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The Orangeburg Democrat.

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JOB OFFICE

IS PREPARED TO DO ALL KINDS OF

Job Printing

HANGED IN THE RAIN.

EXECUTION OF THE CHAPEL HILL BURGLARS.

HILLSBORO, N. C., May 16.—The Chapel Hill burglars, Henry A. Davis and Henry F. Andrews, white, and Lewis Carlton, colored, were hung here to-day, according to sentence. At half past 12 o'clock the criminals, seated in a vehicle and guarded by the Orange Guards, in full force, left the jail and were conducted to the gallows, located on the commons in the west end of the town. There was a crowd of at least ten thousand persons present. At ten minutes past one the criminals ascended the scaffold, accompanied by the Rev. Mr. Wheeler, and also, by a sister of Andrews, who sat by his side till the black cap was drawn over his face. The prisoners were all composed. Each made a statement, both verbally and in writing, denying the crime charged to them. All professed deep penitence.

After their statement, the Rev. Mr. Dixon followed in a few very eloquent remarks, interrupted, however, by the crashing of thunder and the noise of the heavy rain which prevailed through nearly the whole scene. Then Mr. Wheeler offered up a fervent prayer, and a hymn was sung, in which Carlton joined heartily, the others not singing. Farewells were permitted and very many were passed through the lines for a last handshake.

At fifteen minutes past two the drop fell, Andrews swinging clear, but the ropes of the other two were too long and their feet touched the ground, so they had to be lifted until the ropes were shortened. No neck was broken, and they died by strangulation. In twelve minutes Andrews was pronounced dead, Carlton in fourteen minutes, and Davis in fifteen minutes. Their bodies were delivered to their friends and taken home for interment.

HISTORY OF THE CASE. The crime for which these men suffered the extreme penalty of the law, was committed in July of last year. For several months previous, the village and vicinity of Chapel Hill had been kept in a state of terror by attempts at burglary, and worse still, by evident attempts at the violation of respectable females. Rooms had been entered at night and females seized, but alarm was given before the atrocious purpose was consummated. But the terror was extreme, for no one felt safe; for no one could fix suspicion upon any guilty party.

Some time during the month of July, as before mentioned, the house of Mrs. Hendon, a highly respectable widow lady, living in the eastern part of the village, with her two daughters, was entered, soon after midnight, with a view of robbery. Mr. H. had, a few days previous, received by express a package of money from Alabama, where most of her property is invested. Doubtless it was a well known circumstance; and hence the determination to gain possession of it. One or more of the burglars, after making an entry of the house, proceeded to Mrs. H.'s room. She was awake, and when they entered the room, she rushed to the window to endeavor to give an alarm. To silence her she was struck on the head with an axe and severely cut and otherwise injured. One of her daughters and a servant gave the alarm. Dr. Mallet, who lives nearly opposite, promptly responded, and the miscreants fled. Mrs. Hendon was found, bleeding and senseless, upon the floor.

Most active efforts were at once put on foot to ferret out the crime. Two young negro men, living on the premises, were arrested, but discharged, as there was not sufficient evidence to detain them; and for some time the diabolical crime was wrapped in mystery, the excited people, meanwhile, being lashed almost to frenzy. At length, one night early in August, the house of Rev. G. W. Purefoy, living a mile from the village, was entered with the purpose to rob; but the purpose was frustrated, but not before a glimpse of one of the parties was caught, sufficient to identify him, and next day, Albert Atwater, a young negro man, was arrested, charged with the crime. Upon his examination, finding the proof conclusive against him, it appears that he made a proposition that if his life was secured to him, as State's evidence, he could unfold much of the mystery which had enveloped the

A Mysterious Spring.

In the summer of 1838 the Third United States Artillery, commanded by Colonel Gates, was encamped at the foot of the Missionary Ridge, engaged in the removal of the Cherokee Indians. One day the colonel ordered out a fatigue party to clean the spring, a beautiful fountain at the foot of the Ridge. Shortly after, the sergeant reported to the headquarters that his men were all drunk. Says the Colonel: "You should not have let the men drink whiskey." "I did not," replied the sergeant "they drank nothing but the water from the spring." The sergeant and the men were ordered into the guard-house a new detail sent out, a lieutenant placed in command with orders to not let the men have access to any spirits. Not long after, the lieutenant reported the men all drunk. The men were ordered to the guard-house and the lieutenant under arrest. Another party was ordered out, of which Colonel Gates himself took command. He took a seat on a stump so he could overlook the whole ground, determined there should be no getting drunk this time. But behold in a short time his men were all drunk. He was certain they had drunk nothing but water which they frequently did, getting down on their knees and drinking from the branch just below the spring. The Colonel was at his wit's end. The men were ordered to the guard house, and he repaired to his tent to think. After weighing the matter pro and con he had to give it up, and repairing to the guard-house he told the men if they would show him how it was done he would release them, otherwise he would punish them severely. To this they agreed and taking him to the spring, just below the spring in the branch they unearthed a five gallon jug partly filled with whiskey. The mouth of which was stopped with a cork, in which was inserted a quill that reached to the bottom. When buried in the sand the top of the quill was just above the surface of the water, and when they wanted to drink they stooped down, inserted the quill in their mouths and while apparently drinking pure water were drinking pure whiskey, and the Colonel sitting on the stump in plain view none the wiser for it.

Driven Mad by His Wife's Infidelity. A terrible tragedy is reported from New York, as the outgrowth of a wife's affections being alienated from her husband, causing frequent quarrels between the couple, and finally the murder of one of their children and the death of the father by his own crazy act. For a year or two past a Frenchman named Defarge, who had a fair business as a druggist, has been jealous of the attentions his wife received from other men, and frequently expostulated with her, but in vain. Recently their relations have been so unpleasant that he concluded to take his abode apart, leaving their two children with the mother. On the day of the crime he visited his former home, appearing quite cheerful, and there was nothing unusual about his manner. He asked the servant to go up-stairs and bring down the little girl, and she complied. He seated himself in a chair and received the child in a most affectionate manner, fondling and kissing her. He told the servant to return up stairs and bring down his little boy. She dressed the child and brought him down, when he was received by the father with marks of affection. Once again Defarge requested the servant to go up-stairs this time to tell his wife that he wanted very much to see her. His wife was in bed, and said she did not want to get up then, and, moreover, would not see him anyway. After about fifteen minutes the servant returned down stairs with this message, and was horrified to find the father and his two children stretched out on the floor of the kitchen, the children in convulsions and foaming at the mouth and Defarge dead. One of the children was saved by means of an emetic, but the other little innocent died in great agony.

Cotton. Says a correspondent of the Richmond State: The South has just marketed the largest and cheapest cotton crop ever made in that section, and just as Western grain is driving every other grain out of the markets of the world, so will Southern cotton drive every other kind of cotton in time out of the same market, and in a little while longer we shall hear of Southern beet root sugar and in a little while longer of Southern wine shutting out from the American markets all other kinds of sugar and wine. It is a mere question, all this, of hands to till the soil of that favored region and of skill to turn its bounties to account.

New York's "Business Men's Society for the Encouragement of Moderation," proposes the following four pledges to its members, any or all of which they may take: First, to reform all intoxicating drinks for twelve months; second, not to drink during business hours; third, not to ask any other person to drink, or, in other words, not to "treat;" and fourth, not to drink anything stronger than wine or beer.

Ingenious Teacher. A Massachusetts teacher writes describing an experiment in the school-room which seems to be successful. Instead of facing his pupils he has his desk behind them, and thus overlooks them to great advantage. The naughty little ones not knowing when his eye is on them, dare not whisper and play. "They have," he says, "so frequently come to grief in attempting to calculate chances, that they have concluded to make a virtue of necessity, and give up play in the school-room as unprofitable, costing more than it comes to." Another decided advantage of this system is that it completely isolates classes reciting from the rest of the school; the recitation benches being in front of the teacher's desk, between him and the school, and the backs of the pupils toward each other, communication by look or signs is out of the question. The only special rule made is that pupils shall not look around.

Next. Miss Bass, of Lebanon, has a turkey gobbler just a little ahead of anything in the turkey line in history or tradition. Last week the turkey was a gobber in all the pride of his gobbling; now he is a turkey hen, and as a proof his change of sex laid three eggs on the day succeeding this monstrous metamorphosis. This tale will seem almost incredible, but the owner has the eggs to show for themselves. How can such an unheard of change be accounted for? What do the scientists say? And what's to become of us when turkey gobblers turn against their own sex in this way and settle down into laying hens? Oh, it is awful.—Abbeville Medium.

It is the Boston Transcript which tells this story of a moon-eyed leper: It was suggested to a "heathen Chinese" the other day that the papers said that there was an opening for his race in the South. He answered, "Papers tells belly muckee big stolce. Chinaman go where he dam please. Washington boss say so. No likee mocsin snake. No likee a galot."

KILLED THEMSELVES.

AMERICAN CONGRESSMEN WHO HAVE COMMITTED SUICIDE. The Chicago Tribune says: Riddle's suicide is simply the last of a list which begins with the foundation of the government. His is similar, in some respects, to that of James Blair, a Representative from South Carolina, in the Twenty-first, Twenty-second and Twenty-third Congresses. During the first session of the Twenty-third Congress, Blair attended the Washington Theatre one night, and, being displeased with the actors, fired a loaded pistol at them, for which he was arrested and fined \$5. Physicians testified that he was under the influence of brandy and opium, taken to alleviate pain from chronic rheumatism. Three weeks afterward, April 1, 1834, he blew out his brains with a pistol at his boarding house, on Capital Hill.

Similar in many points of the case, was that of Felix G. McConnell, a Representative from Alabama, in the Twenty-eighth and Twenty-ninth Congresses, who committed suicide in a fit of delirium, in the St. Charles Hotel, Washington, by stabbing himself in the abdomen and then cutting his throat, September 10, 1846. Elijah Hise, a Representative in the Thirty-ninth and Fortieth Congresses, committed suicide at Russellville, May 8, 1876. Hise was the Democratic candidate for Lieutenant-Governor of Kentucky in 1836, but was defeated; was *Charge d'Affaires* at Guatemala from March 31, 1848, to June 30, 1849; was Presidential Elector on the Buchanan and Breckinridge ticket in 1856, and served in Congress from December 3, 1866, to March 3, 1869.

John White is to be added to the list. He was born in 1805; received an academic education; studied law; was admitted to the bar, and practiced at Richmond, Ky.; was elected a Representative from Kentucky in the Twenty-fourth Congress, as a Whig, without opposition, and was successfully re-elected to the Twenty-fifth, Twenty-sixth, Twenty-seventh and Twenty-eighth Congresses without opposition, serving from December 7, 1835, to March 3, 1845; was Speaker of the House during the Twenty-seventh Congress; was Judge of the Nineteenth Judicial Circuit of Kentucky; committed suicide at Richmond, Kentucky, September 22, 1845.

James G. Wilson, United States Senator from New Jersey, from December 4, 1815, to 1821, was severely injured in 1832, by imagining in a fit of delirium that his house was on fire and throwing himself from a second-story window. He had been editor of the True American; clerk for many years of the State House of Representatives; was appointed by President Monroe postmaster at Trenton, and at the time of his fit of delirium was a member of the State House.

William Ramsey, of Pennsylvania, is another Congressman who died by his own hand. Born in 1810 he was attached to the American Legation at London, under Minister Stevenson; was elected a Representative from Pennsylvania in the Twenty-sixth Congress as a Van Buren Democrat, serving from December 2, 1839, to October 7, 1840, and re-elected to the Twenty-seventh Congress. A few weeks after he committed suicide at Barnum's Hotel, Baltimore, by shooting himself in the right eye.

John Ewing, of Indiana, was found dead in his room at Vincennes, Indiana, in December, 1857. He had been Representative in the Twenty-third and Twenty-fifth Congresses, serving until 1839, and had served in the State Senate. On his table was found the following epitaph, apparently just written by himself: "Here lies a man who loved his friends, His God, his country and Vincennes."

A mournful and tragic suicide was that of Alfred P. White, of Ohio. White had been a member of the Twenty-eighth Congress, and State Treasurer, appointed to fill a vacancy caused by the removal of Treasurer Gibbs, for fraud. In 1862, he was appointed by Secretary Chase, Collector Internal Revenue for the Columbus district, was subsequently detected in contraband cotton speculations, was found to be a defaulter, and committed suicide by taking poison on the grave of his two children, at Columbus, Ohio, August 1, 1865. James Henry Lane, twice United

A Book Agent Explains.

After Mr. Moody's meeting at the Maryland Institute, Baltimore, a brief inquiry class was held, and many persons who remained were instructed in the great truths of religion. Among those present were several young men whose object was other than that of seeking salvation, in fact, they waited for the hall to be cleared that they might lay the track for the telegraph boys' walking contest. This, however, was not known to the gentle Christian helpers, and one of them, a young lady decidedly prepossessing, approaching a group of the degenerate worldlings, singled out one of their number and asked him if he was a Christian. "Well," said he, "I don't know that I am."

The young lady was a trifle shocked, but laying a faintly hand upon the coat-sleeve of the unregenerated, she looked him in the face, and, smiling heaven like, enquired in a sweet voice if he would not like to become one. He, of the world worldly, hesitated a moment and replied: "It wouldn't do miss; for me to become a Christian would be ruin to my business."

The angel helper was surprised, and asked him what business was his, so inconsistent with religion. "I'm a book agent, and if I were to become a Christian I should be like Othello, my occupation would be gone. You see miss, this world is a very wicked place; full of deceits and humbugs; and what is more the people kind a tackle on that sort of thing. Now, here's a book that ain't worth the paper it's printed on, let alone the binding. If I came to you and told you the truth about that book you wouldn't buy it, would you. But if you were once to hear me discourse on the beauties of that work, and expatiate on the virtues and merits which it doesn't contain, you couldn't help buy it, no, not if you went without caramels for a week. I'm sorry, miss, I'd like to, but you see I can't."

Whipping Post. While editors and correspondents are wasting words in discussing the question of the expediency of bringing back the whipping post for the benefit of law-breakers, a Justice of Aiken County has solved it by practical work. When offenders under twenty-one years of age are up before him for stealing, he investigates the case in the presence of the rogues' parents, and if guilty explains the law and punishment to them and gives them the choice of the law or the privileges of giving the son thirty-nine lashes in the usual legal way, or the way that was usual in days past. The parents almost invariably choose the latter mode of settlement and thrash the young scamp soundly. The result of this method is that whereas formerly this class of malefactors monopolized the Courts, now one is seldom arraigned, and petty stealing has almost entirely ceased in that town and vicinity.—Aiken Courier-Journal.

Hold Him Back. Baltimore Gazette says: Something should be done to compel Grant to slacken his movements. He is circumnavigating the globe too fast. He is now in China, and there is nothing between him and the California coast, but the insignificant island of Japan. He is at least four months ahead of schedule time, and unless something is done to check him he will be at home before the politicians who have the "boom" in charge are ready for him. Forie is said to be home sick, and it is his uneasiness which is said to be hurried by Ulysses. The General might be packed in ice at Hong Kong to await the arrival of the swift-sailing man-of-war Richmond. If he gets on board the Richmond he will have time to pickle himself.

A White Wild Turkey. One of our young friends, the Nimrod of this section of the county, killed a wild turkey gobbler some time since that was remarkable for the color of his plumage, being perfectly white, with the exception of a black streak across the outer edge of the tail. He weighed over twenty-seven pounds. The gentleman in question first saw this feathery monarch several years ago, but has never been able to get a shot at him until during the past season, when he succeeded in bagging him.—Camden Journal.

OLD HICKORY'S THANKS.

THE SARCASTIC LETTER HE WROTE A WHIG FIRM. (The Boston Transcript says that not long after General Jackson's requirement from the Presidency a rumor got abroad that he was bankrupt. This was too good a chance of banter for the Whigs, whose detestation of Old Hickory followed him to his retreat at the Hermitage, to neglect. A Whig firm in Cincinnati, taking ironical pity on the old hero, pasted two cards together, inserted two large old fashioned copper cents between them, and inclosed them in an unprepared letter to the ex-President, full of mock condolence. The postage on the letter was 76 cents, which General Jackson, not knowing what was within, promptly paid. He at once sat down and penned a characteristic reply, inclosing the two cents back to his would-be persecutors. This reply they did not see fit to take out of the postoffice, and it found its way to the Dead Letter Office at Washington. The original is in the possession of Mr. George M. Towle. It is full of Old Hickory's gruff, sarcastic humor, as well as his bad spelling and grammar, as will be seen:

HERMITAGE, May 11, 1837. GENTLEMEN:—Your kind letter containing your charity of two copper cents, which you forwarded on hearing that I was broke, and a bill drew by me for \$5,000 had been returned protested, has been received; and, as you have been imposed upon by the vile falsehoods that are daily circulated by the Whigs, your kind charity is herewith returned to you, that you may dispose of it in charity, to such of the Whigs that that may have been employed in trading in stocks and land, and in swindling the poor. Have the goodness to inform all your friends that I have not drawn a draft for any sum, on any one, for twenty years, nor have I any use for your kind charity, having long since learned to live within my own means. Your charity is, therefore, returned to you in the same envelope you sent it, supposing, from the material and great care taken, it is your only charity repository, and the objects of charity in your city would be much injured if not returned to you. Your mo. obt. servt., till death.

Up to Snuff. An exchange says: "A genial observer of public men in the United States is amused at the public dexterity of those anxious to serve as Presidential candidates. If he is a veteran, as well as a genial observer, he smiles as he compares these 'practice hands' with the master of political adroitness, Martin Van Buren. Looking upon politics as a game, Mr. Van Buren played it with forecast and sagacity, and with the almost good nature. No excitement quickened his moderation. Even the most biting of personal sarcasm failed to ruffle a temper that seemed incapable of being disturbed. Once while Mr. Van Buren, being the Vice-President, was presiding over the Senate, Henry Clay attacked him in a speech freighted with sarcasm and invective. Mr. Van Buren sat in the chair, with a quiet smile upon his face, as placidly as though he was listening to the complimentary remarks of a friend. The moment Mr. Clay resumed his seat, a page handed him Mr. Van Buren's snuff-box with the remark: 'The Vice-President sends his compliments to you, sir.' The Senate laughed at the coolness of the man who was 'up to snuff.' The great orator, seeing that his efforts had been in vain, shook his finger good-naturedly at his imperturbable opponent, and taking a large pinch of snuff, returned the box to the boy, saying: 'Give my compliments to the Vice-President, and say that I like his snuff much better than his politics.'

Will somebody be kind enough to cut a notch in the door-facing? In the midst of all this confusion, and while the nation is still in deadly peril, the New York Tribune has found time to acknowledge that at least a few of the negroes who have been prevailed upon to join the insane movement to Kansas have left comfortable homes to face starvation. We contend that every individual negro who has left his home is the victim of Republican swindlers, and this fact will be made apparent in the end.

Colorado lawyer didn't admire the Judge before whom he was trying a case the other day, and referred to him as an "ass trying to munch hay." The court fined him five dollars for contempt, but remarked at the same time that he would remit the fine provided the attorney would apologize. The lawyer went through his pockets, and finding but half the amount required, said: "Ahem! I'll take down the hay, but will copper the ass. Here is \$2.50, Judge."