a. m., she struck on a reef about two hundred yards further out to sea than the "Nipsic." Her poop-deck was torn away, and she was badly damaged in many other respects. Where she struck, the heavy seas had a clean sweep at her, and washed over the ship almost every minute. Heavy guns were torn from their carriages, and for a while it seemed as if she would go to pieces in a few hours; meanwhile the gale continued to increase, seas rose higher, and hope went lower for the two hundred men aboard, for nothing could be done from shore for their rescue. Thousands of dollars were offered to any one who succeeded in getting a line to her, and many efforts were made, in which two men lost their lives, but all to no avail. Frequently we could see men washed overboard from her when heavy seas swept the ship, but only one or two bodies were picked up, and in them every spark of life was extinct. One tremendous sea struck her, crushing her considerably, so that she settled deeper in the water, and loosened her masts; at the same time a gun got adrift and struck the Captain, wounding him severely, after which he was washed overboard and drowned. All hands were obliged to take to the rigging about noon, as by this time, the ship was below decks in water. It was heart-rending to see them clinging grimly to their last hope, and it a fast falling one,—and, still, no hand to save; Unable to hold on longer, or their grasp being loosened by the del-

uging seas that broke over them, a few would drop from the rigging to the water, from time to time; most of them being lost, only four or five being thrown upon the beach alive.

But, the best of all in harbor, the United States ship "Trenton," was making heavy weather all this time; fires put out by overwhelming seas flooding her, anchors all gone,—and at 4 p. m., fast drifting towards the reef where the "Eber" lay buried. The howling of the gale and the roaring of the sea added to the horror of the hour.

Again did the "Olga" collide with an American man-of-war,—this time ramming the "Trenton" astern, carrying away propeller and rudder and tearing open the admiral's cabin. Alas! the poor "Trenton"—the pride of the navy for many years,—a palatial war-ship—this blow settled her fate, and all that could be done was to give her a snug berth to die in. This was done by working her alongside the sunken "Vandalia," and settling her down as easily as possible. A master-piece of seamanship,—for, to "bring her round" a sail was needed, but as none could be set, the men were ordered to the rigging, where they packed themselves closely together until the wind was caught and the ship veered properly. Her position near the "Vandalia" was the salvation of the latter's people, as they were able to climb to the "Trenton's" rigging, thence to her decks, and secure comparative comfort and safety.

The night of the sixteenth of March was an horrible one, and never to be forgotten by any of us. It was dark before the "Trenton" struck, and many of those in the "Vandalia's" rigging would not try to make the other ships, preferring to stay where they were and take their chances. All but one man gave way before midnight, and it was a dismal sight to watch those still remaining in the fore-rigging. Some became exhausted and dropped off and were lost; others made a leap for life, some of them successfully, some not. All night we watched the beach, picking up live and dead bodies as they came ashore. Death in many horrible phases became familiar to me, and soon I could drag a cold, swollen corpse from the surf without a shudder running through me as had been the case earlier in the day. Rolling men on barrels to get the water out of them became almost hourly work, sometimes resulting in resuscitation. Frequently men just picked up from the water begged piteously not to be moved,—only to be allowed to die at once.

The "Olga" was beached near us about five p. m. She suffered considerable damage, but altogether she behaved in beautiful style, although, unfortunately, she certainly occasioned the wreck of the "Nipsic," and probably of the "Trenton," also.

The following is a list of the lost officers and men from the United States ships:

"Nipsic"—Henry Pontseel, John Gill, Geo. W. Callan, Joshua Heap, William Watson, David P. Kelleher, Thos. Johnson.

"Vandalia"—Captain C. N. Schoonmaker, Paymaster Frank H. Arms, Pay Clerk, John Roche, Lieutenant of Marines, F. E. Sutton. Crew—George Merrage, E. M. Hammer, M. Craigin, William Brown, F. G. Downey, B. F. Davis, M. H. Joseph, N. B. Green, H. P. Stallman, C. H. Hawkins, W. Bris-

bane, C. E. G. Stanford, J. Griffin, Thos. Kelly, M. Erickson, William Howat, C. P. Kratzer, Thos. Riley, John Kelly, H. Baker, G. Gorman, Yee Hor, Ah Hean, Ah Pack, Pen Tang, J. Hanchett, F. Lessman, M. Cashen, N. Knisella, H. C. Gehring, A. Goldner, F. Jones, G. Jordan, F. Williford, H. Winsted, A. Montgomerie, J. Sims, G. H. Wells, F. Kransse. "Trenton"—Joseph Hewlett.

The recapitulation of lives lost, including those of the German ships, is as follows:
"Nipsic"—Crew, 7.
"Vandalia"—Officers, 4; Crew, 39.
"Trenton"—Crew, 1.
"Eber"—Officers, 4; Crew, 71.
"Adler"—Crew, 20.
Total, Officers, 8; Crew, 138; grand total, 146.

H. M. S. "Calliope" was in great danger for several hours, both from striking upon reefs and colliding with the "Olga" and "Vandalia," but finally succeeded in clearing them all and steaming straight out to sea. As she passed the "Trenton" her American cousins cheered her to the echo. Since the gale has abated the "Calliope" has returned in comparatively good condition, having only lost all her boats, and I have been told by some of her officers that the hearty cheering from the "Trenton" did more to encourage the English sailors than ought else during their terrible experience.

The "Nipsic" was so finely beached that it was with little difficulty she was floated into deep water again on the 19th instant. All possible repairs are being made upon her now, in order that she may go to Auckland, N. Z., for complete restoration. The "Trenton" and "Vandalia" are total wrecks, and all that can be done is strip the former, and sell both hulks at public outcry. The "Eber" is out of sight and out of mind. Orders have been sent to Sydney for steam tugs to assist in floating the "Olga" and towing her to a dock-yard in the Colonies.

The shipwrecked crews of the different ships are quartered in tents and warehouses in Apia and Mulime, and will be sent home at the earliest opportunity.

Admiral Kimberly will remain here with his staff until orders from the Navy Department are received. By the Admiral's order all liquor saloons have been closed, to prevent disorder among the large number of sailors now on shore.

All the merchant shipping in port suffered severely. The following is a summary of its losses: Total wrecks—bark, Godeffroi; barkentine, Agur; schooners, Lily, Upolu, Tafua; cutter, Pitman; partial wrecks—schooners, Utumapu, Vaitete and Nukunono.

Memorial services in German were held on the 23rd instant, and in English on the 25th.

I cannot speak too highly of the conduct of the Samoans during the gale. They labored incessantly day and night helping to save lives, and when the shipwrecked officers and crews were brought ashore, the native houses were thrown open most hospitably.

S. T. Browne.

One secret act of self-denial, one sacrifice of inclination to duty, is worth all the mere good thoughts, warm feelings of passionate prayers in which idle people indulge themselves.

Pointers About the Brain.

New York, Oct. 23.—The lecture room of the Industrial Education Association Building in University Place was crowded with young ladies yesterday afternoon long before the time set for Dr. William A. Hammond to deliver his address, the third of the series of lectures arranged by the association. The young ladies were teachers connected with the public and private schools of this city, and they were present to listen to what Dr. Hammond had to say about "The Use and Abuse of the Brain." When the Doctor, in the course of his remarks said, "Anxiety causes more brain disorders than any other agency I know of unless it be love," the young ladies looked as though they would much prefer the latter if it ever became necessary for them to have brain trouble.

"Many jokes are made about the gray matter of the brain," said Dr. Hammond, "but I will say right here that I have a great respect for the gray matter of the brain. There is no higher organism than that. It is the grandest thing in man, and were I ever to worship anything it would be a portion of the gray matter of the brain. It is well for us to know that the emotions cause more unhappiness and crime than any other function of the brain. Human beings are governed by their emotions, and it is well that they should be, though it is the emotions that wear away the brain, and not honest intellectual work. Very few people suffer from intellectual work, and if my memory serves me I do not recollect ever having a mathematician for a patient. It is not intellectual work that causes nervous dyspepsia, but the emotions, such as anxiety, fear, sorrow and love. I consider that eight hours are sufficient for a man to use his brain, because if he exceeds that time he becomes nervous and fretful, and an exhausted brain is an irritable brain. You may not feel the evil effects of the stress of brain work at the time but you will sooner or later, when it will be too late. The men that work at night with their brains are the ones that expose themselves to danger and death which will surely come unless the great strain on the mind is lightened."

Unwavering faith in the power of the gospel is the first requisite for a genuine revival. Don't expect to take a second step until you have taken this first one.

I believe that just as to the intellectually strong and teachable there come revelations of larger knowledge about material things, so to the spiritually-minded and open-hearted there comes in a similar way a deeper insight into the spiritual life.

Many of us persuade ourselves—all of us have probably at one time yielded to the opinion—that reputation is necessary for the sake of usefulness. Every hour, I think, will show us more and more that the concern about reputation is the great hindrance to usefulness; that, if we desire to be useful, we must struggle against it night and day.

Don't wade far out into the dangerous sea of this world's comfort. Take what the good God provides you, but say of it, "It passeth away; for it but a temporary supply for a temporary need." Never suffer your goods to become your God.