The Abbeville Press and Banner.

BY HUGH WILSON. ABBEVILLE, S. C., WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 7, 1894. ESTABLISHED 1844

Honored Guests

Patriotic People Pay a Pleasant Visit to the Home of Secession.

A Hearty Welcome and Good Cheer for All.

CITIZENS OF THE NORTH WELCOMED TO THE SUNNY SOUTH.

The Burgesses Corps from Albany in Abbeville.

Good Speeches, Good Fellowship, Good Punch, Good Music, and a Good Time Generally.

According to previous arrangement our people gave the Burgesses Corps of Albany, N. Y., a splendid reception last Saturday night.

Messrs. P. Rosenberg & Co. had kindly given the use of their splendid hall, and for two or three days the ladies of the village gave their time and labor in decorating the building with flowers, flags and festoons. They prepared the tables as only Abbeville ladies can prepare them, and they were laden with the best of solids and liquids.

The many brilliant lights made the hall as bright as day, and the artistic touch of the ladies made it as lovely as a dream, and as enchanting as a scene in fairy land.

By the printed schedule of the G., C. & N. railroad the party was to arrive at ten minutes past eight o'clock. During the day, however, a dispatch was received from Raleigh, N. C., stating that the party were then two hours behind schedule.

Just before night another dispatch was received announcing that the train would be three hours and fifty minutes late, making the schedule time of their arrival at Abbeville exactly twelve o'clock, midnight.

A third despatch, about eleven o'clock, named 12:31 as the probable time of the arrival of the train.

Never before in the history of the town was there greater interest in the arrival of any train than was manifested in the arrival of the train which was to bring our Northern visitors.

It has been estimated that acres of people stood around the depot for hours, awaiting the arrival of the train. Some placed the number at fifteen hundred, and we heard of no one who thought the crowd was fewer than one thousand.

The weather was warm and remarkably fair throughout the day, with a stiff breeze blowing the greater part of the time. Toward midnight a dark cloud appeared in the South, and by half-past twelve a drenching rain was falling, and sheets of water pouring from the eaves of the depot.

THE ARRIVAL OF THE TRAIN.

At 12:40 the train rolled up before the door of the depot, amid the ringing of bells and the shouts of a great multitude of people who had been waiting for hours. The train was composed of seven magnificent Pullman vestibuled cars, in charge of Conductor Bowen and Engineer Shiver. The engine was a splendid new ten-wheel compound. Under the management of the efficient Train Master, Mr. S. G. Dickerson, the train made the extraordinary fast schedule to the minute—the delay having been caused north of the G., C. & N. Railway system

On the arrival of the train the company left the coaches and immediately took up the line of march toward the hall, where all was light, and where all that could please the eye or gratify the taste were spread for their coming

THE RECEPTION.

W. C. McGowan, Esq., Chairman of the Committee of Reception, and a large contingent, together with Capt. J. L. Perrin, Lieutenant E. M. DuPre, Lieutenant T. L. Douglass, and Lieutenant S. A. Milford, were at the depot long before the arrival of the train, and took immediate charge of the guests as they came.

The large hall was comfortably filled with guests and hosts, and a most pleasant evening was spent by all.

THE MUSIC.

First in order came the supper. After that came the enlivening music by the band of thirty-two pieces, which brought cheer after cheer as the familiar and patriotic airs greeted the ears of the delighted hearers.

MAYOR HILL'S SPEECH.

After the inner man had been refreshed, Mayor R. M. Hill said:

"It is with gratification that I welcome the distinguished visitors to our town. It is my pleasure to introduce our distinguished fellow-citizen, Judge Samuel McGowan, who will make the address of welcome.

THE WELCOME ADDRESS.

Judge McGowan, at the request of Mayor R. M. Hill, arose, and while declining to make a speech under the circumstances, in an informal manner extended to the distinguished visitors from the great Empire State of the Union a hearty welcome. He did so in the name of the ladies who prepared the refreshments; in the name of the good old county of Abbeville, and in the name of the whole State of South Carolina. Turning to the famous "Burgesses Corps of Albany," a splendid volunteer organization, which has a remarkable history of its own, he said among other things, that it always afforded him special pleasure to favor, honor, and welcome volunteer citizen soldiers, who, as *citizens*, framed their own government, and then, as *soldiers in armor*, support and sustain it! Citizen soldiers in preference to standing armies! the cheap defence and ornament, and the *shield and plume* of a free people.

MAJOR WOODWARD'S RESPONSE.

At the conclusion of Judge McGowan's warm words of welcome, Major Woodward, the commander of the corps, stepped to the head of the table and said:

"While I feel that I should respond to the kind words which have just been uttered by the distinguished South Carolinian, and while my heart is full, there are other lips than mine better able to express our intense gratification at this reception. I call upon Colonel Danforth to reply.

COLONEL DANFORTH SPEAKS.

Colonel Danforth said:

A few hours ago we left our Northern homes, and all through this Southland our journey has been marked by the most pleasant incidents.

The citizens of North Carolina seemed to vie with each other in contributing to our pleasure, and we are impressed by this reception from the good people of historic old Abbeville.

We thank you from the innermost recesses of our hearts for your cordial welcome and this magnificent reception.

If our hearts could tell our feelings you would know what our words fail to express, and what you will never know from our words.

In this beautiful Southland you produce the fleecy cotton, which has been crowned the King of Crops, but our more Northern home, the County from which I came, is distinguished for the production of three most valuable crops: Hops, broom-corn and Democrats.

We have known you from the earlier days, when our representatives and your representatives assembled together with a union of hearts and hands, and made common cause for a common country. Together they signed the Declaration of Independence, and each section of the country acted its part in maintaining and supporting the integrity of that paper which will ever live in the annals of history.

Each section is a part of a common Country. In the morning, the sun rises out of the ocean and shines for us all, while its rays light the far off snowy peaks. In our New England homes and in your sunny land, it shines upon a people blessed with churches, school houses and happy homes. In the afternoon, its beams light the great West beyond the Mississippi. At night the sun sets upon San Francisco, and reflects mellow light from the golden sands of the Pacific.

Your hands and our hearts together stand like "a stone wall" for the best interests of a common country.

Let us all drink to the health of the patriotic women of Abbeville, who have ever been foremost in every good word and work.

I call on General Hemphill for a reply.

SPEECH OF GENERAL HEMPHILL.

It is a pleasure for me to emphasize the words of welcome spoken by our distinguished fellow citizen Judge McGowan. The people of Abbeville are glad to have this gallant corps with them even for so short a time and and I trust you will always have a place in your hearts for the memory of Abbeville's welcome and hospitality. I regret that you arrived at such an inopportune hour that it is impossible for you to see our handsome residences, broad streets, magnificent shade trees, beautiful flower yards and lovely women.

Gen. McGowan, who received his "baptism of fire" on the soil of Mexico, at Vera Cruz, and who is a survivor of the War between the States, has well said that Abbeville has a love for the military. This characteristic antedates the Revolutionary War. Within our county was the seige of Ninety-Six from which, some say, the tide turned in favor of the Colonies in their great struggle for American liberty.

In the cemetery a mile from where we now stand lies the body of Frederick W. Selleck, the hero, who planted the Palmetto flag on the walls of the city of Mexico, the first American banner that proclaimed the triumph of our arms on that glorious occasion. The sons of New York were side by side with the sons of South Carolina on that eventful day as they had been at Churubusco and Chapultepec. In this enterprise Phil Kearney, the ideal American soldier, lost an arm. Your Ward B. Burnet commanded the New Yorkers and Mayne Reid who has delighted so many of our youths with his charming novels was a lieutenant in the New York regiment. He gave a glowing tribute to the gallantry of Selleck who was awarded a medal for the achievement.

I have had some experience in the military line myself. It was my fortune to serve in the War between the States, as did your gallant General Carr whom you have with you. I am told that he was at the front from Fair Oaks as you name it or Seven Pines as we call it to Appomattox C. H. So was I and I now hold a parole from Gen. Grant given to me at Appomattox. But I did not occupy any such conspicuous place as General Carr for I was nothing more than a high private, one of "Les Miserables." And to make the point of this designation clear I will tell a true story. In 1864 an enterprising book agent appeared on our lines at Petersburg with an edition of Victor Hugo's novel, "Les Miserables" printed on Confederate paper. Our boys got the idea in their heads that it was a description of our own condition and the books sold like hot cakes. And all along the lines you could see soldiers, bare-footed and out at the elbows, intently reading "Les Miserables." But time admonishes me to be brief and I will conclude by repeating that Abbeville is delighted to have you with us and that we will always have a soft place in our hearts for your gallant company. We trust you will carry with you a good impression of our town, that you may have a pleasant journey to the Crescent City and a safe and happy return to your homes.

GENERAL CARR'S SPEECH.

Colonel Danforth then introduced General Carr, the youngest General in the Federal Army, who commenced his speech amid great applause. He said:

I started from the city of Troy in the State of New York, thirty-three years ago to-day, to come to Abbeville, and the nearest point that I reached in four years and six months was Petersburg in the State of Virginia.

But I thank God I am here with you to-night, partaking of your hospitality and sharing in your kindly offices. In 1864 you fed us with cold lead, but now in 1894 you feed us with the best and most tempting of the good things at your disposal.

I am gratified that the citizens of Abbeville appreciate the visit of the Burgesses corps, of which we in New York are all so proud.

I regret that I cannot say more to you. I am an invalid, and am physically unable to speak. I will therefore close by saying that as a citizen of New York I am glad to take you by the hand and greet you as fellow-citizens of this Great Republic.

While we have had some differences in the past, I am glad to meet you as a united and friendly people.

Respectively we fought under flags, the mention of whose names inspired in each of us the most patriotic feelings, and spoke volumes for the pride and glory of those who upheld them.

A nation's valor and a nation's glory is judged largely from the patriotic fire which animates the female heart. There is more patriotism in the females of the North and in the females of the South than we have ever given them credit for. The soldier is moved to deeds of daring because of the reflected patriotism of the woman in whom he loves.

Repeating our high appreciation of the friendship that you have shown us to-night, I express the hope that we may soon have the pleasure of greeting your military company at our home in the city of Albany.

JUDGE BENET'S SPEECH.

In response to calls in many parts of the hall for "Benet," "Benet," "Benet," Judge W. C. Benet responded as follows:

Mr. Chairman, and Gentlemen of the Burgesses Corps of Albany: The hour is too late and your time is too limited for any speech from me—I had not intended to say anything at all except in a quiet, private and social way. But since you have been joined in calling me out so heartily, I must respond to your call if only to show you gentlemen of Albany that we people of Abbeville are not like the foolish virgins of the familiar parable. Like the bridegroom of the parable you came at midnight, but we trust that you found us with our loins girt and our lamps burning, ready to go forth to meet you.

I know I speak for the good people of this town when I say we are glad and proud to see you here. Our only regret is that your coming was not timed to a more convenient hour for your enjoyment, and that your stay is all too short for our enjoyment. We hope, however, that the frugal repast and the mellow punch and the mirth and jollity and absence of formality will combine to make your brief hour's sojourn in Abbeville a pleasant remembrance for both guests and hosts when you are far away.

You will pardon me for saying that your presence here is an object-lesson which it would be well for us to take to heart, a lesson I mean, in the philosophy of enjoying life. In the hustle and stir and unrest of our busy life, it is well to stop sometimes and take breath and cultivate the love of enjoyment and recreation. Some wise men have thought that this is the lesson of all lessons which Americans need to learn. The busiest and most energetic people the world ever saw, we are too prone to forget that, "all work and no play makes Jack a dull boy."

It is not only pleasant, therefore, but instructive to see this goodly company of men coming from distant frost-bound Albany and going to sunny, flower-crowned New Orleans, not on business bent nor for pecuniary nor political purposes, but simply on a holiday. Your Burgesses Corps and the friends who accompany you include all sorts and conditions of men, men in high political office, and men in the humble walks of life; men of wealth and men who earn their bread in the sweat of their face, men in the flush of youth and health, and men with the silvery locks of age. With one accord you have said: "Begone dull care," and now you are hastening to the city of fun and frolic to enjoy, like Herve Riel "a good whole holiday."

I know of no better place wherein to enjoy a holiday. New Orleans during Mardi Gras is the embodiment of pleasure and merry-making. If you will allow me to apply a couplet from one of Watt's songs, I would say:

"I have been there and still would go;
'Tis like a little heaven below."

In your quest after pleasure Abbeville wishes you all success and bids you a hearty god-speed.

MR. W. C. MCGOWAN'S SPEECH.

At the close of Mr. Benet's remarks there were calls for Mr. W. C. McGowan. He was busy seeing to the wants of the guests, but said:

I have no set speech to make but am glad to add my word of welcome to this historic organization from the far off North. I am glad that such an entertainment and such good fellowship as is exibited here to-night is possible; that South Carolina can open her gates of hospitality and extend the sincere hand of friendship to our Nothern neighbors—we do both heartily and with pleasure.

We are all citizens of one country and with our backs to the divided Past and our faces to the unlimited future of this great Republic we stand ready to strike onward with you, side by side, and to demonstrate not only our loyalty but that the Empire and the Palmetto States are full sisters in one glorious Union. We welcome you in every sense.

Before I take my seat I do desire to propose a toast. I have been told that in the fast schedule as you fly from the frozen North to the sunny South, not a minute of time has been lost since you struck the Seaboard Air Line system. We feel very proud of this well equipped system—one of the finest in the South, and as we have with us tonight two distinguished representatives of the Seabord Air Line—General Passenger Agent Anderson and General Superintendent Winder—I call upon them to speak for this splendid road.

A MEMBER OF THE BURGESSES SECOND A COMPLIMENT TO THE SEABOARD AIR LINE.

A member of the Burgesses Corps whose name we could not get, seconded all Col. McGowan had said as to Seabord Air Line. He said that for fast time, prompt accomodation and obliging officials, this system stood first since their departure from Albany.

GENERAL WINDER'S REPLY.

General Superintendent Winder said: In behalf of the New South we welcome our friends from the North to the homes within this sunny land. All past differences have been buried, and we are here tonight as brothers, with nothing but good will in our hearts.

We are glad to have you with us, and whenever it pleases you to come we will extend the most cordial hospitality.

Armed legions never met braver soldiers in clash of battle than the soldiers of the North and the soldiers of the South, and none were ever more daring in danger. None more gentle and loving in peace, than the soldiers of this great republic.

Modesty prevents my saying too much as to the Seaboard Air Line system, however I thank, my friend, Mr. W. C. McGowan, and my unknown friend of the Burgesses Corps for their kind words. Candor compels me to say they are right. It has been and will continue to be our effort to make our system the superior of any other in the South. I must, too, thank all of our Abbeville friends for the hearty and co-operation which they have always given our road. We appreciate their kindness and will always endeavor to be worthy of it.

We all regret that a longer time had not been given for your stay. If we had had more time we would have given you the hospitality for which the Southerner was distinguished "befor' de wah."

If it were in our power to extend more hospitality than we have given tonight we would be glad to do so. We have nothing which is too good for you.

God bless you on your journey. May it be pleasant and profitable, and may you return in safety to your homes, remembering the trip as pleasantly as we will remember your visit to us.

The band played "Dixie," and "the Star Spangled Banner," amid much enthusiasm—guests and hosts alike giving expression of pleasure and good will.

THE DEPARTURE—GENERAL HANDSHAKING.

At 2:40 of the clock Major Woodward, Commander of the Burgesses Corps, announced that their time was up more than half an hour ago, and that however reluctant they were to depart, yet they must say good-bye to these pleasant scenes. The band, he said, would play "Auld Lang Syne," and at the conclusion of the piece, the party would immediately move to the train.

When the old familiar tune, "Auld Lang Syne," was struck many voices with a will joined in singing the words which touch every human heart, while a general hand-shaking took place:

Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And never brought to mind?
Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And Auld Lang Syne!

And there's a hand my trusty friend,
And gi'e us a hand o' thine—
And we'll take a cup o' kindness yet,
For Auld Lang Syne.

At special request, the band played, "Sweet Land of Liberty, 'tis of Thee I Sing," and the memorable entertainment was over. Where all was life and animation was soon a lone deserted hall.

ODDS AND ENDS.

Among the pleasant incidents of the evening was the meeting of General McGowan of the Confederate Army and General Carr of the Union Army. Both had been gallant soldiers, and each had fought valiantly for his side. But since "grim visaged war hath smoothed his wrinkled front," these old soldiers met in heartiest good will, and with such feelings for each other as only old soldiers may experience. Both have now advanced far on the journey of life. Their heads have been frosted by many winters, yet their hearts, mellowed by age, are warm and true, and their best impulses go out to each other as friends now, and as former honorable foemen.

There were several millionaires among our distinguished guests.

Colonel Danford and Colonel Woodward each contributed much to the pleasure of the evening.

General McGowan though now seventy-four years of age, went through the rain to the depot to see the guests off at three o'clock in the morning.

Among the old Confederate soldiers of Abbeville, who were present, at the banquet, and enjoyed the evening, we noticed Mr. W. Joel Smith, Hon. R. E. Hill, Hon. J. T. Robertson, General McGowan, General R. R. Hemphill.

SPEEDING THE PARTING GUESTS.

A great concourse of our people went with their guests to the depot, to see them resume their journey further south.

HISTORIC GROUND.

The chief regret of the Press and Banner is, that we failed to meet and form the acquaintance of the newspaper men in the company. If they had made themselves known, they could have furnished us with interesting facts concerning their party, and we in turn might have given them something to put in their own note books. If we had seen them we would not have forgotton to remind them that Abbeville is historic ground. Though none of the orators of the evening referred to the fact, this is the birth place of Secession and the death-place of the Confederacy—being the cradle and the grave of the Lost Cause.

The first Secession meeting was held at Abbeville, and Mr. Davis held his last cabinet meeting within a few hundred yards of the spot upon which that meeting assembled.

By a strange fatality, on his retreat before the victorious armies, President Davis came back to the scenes of the inauguration of the movement which brought on the bloodiest war that this country has ever known, and which ended so disastrously to the South. Within a stone's throw of the very spot on which the first Secession meeting was held Mr. Davis held his last council of war. It was here that the seal of the Confederacy was "lost," and it was here that all hope of further prosecution of the war was lost. It was here that the remaining soldiers, who were with him, true and faithful to the last, were discharged. It was from Abbeville that the great and honored President of the Confederacy went forth almost alone, a fugitive from the pursuing soldiers of the Union Army.

Abbeville is proud of the record of her citizens as soldiers in the army. Many of them rose to places of distinction, while the private soldiers won the chiefest of honors. No town ever furnished a greater number of better soldiers, and no town ever suffered more in her losses. It fell to our lot to furnish the first man who lost his life in the war, and in like manner much of her flower and manhood—for love of home and country—went down to death.

But all this simply intensified the the welcome of our people for the distinguished guests. All of our citizens with one accord heartily and sincerely welcomed our Northern friends—forgetting the past and looking only to the future.

Thus ended a most enjoyable occasion. We only hope our friends will carry away as pleasant recollections as they have and undeedly left behind.

CARD FROM MR. PRESSLY.

Protest Against the Hour at Which Our Banquet was Held.

To the Editor of the Press and Banner:

Your news columns will no doubt record the fact that a banquet was given by the citizens of our town to the Burgesses Corps, of Albany, N. Y., who were enroute to New Orleans to attend Mardi Gras. If the announcement could stop here it would be unobjectionable enough; but alas! it must be further recorded that the banquet occurred on Sabbath morning, between the hours of one and three o'clock.

It is in reference to this latter feature that I wish to speak, kindly but earnestly and plainly. And surely I can assume to do this without impropriety, inasmuch as the banquet was not private but public in character. It was tendered in the name of the entire people of Abbeville by "citizens appointed as a committee of reception, to do the honors of the town."

This vicarious feature relieves me of all restraint in registering a courteous but emphatic dissent, both as to the time and manner of its observance. Let it be said here that the original intention, i. e., to extend hospitality to distinguished strangers within our gates, was innocent and even praiseworthy, and that the occurrence of the banquet on Sabbath morning was the result of an unfortunate conjunction of circumstances; yet, after all that can be said by way of extenuation, it is impossible to justify such a flagrant profanation of God's holy day. To break the solemn silence of the Sabbath with the blare of brazen trumpets, the tramp of the festive throng, and the shouts of revelry, is a long step toward unrestrained demoralization.

Such a scene in some of our northern cities might occasion no surprise, but it marks a new era in Abbeville. It is an aggressive invasion of that moral and religious conservatism which has given to our town that character of which we are justly proud.

Such an occurrence would have been impossible a few years ago; and the fact that it is possible now is one of the many other evidences that there are influences at work which ought to excite the gravest apprehensions in the minds of those who still cherish the sacredness of God's day and all the precious interests that stand or fall with it.

That "Sunday trains" and "Sunday mails" are robbing the Sabbath of its sacredness is all too apparent; and that they will prove sources of general demoralization is the fear excited by the experience of other communities where the same causes have been longer at work. These effects can only be avoided by the utmost carefulness on the part of those who still revere and love the Sabbath of our fathers. A strong, unequivocal testimony, backed by a consistent example, will go far toward stemming the tide that is drifting us from our safe moorings.

It is also a matter of deep regret that the committee thought that wine was essential to the goodfellowship of the occasion. I am sure that our guests did not expect this in a State that claims to occupy the most advanced ground in this matter, and has heralded to the world the brilliant achievements in minimizing the evils of the liquor traffic. That the wine cup is fraught with perils needs only to be said. If proof is demanded, it may be found in the outcome of the banquet itself, if current rumors may be credited.

I have written, Mr. Editor, not in a carping, sensorious spirit, but from a profound sense of duty which would not yield to considerations of policy or personal popularity.

I am, yours, very truly,

F. Y. Pressly,
Pastor A. R. Presbyterian Church.

EAST END.

One of His Best Contributions—He Talk a Little of Everything in and Around the Old Fort.

Ninety-Six, S. C., Feb. 5, 1894.

Dr. and Mrs. O. A. Dukes, missionaries to Japan are still at Ninety-Six, and on the evening of the 12th will talk to our people about that far off lands. Mrs. Dukes has introduced a new plan for raising funds for missionary purposes. It is called an experience party. For instance last week forty or fifty grown persons signed a pledge to raise fifty cents each, and nearly as many children signed a pledge that they would raise twenty-five cents each. The money to be earned by each in some way other than by their ordinary vocation. Thus on the evening of the 12th each contributor is to tell just exactly how they earned their money. Their experience may be in writing or oral, just as the contributor may prefer, and from what we have already heard some of the experiences will be quite amusing. Everybody is invited to attend.

The washing machine man has invaded our portals.

Mr. W. S. Richardson has the finest horse in Abbeville county. No doubt of it.

One of our most popular young men will be married this week.

Mr. Jeff Davis Beacham is doing some very necessary painting to the roofs of our houses.

The fore-runners of a tent show applied to our Town Council for license one day last week. Very properly the license fee was put so high that they declined with thanks.

Some of our young folks attended the dance at Cross Hill last Friday night. They came back delighted with the hospitality the Cross Hillians.

Dr. W. H. Holland is still quite unwell with the grip.

Miss Minnie King has a flourishing school at Oakland, Cow Grove.

Mr. W. B. Cason is on his annual visit to Ninety-Six. He is 82 years old and can now walk 20 miles per day.

W. W. Holt has sold out and moved to Florida.

Some thief or thieves broke into the Post Office and Mr. Joel C. Wier's store last Friday night and strange to say they did not trouble anything in the Post Office, and Mr. Wier only lost a few pair of shoes. Their wants were few, as Mr. Wier had plenty of bacon and flour at hands.

Master Durritt Lipscomb had his eye severely powder burnt recently, but it was not seriously injured.

The petition to open a new road to Ninety-Six from the J. C. Young neighborhood was circulated and numerously signed last week.

We would respectfully call the attention of the County Commissioners to the Monkey bridge near Dr. Blake's residence. It certainly is in a dangerous condition.

The many friends here of Mr. H. M. Johnson, of Greenwood, sincerely sympathize with him in the loss of his dear wife. Mrs. Johnson was well and favorably known here and it is sad that one so fair and young should be cut down just in the threshold of life.

Mr. Joel C. Weir has one of the finest milk cows in the city. Mr. Weir is a "lover of fine arts."

Mr. R. S. Nickles and wife will board with Mr. R. R. Calhoun.

Our people took advantage of the fine weather last Friday and Saturday and planted a great many garden seeds.

Mr. Will Reid, of Dyson's, was up last week on a trading expedition.

Mr. Steel Brice and wife (nee) Miss Geneveve Fuller are visiting the parents of the latter.

We received a copy of "College Topics," a spicy little paper published by the Stuart Normal College authorities of Stuart, Virginia. Our former townsman Mr. E. C. McCants is the President of the College and it is represented to be in a most flourishing condition. Mr. McCants is a thorough educator and we are quite proud of the stand he has taken in "Old Virginia."

Miss F. Estelle Knight a most accomplished young lady has charge of Portville Academy. Her patrons are delighted with her.

The Dispensary war is on in Charleston and Columbia, but we are proud that old Abbeville is spared such disgraceful scenes.

Miss Curtis leaves next week for Cooper Limestone College.

Miss Sallie Richardson is visiting friends in Greenville.

Dr. T. M. Chiles, of Greenville, is down looking after his farming interests.

Mr. W. P Lipford, one of the most successful farmers of Edgefield, was up last week laying in some supplies.

Capt. McCaslan, Mr. J. C. Weir and Mr. A. McN. Turner have gone to Greenville as witnesses in the U. S. Court. East End.

DUE WEST.

Her People and What they are Doing.

Due West, Feb. 5th, 1894.

Mrs. J. A. Devlin is visiting at Ora, S. C.

Mrs. J. O. C. Fleming of Laurens, S. C., is at Mrs. Jane Todd's. She is accompanied by her little children.

Dr. J. W. Wideman and little Janie left last week for a trip to the land of flowers and orange groves. His objective point is Bartow, Florida, the home of his daughter, Mrs. D. G. Phillips.

Mr. Wheeler of Greenville is here for a few days taking pictures.

M. M. Cuddy, of Troy, was up on a visit recently to his son and daughter, who are here in school.

Rev. W. A. Gaines, filled the pulpit in the A. R. P. church Sabbath afternoon. We hear he is to leave for Virginia very soon. He has been called to an influential and interesting charge in that State.

Mr. J. J. Grier of the Seminary preached at Oro last Sabbath.

Mr. O. Y. Bonner is visiting friends in Troy, S. C.

Miss Maggie Todd is teaching at Bethlehem, three miles from Due West.

The young ladies of the female College have reorganized the Amelian Literary Society. They seem greatly interested in the work. We bespeak for them a good society where all will take pleasure in performing the regular duties assigned.

The public meeting of the Y. M. C. A. took place last Saturday evening. Dr. Lindsay made an excellent address, taking for his subject, "They are dead that sought the young child's life." The lecture was much enjoyed.

Mr. and Mrs. Maner Rice of Ninety-Six was on a recent visit to the family of Mr. W. T. Cowan. Mr. Rice had with him three bird dogs from Columbia that cost $11 each.

R. S. G.

BLOODSHED IN COLUMBIA.

A WITNESS IN A WHISKEY CASE IS ASSAULTED -- HE SHOOTS HIS ASSAILANT.

A Story Which Reveals a Condition of Lawlessness at the Capitol of the State.

In order that the readers of the Press and Banner may have a clear understanding of the efforts which are being made to bulldoze jurors and witnesses, we copy the testimony which led up to the fight, as furnished by the News and Courier:

Burt Fry, a good looking young man, full of snap and life, was first called. Mr. Nelson examining.

He lived in the outskirts of the city. He knew Mr. Seal; said he was engaged in the liquor business prior to July, 1892. He was now doing business in Gervais street as a grocer. He was now doing business at a different place. I have no recollection of having bought any whiskey from Mr. Seal on the date mentioned. He had bought no liquor since the dispensary law went into effect from Mr. Seal. I bought no liquor from him since January, 1894. Bought no intoxicating liquors of any kind from Mr. Seal. I have not seen Mr. Seal sell any liquor since January 1, 1891.

Mr. Davis Miller, a young man, was next called. He resided in Gervais street. He was in the stock business. Knew Mr. Seal. Did not know his business prior to July, 1892. Now in grocery business. Did not remember Mr. Seal's having sold liquor on the 6th January, as charged in the warrant. Did not remember his having sold any liquor on January, as charged in the warrant. Did not remember his having sold any liquor on January 6th as charged.

The Solicitor: "Have you ever bought any liquor from Mr. Seal?"

Here there was a lively tilt. The defendant's counsel held that no such general question could be asked.

Mr. Melton: "I'm asking whether the witness knew of any sales by Seal during the month of January, 1894."

Mr. Crawford: "A certain day must be named."

Witness was allowed to go on and answer the latter question.

"Do you know of Mr. William H. Seal having sold, bartered or exchanged any liquor on the 5th, 6th or 16th of January, 1894?"

Answer: "I never bought any from him."

Here Mr. Barber took up the examination and found his witness equally deliberative.

Mr. Miller in answer to a question said: "There was whiskey got in there."

"Will you state who got the whiskey?"

"I don't remember."

"Will you do your self the credit to say by 'got in there?'"

A crowd of us went in there and there was some got about there."

"Do you mean in there or about there?"

"I suppose so, but I don't know."

"Don't you know?"

"I don't know."

"Didn't you go into the house?"

Yes, but we didn't get the liquor there. We got it on the outside. I don't know where the liquor came from. One of the boys went back and got it. I don't know where he got it. He got a pint. Didn't know how much he paid for it; fifty cents he guessed. I don't know whether it was paid for or not."

"Who was in the crowd?" by Mr. Barber.

Mr. Crawford: "That has nothing to do with it."

"Who went in and brought the whiskey back?" by Mr. Barber.

"Mr. Caldwell, I think."

"Where were you?"

"Right in front of the door," Mr. Miller replied, "and I could see in the front. Did not see Mr. Caldwell get the liquor. Mr. Seal and his clerk were in the store. I don't know the clerk's name. He is a white man. I don't know from whom he got the liquor."

"Do you know that Mr. W. H. Seal in his person sold, bartered or exchanged any liquor or intoxicating liquor during the month January, 1894, in any instance?"

"No, sir, and I never got any."

"Did you ever see anyone else buy from Mr Seal during the month of January?"

"Yes, sir, I've seen bottles, but I never tasted what was in the bottles."

Mr. Barber: "That's hair-splitting. Name some instance, will you?"

"I don't remember the time. Some time in January I saw him give bottles to a gentleman."

"What did the gentleman ask for?

"I did not hear him"

"How many times did you see that?"

"I kept no account. It might have been once or twice."

"What kind of a bottle was it?"

"A half pint or pint bottle. I don't know if it had any mark or label on it."

"What was done with the bottle?"

"I don't know."

"Was it empty or filled?"

"I don't suppose any body would want an empty bottle."

"Describe the bottle. You know what it looked like."

"It was a flask. It had a stopper I guess. I did not see anyone pay Mr. Seal for the bottle He left no money there that I saw. The boy said he would go back and get some whiskey. I don't know where he got it. I think that this was the night of Mr. Carewell. We drank the whiskey when we came out."

"Who were in the crowd?"

"Mr. Fry, Mr. Goodwin and myself and may be others. I think we all went in together. We had no conversation with Mr. Seal when we went in. Don't remember whether we spoke to Mr. Seal at all. He said nothing upon receipt of the bottle, but walked out. I did not see the liquor being paid for, nor did I hear Mr. Seal say anything about the payment."

"To who did Mr. Seal deliver that bottle?"

"Mr. Charles Goodwin and Mr. Carewell."

Mr. Miller: "Did not make the distinction between the bottles perfectly clear?"

Cross-examined by Mr. Crawford:

"How many people do business at that place."

"Three or more. Mr. Heriot, Mr. Grieshaber and Mr. Seal do business in the place."

Then in general he went on to say:

"I don't know where he got the liquor. I don't know whether he paid for it. I drank out of two bottles. Heard no conversation, when he got the liquor."

"Yet you testified you didn't know what was in the bottles, and you said you drank from them?"

Mr. Miller: "I drank out of two bottles and they were got out of there. I don't know if they are the same bottles."

DOESN'T IT LOOK

Like a Conspiracy to Kill Witnesses for the State in the Whiskey Cases?

The Register furnishes the following account of the affair:

"Pull your pistol and shoot, you— — — — —!" is what W. B. Meetze said to J. Davis Miller at about 3:40 o'clock yesterday afternoon, on Washington street, just off Main, in front of Law Range. Instead of pulling one pistol Miller pulled two and immediately opened fire on the man who had invited him to do so. Then Meetze pulled a pistol and for a few seconds a street duel ranged. When the smoke cleared away Meetze was found lying on the ground in the middle of the street, shot in the right side. Miller was standing not far from him with a bright and smoking pistol in each hand and his hands raised above his head. Some say that Meetze fired first and Miller followed, but the opinion of the majority is that Miller fired first.

Main street and Washington street, near the scene of the shooting, were full of people. Few of them were visible when the last shot sounded. They had taken refuge behind trees and posts and sought safety in flight.

The scene was one of the most dramatic ever known in Columbia, and the excitement for some time afterward was at fever heat. Many had been expecting trouble of some kind, but they were not prepared for that of such a serious and possibly fatal nature.

The shooting originated over the trial of the cases of Wm. Seal, charged with selling whiskey in violation of the Dispensary law. A few minutes before the duel the hearing of the case had been adjourned until 5 o'clock. The swarm of people who had been in the Court House had just gone on the streets and were discussing the evidence and the details in connection with the hearing. They were standing around in groups.

J. D. Miller had testified against Seal, and before he came off the stand, scowling and threatening looks had been directed at him from men who hate all who testify against a "blind tiger." Among the men in the audience was W. B. Meetze. It is not thought that he was pleased with Miller's testimony. If he was not pleased, however, he did not have anything to say at the time. He walked out on the street and waited for Miller to come out.

Miller, after his testimony had been finished, walked out in the rear hallway of the Court House, where he remained for some minutes. In the meantime the court had adjourned. Miller went down the rear steps, went through the lobby of the Court House and into Washington street. When near the office of Melton & Melton he met a number of men, among them Meetze, Burt Fry and Charlie Hendrix, who is also accused of selling whiskey and who is under indictment before the court of Judge Clarkson.

Burt Fry, according to the testimony of eye-witnesses, stopped Miller and said to him: "Did you say (or swear) that I told a lie?" To understand this question it is necessary to explain that Fry had been a witness in the case against Seal and had sworn that Seal had not sold him any whiskey, and he did not know that Seal had sold anybody else any. When Miller was put on the stand he swore that Fry was present with several others on one occasion when Seal had sold whiskey to one of the party. This was calculated to cast a reflection upon Fry's testimony, and Fry was provoked.

What followed this question of Fry is told by Trial Justice Stack who was present when the trouble begun and who came near being shot in his endeavor to keep the peace. He said that when Fry asked Miller the question Miller answered: "No, I did not say you told a lie and the man who says I did tells a — — — —lie." Meetze rushed in, saying: "I say you said, so," and struck at Miller. Whether he hit him those present are not able to say. Judge Stack, who is a powerful man, and who saw that serious trouble was brewing, rushed into the compact crowd and, seizing each of the men, one in each hand, pushed them apart, saying: "As a peace officer I command you both to keep the peace." Judge Stack pushed Miller into the gutter and several persons tried to hold Meetze. Miller backed toward the middle of the street, with Judge Stack still holding him. Meetze succeeded in getting away from those who were holding him and walked swiftly toward Miller and the Justice. Meetze's hat had fallen off in the melee and he was bareheaded as he advanced toward Miller. Approaching, he several times yelled to Miller to pull and shoot, accompanying these words with those of a more blasphemous order. When Miller saw that he would have to shoot or do something else he wrested himself from the grasp of Judge Stack and pulled his hands from his overcoat pockets, where he had them for some time. A pistol flashed in each hand, and, leveling them in the direction of Meetze, he quickly fired. Judge Stack did not get out of the way until the weapons were drawn. Almost simultaneously with this action of Miller, Meetze pulled a pistol from his right hip pocket and the three weapons belched forth, each sending a missile intended to be of a deadly character. There was so much smoke that the precise positions of the men could not be seen. Miller was beyond the middle of the street, toward the Southern sidewalk, with his back in the direction of Levin's auction store. Meetze was walking from the Northern sidewalk toward Miller, firing as he went. His pistol was in his right hand and he appeared to be cool and collected. His opponent was obscured from him by the dense smoke from the three pistols, but tried hard to locate his man and get in his work.

There is a wide divergence of opinion as to the number of shots fired. The prevailing idea, however, is that Miller fired three times and Meetze twice. This is contradicted by by the empty chambers in the two revolvers. Only one bullet remained in Miller's two weapons, while there were three in Meetze's. It is said, though, that some of the cartridges of Miller's pistols were empty before the shooting.

At what shot Meetze was struck is in doubt, but Meetze himself, it is said, thinks that it was the second. He fell as Miller had fired several more. Miller ceased firing as Meetze fell, but Meetze attempted to shoot while on the ground. The ball had entered his right side and made that portion of the body partially useless.

WANTED TO KILL MILLER.

Sergeant Moorhead, of the police force, was the first man to get to the two combatants. He had been attempting to quell some trouble in another quarter and the first thing he knew of the shooting was when he heard the shots. He ran in the direction of the men just as Meetze fell. Miller had stopped firing and was standing with his hands raised above his head. He said to the Sergeant that he was ready to surrender. The Sergeant took possession of him and started toward Main street with the prisoner. An angry crowd surrounded the prisoner and seemed bent on trying to kill him. Several pistols were pulled. Sergeant Moorehead was the calmest man in this excited crowd. He realized that Miller was in danger and, like all brave men, knew that prompt and decisive action was necessary to save his man. He pulled his pistol and pointing it toward the crowd shouted: "I will kill the first man who tries to harm this prisoner." His words were uttered in a tone which was not to be mistaken, and had their effect. Charles Hendrix is alleged to have been one of the men who pulled a pistol and who made hostile demonstrations toward the prisoner. He was arrested and taken to the station house and his pistol confiscated by the officers. Burt Fry was also arrested.

PICKED UP BY FRIENDS.

Friends quickly ran to the assistance of Meetze when he fell. They were glad to find that he was able to talk and to move. A carriage was called and the wounded man was placed in it. He was taken to his home on the East side of Washington street, about two blocks from where he was shot. He did not complain and showed the courage for which he is noted. Physicians were hurriedly sent for and Drs. Talley, Taylor and Folk were soon in attendance. They did all they could to relieve Meetze. Dr. Kendall is the family physician