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Baltimore rates, adding freight. Call in and
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The subscriber will pay the highest
prices for WOOL, washed, or burry.
Would also invite attention to the
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\$25 to be run by hand.
\$37 with table.
This Machine is of the lock-stitch pat-
tern, and is equal in finish and per-
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Call and examine.
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In a few minutes at the lowest possible rates.
Walk up to the Gallery over Mr. F. H. W.
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SPECIAL NOTICE.

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POETRY.

"Going Alone."

With curls in the sunny air tossing,
With light in the merry blue eyes,
With laughter so clearly outstringing,
A laugh of delight and surprise;
All friendly assistance disdaining,
And trusting no strength but its own,
The past fears and trials forgotten,
The baby is "going alone."

What woe! what mishaps have preceded
This day of rejoicing and pride!
How often the help that he needed
Has carelessly gone from his side!
He has fallen while reaching for sunbeams,
Which just as he grasped them have flown,
And the tears of vexation have followed,
But now he is "going alone."

And through all his life he will study
This lesson again and again;
He will carelessly leap upon shadows,
He will fall and weep over the pain.
The hand whose fond clasp was the surest,
Will coldly withdraw from his own,
The sunniest eyes will be clouded,
And he will be walking alone.

HEART, CROSS, AND ANCHOR.

BY FRANCES HENSHAW BADEN.

"One more song, Carol, darling! A
parting song, that shall fill my heart with
music that must endure for two years—
two long, long years! No others' tones
will touch an answering chord in my
soul, and I feel almost selfish enough to
wish yours should not fall on other ears
when I am gone. But this you must
promise: this song you will not sing again
to any one. It shall be kept sacred to
the memory of this hour."

"I will promise, Edgar. Neither this
nor the 'Welcome Greeting' will I sing
again, until to you," answered Caroline.
Then turning to the piano, she began her
song. Never had she sung so well. Her
soul was in her tones; and when she
ceased and turned to her lover, he ex-
claimed:

"Beautiful! beautiful! Do you know,
my darling, that you have a
fortune of surer possession in your voice
than all your father's wealth? But come!
bid me good-bye with smiles, not tears.
The time of my going is very near. I
must hasten."

She put forth her hand; he caught it,
and drew her to his bosom. As he re-
leased her, a bracelet caught on his but-
ton and broke. The little charms—
Cross, Heart, and Anchor—that were at-
tached to it, separated; the cross still
hanging to the button, the others falli-
ng at Caroline's feet.

With a frightened look she pointed to
the broken trinket, and said:
"Oh, Edgar! this is an omen of coming
evil, I know. Your gift thus broken, and
at such a time!"

"Nonsense! At your feet, behold my
heart and hope. And on my bosom lies
our faith. Here, put a piece of ribbon
or something in this little cross, and I
will wear it until we meet again."

"When shall that be?" asked Caroline
in such a mournful voice, that Edgar
said:

"Still superstitious?"
"I feel a presentiment, Edgar, that years
will pass before we meet again, if ever.
Eut here, take this cross; I will have
faith. See, I have wrapped around it a
piece of my hair! Now, whatever the
future may bring, and whatever you may
be, send this to me, and I will come!"
Caroline said, her voice full of mourn-
ful tenderness.

"Oh, Carol, pray do not talk so! You
impress me with your gloom. Come,
cheer up, and own up too, that you are
afraid to trust me in the constant society
of Miss Erving; but you need have no
fears about her. Even though I should
think of her, she would not be apt to en-
courage her father's secretary, when she
can aspire to the highest position in our
land."

A look of reproach was Caroline's re-
ply to Edgar's words. And when he
again pressed her to his heart in his final
farewell, and left her, she felt then as if
it was for ever.

Before two years had passed, there
came a great financial crisis, in which
many of the wealthiest fell—Caroline

Ainsworth's father among the first. When
poverty was threatening, not for herself
did she tremble, but for those dear ones
then aged, and illy able to bear either the
shock or its results. Then Edgar's words
came back to her. She had a fortune in
her voice. Cheerfully, hopefully she
went to work. And then how eagerly
she watched for the coming of Edgar's
letter of sympathy, encouragement—aye,
that most of all, which should sustain
her, his words of love. The letter came.
Oh, the cold, cruel letter, which for a
time swept faith, hope, and almost reason
from her mind and heart. A little while
only, and then she arose above the sor-
row man had caused, and bravely went
to work. Calmly she reread his letter,
asking to be released from his vows.
Business still retaining him in Europe,
he should not return to the States at pre-
sent; and as, of course, her plans for the
future would engross her completely, she
would agree with him it would be bet-
ter, and no doubt also agreeable to her,
to be free.

"You are free," were the only words
Caroline wrote in reply. A year spent
in study and winning encouragement
from the best masters, and then to try
her power. Success followed, and fame
crowned her with laurels.

Europe and America acknowledged
her the prima donna of the age. "Teach
her to love, and then hers will be music
divine. Power, passion, pathos—she has
all; but they had been acquired from
great masters. The wanting power must
be of herself, from her own soul," said
the old connoisseurs.

Seven years had winged their flight
since she had parted from Edgar Rose-
veldt. She had heard nothing of him
since about six months after her receipt
of his letter.

Coming home to marry Miss Erving.
After a night of even more than usual
ecstasy, she sat the next day surrounded
with the tokens of her listeners' appre-
ciation. Flowers rare and beautiful,
jewels costly and antique, all around
her. She pushed them impatiently aside,
and her head sank into her hands. Her
thoughts flew back to the time when she
sang simple ballads, and watched for the
words and look of admiration from one
with more eagerness, and hailed its com-
ing with more real gratification than ever
since she had from the crowned heads
and nobles of the land.

"How near I was last night to singing
the 'Welcome Greeting!' I could with
difficulty restrain myself. My heart
seemed filled with that. I have not
thought of it since that night. I think,
if I had sung it, there might have been
found the wanting tone. They say I am
cold—there is no love in my voice. Cold!
Oh, can they not think there is a cold-
ness more icy than that of unknown
love? 'Tis when love has been given
birth, known life, and then been killed,
that it becomes so icy cold!" Thus Car-
oline Ainsworth communed with herself.

Going to a jewel casket she unlocked
it and drew forth the little golden heart
and anchor.

"Strange! strange that I should have
felt the coming of his perfidy! I knew
that night it would be so. I wonder
where the little companion of these is?"
she murmured. "What do I care for this
life of continual excitement; this admira-
tion of the millions? Nothing—nothing.
All, all are gone now for whom I cared
to be great. Edgar worse than dead.
Would that I could think of him watch-
ing and waiting for my coming, in the
land where angels sing! Father gone!
mother gone! I care for the praise of no
one now! I sing to no one now! Oh,
weary, weary life! I have only one joy—
the remembrance of the comfort I gave
them."

A knock on the door announced the
coming of some one, and in answer to her
permission to "come in," a waiter pre-
sented himself, and said, handing an en-
velope, "Mademoiselle, the bearer is
waiting."

"Oh, I am tired of these baubles!" she
said, as she pressed in her fingers the en-
velope, which contained an offering of
some kind she knew. The pressure made

the impression not of a ring, on the paper
in which it was inclosed, but a cross. As
Caroline's eye detected that, she opened,
with an appearance of more interest, the
sealed paper, and the little golden cross,
wrapped with her own hair, was in her
hand!

"Your promise! Do you remember?
The messenger will direct you," was writ-
ten tremulously and irregularly but she
knew his hand had penned the lines.

"Bring the bearer to me immediately,
Jean, and order my carriage. I shall be
ready to use it in fifteen minutes."

"Tell me, my good woman. The gentle-
man—is he ill?"
The woman could understand but lit-
tle English, and Caroline, repeating her
inquiry in French, learned that the wo-
man had been sent by a gentleman who
was ill, perhaps dying. Bidding the wo-
man come with her, and direct the driver,
Caroline entered her carriage. After a
half hour's drive, the carriage stopped
before a lodging house in the Rue de
Rivoli. The woman preceded Caroline
in, and up long flights of stairs until they
reached a door; opening which cautiously,
she stepped in an instant. Returning,
she whispered, "Come in!"

He was sleeping—the miserable wreck
of the once handsome Edgar Roseveldt.
As Caroline bent over his wasted form,
a great terror filled her heart—she had
come too late. "Dead?" she had groaned
forth, looking from the pale features to
the attendant, who answered, "No, no!
sleeping!"

Bending over, gazing on the form of
him once so proud and noble looking,
then so worn, so wretched, Caroline's
heart filled with pity. All the cruel past
was forgiven. How could she feel resent-
ment toward him lying so stricken before
her?

The eagerness of her watching, the in-
tense gaze, must have aroused the sleeper.
He slowly opened his eyes and met hers.
"Ever true," he murmured—"to your
promise," he added, in a voice so low
Caroline had to stoop very near to catch
his words.

The effect of speaking seemed to ex-
haust him. Looking into his eyes, still
so beautifully bright, raised to hers with
a look so eager, so appealing, Caroline's
own grew dim, and tears fell unrestrained
on the wasted hand she clasped in
hers.

Such a grateful look met her eye! She
thought, "Oh! why is he here alone?
Where is she whose gentle hand should
minister here?"

He had gained some little strength,
and when she drew near and seated her-
self, he said:
"I would not have sent for you if I had
been equal with you in any way. But
now, when you are so far above me, you
can stoop at least to pity. I am dying,
you see. I could not resist the constant
longing to see you once more—enc-
more to hear your voice. Can you for-
get the past long enough to sing me one
song?"

She said, "You must feel I do forgive,
and will forget all that you would have
done me." She sang the song that had
trembled on her lips the night before, and
filled her heart ever since; then burst
forth the "Welcome Greeting."

A smile, wan but very sweet, came
over his pale face, and rested there until
she had finished her song. He seemed
to grow much stronger, and inclined to
talk. Seeing this, Caroline said:

"How is it; you are here alone, in Paris?
Where are your friends? your—" wife
she would have said, but the word died
on her lips. She could not utter that,
and continued, "Tell me something of
yourself."

"I will—all," he answered. "When I
wrote you that cruel letter—"

"Hush!" Caroline said. "I would only
hear of your later life."

"I must," he answered, "I must. Then,
for a period, I was possessed of a spirit of
evil. I was flattered by the kindness of
Miss Erving. I believed I could win her,
wealth and high position. I thought I
did, or could love her, and forget you.
But I soon knew I could not, and would
have given every thing I possessed, to

have been able to recall that letter. I
almost made up my mind to write again,
and sue for what I had resigned. When
your reply came, then I determined to
return home and seek you, and try to
gain forgiveness, and a return of confi-
dence. On my arrival, you had left.
And after, when success and fame came
so quickly to you, I dared not seek you.
Resigning my position as Mr. Erving's
secretary, I engaged in business with one
I had always believed my friend, and an
honest man. I trusted every thing to
him. My heart was not in my work. I
was dissatisfied with myself, and every-
thing I engaged in was doomed to failure.
My partner robbed me, and finally went
off with all the money he could obtain.
With the little left, a few hundred dollars,
I followed him here. Many weeks ago, I
was seized with a fever, from which I
have never recovered; and now I have
but little hope I ever shall. But for this
kind woman, I should have suffered much.
Last night I thought I was dying, or I
should not have sent for you this morn-
ing."

He ceased, tired and fainting almost,
from the exertion of so much speaking.
Again the kind attendant came, Caroline
motioned the woman into the adjoining
room, and questioning her closely, learned
that he was entirely without money.
The little he had was soon consumed in
obtaining the most necessary medicines.
Returning to the bedside, she stood, her
heart overflowing with joy. She knew
then, her place had never been given to
another.

Could the admiring hundreds who
gazed on her the night before, have seen
her then, they would have found all that
they had thought wanting. The look,
the tone, the feeling, that so many had
sought in vain, was there. She bent over
and whispered to the sufferer:

"Edgar, you will live!"

A new light flashed in his eye, and
gazing eagerly into hers, he whispered:
"Live! for what?"

"Look into my eyes, Edgar, and see!"
she murmured, a beautiful flush tingi-
ng her fair face.

He could not mistake, for plainly her
eyes answered his cry. "Live for love
and me," they said.

"No, no; you cannot mean it! You so
high, and I so crushed! You shall not
stoop so low, my queen. Even in my
dreams I am not so wild—"

"Edgar, I only stoop to lay my heart
for you to raise to light and life. Look
back. See me not as the multitude, their
favorite for the time; see only the simple,
loving girl of the past. Know not the
prima donna. Know alone the trusting
woman, who willingly will resign the ad-
miration of the world for the love and
appreciation of one true heart."

Thus she came down from the height
of her greatness to the true, loving wo-
man.

When next she sang, all hearers ac-
knowledged the newly gained power.
There was no longer a wanting tone. A
few weeks after, all Paris was surprised,
and many of her noble sons indignant,
that their "Queen of Song" should have
wedded a man entirely unknown to the
world. But what cared she? He was
more than all the world to her.

ALL SORTS.

A Texan game of euchre was ended by
one of the players ordering the other up
with his little Derringer.

The boiler of a locomotive attached to
a freight train exploded in Parkersburg,
West Virginia, yesterday, killing three
men.

Women think all men are thieves since
they may rob them even of their names.

The Dolly Varden is a contrivance to
bring cash out of husbands for the adorn-
ment of peacocks.

The Cincinnati Convention has nomi-
nated Horace Greeley for President, and
B. Brown for Vice-President. The meet-
ing was very enthusiastic.

A special term of the United States
Circuit Court is to be held in Columbia
on the first Monday in August next.

Women think all men are thieves since
they may rob them even of their names.

A practical writer says: "No one can
justly estimate the force of internal in-
fluence unless it comes in the form of an
empty stomach."

A couple of drunken vagabonds got
into a gutter, and after floundering some-
time, one of them numbed, "I say, let's
go to another house—this hotel leaks."

The assertion so frequently made, that
it is impossible to arrest the flight of time,
is altogether erroneous; for who is there
that cannot stop a minute?

A student of medicine out in Michigan,
having courted a girl a year, and got the
mittens, has turned around and sued the
father for "the visits" he paid her.

The Charleston (afternoon) Republi-
can has suspended its daily issue, and
will hereafter only appear semi-weekly.
Cause—"Purely economical reasons."

A Philadelphia paper says "there is a
graveyard in Pennsylvania where may be
seen the impressive picture of a man
sleeping peacefully by the side of his six
wives."

A certain demagogue of our acquain-
tance says that he belongs to no propa-
ganda society. But he ought to. Such
a proper goose should belong to all the
propaganda societies in the land.

"Please turn your head a little," said
a beautiful nurse to her male patient.
"You have turned it already, Madam,"
said he. "Ah, sir, I guess you will not
do this time."

It is said that every woman appears
different to every man, and every man
has his separate watchword, which an-
swers to one and will not respond to an-
other.

An execution in Delaware was lately
attended by the sheriff and jury, with
a few friends. The clergyman, in his prayer,
hoped that the awful punishment would
have its effects upon those present, by
inducing them to forsake their evil ways.

General Wade Hampton has accepted
the invitation of the Ladies' Memorial
Association of Raleigh to deliver the
memorial address at the decoration of the
Confederate soldiers' graves on the 16th
of May.

NAPLES, May 3.—A terrible hurricane
swept the foot and slopes of Vesuvius,
greatly damaging the villages and the
remaining crops. Bombay, Madras and
vicinity were visited by a terrible cyclone,
causing loss of life and vessels. The
eruption of Mount Vesuvius has entirely
ceased.

Mrs. H. L. BUTTERFIELD, the well-
known hostess of the Pavilion Hotel
died there Thursday at twelve o'clock,
after a painful and somewhat protracted
illness. At the death of her husband, the
late F. L. Butterfield, she succeeded to
the management of the house, and con-
ducted it very satisfactorily.

P. W. Morris, hailing from North Car-
olina, and well-known as a tobacco and
cattle trader, committed suicide at An-
derson Court House, on Saturday last.
The deceased was quite dissipated in his
habits, but was a quiet and inoffensive
man.

A poor man was killed in Michigan, a
few weeks ago, under distressing circum-
stances, leaving his wife sick and penni-
less. A bachelor friend interested him-
self in the matter, and raised sixteen hun-
dred dollars for the widow, then proposed,
and being accepted, he married her, and
pocketed the money himself.

ESCAPED.—On Tuesday night, Joe
Jackson, Jim Paulding, Hance Bridges,
Tom Smith, W. H. Jones and Bill Green,
(all colored,) confined in the jail as coun-
ty prisoners, made their escape from the
jail, by forcing the cell doors open and
springing the window gratings with
sash weights taken from the windows by
one of the prisoners, who was allowed the
use of the corridor during the day, on ac-
count of sickness. After forcing the win-
dow bars, they let themselves down with
their blankets. Policeman Young saw
them in the yard and gave the alarm, but
obtained no assistance.—[Carolinian.