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NEW PISTOL LAW.

Our Leading City Obeys the Law. Charleston Merchants Say it is a Good Law and Will Respect it.

The new pistol law has gone into effect and it is unlawful to sell or carry a pistol concealed or not concealed less than three pounds in weight or under 20 inches in length. If the law is strictly enforced, the totting of pistols will be at an end.

At the last session of the legislature the sale, manufacture and carrying of pistols was discussed freely by the members of the House of Representatives. They all recognized that the pistol habit in this State was getting to be too common and steps were taken to prevent the carrying of concealed weapons. The lawmakers got down to the root of the practice and passed laws making it unlawful for dealers to sell pistols under twenty inches in length or under three pounds in weight. The pistol law is as follows:

"Be it enacted by the General Assembly of the State of South Carolina, That from and after the first day of July, 1902, it shall be unlawful for any one to carry about the person, whether concealed or not, any pistol less than twenty inches long or three pounds in weight, and it shall be unlawful for any person, firm or corporation to manufacture, sell or offer for sale, or transport for sale or use into the State, any pistol of less weight than three pounds and less length than 20 inches. Any violation of this section shall be punished by a fine of not more than \$100 or imprisonment for not more than thirty days, and in case of a sale by a person, firm or corporation the sum of \$100 shall be forfeited to and for the use of the school fund of the county wherein the violation takes place, to be recorded as other fines and forfeitures; provided this act shall not apply to peace officers in the actual discharge of their duties, or to the carrying or keeping of pistols by persons while on their own premises."

The hardware dealers in the city say they will respect the law to the letter. The law is a good one, they say, and they are glad that the General Assembly saw fit to pass it.

A well known hardware merchant said that most of the hardware men in Charleston had very few pistols in stock and those who had pistols on hand would return them to the manufacturers. When the law was passed the hardware men here at once began to dispose of the pistols they had in stock, selling them at a reduced price in order not to have a large stock on hand when the law went into effect. He said that there was no money in pistols and the dealers only kept them because they were forced to.—Charleston Post.

REV. SAM T. CRECH ENDORSES THE TIMES ARGUMENT.

Kelton, S. S., July 7, 1902.
FRIEND MATHEIS:—I have just read your editorial in last week's TIMES regarding the new pistol law and find your argument "extra fine." If you continue as you have been doing for the past few months I am fearful we will lose you, for indeed such men are in great demand. The right man is at the right place. I mean at the right work, place cannot be used at this place, for beyond all doubt our growing E. H. deserves and in a short while will demand a much larger place.

Your comment on the excess fare charged by railroads is also, with many others, considered extra good.
To my opinion every man measures corn by his own hat bushel, therefore when I reach the conclusion that all are dishonest I am dishonest myself.
Please do not consider this flattery as I mean every word, in fact a little more but will leave some for next time.

THEY DENVER ENDORSE THE TIMES' POSITION.

I read the "friendly" controversy between THE TIMES and Newberry Observer, and agree fully with Editor Mathis. As the Observer truthfully puts it, the old law has been a farce, because the people made it so. The fault was not in the law. There were many ways to, to dodge around the enforcement of it. In the present law, where is the chance? There is none whatever, so it cannot be a farce. It is the people, and those called "substantial," talking against laws in various ways, that cause so many violations. You can recount the time when so many influential people and papers talked so against the dispensary law, what they would or would not do, about "personal rights, etc.," that caused many violations, and some bloodshed, and now we ought to steer clear of making this law a farce. I have always tried to be law abiding. I had no use for a pistol to carry around, but on one occasion, I had about changed my mind, but I go back to the same old groove and say emphatically, that there is no need of carrying pistols. If one must get out of an imaginary mad spell, better not be prepared to shoot out, but as the negroes would say, fight it out "on your own," or quit getting in the spalls. I have thought there was no need of a law, but I know it is not the law, but the people. Some may think the present law, a hard one, but one could easily become used to it, for what is the use of carrying a pistol everywhere, because a man may get killed with one on him. I know of some men who were. So the pistol did not save their lives.

THE SAD WORK OF THE DEADLY PISTOL—A YOUNG MAN SHOWS WHAT HE WOULD DO IF A POLICEMAN CAME FOR HIM.

"A young man by the name of Jesse Willard, living in Union county, just beyond Whitnair, died on Wednesday from the effects of a wound received accidentally from the pistol of another young man, his friend, named Trammell. The young men were talking of the new pistol law when Trammell says: 'I'll show you how I'll do when a policeman comes to arrest me for carrying a pistol.' As he said this he reached round to his hip-pocket and drew his gun and in some way it went off, the ball passing through both wrists of young Willard and into his body. That was on Sunday, the 29th of June. The young man lingered until Wednesday and died."—Newberry Observer.

MURRAH FOR OLD NEWBERRY.

The new law prohibiting the selling and carrying of pistols less than 20 inches long and three pounds in weight went into effect on Tuesday. There are no pistols of that kind in Newberry—probably none anywhere. The dealers here had about sold out their stock of pistols when the law became effective, and the few remaining have been laid aside. It seems to be the intention of the dealers to obey the law.—Newberry Observer.

SPARTAN MERCHANTS CONCUR.

Spartanburg.—The new pistol law went into effect July 1 and hereafter it will be unlawful to carry or sell a pistol of less than three pounds in weight and under twenty inches in length.

The legislature at its last session was determined to take some action in regard to the sale, manufacture and carrying of pistols. The subject was fully discussed and the result was the enactment of a law that although decidedly unique in some respects, completely and effectively meets all the conditions which confronted the lawmakers in their desire to put an end to the "pistol totting" habit in South Carolina.

Dealers have had ample time in which to dispose of stock on hand and it is believed that most of them concur in the action of the general Assembly.—Special to Atlanta Journal.

COLUMBIA WILL OBSERVE THE LAW.

The new pistol law went into effect Tuesday and it will be unlawful for any person, except peace officers, to carry, whether concealed or not, any pistol less than twenty inches in

length or three pounds in weight. There was at first some talk about contesting the constitutionality of the law, but hardware dealers and gun dealers generally have decided to let it go. So far as can be learned the dealers will observe the law strictly.—The Daily Record.

GREENVILLE HAS THE FIRST CASE.

The first case heard in this section and doubtless in the State, under the new pistol law, was heard Tuesday morning about 8:30 o'clock by Magistrate McBea.

The defendants were two colored boys, Tep Brown and Ben Davis. The coons had been shooting their pistols in the neighborhood of Dan Allen's house and when the officers put in their appearance held their pistols in their hands.

Brown and Davis were taken before the Mayor and sent to the gang for 15 days for disorderly conduct. At the conclusion of their sentence on the gang they will be held for trial at the court of general sessions.—Greenville News.

SENATOR DOUGLASS' ADDRESS

Delivered in the Opera House at Union on Memorial Day, June 3rd, 1902.

Comrades, Ladies and Gentlemen: I am here today, the object of your generous partiality, to perform a duty which is indeed a labor of love. We are not at an open grave to mourn a new sorrow, or a recent grief; nor to revive any bitter memories or cherish any unpleasant recollections of a cause, which though lost, must ever be dear to the hearts of those who donned the gray and marched to battle to the martial strains of "Dixie," but we are here, my comrades, to pay loving tribute to the memories of the Confederate dead who laid down their lives in defense of their country.

Time, the great Healer, has softened and mellowed the inexpressible grief under which we staggered, and kind nature has decorated the graves of our dead heroes with the memorials of her love.

Above every tomb her sunshine has shed its radiance, her winds have sighed, her tears have wept. Upon the unmarked graves of our humblest dead, she has summoned a mantle of green grasses to grow, vines to creep, flowers to bud and blossom, and the birds of the air to waile their sweetest lullabies; so it is fitting therefore, that we, the survivors of that immortal host, should meet at appropriate seasons and contribute our testimonies of love and esteem, and honor those who yielded their lives a sacrifice upon the altar of their country. Their memories have been enriched and their associations sweetened, as the winters and summers have come and gone, until today we are cemented together by "hooks of steel" stronger in our bonds of brotherhood than at any time since the memorable struggle was ended.

For the benefit of some misguided sons of the South of a later generation, I am constrained to say that in the light of the glorious past, we can not consign the future to oblivion, but from the altar of our memories, we would kindle the flame of our hopes, and on these occasions pour annual libations to the eternal truth that had its being incarnate in the Confederate cause, it is because of the eternal justice of our cause, that we have received the plaudits of the whole world, and won from foes that tribute of admiring respect. True it is that our flag was furled, and the cause for which we fought was lost, perhaps it is best that it was so, but right or wrong, we believed then, as we believe now in the justice and the righteousness of these principles for which we fought and sublimely struggled.

Whatever may be said of the expediency of secession or of slavery, no Confederate soldier who cherishes truth and justice, can say that his comrades, whose life-blood bathed the hills and reddened the streams of old Virginia, were rebels, and transmit to the sons of those noble sires, the infamous heritage of "treachery." It is a vile slander that the motive which welded the Southern people into a solid mass of revolt, was devotion to, or even defense of slavery. Not one Southern man in thirty, owned, or ever expected to own a slave. To preserve the right of the system of slavery, or to maintain the Constitutional right to secede from

the Union of themselves, a corporal's guard would not have followed the recruiter's drum in any Southern State. But "the great consuming tide that bore aloft that mighty movement for self-government was born of two great impulses, one political, the other social, one the cherished outgrowth of American freedom, the other a plant of heavier growth, of deeper root, one the love of State, the other the love of home, and this loyalty to the State, fed the steady consuming flames of battle from Manasses to Appomattox."

The organic law of this country, declares that the Federal Government is one of limited powers, and the powers not expressly delegated to it are reserved to the States.

Thus, my dead comrades, a wreath is laid upon your humble graves, and a vindication is offered to your memories unconsciously by the hand of the enemy. No, my friends, it was for a higher, holier purpose than the lust of gain or the greed of power, that we yielded up our lives. When men forsake all that life holds dear and sweet, for the cold, bitter experiences of war—when they leave behind them their beautiful homes, flourishing cities and devoted loved ones, for the trying scenes of death and carnage, when the fond mother plants the farewell kiss upon the lips of her boy, and willingly sacrifices him upon the altar of his country, I say when men and women are moved by such heroic self-sacrificing devotion to a cause, within their bosoms is the burning conviction that that cause is a holy cause, those opinions which impel them are honest opinions.

We are told that since the fortunes of war were against us, it follows that our cause was an unjust one; do not my comrades be deceived by the unwarranted conclusion. A great principle never dies, and while it is true our swords are sheathed, and the war cry is over, yet even now if our honor were insulted, and our sacred constitutional rights were trampled upon, the sword of a Lee, a Jackson or a Hampton would leap from its scabbard to resent the offered insult to their country and punish the "maligners of her honor."

Were it all to do over again, with the fearful issues of life and death involved, with all of the consequences which have followed in its train, I believe I utter the sentiment of my old comrades when I say that they would again, if their country called them, rally around the old flag like a wall of fire, in defense of home, of honor and of constitutional rights, and receive anew their baptism of fire and blood.

Style it rebellion if you please, and call us Rebels if you will. If Robert E. Lee and Stonewall Jackson were Rebels I glory in the name, for Warren and Hamilton who gave their love and service to this young Republic in overthrowing the yoke of British oppression and resisting British tyranny were also Rebels. If Johnson, Stuart and Hamilton were Rebels, Franklin was a Rebel, and the imperishable words of Patrick Henry when he raised his voice in the assembly of Virginia and proclaimed that immortal utterance, "Give me liberty, or give me death," were the sentiments of rebellion uttered by a Rebel. If Jefferson Davis was a Rebel; George Washington who broke the oath of allegiance to the tyrannical government of England and waved the stars and stripes "over the land of the free and the home of the brave" was the "Arch Rebel" of the eighteenth century.

It was the love of country and of home that moved the immortal three hundred at Thermopylae to bar with their living bodies the Persian march on trembling Sparta. It was the love of country and home that held aloof the heaven given barrier under which Constantine strove to stay the flood of Rome's decline. It was the love of country and home that bore along in wondrous triumph that banner of crimson silk which floated beneath the imperial eagles of France. It was love of country and home that impelled Joan of Arc to march at the head of battle, and lead an army to victory, a statement says one, "as old as time," as wide as the pulsing sea—the great taproot of patriotism, which makes life beautiful and governments strong. It was this sentiment which for four long years bore aloof the tattered standard which flashed athwart the pathway of the

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nations like a meteor across the tranquil pathway of the stars, which flashed over Stuart's knightly plume, which fell in folds of woe over Stonewall Jackson's bier and whose last fluttering brought the tears to the cheek and broke the heart of Lee. Monuments may crumble and fall, the inscriptions be defaced by the hand of time but the memory of such men as Lee, Jackson and Davis is imperishable.

The brief limits of this address will not permit more than a bare mention of the great men, officers and privates, who have added lustre and grandeur to the Confederate cause, nor to recount their deeds of valor upon a hundred blood-stained fields of battle from the green hills of Virginia to the sunny plains of Florida. The annals of war bear testimony to no such band of gallant men as enlisted and served as private soldiers in the Confederate cause. Coming largely from the class of our people who were poor in the goods and affairs of this world, no broad acres, no slaves, no gold, their motives must have been prompted by the purest, most unselfish and highest type of patriotism. Within their bosoms the fires of patriotism must have burned with a holy glow, fanned by the flames of deep conception of right and justice. Their country was their only heritage and for this they willingly offered their lives a sacrifice for principles. Nothing deterred them from the pathway of duty, through sunshine and through shadow, through poverty, privation, suffering and death, their consistency was unimpaired.

They fell under parching suns, amid freezing snows, on fields of carnage, with nothing but the blue canopy of heaven above them and the wild winds mourning their sad requiem.

The "Old Guard of Napoleon," the six hundred at Balaklava who rode in the valley of death, have been immortalized in song and story, but the achievement, the deeds of daring which characterized the humble private Confederate soldier upon a hundred battlefields where he suffered without murmuring the mental and physical torture of a thousands deaths, stand out pre-eminently in the annals of war as the most unparalleled exhibition of courage and unflinching devotion to duty that ever caused victory to be perched upon the standards of conquering heroes.

They lie beneath many a marble shaft,
Our noble, fallen brave;
They lie on many a battle field,
In many an unmarked grave.
They lie by honor guarded safe,
In peaceful, dreamless rest;
They lie by every valiant heart,
And patriot spirit blessed!

They come on these Memorial Days,
They haunt the very air,
With scenes long passed, with forms long stilled,
With words and deeds that were,
They come to mourning household bands,
They come in heart and thought,
They come in struggles they have made,
In battles they have fought,
They come and living voices speak
Their names and deeds once more;
We give a flower, a sigh, and then
Memorial day is o'er.

O children, dear, who never saw
The old Confederate gray;
Who never saw our soldiers march
With flag and drum away;
Who never saw the dead brought back
The wounded line the street;
Who never heard the cannon's roar,
Nor tramp of victor feet;
Keep as a holy trust this day
To their remembrance true,
Who, sorely tried, were faithful found,
And fought and died for you.

That so, though dead they still may live;
Live on, as year by year,
This day recalls the memories
So sacred and so dear.
Live on, though ages o'er them roll;
Live on in flower decked grave;
Live on in hearts that cherish still
Our own, our fallen brave.

Their undimmed valor in the face of four fold their own strength, with odds as to numbers, odds of appliances, odds as to training, odds of facilities, desperate fighting, until outnumbered and overpowered by the inexhaustible resources of a magnificently equipped army, have extorted terms of eulogy from the pen of even reluctant historians and commanded the applause and admiration of future generations. Whoever attempts to taint the memories of such men who "vital in every part died only by annihilation," utters a falsehood against as gallant and brave a band of men as ever threw defiance in the face of an invading foe.

And it is strange that these men displayed such a heroism, a heroism that challenged the wonder and admiration of the world. Noble fathers make noble sons, noble mothers make noble daughters, noble leaders make noble followers. The nobility which marked the leaders of the Confederacy was caught like an inspiration by their noble men in the ranks.

First and foremost among these matchless leaders was the great patriot and statesman, Jefferson Davis. Born in Christian county, Kentucky, June 3, 1808, of a Georgian father. At the age of sixteen he received an appointment at West Point and graduated with distinction in 1828. In 1837 Mr. Davis married a daughter of Zachary Taylor and retired to private life on his Mississippi farm until 1846 when hostilities with Mexico commenced. A regiment of volunteers was organized at Vicksburg and he was elected its colonel.

He and his Missippians took active part in the siege of Monterey, Taylor with Davis' Mississippi regiment, a squadron of dragoons, and Thomas and a battery of artillery under Bragg won the battle of Buena Vista. In this battle Col. Davis was so severely wounded that he had to be sent home on crutches. In 1847 on his return home the Governor of Mississippi appointed him to fill out the unexpired term of Senator Speights in the United States Senate. After serving out this term he was elected to represent Mississippi in the National Assembly from 1851 to his resignation on the secession of his State in 1861. At this time orators and oratory ruled the hour. The United States in 1850 was in its palmy days, never before at one time did so many illustrious men sit in the highest councils of the nation. In that body of giants, as it was then, with Calhoun, Webster, Clay leading its debates, we find with Mr. Davis, Chase, of Ohio, Houston, of Texas, Bell of Tennessee, Sumner of Massachusetts and Tombs, of Georgia.

Prescott, the historian, in his letters of reminiscences of the Senate of 1850, says: "Davis impressed me more by dignity of manner and speech with what a model Senator should be than any other that I have heard address the Senate." As a writer of terse, chaste, classic English, he had few equals; his great book, the "Rise and Fall of the Confederate Government," show a clearness and beauty of style which proclaim him a cultured and broadly endowed scholar.

After delivering his farewell address to the Senate he returned to Mississippi as Major General and