

Orangeburg Times.

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IN ADVANCE

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ORANGEBURG TIMES CALENDAR FOR 1873.

1873.	Sunday	Monday	Tuesday	Wednesday	Thursday	Friday	Saturday	1873.	Sunday	Monday	Tuesday	Wednesday	Thursday	Friday	Saturday
Jan.		1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14
Feb.		1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14
Mar.		1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14
Apr.		1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14
May		1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14
June		1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14
July		1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14
Aug.		1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14
Sept.		1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14
Oct.		1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14
Nov.		1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14
Dec.		1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14

STATE OFFICERS.

The following is a list of the State officers elected to serve for the next two years:

Governor—Franklin J. Moses, Jr.
Lieutenant-Governor—Richard H. Gleaves, colored.
Attorney-General—Samuel W. Melton.
Secretary of State—Henry E. Hayne, colored.
State Treasurer—Francis L. Cardozo colored.
Comptroller-General—Solomon L. Hoge.
Superintendent of Education—Justus K. Jilison.
Adjutant General—Henry W. Purvis colored.
Member of Congress at large—R. H. Cain.
Representative from First Congressional District—Joseph H. Rainey.
Representative from Second Congressional District—Alonzo J. Ransier.
Representative from Third Congressional District—R. B. Elliott.
Representative from Fourth Congressional District—Alex. S. Wallace.
Solicitor for the first Judicial Circuit: Charles W. Lutts.

COUNTY OFFICERS.

Senator—James L. Jamison.
Representatives—Samuel L. Duncan, John Dix, Henry Riley, J. Felder Meyers, Abraham Dannelly.
Coroner—John L. Humbert.
Sheriff—Edward I. Cain.
Clerk of Court—George Boliver.
Probate Judge—Augustus B. Knowlton.
School Commissioner—Francis R. McKinlay.
County Commissioners—John Robertson, Edmund T. R. Smoke, Alexander Brown.

POETRY.

CASE O' BE ANCHORED.

The mule stood on the steamboat deck,
The land he would not tread;
They pulled the halter round his neck,
And cracked him o'er the head.

But obstinate and braced he stood,
As born the scene to rule,
A creature of the hold-back brood,
A stubborn, steadfast mule.

They cursed and swore—he would not go
Until he felt inclined;
And though they thundered blow on blow,
He altered not his mind.

The deck hand to the shore complained
"The varmin'ts bound to stay!"
And still upon the critter's hide
The sounding lash made play.

His master from the shore replied,
"The boat's about to sail;
As other means in vain you've tried,
Suppose you twist his tail—"

"It's likely that you'll make him land!"
The deck hand, brave, though pale,
The nearer drew, with outstretched hand,
To make the twist avail.

There came a kick of thunder sound!
The deck hand—where was he?
Ask of the waves that far around,
Beheld him in the sea!

A moment, not a voice was heard!
But winked the mule his eye,
As though to ask, to him occurred—
"Now, how was that for high?"

"Just cut his throat?" the captain roared.
"And end the cursed brute!"
But the noblest soul that perished there
Was he who tried to do it!

THE OLD BUREAU.

AN OLD STORY WORTH REPEATING.

As we were passing down Exchange street, several years ago, we stopped in front of an auction room to examine the various articles that were exposed to be sold under the hammer. We had been there but a few minutes when we heard a female voice inquiring, "Is this bureau to be sold to-day?" On looking up we perceived that the question had been addressed to us by a young lady, whose sad but pleasant countenance struck us at once. We replied that all the articles spread on the sidewalk would be disposed of to-day to the highest bidder.

"I should like this bureau, if it goes low enough," she said pointing to an old-fashioned article that was standing among the other furniture; "but I never bought anything at an auction in my life and I see no woman here. I don't know as it would be proper for me to bid."

"It would be perfectly proper," we remarked; "but if you wish it, I will bid off the bureau."

"If you will, sir, I shall be greatly obliged to you."
"How high are you willing to go?"
"I don't know exactly how much it is worth, but if it sells for three or four dollars you may buy it."

"Shall I speak to a hand-cartman to leave it at your house?"

"No sir, I will call at noon and settle for it, and take it away. I am very much obliged to you for your kindness."

So saying the lady went away, leaving us to wonder who she was, and of what use the old bureau could be to her. We examined it, took out the drawers, but saw nothing remarkable about it. At 11 o'clock, when the auction commenced, we were present, and after waiting nearly an hour, the auctioneer remarked: "We will now sell this bureau. What will you give me, gentlemen?" One man offered two dollars, another three and we bid a half dollar more. Four dollars were bid—four and a half and five dollars. We were astonished that the old thing should bring such a price. What should we do—see it sold and disappoint the lady? The thought struck us that it might have belonged to some friend, and she wished to purchase it at that account, and rather than disappoint her, we resolved to bid again. The bureau ran up to ten dollars and we purchased it for half a dollar more. Certainly we should not have given four dollars for it to use ourself. However, we bought it, and had it sent to our room, telling the auctioneer that if a lady should call for it, to inform her where it might be found.

We examined it again, and began to regret our purchase, feeling almost certain that the young woman would not thank us for what we had done; but we never mourn over a bad bargain. Our philosophy will not permit us to do so.

A little after dusk, as we were sitting in our sanctum, the young lady came in, with an apology for intruding, and remarked: "You bought me the bureau, so the auctioneer informed?" Yes I bought it at an extravagant price, I assure you.

"What did you give?"
"Ten dollars and a half."

"You astonish me. What can I do? I had no idea that it would bring over three or four dollars, and am not prepared to pay for it to-night."

"I suppose it was foolish in me to give so much for it, but I presumed you wanted it very much."

"I did sir, and would not value paying double the amount for the bureau, if I were able, rather than not have it."

"So I apprehended. Perhaps it belonged to some friend of yours?"

"Yes, sir, that bureau was once my mother's—and I noticed a tear come in her eye, which she endeavored to conceal but she is dead now, and I want to keep it in remembrance of her."

Thinking the lady might be poor, we told her that she might take the bureau that night if she wished, and pay us when she found it convenient.

"I am greatly obliged to you for your kindness, but would rather you should keep it until it is paid for."

We urged her to take it, but she refused, saying: "I will see what I can do, and call in a day or two and see you;" and bidding us good evening, she left.

There is something very mysterious about this woman, thought we. It may be that she is poor, and perhaps in very destitute circumstances. But she showed an excellent heart, and the warmest attachment to a deceased mother. Her education must have been good and she has evidently seen better days. And we thought the next time she called upon us, we would ascertain something more of her character and circumstances—perhaps her name—which we felt deeply anxious to learn.

In a day or two the young woman called upon us again, and with tears in her eyes remarked: "I do not know what you will think of me, but all the money I have in the world is five dollars; this I have brought to you towards the bureau you were so kind as to purchase for me." So saying she placed the money before me in silver.

"I shall not take the money at present," I remarked. "I can do without it; and when you are able at some future time you may pay it."

She expressed a great deal of gratitude and said, "I would rather you should take what I have, and nothing that we could say would induce her to take the money again."

"You appear to have seen some affliction," we remarked as we saw the tears in her eyes.

"Not much, sir; I must confess that I have not always been as poor as I am at present; for I have seen better days. When my parents were living I never knew what it was to want for anything. Now I cannot say so."

"How long have your parents been dead?"

"About six years since my father died; and it was four years ago last Saturday since my mother died."

At the mention of her mother's name the tears came to her eyes—a tender chord was touched—we saw it and made no more inquiries, when she took her leave.

It was nearly six weeks before I saw the young lady again. She then called upon us with the remainder of the money that we paid for the bureau.

"I have spoken to a carman who will call here in a short time, and have it removed out of your way, for I suppose you will be glad of it."

"Not at all. I am pleased that I was instrumental of a little service to you, and if you ever need assistance, I shall ever be ready to render it."

"I thank you sir, with all my heart!"
At this moment the man came for the bureau, and bidding us good morning, the young lady left the room.

"Going, going—will you bid me five dollars for this excellent bureau?" exclaimed Mr. Barley, the auctioneer, a year or two since, as we were passing down Exchange street. "Here, Mr. C.," he said turning to us, "buy this bureau; it is worth more for kindling wood than it is going for. Just look at it—going—going—quick or you lose it."

Two dollars and fifty cents we bid, as we saw it was the same bureau we had bought several years before for ten and a half dollars, and was knocked off to us.

This is singular enough, thought we, as we had the article carried to our room. Where is the young woman who formerly owned it? Who is she?

We made several enquiries, but could not ascertain who she was or what had become of her. The bureau had been carried to the auction room by an individual whom Mr. Barley never saw before, and all our inquiries to ascertain what became of the young lady seemed fruitless.

Several months passed by, and still we heard nothing of the young lady, when one day not knowing but we might get some clue of the former owner, we took out all the drawers separately and examined. In the back of the under drawer we noticed a small piece of pinic had been inserted. It looked as if it had been to stop a defect. Prying it out a knife it came out, when to our astonishment we found several gold pieces to the value of about fifty dollars, besides a note for twenty five hundred dollars, with interest made payable to Sarah —, when she should become of age.

It was a witness note, and had been running about ten years, signed by a wealthy man whose reputation for honesty is not exceedingly good. Without mentioning to a single individual, what we had discovered, we immediately renewed our efforts to learn who Sarah — was, and where she could be found. We learned that she had lived with Capt. — and did the work of the kitchen. Of him we could obtain but little information. His wife recollected the girl, and spoke of her in the highest terms. She believed she had married a mechanic, and retired from the city, but his name she could not recollect. By repeated inquiries, we ascertained that Sarah, with her husband, lived on a small farm on the road that lead to Saco. Taking an early opportunity, we started for the residence of the young woman. After several inquiries on the road, we were directed to the house.

It was a pleasant situation, a little from the road, while everything looked neat about the dwelling. As we drew up to the cottage, who should come to the door but the very woman we had so long been anxious to find. She recognized us at once.

"Why, Mr. C.—, how glad I am to see you. Where in the world did you come from? Walk in and take a seat."

Her husband was present—an intelligent looking man—to whom she presented us.

"I have often thought of you," she remarked, "and when in Portland have been tempted to call and see you; but although I have not called, be assured I have not forgotten your kindness, and I never shall forget it."

"But you seem happier than when I last saw you."

"Be assured, sir, I am. My husband has hired this little farm, where we have resided for the last two years and we have a comfortable living; and we are as happy as we could wish. In the course of a few years, if we have our health, and prosper, we are in hopes to purchase the farm."

"What does the owner value it at?"

"He values it at about fifteen hundred dollars. We had to purchase a great many farming things, or we should have made a payment towards it."

"But what has become of your old bureau?"

"I fear I shall never see it again," she remarked; and after a pause, said—"I believe I have never told you how I have been situated."

"You never did."

"When my mother died, it was thought she left some property in the hands of an

uncle of mine, that would come to me when I was of age; but he said it was not the case. With him I resided a short time."

"Was your uncle's name Mr. —?"

"Yes, sir,—that was his name. He was very unkind to me—made me work so hard and was so cross that I left him, to earn my living by doing the work of a kitchen girl. One day I learned that he was about to dispose of what little property mother left to pay an old debt of hers. As soon as I found it correct, I immediately went to the auction, and found it too true. You know about the bureau, the only article of mother's property I could purchase—and had it not been for your kindness, it would have gone with the rest. The money I paid was earned in the kitchen. As I found it inconvenient to carry it with me, I asked my aunt's permission to put it in her garret, which she granted. On calling for it when I was married, I learned that uncle had disposed of it with some other things at auction. I would rather have had it than 100. Not that the piece possessed any real value, but it belonged to my dear beloved mother, (a tear came into the poor woman's eye,) and on that account I did not wish to part with it. But it was useless to speak to uncle about it; he was entirely indifferent to me and what concerned me."

"Suppose that I should tell you that I have that bureau in my office."

"Is it possible! You astonish me, Mr. C. Have you indeed the old bureau?"

"I have, and what is better, I have something here for you"—taking out my pocket-book, and placing the note and gold upon the table—"these are yours."

"Why, sir, you more and more astonish me."

"They are yours. After I became the owner of the bureau, I found his note and gold concealed in one of the drawers.

There are nearly fifty dollars, and the note is against your uncle, for nearly three thousand dollars—every cent of which you can recover."

The astonished lady could not speak for some time; but when she recovered from her surprise she could only express her gratitude in tears; nay, more, she offered half the amount, but we merely told her that it pleased us to have justice done her and be instrumental in adding to the happiness of those we considered so worthy as herself and husband.

When we left we promised to call on her soon again, and in the meantime, to make arrangements for her to receive her just dues from her unworthy uncle.

The old man de surred a little at first but when he found he could rob a poor orphan girl no longer he paid the note with interest—begging us not to expose him.

Sarah's husband purchased the farm on which he resided, stocking it well and is now an independent farmer. Two happier souls it is difficult to find than Sarah and her husband. May prosperity attend them to the close of life.

We often call at the house of our friends and spend there many a happy hour. It was but a week or two since we saw them as cheerful and contented as it is possible for mortals to be.

Disease of Hogs.

The PLANTER and FARMER gives these recipes for the treatment of cholera, worm and mange, in hogs: "There are but three diseases requiring treatment, which are mange colera, and worms in the kidneys, commonly called breaking down in the loins. For mange, wash well with lye soap, and then pot liquor. For cholera, if I know the disease, as soon as you see the hog been to droop and try to vomit, gag him and give him twenty grains of calomel made into a pill. If you have been in the habit of giving your hogs spirits of turpentine at the rate of one tablespoonful to the hog, put it on corn, and you will rarely be troubled with this fatal disease."

"If the first dose of calomel does not relieve in twenty-four hours, repeat the dose, I rarely have to repeat it if administered in time. We sometimes see hogs dragging their hind legs. This is caused by worms in the kidneys, and may be

early cured by giving for three or four days mixed with corn. Hogs which have been feeding on acorn should keep a bottle of the spirits of turpentine, and give it occasionally through the year; he will find it of great benefit to the hogs. I have practiced this for twenty years successfully. It seems to be a specific food for all hog diseases."

F. Judas Moses the Prince of Pay-Jare Traitors.

We find with some surprise that our Governor Judas is not sustained as he so justly deserves (!) For while there is nothing too venal for this degraded villain to engage in, there are some things too infamously contemptible for the vilest prostitute of a newspaper to defend him in. His highest paid advocates have scruples. What else can we construe their profound silence of the charges we have preferred—now by indirect insinuations but grandly stating facts—which called for the most positive refutation, and would if proven to be mere misrepresentations justify the severest measures of resentment. We however thank God that this degraded specimen of humanity, "this Executive ear," is not possessed by nature of a degree of impudence daring enough to deny the charges we have made. It has often asserted that in the shipwreck of the State trifles float, and are preserved, this may help to explain the cause of Moses now being Governor of South Carolina.

BREVITIES.

Connecticut marble cutters knock off one-third of the price when the buyer of a stone will let them put on: "Stones like this for \$— at Jones'."

Dickens once said of the newsboys that "Some one thinks nature must have had very dirty hands."

A Bangor boy, moved by admiration of a smallpox flag which he had seen ornamented his fathers front yard with a piece of scarlet cloth, and so brought the police down upon the astonished family.

A Tennessee schoolmaster reproved one of the "big girls for sitting on the stove and her brother took down his little shotgun and chased the pedagogue into North Carolina before he could pepper him.

Israel Smith, of New Bedford, notices that he has been elected an honorary member of a brass band, but regretfully informs the local paper that he must "positively and respectfully decline the honor."

If a person in a house on fire has the presence of mind to apply a wet cloth or handkerchief to their mouth and nostrils, a passage can then be effected through the densest smoke without inconvenience. If possible, envelop the head and face completely.

A Scranton man, who went home the other evening and found his house locked up, after infinite trouble managed to gain entrance through a back window, and then discovered on the parlor table a note from his wife, reading: "I have gone out; you will find the door-key on the side of the door-step."

Nothing makes a Minnesota husband so mad as to fill his boots with buckwheat cakes in the raw, and then laugh at him when he pulls them on. Mrs. Smith of Winooski, will endorse this statement as soon as the swelling in her nose subsides sufficiently to enable her to read.

There is some talk of having a geological survey of Rhode Island, but the work may be delayed on account of its expensiveness. The professor who is expected to make it says that if he is expected to go over the State, it will take him at least two days, and he won't do it for less than nine dollars and a half.

Every good act is a flower, which will beautify our final home.

A BLUE is a sign that nature hangs out to show where modesty and virtue dwell.