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[FOR THE TIMES.] THE GOLDEN FENCE.

A CHILD'S STORY, WHICH GROWN UP PEOPLE MAY READ, IF THEY CHOOSE.

On one side of the golden fence was a garden, on the other, a wide common. The children who lived on one side played among roses and lilies, or kept play-houses in pretty arbors, or sailed their little boats in the waters of a fountain; the children who lived on the other had none but wild flowers, and played at housekeeping in hollow trees, or made mud pies for amusement. Some of these last were forced to go barefoot, got very little to eat, and had rather a hard time; on the other hand, some of the children who lived on the garden side of the fence were kept very strictly, made to do long tasks which gave them the headache, obliged to walk up and down particular paths for exercise, instead of playing about as they liked, and not allowed to soil their hands or tear their silk and velvet clothes; they never dreamed of anything so pleasant as making mud-pies. On the whole, I do not know whether the children who lived on one side had a very much better time, as a general thing, than those who lived on the other.

There were two children who once played in the garden together who had indeed the very best times. They were a little boy and a little girl named Frederick and Helena. They were allowed to make mud-pies, as well as to enjoy all the other amusements which only the children who lived on that side could partake of, and they were as happy as they could be, for a while; but when the father of Frederick died, and his mother moved over to the other side of the fence to live, the poor boy was obliged to give up all the pleasures he had been used to. What he minded most, was being separated from Helena who was also much distressed at parting from him. For time after, they still used to meet and play together, although they were on different sides of the fence. Helena would hand flowers through the bars to Frederick, and he would give her in return, pretty stones he had picked up in the brook.

One day the gate of the garden fence, which was usually kept locked, was by some chance left open, and Helena called to Frederick to come in and play on the garden side; but he had not been there many minutes, when a great rough policeman came up and asked him what he was doing there; then although he kicked and struggled, and Helena cried and begged that he might be allowed to stay, Frederick was picked up and put outside again, and the gate was locked.

"Never mind, Helena," he cried, "I am going to climb over the fence and come back to you."
"Oh! I am afraid it is too high for you to climb," sobbed Helena; and so indeed Frederick found it; yet he persevered in the attempt for some time.

"You had better give up trying poor child," said at last an old woman who was sitting close by under a little stall, selling apples and gingerbread; "even if you could get to the top of the fence, you could not climb over the spikes there."

Frederick looked up and saw the long sharp-pointed spikes shining in the sun. "Some people have climbed over them, haven't they?" said he. "Why should not I?"

"For every one who gets over by climbing, ten are lamed for life, in making the attempt," said the old woman. "I have seen one man who got hung to death on those spikes."

"Is there no other way for me to get in?" asked Frederick.

"Some people have squeezed themselves between the bars," the apple woman answered; "but to be able to do that they must starve for a long time, and even then few can make themselves small enough. You might do it in time, if you are willing to starve yourself."

"Is there no other pleasanter way?" sighed Frederick.

"Oh, if you come to that," said she, "there is a story of a man who got over on a flying horse."

"That would be delightful," said the little boy; "do you think there is any chance of my being able to do that?"

"Not the least in the world," she answered. "I don't believe the story is true, myself, though I told it to you; but if such a thing ever did happen, it was long ago when the fence was not as high as it is now. No, child, if you take my advice, you will put all idea of getting over the fence out of your head and stay contented where you are. It is pleasant enough on this side if you would only think so."

"But I want to get over to play with Helena," said Frederick, "and I mean to try and pull down the fence if I can't get to her in any other way."

"You are not strong enough, and if you were, it would be a great pity to pull it down," said the sensible old woman; "for then there would be no garden at all; it would be all common, and we on this side would be no better off than we are now. It does not hurt us, for people on the other side of the fence to have their garden, and, for my part, I don't grudge it to them. Besides it even does us good that there is a garden; it makes our people industrious and gives them an object to work for; for every man hopes to be able to get inside at last."

"How?" said Frederick.
"Why, of course, the regular way is to get a golden key to unlock the gate; that is the next best way to get in, after being born there," said the old woman.

"And how can I get a golden key?" asked Frederick.

"Perhaps you may find one, if you are lucky," said the apple woman. "I knew an old man who picked up a key some one had dropped, after he had all his life been keeping his eyes on the ground as he walked in the hope of finding one. Poor soul! he got little pleasure from it after all; for he was so fixed in the habit of gazing on the ground and fumbling with his stick, that, after there was no use for him to do it any longer, he could not give up the trick; he walked up and down the pleasure ground doing nothing else, and might just as well have been back on the common—indeed better, for then he would not have made himself the laughing stock of all the fine people."

"I should not wish to be like him," said Frederick. "I want to get in before I am too old to play with Helena."

"Besides, after all, you might not find a key," remarked his adviser. "No, if your heart is really set on getting over, you had better set to work in the regular way, by going to the gold-diggings until you have seraped enough metal together to have a key made of the right pattern. It is the surest and most respectable way for you to get back inside the garden."

Frederick determined to follow this advice; so he bade farewell to the present to Helena who put her small white hand through the bars to shake his brown one, then he set off for the gold-diggings.

It took him a long time to learn the art of mining, and still longer to collect gold enough to make a key; but at last he succeeded in having one made, with which he left the gold mines in high spirits. Alas! it proved too small to unlock the gate of the golden fence. He determined to go back to the mines to work till he had enough gold to make a larger key; but he found it very tiresome work. He was now grown to be a great boy; sometimes he grew discouraged when he thought how old he was and yet how little progress he had made towards his wishes.

"Little Helena will be too old to play with me when I get back in the garden at last," he thought; "besides, who knows if she has not forgotten me by this time?"

One night he dreamed of the man who had got over the fences on the flying horse; all the next day he could think of nothing else as he worked in his mid-hole.

"If I had a flying horse, all this would not be necessary," he cried at last, flinging down his pickaxe and shovel in disgust.

"You think so, my fine fellow?" said a voice close by him.

Looking up, Frederick perceived a young man who held by the bridle a beautiful winged horse.

"What a splendid creature!" cried Frederick, fixing his eyes on the horse's

graceful limbs, waving mane, flashing eyes, quivering nostrils, and above all, his magnificent white wings.

"I am glad you like him," said the young man, who was no other than Apollo himself. "The truth is I have taken a fancy to you, and have brought him as a present for you."

While Frederick, scarcely able to speak for joy, was faltering in his thanks, Apollo gave him directions about the management of Pegasus, as the horse was called.

"He is not very easily guided, until one is accustomed to his ways" said he. "At first you had better avoid using the whip and spur or pulling too hard on the bridle; and I would advise you never to coax him, as it is of no use."

As soon as Frederick was fairly on his back, Pegasus started off as fast as he could go.

"Take care," Apollo shouted after him; but he was already out of hearing.

Frederick kept his seat very well; for the motion of Pegasus's were both easy and buoyant, and so long as was allowed to follow his own fancy, he was in high good humor with his new master. Frederick at first made no attempt to guide him, but allowed him sometimes to skim through the air like a swallow, sometimes to fly in graceful circles like a hawk, now to pace for a while up and down a quiet lane, then to soar up higher than the clouds; but at last he remembered the golden fence and instantly pulled the bridle and directed the course of Pegasus towards it. He was delighted to find that the winged horse obeyed him very well, going straight in the desired direction.

"I wonder why Apollo gave me so many cautions!" said Frederick. "I find him very easily managed."

The truth was that Pegasus, who was very fond of his own way, had not the smallest idea of obeying his new master without a struggle; he chose to go as Frederick wished now, because he had taken it into his head to play him a trick.

When he reached the golden fence, instead of taking a flying leap over it, he planted his fore-feet together on the ground and refused to stir another step. A crowd of people who happened to be there looking on, began to laugh and jeer at Frederick and his balking Pegasus. Frederick grew very angry and, forgetting Apollo's warnings, after he had tried coaxing and found it of no use, he struck Pegasus with a whip, and dug his spurs into his sides; upon this, the winged horse snorted, plunged, reared, threw Frederick into the mire and was off like a flash of lightning. It took Frederick some time to get over the effects of his foolish passion.

"Why did I not heed what Apollo said?" he said to himself when several days had passed and he began to fear that Pegasus was lost to him forever, as he heard no more of him. "After all I might have been content with having a winged horse to ride without trying to force him over the golden fence. I dare say Helena has forgotten me by this time,—or perhaps she was one of those ill-natured people who laughed as they witnessed my degradation. I will never give any one cause to laugh again. No! if I can only find my Pegasus again, I will give up the idea of getting over the fence."

Just then he heard a gentle neigh and saw the winged horse standing near. It seemed as if he wished to make peace with Frederick, for he approached him his shoulder, however, when Frederick would have jumped off his back, he bounded off a few steps, and they then had a sort of playful game together, Frederick striving to mount, and Pegasus shying off just as he was on the point of doing so. At last Frederick addressed him in rhyme, as follows:

"Oh come, sweet Peg,
And let me mount once more, I beg
This time I'll use no fretting bridle,
No bit nor spur nor coaxing idle.
We will not leap the golden fence,
But thou shalt bear me far from hence.—
Yes, thou shalt bear me, at thine own sweet will,
O'er field and forest, dale and hill,
Or—if the humor take thee,
For nothing else can make thee.—
Thou'lt bear me up in rapid flight
Unto some starry height,

With course unchecked and free
Thence, looking back, we'll see:
This little earth which far beneath us lies,
Shrunk to the proper size.
Whilst thou and I roam through the fields
sidereal,
Thou cropping from the pasturage ethereal,
And I alighting spend long happy hours
And in Elysian meadows pluck star-flowers.

This speech had a happy effect on Pegasus who condescended to allow his master to mount him, and then took his flight to the starry region suggested. From this period the winged horse and Frederick began to grow the best of comrades; gradually they learned to humor and understand each other so that what one wished the other was always willing to do, and Frederick might now have persuaded Pegasus to leap the golden fence; but the pleasure of horsemanship left him little time to think of anything else, and when he did remember Helena, he reflected that after all Pegasus was his best friend and he ought not to risk losing him again for the sake of one, who had probably long since forgotten her old playmate, but often wondered what had become of him, and whether he wanted to see her.

One day when Frederick, after a long ride, was lying on the grass in a green meadow with Pegasus browsing near by, a reverend old man who happened to be passing, spoke to him:

"Good-day, my son," said he. "Are you resting from work or from pleasure this fine morning?"

"From pleasure, father," answered Frederick; "I have just taken a charming ride on this animal of mine."

"A pleasure ride is a poor use to put such a noble creature to," said the aged man.

"What would you have me use him for?" asked Frederick. "I would not put him to plough or draw a cart, his spirit is too high for such work."

"I would have you fight the giants with him," replied the old man; "that is what he was given to you for."

"But there are no giants now-a-days," said Frederick.

"So people say who don't know what they are talking about," the old man answered; "but, believe me, there are giants enough and they are more monstrous and harder to kill than ever they were in the old days. There are giants who lurk in woods and dens, in the country, giants hiding in underground cellars in cities, giants with a hundred heads,—and a hundred hands too to fight, and a hundred feet to run away with,—giants who, when they are felled to the earth, spring up, like the one Hercules fought, as if they had derived new life from the contact, and giants whose heads and limbs grow after they have been cut off. Oh yes! to be sure there are giants for those who are brave enough to fight them."

Now this was work very much to Frederick's taste; accordingly he listened to the old man's instructions as to where to find some of these giants and how they were to be fought, he profited so well by what he heard, that although, as the old man told him, the giants now are harder to kill than they were formerly, yet, with Pegasus to assist him, he was able to kill two or three, and to wound several others; and all this made him quite famous. At last, however, a very crafty giant—his name was Misanthropos, and I think he was a relation of that giant Despair, that Great Heart killed—succeeded in taking him prisoner in his sleep once; he shut him up in a high tower where poor Frederick passed many months in great misery.

"Ah!" sighed he one morning as he looked out of a window of the tower which his jailer happened to have left open, knowing that his prisoner would be dashed to pieces if he leaped out, for it was a hundred feet to the ground,— "Ah, if I had but a ladder or a rope!"

Just then he caught a glimpse of something that looked like a great white bird flying high up in the clouds. What should it be, but his faithful Pegasus?—As soon as he perceived Frederick he turned three somersets in the air for joy, and then flew straight to the window, close enough for Frederick to be able to get on his back without difficulty; and when he felt his master firmly seated, the winged horse soared swiftly up, far above the clouds.

"I wonder where he means to alight," said Frederick to himself as he felt Pegasus at length beginning to descend towards the earth. "Can it be?—Yes! I truly believe he is going to set me down inside the golden fence in the garden with Helena."

It was even so. As the winged horse slowly and gently sank in his flight, a large crowd of people who lived on that side of the golden fence collected to see the wonderful sight.

"It is the famous Frederick who killed the giants," they all shouted.

But none of the greetings he received was so delightful to Frederick as that of Helena, whom he found grown into a tall beautiful woman.

"Welcome!" cried she. "I knew my Frederick would come back to me at last."

They were married soon after, and lived on the garden side of the golden fence, very happily; yet Frederick often went over on the other side, to look after old friends there, and associated with them as pleasantly as ever. Sometimes he brought in little boys and girls from the common to play in the garden for a while with his own children; he also persuaded those who kept the gates to occasionally allow good people who had no golden key to come into the garden at times for amusement.

A Touching Incident.

A short time since, in this city, a brilliant and much admired lady who had been suffering for some time with a trouble of the eyes, was led to fear a speedy change for the worse, and immediately consulted her physician. An examination discovered a sudden and fatal failing in the optic nerve, and the information was imparted as gently as possible, that the patient could not retain her sight more than a few days at most, and was liable to be totally deprived of it at any moment. The afflicted mother returned to her home, quietly made such arrangements as would occur to one about to commence so dark a journey of life, and then had two little children, attired in their brightest and sweetest costumes, brought before her; and so with their little faces lifted to hers and tears gathering for some great misfortune that they hardly realized, the light faded out of the mother's eyes, leaving an ineffaceable picture of those dearest to her on earth—a memory of bright faces that will console her in many a dark hour.—Ex.

BREVITIES.

Fighting in Spain by latest advices continues desperate between the Carlists and Republicans. It will cost one half the nation in blood and treasure to fix a "moon year" republic.

Comptroller Hoge in the State bond case, cites among other reasons why the writ of mandamus should not be granted, as applied for by Morton, Bliss & Co., of New York, to levy a tax, &c., that "there are at least \$7,191,000 of fraudulent bonds upon the market, and the Court should not grant the writ, until it is ascertained what portion of the debt is valid."

Because the bonds were not put on the market according to law.
"Because a large portion of the bonds have been redeemed by conversion, and re-issued without warrant of law." [This is the work of Radical rule for six years, a splendid exhibit of financial skill in taking care of the individual members of the party. En.]

Chinamen are murdered openly in San Francisco, their lawful occupations are interfered with by anti-chinese zealots, and the poor pigtails are literally in jeopardy; but this is not Ku Klux.

A colored congregation at Brooklyn met to celebrate a picnic. The affair ended in a general row among the brethren and sisters, ending with the interference of the police.