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THE BLOODY KU KLUX IN OHIO.

WILL THE PRESIDENT DECLARE MARTIAL LAW IN THAT COUNTY? FOUR DEAD BODIES FOUND DANGLING FROM THE BRIDGE AT DAWN.

CINCINNATI, September 4.—For seven years the counties of Owen and Henry, situated in the southeastern part of the State, have been terrorized by a gang of banditti, who have shot, burned and stolen almost without fear of law. The roads in much of the region are narrow, rocky, and the streams travel in almost entirely on horse-back or on foot, and the familiarity of the outlaws with every turn in the roads and dark corners in the thickets enabled them to put travelers out of the way with very little inconvenience, and without fear of detection. During the war many of their murders were charged to rebel soldiers, and at one time General Burbridge caused a number of Confederates to be shot in retaliation. A few weeks ago one of the band, named Shuck, was hung at Owenton. He protested to the last his innocence, and made a statement implicating several of his comrades. Soon after, another member of the gang, named Carter, made a full confession, and on the strength of this four men were arrested and lodged in Newcastle jail.—Three of them were brothers, named Goodrich; the other was James Simmons, Sr.—At half-past 1 o'clock this morning, a mob surrounded the jail took the four men out of their cells, hurried them a short distance from the building and hung them in a ghastly row. The victims, before the hanging, confessed to the murders and other depredations with which they were charged.

Jim Simmons, Sr., was about 56 years of age, and the acknowledged head of the gang. He was known as "The King," and his house the "King's Castle." Bob Goodrich was probably the most villainous counsellor of the gang. He was more than 135 pounds heavy, and was somewhat larger than his brother Bob. He was 40 years of age. Bob was perhaps five years younger. They were married to daughters of old Jim Simmons.—Sam Goodrich, the youngest, a half-brother of the other two, was much their superior in appearance.

The mob seems to have been composed in the main of people from the adjoining counties of the west, of Oldham and Trimble, and probably also a number of parties from Madison, Ind., where Baer, one of their victims, resided. There is little doubt that there were present a number of men from the eastern part of the county, where most of the crimes were committed, but they evidently kept out of sight as much as possible, and through the aid of their disguise, escaped detection. The first indication of the presence of the mob was seen at about 1 o'clock, when about twenty men on foot and with double-barrelled shot-guns in their hands were observed moving quietly along the main street of the town from the west towards the house occupied by the jailer. Arriving at the door, they rapped loudly, awakening Mr. Pierce, who was sleeping in the house. He, calling from his bed, asked who was there, receiving the reply, "A friend." Dressing, he went immediately to the door, which he opened, to find himself in the presence of a body of masked men, two or three of whom, with revolvers at his head, demanded the keys of the jail. He replied that he hadn't them, as he was not the jailer. They then ordered him to call the jailer, which order he complied with, two men being sent with him as a guard. Jailer Jones dressed and started down stairs. On the stairs he was met by two masked men, who, with pistols at his head, informed him that they were after old Jim Simmons and the Goodrich boys, and that they were going to have them, ordering him to go with them and unlock the jail. He protested, saying that the law would certainly do justice, to which the reply was: "We mean business, and want no fooling on your part. Unlock the jail, or you'll be killed." Taking possession of him, they forced him to march to the jail, leaving a guard over the parties who were in the house. By this time the crowd had increased to about forty men. On the way to the jail, which was a block away, they were met by Sheriff Ricketts and his deputies, who had been awakened and informed of the presence of the mob. He protested against violence, and in the name of the commonwealth ordered the mob to disperse. The reply was, as to the jailer, "We mean business, and are going to hang Jim Simmons and the Goodriches. Get into your house, and keep still, and you'll not be harmed." He, however, continued his protestations until the mob, cooking their shot-guns, informed him that they wanted no more nonsense, and that if he valued his life he had better get inside and not trouble them further. At this he and the deputies withdrew. The mob then moved quietly to a point near the jail, where they halted, and some of the men were sent after a rope. They went to the store of Wm. O'Brien, about a block away, and, awaking the proprietor, demanded a rope and some small cords, which they got and paid for, getting a hundred feet of cotton half-inch rope and a quantity of cord. Returning to the spot where the jailer was still held by a

part of the mob, they cut and prepared the rope, and then moved on to the jail.

Arriving there, they, with guns at the head of the jailer, ordered him to unlock the doors, saying that they were bound to have the men, and resistance on his part would be useless. After another protest, which was met with threats, he unlocked the doors. The moment this was done about thirty men rushed inside, and lighting candles which they had with them, rushed into the cells occupied by the men whom they wished, ordering them to get up and dress. The men seemed fully to realize their condition, and prepared to meet their fate with that stoical indifference which characterized their conduct from the first. Old Jim Simmons, the leader, received the summons without a word or sign of displeasure. Sam Goodrich, while being tied by his captors, asked permission to give his money to the jailer, to deliver to his mother, which privilege was allowed him, with the injunction that he be quick about it. He handed over \$43 to the jailer, and then turning to the mob gave himself again into their hands. Joe Goodrich, with the exclamation, "Oh, Lordy! they've got us!" allowed himself to be bound.—Bob Goodrich, who was generally counted the worst of the lot, at least in point of cruelty, asked his captors to grant him time to pray. The reply was: "You didn't give Onan time to pray! You can't have time now yourself!" His hands were quickly tied, the rope, ready tied, was thrown over his head, and he was forced from the cell. It will be remembered that Shuck, in his confession, avers that Bob was one of the crowd that drowned John Onan in the Kentucky River, after shooting him through the arm, and that he refused to allow Onan time to pray.

All this scene occupied but a few seconds, so thoroughly was the work of the mob planned and executed. The leader, a large man, closely masked, and from whom all orders emanated, stood in the door of the jail giving commands to the men. His principal order was, "Be quick now; we are here for business and want nothing else.—Tie them and take them out, and be quick about it, too!" In less than ten minutes from the time the doors were thrown open, the men had dressed themselves, their hands were tied, nooses were thrown over their heads, and, firmly grasped, and a line on each side, in front and rear, and with drawn pistols at their heads, they were marched from jail down the street leading to the west of the town. As they were taken out, Humphrey Roberts, a young man living in this county, who was in jail on some trifling offense, and who had been tied through mistake by the mob, was untied, and the jailer was ordered to lock the jail and go home, which he did with alacrity. One or two persons attempted to follow the mob, but were ordered back, and informed that they might be shot if they attempted to follow. They were also informed that the mob was 250 strong, and that any attempt at resistance would be promptly met, even if it were necessary to burn down the town.

During all this time—which, by means of the delay caused by the hunt for ropes, occupied over half an hour—probably a dozen or so people had been awakened and become cognizant of the dreadful work that was going on. Yet no one dared make any effort to prevent action, as all the streets were picketed and every movement was met with a loaded shot-gun or the glare of a navy six or the glister of a bowie knife, accompanied by a quiet but determined order to the party concerned to get home and stay there.

The mob, after leaving the jail with the prisoners, started on a fast walk or run toward the western portion of the town.—Following the road at a rapid pace they soon came to a bridge over a branch of Drenan Creek, just outside the western line of the town. This seems to have been the spot agreed upon beforehand for the execution. Arriving there the mob stopped, and, lighting candles, placed one upon each end of the bridge. They then tied the ends of the ropes, which were about the victims' necks, to the posts at the side of the bridge, and prepared at the word of command to pitch them over the side. Old Jim Simmons and Bob Goodrich were given places side by side on the north side of the bridge, and Sam and Joe Goodrich were consigned to the south. Then the voice of the leader—whose commands were the only words spoken distinctly, except another plea for mercy from one of the wretched victims—rang out on the still night air: "Ready! one, two, three!" One of the victims was launched over the side of the bridge. The rope was quickly tightened with a snap and a dull thud, and one of the murderers of Beely, James and John Onan and Eli Downy and Wm. Gallighan and John Gividen and Nelson Parrish met his fate. Again that awful voice rang out: "Ready! one, two, three!" and another form was hurled over the edge of the bridge into the darkness below. A third time the awful "ready," and the counts were heard, and the third form was dropped by the grave executioner. This time there was a crash, and a sound as of a falling body on the stones below, accompanied by a cry of anguish. Then there was a sharp call from the commander:

"Look out there, below! Don't let him get away!" and a confused hum of voices in the darkness below as they gathered up the form of the half dead wretch, the fastening of whose rope had given away. Again the rope was fastened, and amid the pleadings for mercy of the now thoroughly unnerved victim, he was again launched over the side of the bridge, bleeding from the fall. As the rope tightened, the dull, cracking sound announced that the murder of Gallighan had been avenged. Then came the fourth and last victim; and as he struggled and pleaded for mercy, he was reminded that he never showed mercy to his victims.—Amid his pleadings and imprecations and groans he was hoisted aloft, and in a moment, his form dangled beside the others in the fellows.

The work done, the candles were extinguished, and the mob lingered in silence to see if it were well done. A few of those posted below moved quietly forward and examined the bodies, feeling for the pulse, and occasionally pulling down a mask and peering into the faces of their dead victims. Nearly a half hour thus passed, and then they silently withdrew. Calling in their pickets stationed through the town and by roads, and mounting their horses, which they had placed under guard near the bridge, they rode off in a westerly direction. At daylight, the few people who knew of the terrible work that had been in progress, but had been driven home at the pistol's mouth, ventured forth. Following the tracks of the mob, they soon reached the bridge, and found the bodies of the victims. Their hands were firmly tied behind them; their hats lay in the dry creek below, where they had fallen as the wretches were pitched over the bridge. At 5 o'clock, Esquire B. B. Gray, who had been notified, (acting in the capacity of coroner,) cut the bodies down, and removing them to the town hall, held an inquest. The jury gave a verdict of death by hanging at the hands of unknown parties.

After the inquest the bodies were enclosed in neat coffins, and left in charge of the authorities. Late this afternoon the father of the Goodrich brothers sent a team for the bodies, which were delivered to the messenger, and they will to-day be buried at Lockport, near the scene of their many crimes. The body of old Jim Simmons still lies in the town hall. His wife and son, who lived at Eminence, four miles from here, on learning to-day of the terrible fate which had befallen the gang, immediately disposed of their effects, and, taking the west bound train, left for parts unknown, not calling for or giving any attention to the body of the old man.

Of the strength of the mob there are various estimates. Not more than fifty persons were at the jail or upon the streets together; but the leader stated that he had 120 men in and around town, and as many more in the immediate suburbs of the place. They disappeared as suddenly as they came.

SHALL WE MEET AGAIN?—The following is said to be one of the most brilliant articles written by the lamented Geo. D. Prentice:

"The fiat of nature is inexorable. There is no appeal for the relief of the great law which dooms us to dust. We flourish and fade as the leaves of the forest, and the flowers that bloom and wither in a day have no firmer hold on life than the mightiest monarch that ever shook the earth with his footsteps. Generations of men will appear and disappear as the grass, and the multitude that throng the world to-day will disappear as the footsteps on the shore. Men seldom think of the great event of death until the shadow falls across their own pathway, hiding from their eyes the faces of loved ones whose living smiles were the sunlight of their existence. Death is the antagonist of life, and the cold thought of the tomb is the skeleton of all fears. We do not want to go through the dark valley, although its dark passage may lead to Paradise; we do not want to lay down in the grave, even with princes for bedfellows.—In the beautiful drama of Ion, the hope of immortality, so eloquently uttered by the death-devoted Greek, finds deep response in every thoughtful soul. When about to yield his young existence as a sacrifice to fate, his Clemantha asks if they should meet again, to which he replies: 'I have asked that dreadful question of the hills that looked eternal—of the clear streams that flow forever—of the stars among whose fields of azure my raised spirit has walked in glory. All were dumb; but as I gaze upon thy living face I feel that there is something in the love that man holds through its beauty that cannot wholly perish. We shall meet again, Clemantha.'"

"Jessie, what was Joe's arm doing round your waist when you were at the gate last night?" asked a precious Aberdeen boy of his sister. "His arm wasn't round my waist! I won a belt from him and he was taking my measure!" replied the indignant young lady.

A good little boy who was kicked by a mule, did not say naughty words or go home crying to his mother. He just tied the mule within five feet of a bee hive, backed him round to it, and let him kick.

FENCE, OR NO FENCE.

The question of fencing stock, instead of enclosing crops, has been submitted by the Legislature to the voters of the State, and very generally decided in favor of the present system of enclosing, in a sham way, the cultivated fields against the depredations of hobbled cattle and pike-nosed hogs. Chester County, we see it stated, voted in favor of a change in all her townships. In Anderson, where the county had actually been canvassed upon the subject, a few of the townships opposed the change. Only one township in Abbeville County and two or three in Fairfield favored a change. So we may say, the law proposing to enclose stock rather than crops was overwhelmingly defeated when put to the test of the ballot box, as a State measure.

We do not consider the law as proposed by the Legislature a fair test of the wants of our people, simply because it had in it the anomalous feature of allowing townships to adopt or reject it. As well may it have been said, let any two or three farmers adopt or reject it. We would not favor the passage of a law submitting this question to counties, simply because such a law would inflict unnecessary hardships upon the citizens of certain sections of every county.—It should be a law for the State or no portion of it; though we doubt not, that if the land owners of any one county would petition the Legislature for a change in the existing law their petition would be granted, and the remainder of the citizens of that county, who really have no just right to oppose the change, would be required to conform to the new law. We do not care to discuss this question here, because we could not convince any one who is opposed to us that his views are incorrect, but we are bold enough to say, that any farmer who opposes the change in any part of the State is, in our judgment, an old fogy, and is ignorant of the quantity of land necessary to graze his cattle and other stock during the planting, cultivating and harvesting seasons.

But we do propose to say a word upon the subject of who defeated this stock law at the recent election. True, many land owners were opposed to it because it was submitted by townships; others opposed it from the fallacious idea that fencing stock was denying the poor man a living chance, a mere sentiment we think, and yet others opposed it because they feared a change, and anticipated that it would not work well. But who gave systematic, organized opposition to its passage? The negroes; they turned out to a man and boy and voted against it unanimously, and why? Not because they knew or believed it would injure them; not because they felt an interest in the country's welfare; not because they had stock and no land upon which to pasture them, for they were told, that their employers would by the law be compelled to furnish them pasturage; (and just here we would inquire of the framers of the law, could such a provision have been enforced had the law passed? is it not worse than unconstitutional?) not because they enjoyed the luxury of mauling rails and building fences; not because they anticipated any injury, or curtailment of rights, civil or otherwise, by the passage of the law; but the negroes as a body opposed the passage of the new stock law, with malice aforethought, for the sole reason that the white people favored it, and this they will do on all occasions until their number is so reduced, or the number of the whites is so increased, that their opposition will amount to nothing.

But does not this opposition of the negroes teach the farmers more ideas than one? It clearly shows how united and thoroughly organized they are, and that they only require a malicious leader to prove themselves capable of voting a return of those days we have in the past fought so manfully to conquer. This question of the fence law they made a political question, and would listen to no advice or counsel from their employers, but went blindly against it because it was favored by the whites.

And what further does this action of the negroes show? It simply proves how completely unorganized the farmers of South Carolina are. We are not a "band of brothers"; we care nothing for each other's likes and dislikes; we have no concert of action; we have no industrial or political organization whereby each and every one is required to stand shoulder to shoulder with his neighbor, even though his interests are temporarily sacrificed by so doing. Each and all of us have a most potent and independent individuality, which enables us to contest and thwart the interest of the majority whenever we chose to act from self-interest or even obstinacy.

Does not the recent election read us a valuable lesson upon the necessity of organization? What has become of our Democratic Clubs?—Where are our Labor Reform Associations? Why does not the Grange organization show its power in all questions that concern the industrial development of the country? There is no State in this Union that is an agricultural State where the farmers have less organized influence than in South Carolina, and we cannot understand why this is so, unless it is, as we have said before, almost all our leading farmers have other investments, and the farming interest is subordinate to every

other. We lament the existence of such segregation, but are powerless to prevent it. We have cried, organize! organize! until we were hoarse, but events occasionally crop out that show how utterly futile have been all of our efforts.

Had we an organization amongst farmers, and a majority of them favored a stock law, there would be no necessity for legislation upon the subject. We need only determine through our farmers' organization that we will allow no more timber cut or rails mauling upon our plantations than is necessary to keep our stock in an enclosed pasture, and the end is obtained at once. We have never allowed a hoof of ours to make a track upon another man's land, and we are not particularly anxious to make another man's stock when he makes a track on our land. Let every land owner adopt a similar policy, and there will be no need of legislation to establish a stock law. We will not despair, but hope on to the end, that our people will some day find out that if they enclose their stock they will take better care of them; and taking better care of them they will learn that it is no more trouble or expense to keep a fine animal than a worthless one, and by degrees they will kill off the scrubs, introduce improved stock, and in the end greatly enhance the value of the live stock of the State.—D. W. AIKEN in News and Courier.

LIME FOR FOWLS.—Some of our farming friends appear to be deeply impressed with the notion that hens need no food but corn in some one of its forms. We ought not to forget that "food" means the material for everything that comes out of the system, and that if any particular race takes up any special branch of manufacture, they must have the raw material. All animals consume more or less of lime; it is one of the principal elements entering into the composition of the bones; but the hen needs an extra supply. The domesticated hen also needs more than wild stock of any sort, since she is stimulated to a greater production of eggs. In consequence, we must give her more than is contained in the various grains. The most useful forms in which to give lime are pounded shells, pulverized mortar and crushed bone. On the whole, we prefer the former. Its preparation makes a good stint for the boys. We object to bone meal if not perfectly sweet, but a good, sound article is a first-rate thing for this use. Feed it most abundantly at the time when hens are laying most freely, and anticipate, if possible, by beginning early in the season, lest your fowls eat a shell egg and acquire bad habits.—Live Stock Journal.

BROWBEATING.—In almost every church there are a few persons who seem to be actuated by the despicable spirit of rule or ruin. If the minister does not preach, visit, or conduct the different meetings according to their liking; if the church varies in its discipline or policy from their way of doing things, they set themselves against the majority with a determined spirit that plainly means to browbeat all others into their ways. They will never let up until the church becomes passive or the minister, wearied by little persecutions, takes himself out of the way. The necessity for the abundance of grace which was promised the apostle who suffered with the thorn in his flesh, is fully realized in such an experience. We have wondered what purpose such persons serve in the economy of grace, unless it may be that patience may, through their ugliness, have its perfect work. It is not ours to judge of their Christian hope, but we can sympathize with Spurgeon when he said of such, that he would rather live an eternity with them in heaven than one day on earth.—Golden Rule.

A MODEL TRUCK FARMER.—There is a farmer who supplies the people of a certain quarter of the city with butter, eggs, apples, potatoes, etc. He comes to the city twice a week, driving sixteen miles each way. He realizes from the sale of his produce, from \$20 to \$40 a week, every week the year around. His large crops maintain the farm and his income from his vegetable and butter wagon is his profit. He brings queer loads to town sometimes; but he never fails to bring something to sell. He says that it really appears that there is nothing on the farm that the city won't buy, and so he makes a conglomerate load; the contents ranging from turnip tops to honey, from cow peas to apples.—Atlantia Constitution.

SCANDAL DENOUNCED.—In the Reveille reporter's wanderings about town last night, he heard a lady, talking across the street to a neighbor, thus deliver herself on the subject of scandal: "Of all things I do hate in this world it's a scandalizing woman. Now, there's Mrs. Jingleton, that everybody knows isn't a bit better than she ought to be, and whose two daughters cut up so shameful that no decent woman ought to speak to them, and whose husband gets drunk, and they do say he owes for that grenadine she puts on so many airs in over her betters. If I was to say mean things about people like she does, I would pull my tongue out by the roots, the nasty, scandalizing, stuck-up old cat."

What a man calls hard luck is frequently looked upon as laziness by his neighbors.