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LYNCHING IN GREENVILLE

The Negro Johnson Forfeits His Life.

THE JAILER IS OVERPOWERED

And the Sheriff is Kept at Bay.

A Quiet Capture of the Fated Prisoner and Speedy Work of the Mob—Hung to a Sapling and Riddled With Shot.

On Monday morning at two o'clock the officers of the law found a mob of sixty men within two blocks of the jail. They were hunting Ira Johnson, the negro who shot Frank Langford at Piedmont a week ago. There was not the least intimation of their presence until officer Gunnells discovered them on Brown street. It was hoped inasmuch as the time for court was so near at hand that no trouble would ensue, and the machinery of justice would be allowed to do that which has been delegated to it.

Sergeant Gunnells, on discovering the presence of the mob, immediately notified Sheriff Gilreath, who joined him and together they went towards the jail. On the corner of Main and Broad streets they were halted by a strong guard, who with cocked weapons warned them at the peril of their lives not to come one step nearer. It was needless for them to go further, as Johnson was already in the possession of the mob.

Sheriff Gilreath, believing that all danger has passed, turned over the keys to the jailer on Saturday night, having kept them in his office safe or at his house up to that time since Johnson was lodged in jail.

So far as can be known now the party was made up from around the home of Langford near Marietta on Saturday night and Sunday. All their plans were carefully made and well executed. The police report that the city showed all the discipline of a military company. It seems that they agreed to rendezvous in the wood just beyond Mr. S. M. Snider's, on the Buncombe road, two miles northwest of the city. Here they stopped before coming in the city, tied their horses and fed them. Then a detachment on foot came into the city by back streets, and were not discovered until they were right in the heart of the city.

On arriving at the jail they demanded the keys of the jailor, Homer L. Story, who refused them. Then they sent off for tools, but in the meantime the keys, which had been hid in the parlor, were found by some of the party who were searching for them. Jailor Story refused to unlock the doors after the keys were found, although his life was threatened. The mob managed to open the doors, and the prisoner was soon secured. Without stir or bustle they marched back with the victim of their vengeance, returning by back streets as they came, and the solemn procession did not disturb the peace of the city with noise or tumult, only an occasional word of positive command reaching the ears of those who were looking with wonder and amazement from closed blinds upon the curious spectacle. The prisoner was taken to the place of rendezvous not far from Mr. Snider's, and as the first gray streaks of dawn came stealing up from the East, a volley of half a hundred guns ended the life of Ira Johnson. Many heard the shots, and it was thought that it was a battle between the blockaders and the dispensary constables. Johnson may have been hung, but the inference is from what can be gathered that he was tied up to the tree and shot. It was a small tree on the left of the road leading to the Sans Souci race-track and about one hundred yards from the Buncombe road. His feet were a few inches from the ground. Many of the mob were met by early comers to the city, and one man said all he saw had their faces blackened. They scattered in different directions, leaving their victim for the coroner.

THE CORONER'S INQUEST.

Coroner Meeks, as soon as he heard of the lynching, went to the scene of the trouble and cut the body down and brought it to town. A jury was empanelled with Amos McCurry as foreman. The rest of the jurors were: F. M. Langley, S. T. Lineberger, Jeff Harrison, J. R. Bower, D. D. Dixon, W. M. Knight, J. H. Taylor, Joseph Parks, G. W. Manly and M. M. Garrett.

The first witness was Homer L. Story, the county jailor, who testified as follows: On Monday morning about 2 o'clock my mother, who was sick and unable to sleep, looked out of the window of the jailor's residence and saw the yard full of men. She came to my bed and woke me up, and told me the yard was full of men. I got down to the door as quick as I could. They were knocking on the door with an axe. I told them not to break down the door, as I would unlock it for them. They said to hurry up about it. As soon as the door was unlocked the mob crowded in and asked for the keys. I told them I didn't have the keys. They said they wanted Ira Johnson. I told them he was upstairs. They went up stairs and examined the doors. They came back and wanted to know where the keys were. I told them that since Monday the sheriff had been locking up at night and taking the keys with him. They pulled their pistols on me and said they didn't believe me. They said I had them and had to give them up. I told them I couldn't give them what I didn't have. The leader said they would get tools and break in. Some went off for tools and while they were gone, fifteen or twenty of them searched for the keys. Those who had gone for tools came back in about fifteen or twenty minutes. As they came back with tools, one of the mob found the keys. They then turned on me, drew pistols and said I had to unlock the door. I told them I wouldn't do it. They went up stairs to try it themselves. They unlocked one lock and hung the keys in the second lock. They came back after me and said I had to unlock it for them. Three men carried me upstairs and the leader of the crowd ordered me to unlock the door. I told them I would see them dead and in hell before I would do it. They said they would compel me to do it. I told them it was a poor set of men that couldn't unlock a door with the keys in them hands. By that time, they had the lock undone. About fifteen men went in the hall. One man stepped behind the door and unwound the cells. He seemed to be well acquainted with the place. They were gone in there about three minutes and came back with Ira Johnson. One man stayed to see me lock up. He said he would see that none of the prisoners got away. While I was locking up, the mob left.

On cross examination, Mr. Story said he didn't recognise any of the mob, that they were all masked.

Policeman Dan Henderson was next sworn. He said: I had been to meet the train and had come down to the Mansion House in the 'bus. I started from the Mansion House to the guard house and met Sheriff Gilreath. He told me a mob was going to the jail and for me to go there with him. We went, sometimes running and sometimes walking fast. When we got to Heldman's old stable, we saw the crowd. The sheriff said, "They are there." The mob told us to halt, but we kept on and they told us again to halt. They said they would shoot hell out of us if we went further. I heard the guns cock. We stood there about two minutes, when I heard one of the mob say, "Everything's easy. God damn him, we've got him." The crowd then marched off across Broad street from the jail.

On cross examination: They kept saying halt. Sheriff Gilreath said, "I'm going down there." I said, "Hold on. There's no sense in that." He advanced a couple of steps. I told him to stop or they would shoot him. He said, "They won't shoot me." I said, "They don't know you in the dark." By this time the mob had gotten nearly across Broad street. The sheriff and I went to the jail and met Story at the gate. He told us they had got the prisoner and gone. They had the prisoner before they halted us. There was no one on Broad street except the mob, Sheriff Gilreath and myself. Before we got to the jail, the sheriff said, "They have never gotten a prisoner from me and I hope we can save him." I didn't recognize any one. We were about forty yards from the mob. It was about fifteen minutes of three. There were at least one hundred men on Broad street, all armed. I believe they would have shot us if we had gone on. They cocked their guns right on us. There were thirty or forty guns. They talked like they were talking through masks. I don't know whether they were disguised

Policeman O. S. Gunnells was sworn and said: Between two and three o'clock Monday morning, I was on Finlay's corner with Officer McCarrell. We saw a large body of men going down Brown street. I told McCarrell to wake up the chief. I ran to the sheriff's house for him. I woke him up and told him a mob was going towards the jail. I then ran back towards the chief's. I waited for him, but he didn't come, and I went down Main street as fast as I could. I heard the mob turning up Court street. I advanced on them pretty fast. I got within thirty-five yards of them. Some one in the crowd said, "Turn to the right." They told me to halt and faced towards me with guns in position to shoot. The outer line presented on me and paused as if marking time, while the rest passed through in rear of the Greenville News office. Then the line fell in behind the mob. I came back to Main street and met Sheriff Gilreath and Officer Henderson. I didn't see any more of the mob.

Sheriff Gilreath was sworn and said: About half past two o'clock, I was awakened by Sergeant Gunnells. He told me a mob was going towards the jail. I told him to go to the jail and tell the jailor to hold till I got there. I dressed and started for the jail as soon as possible. I met Officer Henderson and told him about it and asked him to go with me. We got to Heldman's old store and found that the mob had possession of the jail. About twenty-five or thirty guns were pointed at us and we were ordered to halt. I kept on but was stopped by Henderson. My purpose was to get between the mob and the jail, and with Story and Henderson keep the mob off. If I had got there they would have had to walked over me to get to the prisoner. While I was parleying with Henderson I heard some say, "We've got him." The crowd then moved off.

Dr. W. E. Wright was sworn, and testified as follows: I examined the dead body of Ira Johnson, assisted by Doctors Pack and Goodlett. We found a ¾ inch rope around his neck, and that he was shot from the ankles to the top of his head. The shot ranged in size from bird shot to pistol shots of 38 calibre. All the shot seemed to enter from the back. Fifteen or twenty shots that seemed to be 32s or 38s went in the back, through the lungs in the direction of the heart. Four or five went through the surface of the skin. Any of these would have caused death. His neck was not broken. I judge that there were about five hundred shots in his body, including the bird shot. His hands were tied behind his back with a home-made handkerchief.

Dr. Wright was the last witness, and after his testimony the jury retired and in a few minutes returned with this verdict: "We, the jury, find that Ira Johnson came to his death by the use of a rope around his neck and gun and pistol shots fired from the hands of unknown parties."

There were three negroes on the jury and one of them asked a good many questions of the witnesses.

The body of the dead man was horribly mutilated, being literally perforated with bullet holes. Many of the trees around the scene of the lynching where hit by the bullets, and the tree to which Johnson was tied was scarred from the ground to a height of seven feet. Many people visited the spot during the day and hence no signs of the lynchers could be found.

About the first man to get to the body was a colored boy who works for S. M. Snider. The body was tied to the tree and it seems that no attempt at hanging was made, but that the negro was at once shot to death. Mr. Snider says he was awaken by the shots about ten minutes after four. He thought it was probably a fight between blockaders and constables and he didn't get up. He heard them coming back, and got up and went to the window. He saw several vehicles, one of these seemed to be a hack. The hack was full of men and there were also two men on one horse, and three walking, two together and the other by himself. Those walking seemed to be trying to catch up with the hack. It was bright moonlight. Some of the crowd came on towards town and some went out the Buncombe road.

There is no man who deplores the lynching more than Sheriff Gilreath. He said Monday that he was not expecting anything of the kind, as he had been told Friday by responsible parties that the people around Langford's home had agreed to let the law take its course and let a jury pass on the case. The Sheriff said that if he had had thirty minutes' notice, the mob would have never gotten the prisoner. No blame can be placed on Sheriff Gilreath. He is too well known as a brave officer who will do his duty at all hazards. Young Story also acted the part of a brave man in refusing to unlock the door when ordered to do so with pistols pointed at his head.

The coroner procured a coffin and the body of the dead man was taken by his relatives to Piedmont on Monday afternoon.

THE GIRLS' STATE COLLEGE.

The Buildings Have Been Completed and the Faculty Has Been Chosen.

On the 3d of October the doors of the Winthrop Normal and Industrial College will be thrown open to the women of the State. The buildings are in readiness for the opening and the faculty, which is believed to be a strong one, has been completed and will be on hand ready for the work. The board of trustees at their last meeting rounded off the preliminary details of the opening of the College.

At the last meeting quite a number of vacancies were filled, and the faculty of the College as completed is made up as follows:

President, D. B. Johnson.

Pedagogics, ethics and psychology, Prof. E. P. Moses, Raleigh, N. C.

English language and literature, Prof. J. P. Kinard, Newberry, S. C.

Assistant, Miss Wicker, Virginia.

Mathematics, physics and astronomy. Prof. W. E. Breazeale, New Brunswick, N. J.

Assistant, Miss Mary G. Pope, Greenville.

Music department, Wade R. Brown, Greenville.

INSTRUCTORS.

Chemistry and biology, Miss M. W. Woodrow, Columbia, S. C.

Latin and modern languages, Miss Hortense Roberts, Nashville.

Free hand and industrial drawing, Miss Ella MacD Alford, Sellers, S. C.

Sewing, dressmaking and millinery, Miss Lucy Dallett, Philadelphia, Pa.

Cooking and domestic economy, Miss Laura P. Hutinson, Philadelphia, Pa.

Physical culture, physiology and hygiene, Miss Ada Wolfe, Manchester, Iowa.

Stenography and typewriting, Miss E. R. Hughes, Philadelphia, Pa.

Vocal music, Miss M. M. Scuther, Massachusetts.

Instramental music, Miss Rozelle Waddill, Greenville.

Matron, Mrs. F. T. Simpson, Roper's, S. C.

Practice department, Miss Mamie F. Wickliffe, Autreville, S. C., and Miss Russell, Anderson.

The board of trustees passed a resolution authorizing President Johnson to employ his executive staff, the names and salaries to be submitted and approved to the board at its next meeting.

According to law there will be an admission fee of $40, which will be remitted in cases where it is shown that the parties are not able to pay the fee. An incidental fee of $5 will be placed in deposit every year with the authorities, and if after the close of the year there is no breakage charged to the student the $5 will be returned. A medical fee of $5 per year will be charged, and the book fee will be $5 per annum. Instrumental music and art, which will be entirely optional, will be charged for at the rate of $3 per month. The requirements for admission are that applicants shall be 15 years of age, of sound morals and with good health, and shall already have an elementary knowledge of the English branches. To test this knowledge an elementary entrance examination will be held. Arrangements have been made for one year's work in the preparatory department. It is, however, intended that this preparatory department should only be used in cases where after a year in the preparatory department the girl can enter the regular college course. Board, fuel lights and washing will be supplied at actual cost, which, it is estimated, will be about $8.50 a month.

BAPTIST YOUNG PEOPLE'S UNION.

The Fifth Annual Convention in Baltimore—Gratifying Achievements of the Organization.

The international convention of the Baptist Young People's Union of America was held in Baltimore last week. The attendence was very large from all parts of the United States and Canada, and the reception committees were kept busy in meeting delegates at the depots and wharves. The report of the board of managers read at the opening session says:

The spirit of the annual reports for the past three conventions has been "Progress." This report brings the same cheering sentiment as its keynote. No enterprise ever launched by the Baptists has seen such a phenomenal development. There were nine organized States represented at our first historic convention at Chicago. There are thirty-one States organized to-day, and we have with us representatives of the two unions of Canada, that of the maritime provinces and that of Ontario and Quebec. Four years ago the wisdom of the special organization of the young people was a matter under discussion. To-day the denomination is practically a unit in favor of both the local organization of the young people and the fraternal union of their organization for the study and emphasis of this particular order of church work.

A great achievement in our denominational history was won when, in 1891, this Baptist Young People's Union of America was organized. The last year has been emphatically the best of the four which the union has seen. Enthusiasm for the movement was greatly kindled by the Toronto convention. The whole year has recorded the new impetus given to the movement. There has been great growth of confidence in the working of the young people's society as a local method. Quiet, steady work by thousands of our Baptist young people in their several societies is satisfying all thoughtful people of the working value of these societies.

Progress has been made in the spirit of federation. Our Canadian and Southern brethren were introduced to each other last year at Toronto. This year North and South, East and West have come together in notable ways for Baptist fellowship and co-operation. The Fortress Monroe conference concerning home mission interests in the South was "a patch of new sky." The conference on young people's organization in the South, which met at Washington, May 9th, was characterized by generous words of appreciation for the B. Y. P. U. A.

It is quite certain that this great home gathering of our American Baptist Young People to sing, to pray and to confer together of our common fath and work was never more widely approved than at this time. When we consider that nearly one-third of American evangelical Christendom are Baptists, it is surely a grand and worthy order that we have once a year on such a gathering.

While cherishing the kindest of sentiments towards the comprehensive movement of the Christian Endeavor in its efforts to include all denominations in such meeting, we may nevertheless believe that the proper development of our Baptist millions imperatively demands these conventions of more denominational sentiment and purpose. In holding such meetings, we believe that we are planing most intelligently for the future of the cause of Christ as its destines lie within our responsibility.

BALTIMORE, Md., July 18.—The fifth international convention of the Baptist Young People's Union of America was begun to-day. It was sweltering hot within the inclosure of the great tent, brought here from Cleveland for the convention. The decorations were simple. The colors of the union, red, white, blue and yellow, were festooned in front of the officers' stage; and on the pole supporting the tent were minature flags of the United States, Great Britian and the Young People's Union. "Smoking Prohibited" was the legend on a frequent and conspicuous placard. Banked behind the officers' stage was the chorus of 500 voices.

The delegations began to arrive early. New York marched in singing to cornet accompaniment, and was welcomed with a generous clapping of hands. Brooklyn soon followed, the caps of the delegates bearing the word and figures, "Brooklyn, 1897,—a suggestion that the convention should go to the City of Churches two years hence.

At 9:30 the 1,500 pound bell rang out its call for delegates and people generally to gather at the tent, and the arrivals were rapid thereafter.

Promptly at 10 o'clock President John H. Chapman, of Chicago, arose and called upon the chorus, which responded with "Beautiful Zion, the Beautiful City of God," and "Jesus Saves."

Rev. C. A. Hobbs, D. D., of Delavan, Wis., made an earnest prayer that the blessing of God would be with the delegates and their work.

The president was very happy in his address, and called forth much laughter when he alluded to the warm hearts and warm sun of the South. Skeptics and pessimists were referred to the recent great convention in Boston and the present gathering as the best answer to their doubts and despondency.

In a happily expressed speech, Mr. Eugene Levering welcomed the delegates to the city. Mr. Levering was followed by Mayor Latrobe, who gave to the delegates an earnest and cordial welcome to Baltimore and Maryland.

After the responses to the address of welcome, the convention took a recess.

At the afternoon session the theme was "Systematic and proportionate giving—What is your society doing to promote it?"

At the night session the Christian culture banners for Juniors were presented. The banner for the sacred literature course was won by the Austin Association of Illinois, and was presented by President John F. Forbes, of DeLand, Fla. The banner for Bible readers course was won by the Jackson Association of Michigan. It was presented by Rev. E. E. Pollard, of Roanoke, Va. The Canton Society of Ohio won the conquest missionary banner, and it was presented by Prof. Charles L. Williams, of Graville, O. Each gentleman made a short address.

RULES OF THE PRIMARY.

The Regulations Governing the Nomination of Delegates to the Constitutional Convention.

In view of the fact that the primary election is soon to take place the following rules governing the election of delegates, which were adopted by the State Democratic Executive Committee will prove of general interest:

A primary election is hereby ordered to be held in every county in this State on the 30th day of July next, at which every white voter in this State shall be entitled to vote, who shall make pledge to the managers conducting the election that he will support the nominees of such election on the day of the election to be held on the third Tuesday in August for delegates to the State constitutional convention.

Each County Executive Committee shall appoint three managers and one clerk to hold such election; two of the managers shall be Reformers and one manager and the clerk shall be Conservatives, or vice versa. The polls shall be open from 8 a. m. to 4 p. m.

Each candidate for the constitutional convention shall at least ten days before the said primary election file his pledge with the Chairman or Secretary of the County Democratic Executive Committee that he will abide by the result of the election and support the nominees of the party, and not vote for any candidate who has failed to sign such pledge shall be counted.

To prevent the single popping of candidates no vote for delegates shall be counted which does not contain the names of the delegates who have signed the pledge of the same number as the delegates to which said county is entitled under the Act, calling the convention.

The second primary shall be held on August 13, if necessary, according to the rules of the party, and the same managers shall serve. All existing rules of this committee heretofore adopted are hereby reaffirmed, when not in consistent with the foregoing.

The State Democratic Executive Committee, recognizing the fact that there are factional differences existing in the Democratic party, earnestly suggests to the Democrats of the State to square such factional differences in the election of delegates to the constitutional convention and let each candidate stand on his merits.

J. L. M. IRBY,
Chairman State Democratic Executive Committee.
D. H. TOMPKINS, Secretary.

THE LAST OF THE SEASON.—"I see," said the grocer, thoughtlessly, for he had forgotten that the man with the ginger beard was sitting behind the stove, "I see that the temperature dropped 20 degrees in 15 minutes down in Texas the other day."

"I don't call that nothing," said the man with the ginger beard. "I remember when they was a party a-campin' up in the Black Hills that the temperature dropped so sudden that one of the mules in the outfit, which was in the act of kickin', was caught an' froze that way, an' stood with his heels in the air two days. We had a thermometer along, but the cussed thing went back on us, so I can't ezzactly say jist how much of a drap it was."

"Oh, yes," said the schoolteacher, "it is a well-known fact that a temperature of about 40 degrees below zero the mercury freezes, and hence cannot register."

"That wasn't it at all, young man," said the man with the ginger beard, with fine scorn. "The durn mercury drapped so quick that the friction made it red-hot and busted the glass."

The man from Potato Creek began to snicker, but the man with the ginger beard stopped his mirth with a stony stare.

AARON BURR'S DAUGHTER.

THE MYSTERY OF HER DEATH.

The Beautiful Theodosia Alston Lost Her Life at Sea—The Confession of a Dying Sailor.

The story of how Aaron Burr's only child, beautiful young Theodosia, met her death at the hands of ocean pirates years ago, and how that fact was only recently established by the discovery of a portrait of her, rescued from the schooner from whence she was thrown into the sea, is told in print herewith for the first time, says the Elkton, Md., correspondent of The Philadelphia Record. Involving, as it does, the deathbed confession of one of the pirates who drowned the young woman, the tale seems more like fiction than verified history but there are persons living hereabouts who have verified it in detail and who will vouch for its accuracy.

Theodosia Burr, a young woman of unusual mental attainments, was married to the son of Judge Alston, of South Carolina, a relative of Washington Alston, the celebrated historical painter. Mr. and Mrs. Alston resided on their plantation near Charleston. When Aaron Burr contemplated returning from the extended visit he made to Europe after his trial he wrote Mrs. Alston, to whom he was devotedly attached, asking her to meet him in New York on his arrival there.

Mr. Alston, engrossed with the business of his plantation, found it impossible to accompany his wife. There being no railroads in those days, Mr. Alston, deeming that a summer trip from Charleston to New York by sea would be less irksome to his wife than a stage journey by land, chartered a coasting schooner. In this Mrs. Alston set out. She took with her, as a present to her father, a beautiful painting of herself. But she never reached New York, and down to the present date the fate of Aaron Burr's only child has been a matter of speculation among historians, some contending that the vessel and all on board were lost at sea, others asserting that Mrs. Alston fell into the hands of some of the pirates who in those days infested the Atlantic coast.

But the mystery has at last been cleared up. Its accuracy is vouched for by the former rector of Trinity Episcopal church, Elkton, a clergyman well known throughout Maryland and the middle States.

About five years ago this clergyman was visiting his native state, North Carolina, and for several days was the guest of the widow of Dr. William Poole, near Elizabeth City. Above the mantelpiece in Mrs. Poole's parlor was an old-fashined painting, exquisitely executed, of a beautiful young woman, dressed in white. It so greatly interested the clergyman that he asked Mrs. Poole whom it was intended to represent. She gave the following story of it:

"Eight years previously," she said, "Dr. Poole had taken his family to pass the summer at the little coast town of Nag's Head, N. C., where the United States man-of-war Huron came to grief. The place is largely populated by 'bankers'—generally a rough class of men, who mainly earn a livelihood by picking up all species of flotsam and jetsam along the coast. One of these 'bankers,' however, was a very respectable old fellow, named Mann. His wife was suffering from a complication of diseases, and Dr. Poole took great interest in her case. Under his treatment she recovered, and as a token of gratitude to the doctor, presented him with the painting which so greatly interested the clergyman. Mrs. Mann said her husband had recovered it from a wreck. When quite a young man, he was walking along the shore one morning. His attention was then called to a coasting schooner under full sail, bearing swiftly down upon the dangerous bar, which, in later years, occasioned the loss of the Huron. With other bankers Mann put out to her assistance.

"They boarded the schooner, but found that the only living thing aboard was a little black and tan dog. Careful inspection of the schooner proved nothing as to her antecedents. Even her name was not ascertainable. But one of the cabins had evidently been very recently occupied by a woman, and in this cabin was the painting which Mrs. Mann gave Dr. Poole, and which Dr. Mann appropriated as his share of the salvage. The schooner shortly afterward went to pieces."

Dr. Poole was an enthusiastic student of national matters. He felt certain that the picture had a very valuable history, and formed a suspicion that it might have represented the mysteriously lost daughter of Aaron Burr. He put himself in communication with several historical societies on the matter, but his theory found little weight, in spite of a family likeness being admitted. As the clergyman upon whose authority this story is given was returning from a recent visit to Mrs. Poole, while driving from that lady's house to Elizabeth City to take the cars home, he met a young man, whom he knew to be very bashful and much afraid of the gentle sex, driving a strange woman in a buggy toward Mrs. Poole's residence. In a letter written to Mrs. Poole shortly afterward he good-naturedly referred to the incident and to the young fellow's evident embarrassment.

This brought from Mrs. Poole another chapter in the story of the beautiful picture. The strange woman was a descendant of the Burr family, who resides in Detroit, Mich. Her name has temporarily escaped the clergyman's memory. She had been visiting at Virginia Beach, Va., where she had heard of Mrs. Poole's mysterious painting from a North Carolina gentleman. Her visit to Elizabeth City was solely for the purpose of seeing the painting and no sooner had she set eyes on it than she offered Mrs. Poole $300 spot cash for the same, besides any other additional sum she might require. Mrs. Poole refused to part with the treasure. She told the visitor that there was a strong family likeness between the latter and the subject of the picture, whoever that subject might have been, and further informed her of the facts already given here as to how the painting came into her possession.

This elicited from the Detroit woman another remarkable reminiscence, and one which, taken in connection with the foregoing facts, proves that the painting is that of Aaron Burr's daughter—the one destined as a present to her father—and that the unfortunate young woman was drowned by pirates. This, in substance, is the Detroit woman's story:

With her mother in Detroit formerly resided her mother's aged aunt, a humane woman, who gave up much time to visiting the poor and sick. One evening, in one of the wards of the Marine hospital of that city, was a dying sailor, who seemed terribly startled as the aunt, in company with others, approached his bedside. He beckoned her to him, however, and after begging that she alone of the visitors might hear what he had to say—a request which the others granted by retiring to the next ward—he stated that as a young man he had one summer been on a pirate vessel off the North Carolina coast. He then went on to say that he had then helped to overhaul a north bound coasting schooner.

On the vessel was a beautiful young feminine passenger, dressed all in white. He had assisted in dragging her from her cabin, in which was hanging up a painting of herself. While the pirates were engaged in throwing the crew overboard he noted that this beautiful young lady paced the deck with magnificent courage and dignity, her hands folded on her breast and her eyes raised to heaven. She made no remonstrance whatever, and he steadied the plank upon which she walked to the vessel's side, thence to be plunged headlong into the ocean. He wanted to take away her picture and her dog—a little black and tan fellow—but dreaded to touch either. After the pirates had plundered the schooner of money and other treasures they abandoned the vessel, having set it under full sail, to drift to its doom with the picture and the dog aboard. The dying sailor said that the young woman's sweet face had haunted him throughout life, and his confession was prompted by a striking resemblance between her and his elderly listener.

Mrs. Poole's visitor stated that the sailor's story had been for years a current tradition of the descendants of Burr's family, though they had hitherto paid very little attention to it. Its extraordinary corroboration by the accidental meeting of these two women appears to settle forever the recent mystery as to the death of Mrs. Alston. The Detroit woman says that the subject of the painting is beyond doubt Aaron Burr's daughter—a statement corroborated by other pictures of that unfortunate woman in her possession, as also by still others belonging to the Alston family.

THE CATAWBA INDIANS.

THE STORY OF A REMARKABLE RACE.

The Catawba Reservation in York County—Specimen Sketches of the Survivors.

To the Editor of The News and Courier: Washed by the yellow waters of the Catawba River is a piece of land less than eight hundred acres, which may rightly be called the Indian county of South Carolina, for there yet lingers on it a remnant of the once great Catawba nation. I had the pleasure of spending Tuesday, July 2, with these people. It was my second visit to them, and the object of the visit was mainly to gather material for writing an article about Billy George, who is a very remarkable red man. I spent the previous night at Catawba Junction, and found the people hospitable and friendly. The next forenoon I walked to the Catawba reservation, three miles distant, through a hilly picturesque country. The first Indian I met was hoeing corn. He proved to be Billy Harris, known as "Bowlegs," whose strong Indian features showed plainly to what race he belonged. He is a former chief of the nation, and was born 39 years ago right where I met him working. I got him to go with me to Billy George's, or "Uncle Billy," as he is called. He is the oldest of the Catawbas and many years ago, in company with other Indians, signed a treaty with South Carolina. The old man's cabin is built of hewn logs; in front is a hill, at the back is a garden; on both sides of the house and garden, also in front of the former, corn is planted.

We found Uncle Billy alone. He was sitting in his shirt sleeves, with his hat on and a handkerchief around his neck. I bought the latter as a memento of him. The weather was raw, it rained some, and I sat with the old man a long time by a small fire. Billy Harris stayed with us for a while. How strange it was for me to be sitting near an Indian who signed a treaty with my State; this man, too, was at his own house, on Indian land, in South Carolina!

It is not known how old this venerable Catawba is; probably about 85 or 90. Age is unmistakably stamped on his face. He is not a tall man, and his strongly marked Indian face is free from beard. Such is a brief description of Billy George, who to-day may be called the most remarkable of the Catawbas.

His house is divided into two rooms. The one in which I sat was sealed inside. Some papers and pictures were pasted on the wall; in one corner was a press, on the mantelpiece a clock ticked, a few neat chairs and some other articles made up the contents of the room.

Uncle Billy talked on various matters. He seems to feel the decline of his nation. He told me that sometimes he couldn't sleep he was studying so about his people. I talked a good deal with the old man about himself, and paid a second visit to his house in the evening, gathering the following facts about him:

He was born among the white people in York County, about five miles from where Rock Hill now is. In the Indian language his name was Coinchee, but he does not know what it means. He has had four wives and has three living children, one of whom, Lucy Jane George, is a little girl about 9 years old. He is a member of the Mormon Church, into which he was baptized. He recollects that the following Indians besides himself, signed the treaty: Jacob Ayres, Jim Kegg, John, Joe, and Sam Scott. He also thinks that another one named Billy Ayres signed it too. He said he signed it as "a witness, or somehow that way," and also that "they say he signed it as Capt. George."

Uncle Billy may rightly be considered a remarkable person in the Indian history of South Carolina, and we may hope that his declining years will always be free from want and trouble.

Among the other houses I called at was "Aunt Rhode" Harris's, whose husband, Allen Harris, was prominent as chief and died a number of years ago. Without any suggestion on my part, dinner was given me here, and no pay would be taken for it. Aunt Rhode's household appears to be the most thrifty among the Catawbas. The dinner given me would have been very creditable to any boarding house.

Jim Harris, the chief, was absent. I met him, however, last year. That evening I was seated on a bench under an oak tree near his house in company with two other Catawbas, Billy Harris and John Sankers. The latter talked to me earnestly, almost eloquently. He wants the Legislature to add two hundred dollars to the annuity which the Catawbas receive now, so that they can build a school house and have a school. If we need anything," he exclaimed, "we need education." He thinks the State might give them this additional money, for, he said, he does not think the Catawbas have ever worried South Carolina.

That night I got the Indians to have a dance for me. It occurred at Sam Blue's—a member of the tribe. There appeared to be two distinct dances, one of which was called the Indian dance and the other the wild goose chase. From what I could learn, these dances are probably borrowed from the Cherokees—even the words sung with the dance seems to be unknown to the Catawbas. It seems that only two Indians know much about these dances—Billy Harris and Uncle Tom Stevens, who is a jolly old red man. Frank Canty, an Indian lad, took part with these two in the dances.

In the first dance one of the women, Betsy Canty, took part for a while, and another man, Lewis Gordon, took part in the wild goose chase. Two words used in the second dance sounded like e-ho and un-yo. I believe that Uncle Tom and Harris were the only ones who sang. I would like to give a description of these dances, about which there are no objectionable features, but that would be difficult, so I will not attempt it. It was a strange sight, South Carolina Indians engaged in Indian dances, a sight long to be rembered.

Bob Harris an, intelligent member of the tribe, went around with me a good deal, and that night he walked back part of the way to Catawba Junction with me. Considering his limited chances, he is above the intelligence and speaks of sometimes sending items about his people to the papers.

And now with a few observations I will close this already long letter.

Citizens of South Carolina! When we consider the past history of this once strong nation, consider the greatness of one of its early chief, King Hagler, (to whose memory history has never done justice,) consider how the Catawbas have fought for the people of our State, does it not seem as if we ought to show some interest in the feeble remnant? I hope the Legislature will make some provision for giving them a school, and I feel sure that if our Governors would sometimes visit the reservation their visits would be greatly appreciated by the Catawbas.

McDONALD FURMAN.

COUNTY DISPENSARIES.

A Suggestion For Operating the Dispensary System Under County Management.

The Spartanburg Herald proposes the following Dispensary law:

Section 1. Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives of the State of South Carolina, now met and setting in General Assemby, and by the authority of the same:

That on and after the passage of this Act, all Acts or parts of Acts, purporting to regulate the sale of whiskey and all Acts providing for the enforcement of such Acts, are hereby repealed.

Sec. 2. That it shall be unlawful for any person in the State to sell, barter or exchange, any wine, whiskey, brandy, beer or other spirituous or malt liquors or intoxicating beverages except in the manner hereinbefore provided, and upon conviction thereof, any person so offending shall be deemed guilty of a misdemeanor and subject to a fine of $100, or imprisonment for 30 days or both in the discretion of the presiding officer.

Sec. 3 That it shall be the duty of the County Supervisors of the several counties to designate one man in each county to be known as County Dispenser whose duty it shall be to dispense such wines, liquors, beers or alcoholic liquors as the Board of County Supervisors shall buy, in quantities of not less than one pint. That it shall be the duty of the County Supervisors to designate and to post in plain letters on each barrell or cask of liquor put in said dispensary, the name or brand and the price paid thereof. That it shall be unlawful for the said Dispenser to receive for any package or quantity of liquor more than the cost of said liquor according to original invoice, the amount actually paid therefor with ten per cent. added.

Sec. 5. That the said Dispensary shall open at 8 o'clock a. m., and close at 2 p. m. That said Dispensers shall give bond in the sum of $15,000 each, and be held responsible for all liquors bought by the said Supervisor and placed in his charge, the bond being conditioned on quarterly settlements at invoice price of goods on hand and with ten per cent. added for all goods sold. That the Dispenser and expenses of the Dispensaries be paid out of the general county fund by warrants on the county treasurer. That the liquor now on hand in the State Dispensary and the several county Dispensaries be apportioned out to the several counties according to their pro rata State tax.

Sec. 5. That it shall be the duty of the grand jury to inspect the books of the said Dispenser and Supervisor at each session.

Sec. 6. That any Supervisor or Dispenser who shall allow a false brand to be placed on caskets containing liquor or who shall charge more than ten per cent on the actual cost for goods, shall upon conviction be sentenced to the State Penitentiary for not less than 12 months nor more than two years.

Sec. 7. That the board of commissioners of the several counties are hereby authorized and empowered to conduct the said business in conformity with this Act, and to make contracts and all necessary arrangements therefor, each county board having charge of the business in its own county and acting indepently of other county or State management.

A NEW DEMOCRATIC PARTY.

IT IS STARTED BY A FEW MEN IN COLUMBIA.

The Object is to Fight the Regular Democracy—A Square Issue Made for the Future.

The Conservatives of Richland County held a meeting on Saturday to decide upon their course in reference to entering the Democratic primary and a granting a division with the Reformers. Thirty-five or forty persons were present, a number of whom were delegates to the Democratic county convention which met just afterwards, and majority of whom approved the plan of dividing with the Reformers. No action was taken in the meeting of the Conservatives, but it was announced that a new Democratic party would be organized in opposition to the regular party. The proceedings are looked upon as the beginning of the new movement, and the following report is copied from The State:

Col. F. W. McMaster was elected to the chair, but declined. Mr. J. M. Hawlay was then elected as chairman. Mr. E. J. Watson was requested to act as secretary.

Mr. W. H. Lyles was the first speaker. He had but very little to say. He said his mind had long been made up that the so-called Democracy was a delusion and a snare. The dragging over the State of men by armed men and sending men to the penitentiary without a trial was most undemocratic. The primary scheme of the State committee was tyrannical. He believed that the time had come for the men who felt as he did to get to work and organize and see what the people's sentiment was. He was in favor of reorganizing the Democratic party of the State. (Applause.)

The chairman said he wished all to understand the object of the meeting. The idea was to organize a State Democratic Conservative committee, and the action of this body would govern the action of the Conservative delegates in the subsequent convention.

Mr. Lyles called attention to the dual attitude of many of the members present, they having been elected delegates to the other convention also. He thought they should not go ahead on this line, but they should find out who were willing to reorganize the party.

Col. F. W. McMaster then took the floor, and said he agreed with the general remarks of Mr. Lyles, but was forced to attend the county convention. He would, however, add his opinion to what Mr. Lyles had said. He said:

"The dominant part of the Democratic party in South Carolina contains all classes of white men, known as Tillmanites and Reformers. This faction embraces all creeds and politics, from Populism up to true Democracy, and has assumed the name of the Democratic party.

"This faction for the last five years has retarded the natural progress and prosperity of the people of the State by unwise laws; have mercilessly attacked corporations and turned away and driven capital from the State; repressed and crippled our phosphate industries; has by force and perjury interfered with the elective franchise of the citizen; have fraudulently manipulated the ballot boxes, so as to give the majority of votes in favor of a constitutional convention, contrary to votes of the majority of voters; has wilfully and corruptly defrauded Dr. Pope, one of their own party, of some thousand votes, because he had the manhood to oppose the dictation of the Ring. They have slandered, abused and degraded some of our best judges and placed in their stead avowed political partisans. The executive department has been administered with remorseless tyranny and laws and edicts of judges disregarded. The will of the people in Richland and Charleston counties have been set aside and friends of the Ring put in their places. They have, by a harsh and cruel law, made the State the big grog shop of the country and appointed a host of constables to badger and harrass citizens until the blood of innocent men has been shed—all because a weak-kneed Legislature had not sense or nerve enough to enact a good license law. The government has usurped the function of trade which belongs to the people and destroyed the right of a class of traders to make or sell liquors and wines. They have supplemented an infamous law so as to empower a judge to send a man to the penitentiary without a trial by jury, contrary to Magna Charter. They have recently interfered with the freedom of speech by forbidding an honored citizen from speaking words of kindness in behalf of the colored race such as Hampton and others did in 1876, and which is approved by our best citizens at this time.

"Nothwithstanding the fact, a large number of this so-called Democratic party under the leadership of a sheriff constituted themselves into a howling hideous mob, and contrary to every dictate of Christian charity, common sense and common decency, assaulted a defenseless gentleman in a flagrant, obscene and diabolical manner. Such a climax of infam