

# Orangeburg Times

THE ORANGEBURG TIMES  
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"ON WE MOVE INDISSOLUBLY FIRM; GOD AND NATURE BID THE SAME."

Vol. 1

ORANGEBURG, SOUTH CAROLINA, WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 13, 1872.

## THE ORANGEBURG TIMES

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## POETRY.

### The Lone Sentry.

BY JAMES R. RANDALL.

'Twas in the dying of the day,  
The darkness grew so still:  
The drowsy pipe of evening birds  
Was hushed upon the hill;  
Athwart the shadows of the vale  
Slumbered the men of might,  
And one lone sentry paced his rounds,  
To watch the camp that night.

A grave and solemn man was he,  
With deep and somber brow;  
The dreadful eyes seemed hoarding up  
Some unaccomplished vow.  
The wistful glance peered o'er the plains  
Beneath the starry light—  
And with the murmured name of God,  
He watched the camp that night.

The future opened unto him  
Its grand and awful scroll;  
Manassas and the Valley march  
Came heaving o'er his soul—  
Richmond and Sharpsburg thundered by  
With the tremendous fight  
Which gave him to the angel host  
Who watched the camp that night.

Brothers! the Midnight of the Cause  
Is shrouded in our fate;  
The demon Goliath pollute our halls  
With fire and lust and hate;  
Be strong—be valiant—he assured  
Strike home for Heaven and Right!  
The soul of Jackson stalks abroad,  
And guards the camp to-night!

### A TOUCHING CONFEDERATE INCIDENT.

The Sad Death of a Gallant Georgian in South Carolina.

A Graphic Letter from Our Own Correspondent, a Gifted Girl of Fifteen.

AN APPEAL TO THE LADIES OF GEORGIA.

NEAR GRAHAM'S P. O., S. C.;  
October 28, 1872.

EDITORS CONSTITUTION: Knowing, as we do, so well the benevolence and noble spirit of our Georgia Ladies, we venture to make, through your paper, this appeal to them in behalf of one who was once their countryman.

From where I am sitting now, I can see, under the shadow of the morning fires, a solitary grave—the last resting place of a brave young Georgian,

MAJOR ROBERT A. HULL.

Well do we remember the night when this brave young life went out a willing sacrifice on the altars of Southern chivalry. It was the night following the day of February 8th, 1865. For twenty-four hours we had been anxiously watching and waiting for the appearance of the enemy, whose guns we could hear but three-quarters of a mile away as they endeavored to force their passage across the Edisto. A day and part of a night had the Confederates held them at bay, but overcome, not conquered, by the overwhelming power of the opposing army, had now beat a retreat, and the way lay open. At a little past nine o'clock at night the enemy came, and the scene of peace and smiling prosperity, which a short while ago greeted our eyes, was now changed into one of

WAR AND DEVASTATION.

But not a murmur escaped our lips. What could we do or say, a helpless band of women and children, in the hands of ruthless invaders? But child as I was at the time, I remember the feeling of indignation and rebellion, that raged within me as I heard them talking in sneering tones of "a fool, of a rebel, who had tried to rally his men against them even after they (the enemy) had crossed the river, and been shot down in the act, while his men fled and left him alone, wounded and dying." This was the tale they brought, and some of them intoxicated, not knowing what they said,

bragged of the manner in which they had "rifled his pockets, and then thrown him to die in a little stream by the side of an old-field fence."

I remembered as well as if it was yesterday the fire,  
GENUINE REBEL FIRE,  
that burned in mother's eyes as going up to one of the officers in command, she said: "Sir, I believe you to be an officer and a gentleman, and feel that a request, coming as it does from one, who is helpless to do aught so far as her own strength is concerned, will be complied with by you. I therefore beg you, in the name of Southern women and children, to have this brave young defender of our rights, of whom your men are speaking so scornfully, brought here, to our house, that we may minister unto him."

At least here was one heart, "under the flue," not altogether hardened. Touched by the appeal made to him, he turned away, and in a short time the noble, daring young major, from whose lips the battle cry had rang out so often, cheering his men on, "to victory or death," now

LAY DYING BEFORE US,  
all unconscious of the loving hands bathing the blood from brow to cheek; or of the tears, "woman's tears" too which fell slowly over the blood stained hands and face. No, none of this he ever knew. Consciousness never returned. The ball had found its way to the brave, true, heart, and there alas! too well it had done its work of destruction. Only twice did he speak, and once was when the great, mournful eyes opened wide, a fire leaped to their depths; the right hand was teebly raised, but fell again to his side, while above all the cry rang out clear and distinct: "Charge, men, charge!"

Then, again, as mother bent over him, parting the matted hair from his brow, the eyes unclosed slowly, and gazing tenderly at her, his lips murmured feebly, "MOTHER."

The last word he ever said, with a sigh, a moan, a feeble gasp for breath, his his spirit took its flight to join "mother" in the realms above, or, perhaps, there to await her coming.

From the enemy we begged the rough pine coffin in which we laid him to rest, and no great general, buried with all the pomp and ceremony which the world knows how to accord him, ever had truer, sincerer mourners than this brave young hero, with no gaudy flag folded about, but wrapped simply in his "jacket of gray." Just inside the gate, under a spreading oak, we buried him, and here for seven long years he has slumbered.

And to-day, as we stood again beside his grave for the first time in seven years, how vividly the scenes we have just related come up before us. The tree has long since been cut down; the grave sunken and overgrown with grass, while a simple marble slab placed here by some kind-hearted stranger through the instrumentality of Dr. S., bearing the inscription:

MAJOR R. A. HULL,  
6TH GA. INF.

Killed at Binnaker's Bridge,  
is the only guide to the spot.

Touched by the neglect everywhere visible, we determined to do all in our power to show that some one at least cared for the sleeper.

We called our little consins, who, a few moments ago, had begged us to join in a game of romp, and asked them if they had not much rather "help clean off the poor soldier's grave." Their childish sympathies were at once enlisted, and with willing hearts and ready hands we set to work. The grass was cleared away, the hollow filled up, a grave formed, and a space cleared around for a distance of four or five feet. Then the children—there were but three of them, the youngest just six years old—brought cedar and evergreens, and wreaths were made and placed upon the grave. Our work was done. It cost us only an hour or two of labor, but how much happiness it brought us in return.

And, now, just a few words more, and we will lay aside our pen. To the ladies of Georgia, more especially to those of

our own city—Atlanta—we make this appeal in behalf of him, this brave young soldier, who was once their countryman. Is it just that he should lie here alone and neglected,

'Neath the pines of South Carolina, far away from his own loved Georgia; while his comrades, by the side of whom he fought in days that are past, and shared together the bivouac fire, sleep in graves that are cared for and honored? Shall there be for him no "decoration day?" Year after year, when the offerings of flowers and evergreens are laid upon their graves, shall this one remain uncared for; covered over with pine straw and decaying leaves, and the name of him who sleeps here sink into oblivion? Ah! we trust not. We are too well acquainted with the noble hearts of our Georgia ladies to feel that this appeal will fall upon deaf ears.

Whether Major Hull has relatives living or not we do not know. We think he has in Macon. If so and these lines meet their eyes, we know that they will take instant steps for his removal. If not, we feel assured that the Ladies' Memorial Association of Atlanta will come forward and respond to this appeal. If they will write to Dr. J. D. Cleckley, at Graham's Turn Out, South Carolina, we know he will lend them all the assistance in his power.

Will the ladies not undertake this noble work? We feel assured that they will.

ANNIE MARIA.

### MORE KU-KLUX ARRESTS.

TEN CITIZENS OF WILKINSON COUNTY, GEORGIA, DRAGGED FROM THEIR HOMES BY UNITED STATES SOLDIERS.

[From the Savannah Advertiser.]

The evening train from Macon yesterday brought ten respectable and peaceable citizens of Wilkinson County, under charge of United States deputy marshals, with a file of soldiers. The facts as we are able to gather them are as follows: The men were arrested under a warrant issued by a United States commissioner in Atlanta, on the affidavit of some negroes, charging them with complicity in the murder of a negro which occurred some months ago. One of the men, we are informed, was arrested for being connected in some way with the murder of a negro, which took place about two years ago. This negro was killed by some person or persons, and his body thrown into a ditch, where it was subsequently discovered. An investigation was held at the time, and the case thoroughly sifted, and finally disposed of—at least such was the supposition until this new arrest was made. The parties, whose names we publish below, assert that they do not know for what they have been arrested and dragged from their homes, but as there has been nothing of a disorderly character in the County, except the murder of this negro, they can think of nothing else that prompted their arrest. They state that they were quietly at their homes, not apprehending or expecting anything of the kind, when the arrival of the United States soldiers and marshals from Atlanta aroused them, or many of them, from their quiet slumbers, about twelve and three o'clock yesterday morning, and notified them that they were wanted, at the same time informed them that they were under arrest upon a warrant issued by the authorities at Atlanta. Preparing themselves as rapidly as possible, they responded to the order, and were brought to this city, arriving as above stated, on the evening train yesterday. Many of the gentlemen brought their servants with them. Five of them are merchants in Irwinton, two are school boys, two are farmers, and one a physician. The following is the list: W. C. D. Curlish, H. H. Hyman, Eli Peacock and Milton Lindrey, merchants, Irwinton; R. G. Hyman, merchant and agent of the Southern Express Company, and Wm. Dickson and Jethro Vanlandingham, Toombsboro; George Campbell and Chas. Peacock are school boys from Irwinton. Upon the arrival of the prisoners last evening they were immediately marched off to the jail, where they will probably be

kept until the United States Court convenes, or until they can have a preliminary examination before a United States commissioner.

### Free Blow in an Omnibus.

In Nevada, there used to be current, the story of an adventure of two of her nabobs, which may or may not have occurred. I give it for what it is worth:

Col. Jim had seen somewhat of the world, and knew more or less of its ways; but Col. Jack, was from the back settlements of the State, and had led a life of arduous toil, and had never seen a city. These two, blessed with sudden wealth, projected a visit to New York. Col. Jack to see the sights, and Col. Jim to guard his unsophistication, from misfortune. They reached San Francisco in the night, and sailed in the morning. Arrived in New York, Col. Jack said:

"I've heard tell of carriages, all my life, and now I mean to have a ride in one; I don't care what it costs. Come along."

They stepped out on the side walk and Col. Jim called a stylish baroucha. But Col. Jack said:

"No, sir? None of your cheap John turnouts for me. I'm here to have a good time, and money ain't any object. I mean to have the nobbiest rig that's going. Now here comes the very tick. Step, that yaller one with the pictures on it—don't you fret—I'll stand all the expenses myself."

So Col. Jim stopped an empty omnibus, and they got in. Said Col. Jack:

"Ain't it gay, though? Oh, no, I reckon not! Cushions and windows and pictures, till you can't rest. What would the boys say if they could see us cutting a swell like this in New York? By George, I wish they could see us."

Then he put his head out of the window and shouted to the driver:

"Say, Johnny, this suits me!—suits yours truly, you bet, you! I want this shebang all day. I'm on it, old man! Let 'em out! Make 'em go! We will make it all right with you, sonny!"

The driver passed his head through the strap-hole and tapped for his fare—it was before the gongs came into common use. Col. Jack took the hand and shook it cordially. He said:

"You twag me, old pard! All right between gents. Smell of that, and see how you like it!"

And he put a twenty dollar gold piece in the driver's hand. After a moment the driver said he could not make change.

"Bother the change! Ride it out. Put it in your pocket."

Then to Col. Jim, with a sounding slap on his thigh:

"Ain't it syle though? H-n-ged if I don't hire this thing every day for a week."

The omnibus stopped, and a young lady got in. Col. Jack stared for a moment, then nudged Col. Jim with his elbow:

"Don't say a word," he whispered. "Let her ride if she wants to. Gracious, there's room enough."

The young lady got out her portemonnaie, and handed her fare to Col. Jack.

"What's this for?" said he.

"Give it to the driver, please."

the driver, and hide everybody cordially welcome. The situation dawned on the people, and they pocketed their money, and delivered themselves up to the covert enjoyment of the episode. Half a dozen more passengers entered.

"Oh, there's plenty of room," said Col. Jack, "Walk right in and make yourselves at home. A blow-out ain't worth anything as a blow-out, unless a body has company. Then in a New Yorker, Col. Jim, "But ain't those New Yorkers friendly? And ain't they cool about it, too? Icebergs ain't anywhere. I reckon they'd tackle a bear if it was going their way."

More passengers got in; more yet, and still more. Both seats were filled, and a file of men were standing up, holding on to the cleats overhead. Partia with baskets and bundles were climbing up on the roof. Half a dozed laughter rippled up from all sides.

"Well, for clean, cool, out-and-out cheek, if this don't bang anything I ever saw, I ain't an Injun," whispered Col. Jack.

A Chinaman crowded his way in. "I weaken!" said Col. Jack. "Hold on driver! Keep your seats ladies and gents. Just make yourselves free of anything paid for. Driver, rustle these folks around as long as they're a mind to go—friends of ours, you know. Take them everywhere—and if you want more money, come to the St. Nicholas, and we'll make it all right. Pleasant journey to you, ladies and gents—go it just as long as you please—it shan't cost you a cent."

[Mark Twain.]

THE LUTHERANS IN COLORED.—By the courtesy of Capt. Geo. St. Harriet, who has just returned to this city from Lexington, we learn the following particulars of the annual session of the Synod of South Carolina and adjacent States, which convened at St. John's Church, Calk's Cross Roads, Lexington County, South Carolina, on the 10th inst., and was there continued, from day to day, we believe, till Tuesday of this week.

The Rev. J. P. Smeltzer, D. D., President of the Walthalla College, was elected President of the Synod, and also delegate to the General Synod. The attendance at this session was the largest ever known, perhaps, and entirely harmonious. The delegates were very beautifully entertained by the inhabitants of the place and neighborhood, and express themselves highly delighted with everything they saw or heard. Rev. Mr. Shirey was elected Secretary of the Synod, and Rev. John H. Honour, Corresponding Secretary. The report of the Treasurer of Walthalla College, was very encouraging. We were gratified to learn, indeed, that in every respect the College is in a very hopeful state, and that there is now a large increase of students in it, over any other period during its existence. The reports of collections from the different churches connected with the Synod were not known to be as large at any time before. The Rev. Dr. Smeltzer, the new President of the Synod, was appointed to preach last Sunday, and although the church in which he preached was a very large one, the crowd of persons in attendance was so great, that a minister had to be appointed to preach to the vast throng assembled in the grove near by.—Charleston Courier.

CRIMINAL RECORD OF CHARLESTON COUNTY.

Court of General Sessions.

The Charleston News says: there are twelve murder cases for trial; Solomon Lyons, for killing Henry Manigault; Francisco Victor Valdez, for killing Raphael Perez; Robert L. Kelly, for killing Eliza Smalls; Lafayette I. Wolfe, for killing Henry L. Perrin; Jack Drayton, for killing Joseph Segar; Peter Davis, for killing John T. McDowell, Jr.; Simon Gale, for killing John Johnson; Robert W. Brown, for killing Ellis Allen.

THE TAXES FOR 1872.—The taxes for the present year will sum up 18 mills on the dollar. As follows: For State purposes, 8 mills; for County purposes, 3 mills; for interest on State debt, 4 mills; for Blue Ridge Railroad, 3 mills. Total tax, 18 mills. This is exclusive of the stamp and license bills, which are expected to produce a revenue of \$200,000 or more.