

GEORGE M'DUFFIE MILLER.

The Last Colonel of Orr's Regiment of Rifles.

Abbeville Medium.

Col. George McDuffie Miller died at his home near Ninety-Six, at 9 o'clock p. m., July 12.

The editor of the Abbeville Medium was sergeant major of Orr's Rifles from March, 1864, until the surrender at Appomattox Court House, and was near Col. G. McDuffie Miller in all the battles of 1864 and 1865, where he commanded the regiment. In camp we looked after the regimental papers for him, on the march we slept under the same blanket with him and in battle we walked by his side. Our relations were so confidential that we often signed his name to papers of importance. So great was our friendship that he invited us to be one of his groomsmen when he married in 1865. These facts and an unchanging friendship for thirty seven years are good reasons why we should devote a column to the record of his heroic and patriotic life. He was the last gallant commander of the famous Orr's Rifles, which made an immortal name in the war between the States. His life up to the breaking out of hostilities qualified him for the duties and hardships of the high position he attained. As a merchant he acquired a thorough knowledge of business that aided him in the management of the historic regiment. His active life on the farm gave him a sound and vigorous constitution that enabled him to endure the hardships of military service.

He was the son of Allen Miller, who lived near Due West, and was born August 2, 1830. He had the advantages of the common schools of the country and at the age of 17 years became a clerk in the store of Samuel Mitchell at Lowndesville. Afterwards he came to Abbeville and engaged in merchandising as a member of the firm of Wier & Miller, and continued in this business until the death of his father, when he returned home to look after the plantation.

He always took great interest in the militia and was elected major of the old regiment that once mustered at Drake's old field, near Donald's. At another time he was judge advocate under the old system.

In 1860, when it became evident that South Carolina would secede, an organization of Minute Men was effected for immediate defence. The deceased joined the company as a private, and went with it to Charleston. Capt. James M. Perrin, a veteran of the Mexican war, was in command of the company, which reached Charleston in time to assist in the reduction of Fort Sumter. There being no longer a necessity for the presence of the Minute men around Charleston they were discharged and returned to their homes, except a sufficient number to make up several companies which went with Col. Maxey Gregg to Virginia.

The deceased came home and raised a company which was mustered in for "three years or the war" at Sandy Springs, July 21, 1861. This company was first known as the Marshall Rifemen, named in honor of J. Foster Marshall, who won laurels on the battlefields of Mexico, and when mustered in became Company G, Orr's regiment of rifles, the first body of troops enlisted in South Carolina "for the war." The Hon. James L. Orr was elected colonel, D. A. Ledbetter lieutenant colonel and J. W. Livingston major.

The company of Capt. George McDuffie Miller was designated as Company G, and he was seventh in the line of captains. W. W. Higgins, a veteran of the Mexican war, who fell at Fredericksburg, was first lieutenant, B. M. Latimer, who was mortally wounded at Gaines' Mill, was second lieutenant, and James Pratt, third lieutenant, was captain of the company when the war ended. The enlisted men came from about Due West and Donald's. They were handsome, intelligent and patriotic. They made a glorious record and the fact that a man was a member of Company G is until this day a passport to the confidence and esteem of all survivors. The company, when on parade, compelled the admiration of all spectators. To give an idea of the appearance of Company G we will state that Charles A. Betts, who lives near this city, and is six feet and one inch in height, was the twenty-fourth man in line, or in other words there were in the company twenty three men taller than Mr. Betts. Number twenty-five was exactly the same height. The members of the company were sons of farmers, college boys, theological students and clerks. Soon they were like brothers, for they were animated by such love of country that they were willing to lay down their lives for the sacred cause of independence. The men went into the service when a bloody war was a certainty. They were not moved by momentary excitement or enthusiasm. They were thoughtful and earnest men who knew what was before them. The

regiment as a whole was like Company G in splendid appearance. When it reached Charleston, Russell, the renowned correspondent of the London Times, wrote that "no country of Europe, Asia or Africa could show such an assembly of men of magnificent physique."

After leaving Sandy Springs the regiment went to Charleston and served in that vicinity until ordered to Virginia in April, 1862. The first loss in battle in the regiment was S. O. Reid, of Company G, who was mortally wounded at the battle of Mechanicsville, June 26, 1862. The next day the regiment opened the great battle of Gaines' Mill, carrying into action five hundred and thirty-seven men. Of these eighty-one were killed and two hundred and thirty-four wounded. Capt. Miller led his fine company through this storm of shot and shell with great intrepidity, and his men stood the test with the steadiness of the Old Guard of Napoleon. If our memory serves us nineteen men were killed, thirty-four wounded and only three of the company escaped without a scratch. Capt. Miller was wounded in the breast and in the heel so severely that he was not able for service until near the end of the campaign of 1862. Company G showed the effect of Capt. Miller's training in every battle in which it took part during that memorable year of battles. At Fredericksburg it was especially conspicuous for its undaunted firmness when the regiment was surprised and thrown into confusion because Gen. Maxey Gregg gave a wrong order not to fire upon the enemy, thinking they were our own men. The regiment was swept away, but Company G formed on the 1st regiment and held back the enemy.

When Orr's Rifles were mustered in Capt. Miller was seventh captain in the line of promotion. Col. Orr had resigned. Col. Marshall and Lieut. Col. Ledbetter fell at the battle of second Manassas and J. W. Livingston became full colonel, James M. Perrin lieutenant colonel and J. J. Norton major. Capt. Miles M. Norton, of Company E, was killed at second Manassas. Col. Livingston resigned on account of ill health and Major Norton on account of the loss of an arm, which incapacitated him for active service. Because of these and other changes Capt. Miller rose to the rank of major by the beginning of the Chancellorsville campaign. At the battle of Chancellorsville Col. James M. Perrin was killed. F. E. Harrison became colonel and Major Miller rose to the rank of lieutenant colonel, but was wounded and compelled to leave the front until he recovered. Col. F. Harrison left the regiment on account of a wound in the knee, which disabled him, and Lieut. Col. Miller had command of the regiment until the close of the war. As lieutenant colonel he led the regiment at the battle of the Wilderness and on the second day won imperishable honors.

It was on the morning of May 6, 1864, that by a sudden attack, directed by Gen. Grant, Hill's corps was doubled back until it seemed as if a great disaster was upon us. Longstreet was coming on the field and our line was pressed hurriedly to the rear by Grant's exultant troops. Every regiment of McGowan's brigade was swept back in confusion until Orr's Rifles was struck and the gallant regiment stood immovable before the furious onslaught of the enemy until ordered to fall back. The face of the earth seemed to be covered with the enemy, who swarmed across an open space in our front. Col. Miller halted the regiment, and it was dressed in perfect alignment. Then he gave the orders, "about face, guide centre, forward march," and the regiment retired as if on parade, moving like clockwork, our flag waving in the gentle breeze, the Southern Cross standing out in beautiful relief in the rays of the morning sun. Col. Miller was on foot in his proper place, the picture of a perfect soldier, and with his magnificent regiment the object of admiration for Gen. Robert E. Lee, who came upon the field with Longstreet's corps and witnessed this glorious and inspiring spectacle. He sent a staff officer to compliment Col. Miller and salute the colors of Orr's Rifles. Gen. Kershaw, who was going into the battle, was so thrilled with the warlike bearing of Col. Miller and his men that he also sent his compliments and his staff officer took off his hat and bowed low over his horse's neck to our colors. Gen. Longstreet followed suit and we were all proud of Col. Miller and he was proud of his men.

At Spottsylvania Col. Miller led the regiment into the "bloody angle" of the Horse Shoe Bend, and was in the hottest of the battle until wounded and compelled to leave the field. In the fall he returned to duty as full

colonel. For Col. Harrison had resigned because of permanent disability. In the operations around Petersburg and on the north side of James River Col. Miller did noble and constant service, for his men had unbounded confidence in him. In the winter of 1864 the Bellefield expedition was the severest service required of the regiment. During the movement we slept one night under the same blanket with him on the banks of the Notoway River, and in the morning found that several inches of snow had fallen upon us. On the return march the roads were full of broken ice. A number of our men were barefooted and the march was extremely painful to them. Col. Miller did everything possible for the comfort of the men, but the resources of the Confederate States were exhausted and the soldiers passed the winter in rags and hunger, but as resolved as when they entered the service.

As a sergeant-major we were always around regimental headquarters during the winter of 1864-65. But few of the gallant men who then sat around the camp fire with Col. Miller are now in the land of the living. Dr. T. A. Evans, James S. Cothran, Ben McLaughlin, W. C. Keith have "crossed over the river and rest under the shade of the trees." Col. J. Townes Robertson and the editor of the Medium, Dr. W. M. Whistler, who lives in London, and Dr. J. M. Richmond, of St. Joseph, Mo., only are left, but they are far apart.

On March 31, 1865, Col. Miller commanded the regiment at the battle of Gravelly Run, below Petersburg, and handled it with skill, as it advanced with him in one of the most gallant charges made during the war. As the regiment went forward at double quick, beautifully dressed, the battle flag in the centre, Col. Walter H. Taylor, of Gen. Lee's staff, rode out in front of the line, waved his hat and cried: "Come ahead men. God bless you. I love every one of you!" Gen. Lee sat on his gray horse in the rear and to the left and watched the gallant regiment as it disappeared in the smoke of battle in its onward march.

Col. Miller was captured April 3, 1865, near Sutherland's Station; was sent to Johnson's Island and did not reach home until August.

At the burial of Col. Miller but five survivors of Orr's Rifles were present: T. F. Riley, G. W. Speer and Joel W. Litts, of Company B, and Charles A. Botts and Robert R. Hemphill, of Company G.

He was an upright man, a patriotic citizen, a gallant soldier and has left to his children the "heritage of a good name."

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By addressing Blood Balm Co., Mitchell St., Atlanta, Ga., any of our readers may obtain a sample bottle of their famous B. B. B.—Botanic Blood Balm—the greatest, grandest, best and strongest Blood Remedy made. Cures when all else fails, pimples, ulcers, scrofula, eczema, boils, blood poison, eating sores, distressing skin eruptions, cancer, catarrh, rheumatism. Free medical advice included, when description of your trouble is given. This generous offer is worth while accepting. Sample bottle sent charges prepaid. Large bottles, containing nearly a quart of medicine, for sale by all druggists at \$1.00 per bottle. B. B. B. is away ahead of all other Blood Remedies for curing Blood Humors. Try B. B. B.

— Here the voice of counsel for the defense thrilled with emotion: "Gentlemen of the jury," he cried, "you cannot believe the prisoner to be the cool, calculating villain the prosecution would make him out to be! Were he cool and calculating would he have murdered his wife, as he is accused of doing? Would he not rather have spared her in order that she might be here at this trial to weep for him and influence your verdict with her tears? Only the thoughtless think lawyers do not assist the ends of justice."

In The Police Court—Tried and Judgment in its Favor.

Some time ago Judge Andy E. Calhoun, judge of the police court of Atlanta, had occasion to pass a sentence that was gratifying to him, and if people will take his advice much suffering will be alleviated. The judge is subject to nervous sickheadaches and dyspepsia. Here is his sentence: "I am a great sufferer from nervous sick headache and have found no remedy so effective as Tyner's Dyspepsia Remedy. If taken when the headache first begins it invariably cures." Price 50 cents per bottle. For sale by Wilhite & Wilhite. Sample bottle free on application to Tyner's Dyspepsia Remedy Co., Atlanta, Ga.

Fritz Pries, a farmer living near Baltimore, had no coffin in which to bury his sister, so he disinterred the body of his brother, lifted it from the coffin and wrapping it in a quilt placed it back in the grave and covered it. Then he took the old coffin to the barn, repainted it and put the body of his sister in it. The coffin was then placed in the new grave and covered up.

One Minute Cough Cure quickly cures obstinate summer coughs and colds. "I consider it a most wonderful medicine—quick and safe."—W. W. Merton, Mayhew, Wis. Evans Pharmacy.

—Unvaccinated persons are not permitted to vote in Norway.

Confederate Heroes.

John C. Underwood, of Kentucky, has undertaken to present to the Confederate museum at Richmond portraits of Confederate heroes to the value of \$50,000. At Charleston the last week he exhibited portraits of Lee, Stonewall Jackson, Forrest, Gordon and Wade Hampton. He has set about the work of collecting the fund of \$50,000 with characteristic energy and enthusiasm, and he will not be a happy man until that labor is accomplished. That he will succeed no one who knows the man doubts. It is prompted by sentiment, but a sentiment that has patriotism for its inspiration, a sentiment that ennoble human nature.

In talking of his plans a few days ago, Mr. Underwood told me that he could give but four pictures of Virginians—Lee, Jackson, Johnson and Stuart. I urged him to add A. P. Hill to the list. A. P. Hill was the last name pronounced by Robert E. Lee in delirium, just before death struck down the noblest character of profane history. A. P. Hill was the last name pronounced by Stonewall Jackson in delirium just before death summoned that demigod to "cross over the river and rest under the shade of the trees." Both ordered that superb commander of that incomparable infantry to advance. In death Lee and Jackson again fought their battles, and both summoned the Ney of the army to lead the attack.

Kentucky will have three places—Breckinridge, Buckner and Morgan—and Kentucky will be splendidly represented. Tennessee will be represented by Forrest and Bishop Polk. The portrait of Forrest represents him at the head of his command, dismounted and standing beside his horse. His ample overcoat is bespattered with mud, and his long and heavy sabre is grasped in his left hand. The countenance is stern, even fierce, and reminded me of what I had read of John Graham, of Claverhouse. I urged Underwood to add the portrait of Isham G. Harris to the Tennessee contingent. He was the greatest of the "War governors," North or South. He ought to have been the president of the Confederacy. Had he been at the head of the government at Richmond, history would be a different story. Jefferson Davis was a great man; he had that greatest attribute of a great man—an attribute that was lacking in Marlborough and in Napoleon, in Richelieu and in Bismarck—a pronounced and exquisite sense of justice. Burke himself did not have a loftier hatred of tyranny than did Jefferson Davis. And in all the South Jefferson Davis was the most intensely Southern man. There was but one chance for the South, and that was a dictator in the executive mansion at Richmond. Davis would have preferred defeat, with his head the stake, to a dictatorship, even with himself the autocrat. Not so with Harris. A greater Carnot, he would have created twice 14 armies and organized victory in every one of them.

Mississippi will be represented by President Davis, Stephen D. Lee and Edward C. Walthall. Admiral Semmes, Braxton and Joseph Wheeler will represent Alabama. Longstreet and Gordon came from Georgia, and old Joe Brown might be added, for he was no slouch of a "war governor" himself. Wade Hampton and Kershaw are from South Carolina. The portrait of Hampton, already painted, is of full life-size—and represents him standing in the full vigor of his youthful prime, the handsomest man of his day, in colonel's uniform, with that sword his grandfather captured from Lord Rawdon in the Revolutionary war. The scabbard is tortoise shell, richly mounted in gold; the blade is a Toledo steel, as trusty as any of the proudest uncovered Spanish nobles wore on his thigh in the presence of his king or wielded in battle at St. Quentin or at Lepanto. But Wade Hampton is out of fashion in South Carolina now. Marion and Sumter, Hayne and Pinckney, Calhoun and Lowndes, McDuffie and Preston, too, would be out of fashion in the old State now if they were in the flesh.

I suppose Governor Vance and D. H. Hill will represent North Carolina. Beauregard and Dick Taylor will come from Louisiana. From the trans-Mississippi we have "Pap" Price of Missouri and Pat Cleburn of Arkansas. Albert Sidney Johnson will stand for Texas. There are too battles I have never been able to read of. I have started a score of time to read Victor Hugo's matchless description of Waterloo. I never finished it. I have attempted as frequently to read the history of the battle of Shiloh. I never got beyond the death of that magnificent chieftain, the only American of his day who might have rivaled Robert E. Lee as a soldier and as a gentleman.—Washington Correspondent of the Louisville Courier-Journal.

Kodol Dyspepsia Cure thoroughly digests food without aid from the stomach, and at the same time heals and restores the diseased digestive organs. It is the only remedy that does both of these things and can be relied upon to permanently cure dyspepsia. Evans Pharmacy.

He Obligated the Judge.

In one of the New Orleans courts a Negro was called as a witness.

The judge, who was noted for his austerity, held out the Book, and the witness was sworn, being expected, of course, to kiss the Book. But the witness was unused to criminal proceedings.

"Why don't you kiss?" demanded the judge.

"Sar?"

"Ain't you going to kiss?" again asked the judge.

"Sar?" repeated the astonished Negro.

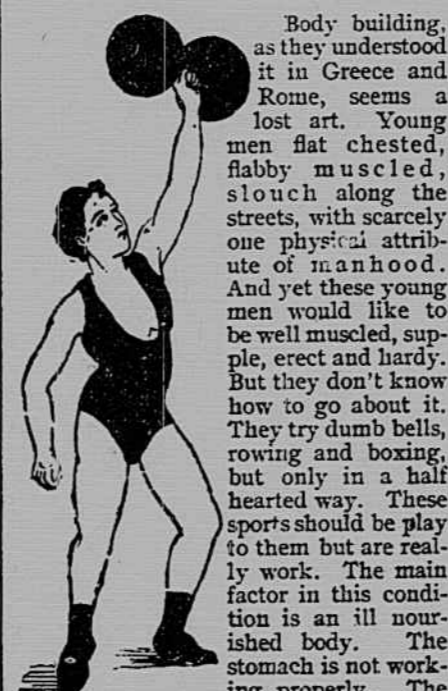
"Kiss, I tell you," roared the judge.

"Yes, sar! yes, sar!" exclaimed the frightened Negro, whose long arms were promptly thrown around the judicial neck, and a kiss was imprinted upon the judge's face instead of the Book.

Dogs in Kansas.

Kansas has suffered in years past from an over-production of grasshoppers and populists. It is now afflicted, it appears, with a surplusage of dogs. It is long on dogs, but short on sheep. The secretary of the Kansas State Agricultural Society deprecates this fact in a recent report. He shows that there are but 200,000 sheep in the State, while the number of dogs is 176,000. Two years ago the sheep outnumbered the dogs by 30 per cent, while last year this percentage was reduced to 17. In one county there were 909 dogs to each sheep, and in twelve selected counties there were 209 dogs to each sheep. If a similar investigation were made in other States we doubt not that some of them would show an equal disproportion of dogs and sheep. But it is not a good sign anywhere. Prosperity for the farmer does not lie along the way of an increase in the dog crop.—Lealie's Weekly.

— No one may marry more than five times in Russia, and after reaching the age of 80 the gay and festive widower and the frolicsome widow are barred by the statute of limitations.



Body building, as they understood it in Greece and Rome, seems a lost art. Young men fat chested, flabby muscled, slouch along the streets, with scarcely one physical attribute of manhood. And yet these young men would like to be well muscled, supple, erect and hardy. But they don't know how to go about it. They try dumb bells, rowing and boxing, but only in a half hearted way. These sports should be played to them but are really work. The main factor in this condition is an ill nourished body. The stomach is not working properly. The digestive and nutritive organs are not in active health. The result is that the nutrition for the body is not distributed in proper proportions to make blood, bone and muscle.

Weak young men who take a course of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery will find a marked change in their physical strength and energy. The body will be built up so that gymnastics will not tax and tire them, but be the natural exercise enjoyed by muscles which are nourished into firm health.

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Gay Bird Tobacco.....	35c.
Our Leader Tobacco.....	27c.
Nabob's Cigars.....	1c. each.
Stogies.....	4 for 5c.
Premio or Habana.....	for 5c.
Old Glory.....	8c. a pack.
Arbuckle's Coffee 1lb. pound	No. 9 Coffee 9c. pound.
Soda 10 lbs. for 25c.	Candies 6c. per pound.

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