

THE WEEKLY UNION TIMES.

Devoted to Agriculture, Horticulture, Domestic Economy, and Politics.

VOL. IX.—NEW SERIES.

UNION C. H., SOUTH CAROLINA, NOVEMBER 9, 1877.

NUMBER. 44.

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IT is intended to take the place of shingles, or tin on roofs, oilcloth or woolen carpets, on floors, and plastering on walls. It can be used with a saving of from one hundred to three hundred per cent., and give satisfaction. The carpeting can be seen in use at Gen. Wallace's; the ceiling at Mr. F. H. Count's; the roofing at J. K. Young's store, east of the hotel, at Col. A. G. Rice's, at Dr. Gibbs', and on my new house nearly opposite the Presbyterian Church.

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THE FIGHT AT BRANDY STATION.

My first courier found General Stuart as incredulous concerning the presence of the enemy in his rear as I had been; but simultaneous with my second message came the sound of the cannonading, and there was no longer room for doubt. The nearest point from which a regiment could be sent was Jones' position, not less than two miles distant from Fleetwood. Two of his regiments, the Twelfth Virginia, Colonel Harman, and White's Thirty-fifth Virginia battalion, were immediately withdrawn from his line and ordered at a gallop to meet this new danger. But minutes expanded seemingly into hours to those anxious watchers on the hill, who waited, after all, help could not arrive in time. But it did come. The emergency was so pressing that Colonel Harman had no time to form his regiment in squadrons or even platoons. He reached the top of the hill as Lieutenant Carter was retiring his gun after having fired his very last cartridge. Not fifty yards below Sir Percy Wyndham was advancing a strong regiment in magnificent order, in column of squadrons, with flags and guidons flying, directly upon the hill, and to meet this attack the Twelfth Virginia was compelled to move forward instantly, though disordered by a hard gallop, and in column of fours. The result was a recoil, which extended for a time to White's battalion, which was following close after. Stuart reached the hill a few moments later, and satisfied that he had here to encounter a large force of the enemy, he ordered both Jones and Hampton to withdraw with the artillery from the Beverly's ford road and concentrate upon Fleetwood hill. And now the first serious contest was for the possession of this hill, and so stubbornly was this fought on either side, and for so long a time, that all of Jones' regiments and all of Hampton's participated successively in the charges and counter-charges which swept across its face. At one time Gregg would have possession, at another Stuart; but at no time did Gregg retain possession sufficiently long to bring up his guns to the crest. He did indeed advance three guns to the foot of the hill; but there they were destined to remain. On the other hand, Stuart did gain position little by little. How fierce this struggle was, and with what determined gallantry fought by both sides, may, perhaps, best be shown by an extract from Major Beckler's report. He says:

"The pieces first placed on Fleetwood hill were under the command of Lieutenant Carter, of Chew's battery, and had been repeatedly charged by the enemy and retaken by our cavalry; and at the time that the two guns of McGregor's were brought towards the crest of the hill it was very doubtful which party had possession of it. The two guns were, however, moved up rapidly, and scarcely had they reached the top (and before they could be put in position) when a small party of the enemy charged them. The charge was met by the cannoniers of the pieces. Lieutenant Ford killed one of the enemy with his pistol; Lieutenant Hexton killed one, and private Sully, of McGregor's battery, knocked one off his horse with a sponge staff. Several of the party were taken prisoners by the men at the guns."

Aid was close at hand for these gallant cannoniers, and soon a concerted charge by both Jones' and Hampton's brigades cleared the hill of the enemy, and placed it securely in our possession. And now covetous eyes were cast toward the foot of the hill, where stood those three rifle guns, and around them the battle raged fiercely.—Three times were they over-ridden by the Confederates' horse, and three times were they retaken by their friends. But Colonel Lomax with the Eleventh Virginia made the last charge, and the guns remained with us. One was disabled, the other two serviceable. These two points decided the struggle in our favor, and Brandy Station was soon cleared of its unwelcome visitors, who were hurried back along the road upon which they had advanced. The pursuit was continued by Lomax and Hampton, until checked by the fire of our own artillery, for the dust and smoke of the conflict was so great that from the position of the artillery friends could not be distinguished from foes.—MAJ. McCLELLAN in Philadelphia Times.

Be kind to your parents, or grand-parents; care for them tenderly, lovingly, watchfully. Age has taken from them the vitality which gives buoyancy to youth. Mayhap they have drunk deeply of life's cup of sorrow—with aching, heavy, and well nigh broken hearts, may have seen hopes and joys fade away before their eyes—endured much for the sake of others—and now that life is fading, they need care and support far more than the younger ones. Let us humor their whims, their childishness, their seeming peevishness. Let kind words and acts cheer them and make life's pathway more pleasant for the tottering feet. Make a warm corner in every heart for the aged. Remember that a death-bed scene is not far distant, and you should have no dark spot on memory's page. The parting blessing of old age is like the very dew of heaven itself. Earn it by kind actions.

A wag suggests that a suitable opening for many choirs should be, "Lord, have mercy on us poor singers."

WHAT RESULTED FROM A LITTLE GAME OF DRAW POKER.

Mistaken in his Hand—\$12,000 on the Table—The Danger of Straight Flushes. A gentleman relates the following incident: The occurrence to which I refer happened during the latter part of the war of the rebellion, in New York, where I was stopping at the time, the guest of a local politician of some note. We left my friend's house at about 10 o'clock P. M., and taking a car, got off at one of the up town cross-streets—Twenty Third, I think—and ascended the steps of a fine marble front dwelling on that street. Upon ringing the bell, a colored man came to the door, and, after exchanging a few words with my friend, ushered us up stairs into a spacious, elegantly furnished room.

Four gentlemen were at the table, playing the fascinating and illusive game of poker. Three of them nodded to my friend, who returned their salutations, and explained to me *sotto voce*, that they were respectively a Wall street operator, a cotton broker and a junior partner in a wholesale dry goods house, the fourth party being a stranger to him. The latter was a young fellow of about twenty-two, well dressed, handsome, and evidently a comparative novice at the game.

The stakes were high; portentous stacks of chips and bank notes were piled before each player, and the set faces of the gamblers betokened that an unusually stiff game was in progress.

Presently, as a hand was dealt, and before the players had seen their hands, the young stranger said, with a smile and wave of the hand, "Excuse me, gentlemen, but allow me to ask if we are playing the sequence flush; it is customary, is it not, to settle that matter, and we have not done so."

"Why," said the cotton broker, "you have not got one there, have you, Harry?"

"That remains to be seen," said the boy. It was agreed that the sequence flush should be counted in, and the players took up their hands. I saw a startled expression flash across Harry's face as he looked intently at his cards. He did not draw, and when his opportunity came raised the Wall street operator \$100. The dry goods man dropped out. The cotton broker raised Harry \$200. The Wall street party, a large-boned, yellow-skinned, individual, with no more expression in his sallow countenance than there is in a brick wall, came in again and raised, and the thing began to get interesting. The betting grew heavy. Finally the cotton broker weakened and laid down, but Wall street, who I fancy thought Harry was bluffing took the chances.—There was over 12,000 on the table when Harry pushed back his chair and reaching down drew from under his feet a small black bag, from which he took a package of crisp greenbacks.

Carefully he counted out \$5,000, mostly in bills of large denomination, and pushed them forward. The Wall street sphynx saw Harry and raised him an equal amount.

"The boy, pale as a ghost, his lips and fingers twitching with nervous excitement, threw down the remainder of a package of money, and said, prefacing the words with a wild oath:

"Five more; I call you. What have you got?"

"Four Kings," said Wall street, without a tremor, as he laid down his hand.

"A straight gentlemen, by all the gods!" said the excited boy, as he threw his cards on the table and reached for the spoils. A slight, almost imperceptible, flush came upon the cheeks of impassive Wall street; then one eye twitched a little; then suddenly he leaned forward, examined Harry's hand, and said quickly: "Not so fast, not so fast, my young friend; look at your cards."

One look was enough. Never in my life have I heard a more horrible groan than came from young Harry's lips, and then the words "Oh, God! what will mother say?" seemed to burst out of his mouth, and then he fell upon the floor in a fit.

The poor youth had been betting upon a straight flush that was not a straight flush, for, by some temporary hallucination, he had mistaken the seven of diamonds for an eight, and, although he had examined his cards time and again, as I had observed, had not been deceived as to his error. The Wall street man, as he gatheted in the money, glanced at the writhing form upon the floor, and said, as he pounced the spoils, with a gambler's pity, "Poor devil;" and then took his hat and walked out, while we were endeavoring to revive the poor boy."

I have since heard that Harry was the trusted confidential clerk of a large New York contracting firm, and had intended starting for Washington on a late train that unlucky evening to transact some important business.

I have always had a prejudice against straight flushes since that evening in New York.

If there is a man who can eat his bread at peace with heaven and man, it is that man who has brought that bread out of the earth by his own honest industry. It is caskered by no fraud—it is wet by no tear—it is stained by no blood.

If she doesn't invite you into the house after having escorted her home, it isn't worth while to waste any more ice cream on her—your case is hopeless.

MARRYING FOR MONEY.

Denouncing a Marriage Under Circumstances Such as Were Probably Never Before Witnessed.

Judge Myrick has denied the application to admit to probate the will of Hepsabeth Harrigan, an old and intemperate woman who was married to a young and active man, and who bequeathed all her property to him and died. The Judge in his decision tells the whole story as follows: Samuel Fisher, former husband of Hepsabeth, died at Stockton in April, 1874. In the latter part of that year she removed to San Francisco. In 1875 she purchased a residence at 112 Jones street, where she resided until her death. In May, 1876, she first met Mr. Harrigan. Prior to that she had met two or three men nearly of her own age, but from the time she and Harrigan became acquainted he was the object of her thought and consideration, and marriage to him was her prevailing wish. She and Harrigan met at the houses of mutual acquaintances, and passed evenings engaged in social amusements, such as card playing and the like, and then he became a constant visitor at her house. Her health was failing, and she had turns of mental and physical prostration.

In November, 1876, she became engaged to marry Harrigan. About that time she was unable to leave the house, and was thereafter mostly confined to her bed. It was arranged between them that their marriage should occur at Christmas, 1876, but she being then sick in bed it was postponed. On the 11th day of January, 1877, the marriage ceremony was performed between them. That afternoon, accompanied by her nurse and a friend, she rode to the office of the Safe Deposit Company, she being bolstered up with pillows and taking stimulants during the ride. She gave directions that her funds and property in the vaults of the company should be subject to access by Mr. Harrigan. After returning home she tried on a wedding dress which had been made for her, and in the evening was dressed and aided down stairs to the parlor, and was assisted to stand while the ceremony was proceeding. The clergyman officiating thought that the circumstances were peculiar, but as a number of reputable people were present, he did not deem it necessary for him to institute special inquiries. She sat in the parlor in an easy chair during the evening, receiving stimulants from her nurse.

Two days after that the will in question was made. Prior to the marriage ceremony she had sent for an attorney who had formerly transacted business for her, and she advised with him in reference to a will, and he prepared the will in question, and was present at its execution. Two physicians were also present, and subscribed the will as witnesses. One physician was called in to examine her as to soundness of mind.—His interview did not exceed thirty minutes, but he declared her of sound mind. Another physician who had before attended upon her, did not, upon the trial express a decided opinion upon that subject, but on the evening of the execution of the will, after leaving the house, did declare that he had that evening witnessed the execution of a will, and the woman who made it was no more fit to make a will than a boy of four years. The attorney read the will to her, section by section, and asked her if that was her wish, to which she assented. She seemed to the persons present to understand the business in hand, although she was very ill and weak. The will was executed and attested in due form.

The story of her remaining days is soon told. She failed rapidly. On February 26, 1877, Dr. Ingersoll was called. He found her in an imbecile condition. On March 10 her mind was entirely gone. She was then weak and sick, helpless and senseless, in which condition she lingered until the 5th of April, and then the end. During the lifetime of Fisher, at least for some time, she (Mrs. Fisher) had been addicted to drink, which caused restlessness, loss of sleep and frequent walking at night. After his death she drank more, and during the past year or two of her life she drank on an average a gallon of whiskey a week.

Several months before her death she craved constantly for liquor. Her physicians warned her that death would ensue unless she would cease the use of alcohol, but without effect. The demijohn had to be hid from her, and the liquor dealt out to her in smaller quantities. She would have it, and a tumbler of it was placed on her table on retiring, for night use. She was sixty-three years old, he forty-six; she wealthy, he impecunious; she weak in mind and failing in health, he strong and vigorous; he knowing she could live only a short time, that she was drinking herself to death; that thoughts of love or associations were absurd; he took her for her money."

Under this decision, the husband will take one-half the property, provided his marriage is sustained, and the other half will go to the daughter. If the marriage should eventually be declared null all the property will go to the daughter. The estate is valued at about \$70,000.—San Francisco Chronicle.

Which is cheaper—a bride or a bride-groom? The bride—of course, she is always given away, while the bridegroom is often regularly sold.

DAVIS AND LEE.—Honorable Ben H. Hill, the great whig statesman of Georgia, recently made a speech before the Southern Historical Society, in Atlanta, from which we make the subjoined extracts:

I could detain you all night in correcting false impressions which have been industriously made against this great and good man. I know Jefferson Davis as I know few men. I have been near him in his public duties; I have seen him by his private fireside; I have witnessed his humble Christian devotion; and I challenge the judgment of history when I say no people were ever led through the fiery struggle for victory by a more noble patriot, while the carnage of war and the trials of public life never revealed a purer and more beautiful Christian character.

Those who, during the struggle, prostituted public for private gain, or used positions to promote gain, or forgot public duty to avenge private griefs, or were derelict and faithless in any form to our cause, are they who condemn and abuse Mr. Davis. And well they may, for, of all such he was the contrast, the rebuke and the enemy. Those who were willing to sacrifice self for the cause; who were willing to bear trials for its success; who were willing to reap sorrow and poverty that victory might be won, will ever cherish the name of Jefferson Davis; for to all such he was a glorious peer and a most worthy leader.

I would be ashamed of my own unworthiness if I did not venerate Lee. I would scorn my own nation if I did not love him. I would question my own integrity and patriotism if I did not honor and admire both. There are some who affect to praise Lee and condemn Davis. But of all such Lee himself would be ashamed. No two leaders ever leant, each on the other, in such beautiful trust and absolute confidence.—Hand in hand, and heart in heart, they moved in the front of the dire struggle of their people for independence—a noble pair of brothers. And if fidelity to right, endurance of trials, and sacrifice of self for others, can win title to a place with the good in the great hereafter, then Davis and Lee will meet where wars are not waged, and slanders are not heard; and as heart in heart, and wing to wing, they fly through the courts of heaven, admiring angels will say, "What a noble pair of brothers!"

BRUTAL TREATMENT OF A CHILD.—A most horrible affair has come to light in Polk county. Early last summer a little orphan girl was taken in charge by Thomas Allen, who lives near Tryon, in the county of Polk. Last Friday, D. Foster, Esq., an uncle of the child, was informed that Allen and his wife were brutally whipping the poor little waif. On learning this he immediately went to the house, and informing them of the reports he had heard, took the child to his home in Columbus. On the way she related to her uncle her heart-rending story. She had been tortured and whipped in the most brutal manner, her hair pulled out of her head, and her legs skinned and bruised. She was often tied to a loom and whipped with a double rope, with pieces of timber, splits, etc., and time and again they threatened to kill her and secrete her body in a large hole near the house. She related that the woman was more brutal towards her than the man. Upon reaching his home, Mr. Foster had a physician, Dr. J. G. Waldrop, summoned, who examined the child and found her in a most critical condition. Her little body was a mass of bruises, and from the suffering, fear and excitement she had experienced, the child was in a state of delirium. It will take the utmost care and attention to restore her. The brutal couple have been put in jail.—Henderson (N. C.) Courier.

THE GREAT RACE.—Never since the great four-mile race at New Orleans, twenty-four years ago, when the horsemen of Kentucky, Mississippi, Louisiana, and Alabama picked out their favorite horses for the contest, has there been so great an interest felt in a race meeting in this country as there was in the Baltimore races that ended on Friday last. These races were a great disappointment to the large delegation which had gone to Baltimore from the Southwest to see Ten Broeck beat the Eastern horses in the two-and-a-half-mile brush on Wednesday and the four-mile heat race of Friday. Many, like Bailie Peyton, had not seen an old fashioned contest for more than twenty years, and they came feeling sanguine that Kentucky was invincible on the turf. Great was their sorrow, therefore, on Wednesday, when Mr. Harper's Ten Broeck of Kentucky was easily beaten by Mr. Loilard's Parole of New York, in the two-and-a-half-mile race in 10 1/2 seconds lower time than the record. And on Friday, in the four-mile race, the best time made by Ten Broeck was more than twenty seconds slower than that made by Lexington in the great State race nearly a century ago. It is true he won the race, but Tom Ochiltree and Parole were out of the contest, and the great interest had fallen to zero. There is nothing so uncertain as horse racing, and Kentucky may have better luck next time.

When the Breton mariner puts to sea his prayer is, "Keep me, my God; my boat is so small and the ocean so wide." Does not this beautiful prayer truly express the condition of each of us?