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"On we move indissolubly firm; God and nature bid the same."

IN ADVANCE

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POETRY.

SAY COME.

Say, come! a word so simple,
O, speak when duty calls;
It may win an erring brother,
And save him ere he falls.

Say, come! an invitation
So gentle and so kind,
May prove a friend's salvation,
A sheaf for glory bind.

Say, come! to youthful maidens,
And little children, too;
And gather for Christ's garner,
Of such treasures, not a few.

Say, come! the tempter mingles
A cup with poison fraught,
And precious souls are bartered,
Their fearful ruin wrought.

Say, come! to all who wander,
Far out on danger's track,
O, follow with entreaties,
And bring the wanderers back.

MY WIFE'S BRIDAL TOUR.

When I married my second wife, she was dreadful set about going off on a bridal tour. I told her that she'd better wait six months or a year, and I'd try to go with her, and she said she'd rather go alone—when a woman was travelling a man was an out-and-out humbug.

So I gave her seventy-five cents, and told her to go and have a good time. I never begrudge money when my wife's happiness is concerned. My first wife never could complain of not going anywhere, for I am dreadful fierce to go off on a good time myself, and always was. I don't pretend to say how many times I took her out to see the sights, and there was no end to the free lectures I let her go to. The neighbors used to say "It beats all how the Skinners do go."

When Signor Blitz was in Skunksville with his wonderful canaries, he gave my wife a complimentary ticket. I not only sold that ticket for my wife, but gave her half the money. I don't boast of it, but I only mention it to show how much I thought of her happiness.

I don't think any man ought to get married until he can consider his wife's happiness only second to his own. John Wise, a neighbor of mine, did thusly, and when I got married I concluded to do likewise.

But the plan didn't work in the case of my second wife. No—I should say not. I broached the subject kindly.

"Matilda," said I, "I suppose you are aware that I am now your lord and master?"

"Not much you ain't," said she.

"Mrs. Skinner," said I, "you are fearfully disorganized. You are cranky." And I brandished my new sixty cent umbrella wildly around her.

She took the umbrella away from me, and locked me up in the clothes press.

I am quick to draw an inference, and the inference that I drew here was that I was not a success as a reorganizer of female women.

After this I changed my tactics. I let her have her own way, and the plan from the very first worked to a charm.

It's the best way of managing a wife that I know of.

Of course, this is between you and me. It's a business worth knowing.

So when my wife said she was bound to go on a bridal tour anyhow, I cordially assented.

"Go Matilda," said I "and stay as long as you want to; then if you feel as though you would like to stay a little longer, stay my dear."

She told me to stop talking, and go up stairs and get her red flannel night cap and that bag of pennyroyal for her Aunt Abigail. My wife is a very smart woman. She was a Baxter, and the Baxters are a smart family, indeed. Her mother, who is going on eighty, can fry more flapjacks now than half of these prim up town girls, who rattle on the piano, or walk the streets with their furbelows and fixings, pretending to get mad if a young chap looks at them pretty hard, but getting mad in earnest if you take no notice of them at all.

Ah! girls ain't what they used to be when I was young, and the fellows are worse still. When I went courting, for instance, I never thought of staying till after ten o'clock, and only went twice a week. Now they go seven nights in the week, and cry because there ain't eight; then they write touching notes to each other through the day—"Dear George do you love me as much as you did at a quarter to 12 last night? Say you do, dearest, and it will give me courage to go down and tackle them cold beans left over from yesterday."

Well, well, I suppose they enjoy themselves and it ain't for us old folks, whose hearts have got a little calloused by long wear, to interfere. Let them get together and court if they like it—and I think they do. I was forty-seven when I courted my present wife, but it seemed just as nice to sit on a little cricket at her feet, and let her smooth my hair as it did thirty years ago.

As I said before, my wife was a smart woman, but she couldn't be anything else, and be a Baxter. She used to give lectures on woman's rights, and in one place where she lectured a big college conferred the title D. L. D. upon her. But she wouldn't take it. "No, gentlemen," said she, "give it to the poor." She was always just so charitable. She gave my boys permission to go bare-footed all winter, and insisted on it so much in her kind way that the boys couldn't refuse.

She fairly dotes upon my children, and I've seen her many a time go for their trousers pockets after they had gone to sleep and take out their pennies and put them in her bureau drawer, for fear they might lose them.

I started to tell you about my wife's bridal tour, but the fact is, I never could find out much about it myself, I believe she had a good time. She came back improved in health, and I found out before she was in the house twenty-four hours that she had gained strength also. I don't say how I found out. I simply say, I found out.

In conclusion, I would say to all young men, marry your second wife first and keep out of debt by all means, even if you have to borrow the money to do it.

How to DWARF A TOWN.—Horace Greely presents the following as a sure means of destroying the prosperity of the most promising town. There can be no doubt of its efficacy.

"If you wish to keep a town from thriving don't put up any more buildings than you can conveniently occupy your

self. If you should accidentally have an empty building, and any should want to rent it, ask three times the value of it. Demand a shylock price for every spot of ground that God has given you stewardship over. Turn a cold shoulder to every mechanic or business man seeking a home among you. Ruff down the work of every new workman. Go abroad for wares rather than deal with those who seek to do business in our midst. Fail to advertise, or in any way support your paper, so people abroad may know whether any business is going on in town or not. Wrap yourselves with a coat of impervious selfishness. There is no more effectual way to retard the growth of a town than actions like those enumerated, and there are people in every town who are pursuing the same course every day of their lives, and to whom the above remarks are respectfully offered for their consideration."

Judge Bond.

The Washington correspondent of the Baltimore EVENING JOURNAL gives the following sketch of Judge Bond:

As many papers in the country are making a great hue and cry about the Ku Klux in South Carolina, and the administration of justice by Judge Bond, it is but just to let them know who Judge "Huge Lam-mux" Bond is, and some of his antecedents. He is well known in this city, as are the means he used to secure his present appointment, and confirmation after appointment, the latter being strongly opposed by Charles Augustus, of the Plunderer's Organ of your city, and who is now his chief eulogizer.

I have been informed by reliable persons that when he was Judge of the Criminal Court of your city, he compelled the errier of said court, (who was once in the dog business in Baltimore, also an engine house keeper, but now a post-office detective,) to divide his salary (which was larger than that of the Judge) with him. He (the Judge) was the delegate to the Methodist Episcopal Church Conference at Winchester, Virginia, who seceded from the Conference because of his strong pro-slavery views, which were antagonistic to the majority of the Conference.

He it was, while a Judge of the Criminal Court of your city, and as such a conservator of the peace, begged an officer of the United States army to release from his custody Major Harry Gillmor, (a prisoner of war,) in Baltimore, and send his guard home, so that the Union men could hang him (Major Gillmor) to lamp post; and he it was who caused the arrest of many Southern sympathizers in your city during the late war, by means of his influence with the commanding generals and their provost marshals.

While this prating Judge professes Christianity, he never was known to improve any opportunity for sowing the good seed, or of teaching, either by precept or example, the lessons which we are taught to believe as coming direct from the fountain-head, and certainly his actions do not appear to be influenced by the constant kindness and gentle hearing of those who understand Christianity to signify not only faith, purity and devotion, but also, that peace and good will among men are its fundamental principles and essential elements. No; none of these! Duplicity is his forte, and has frequently and faithfully served him. In Pollock's "Course of Time" I find a photograph of this Judge (?) and his characteristics:

"The Hypocrite has left his mask, and stood in naked ugliness. He was a man who stole the livery of the Court of Heaven to serve the Devil in."

THE LISPING OFFICER.—A good story is told of a lisping officer having been victimized by a brother officer, who was noted for his cool deliberation and strong nerve, and his getting square with him in the following manner:

The cool joker, the Captain, was always quizzing the lisping officer for his nervousness, and said one day to him in the presence of his company:

"Why, nervousness is all nonsense; I tell you, Lieutenant, no brave man will be nervous."

"Well," inquired his lisping friend, "how would you do, suppose a shell with an inch fute thould drop itself in a willed angle, in which you had taken shelter from a company of fifty chookets, and where you'd get preppered?"

"How," said the captain, winking at the circle, "why I'd take it cool and spit on the fuse."

The party broke up, and all retired except the patrol. The next morning, a number of soldiers were assembled on the parade ground, and talking in circles, when along came the lisping Lieutenant. Lazily opening his eyes, he remarked:

"I want to try an experiment thith fine morning, and see how exceedingly cool you can be."

Saying this, he walked deliberately into the Captain's quarters, where a fire was burning on the hearth, and placed in the hottest centre a powder canister, and retreated. There was but one mode of egress from the quarters, and that was upon the parade ground, the rear being built up for defense. The occupant took one look at the canister, comprehended his situation, and in a moment dashed at the door, but it was fastened.

"Charlie, let me out, if you love me!" shouted the Captain.

"Thepit on the canister!" shouted the Lieutenant, in return.

Not a moment was to be lost; he had first snatched up a blanket to cover his egress, but now dropping it he raised the window, and out he bounded; and with hair almost on end, he dashed upon the full parade ground. The shouts which hailed him drew out the whole barracks, to see what was the matter.

"Why didn't you thpit on it?" asked the Lieutenant.

"Why, because there were no sharp shooters in front to prevent a retreat," answered the Captain.

"All I've got to thay, then, thith that you might thafely have done it; I'll thwear there wathn't a grain of powder in it."

The captain has never spoke of nervousness since.

THE WAY PAT GOT TO BOSTON.—Some years ago a son of the Emerald Isle, in the city of Portland, Maine, accosted the captain of a steamer (plying between that city and Boston) to enquire the fare to Boston, when the following colloquy ensued:

"Good mornin', captain. Could ye be afther tellin' me what's the fare to Boshton?"

"Three dollars," answered the captain.

"But suppose I went outside?"

"In that case," said the captain, "you can go for two dollars."

This was undoubtedly beyond the extent of Pat's worldly possessions; so he scratched his head and looked perplexed for a few moments, when a bright thought seemed to strike him.

"I say, captain, dear, what would ye be afther takin' a hundred and sixty pounds of freight for?"

"Seventy-five cents," replied the captain.

"Be jabbers, thin ye may put me down, captain, for I'm jist the boy that weighs that!"

The captain turned to the clerk, saying:

"Put on the freight list one hundred and sixty pounds of live Irishman, and stow him in the hold."

Serious family and political differences are said to exist between the Czar Alexander of Russia and his eldest son, the hereditary Grand Duke. The Czar prefers to speak in the German language—the language of his mother and wife—the Grand Duke, who is the leader of the National or Old Russian party, the basis of which is antipathy to all foreignisms—converses only in Russian, and allows no one to address him in a foreign language, unless it be a foreigner. In pursuance of his rigid Russianism, the Grand Duke discards all those foreign customs which have heretofore been prevalent at the Court of St. Petersburg. The consequence is that the breach between him and his Imperial father is constantly widening, and the Czar it is reported, does not wish his eldest son to succeed him, but that his brother Constantine should be Emperor after him.

Some girls are like old muskets—they use a good deal of powder but won't go off.

Naomi, the daughter of Enoch, was 580 years old when she married. What a world of hope there is in this.

Whatever Midas touched turned into gold. In these days touch a man with gold and he'll turn into anything.

What is the characteristic of a watch? Modesty—because it keeps its hands before its face, and runs down its own works.

A wretched old bachelor says: "After all a woman's heart is the sweetest thing in the world—it's a perfect honeysuckle—full of sels."

A Kentucky girl says when she dies she desires to have tobacco planted over her grave, that the weed nourished by her dust may be chewed by her bereaved lovers. There is poetry in the idea.

While last year planters generally expected to plant more corn than cotton, this year they intend planting more cotton than corn, and we are afraid that they will find it a bad policy.

The white voting population of the town of Union, in this State 112, and colored 103. The number of persons between 16 and 45, and subject to perform "street duty," is 190—whites 89, colored 101.

The spirit in which the Puritans have dealt with the question of slavery was commercial in the beginning, political in the end. The moral part is all bosh.—Norfolk Virginian.

We have at last found out what it requires to make a man truly loyal in the South. Chandler, in his blasphemous harangue in the Senate the other day, in speaking of the rebel General Longstreet, said that he "had furnished the highest possible evidence of repentance, loyalty and general good character, by joining the Republican party." This, then, is to be the test of a man's loyalty, and the only thing that will entitle him to the rights and privileges of a citizen. If he joins the Radical party his sins are at once wiped out.