

Orangeburg Times.

\$2 PER ANNUM, }

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

IN ADVANCE

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SPACE.	1 In- sertion	12 In- sertions	24 In- sertions	48 In- sertions
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JOB PRINTING in its all departments
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TRAVELLERS' GUIDE.

SOUTH CAROLINA RAILROAD.

CHARLESTON, S. C., Oct. 18, 1872.
On and after SUNDAY, Oct. 19, the
passenger trains on the South Carolina
Railroad will run as follows:

FOR AUGUSTA.

Leave Charleston - - 9:00 a m
Arrive at Augusta - - 5:00 p m

FOR COLUMBIA.

Leave Charleston - - 9:00 a m
Arrive at Columbia, - - 5:00 p m

FOR CHARLESTON.

Leave Augusta - - 8:20 a m
Arrive at Charleston - - 4:20 p m
Leave Columbia - - 8:40 a m
Arrive at Charleston - - 4:20 p m

AUGUSTA NIGHT EXPRESS.

(Sundays excepted.)

Leave Charleston - - 8:30 p m
Arrive at Augusta - - 7:50 a m
Leave Augusta - - 6:00 p m
Arrive at Charleston - - 5:40 a m

COLUMBIA NIGHT EXPRESS.

(Sundays excepted.)

Leave Charleston - - 7:10 p m
Arrive at Columbia - - 6:30 a m
Leave Columbia - - 7:15 p m
Arrive at Charleston - - 6:45 a m

SUMMERVILLE TRAIN.

Leave Summerville - - 7:25 a m
Arrive at Charleston - - 8:40 a m
Leave Charleston - - 3:10 p m
Arrive at Summerville at - 4:30 p m

CAMDEN BRANCH.

Leave Camden - - 6:50 a m
Arrive at Columbia - - 11:50 a m
Leave Columbia - - 1:50 p m
Arrive at Camden - - 3:35 p m

Day and Night Trains connect at Au-
gusta with Macon and Augusta Railroad
and Georgia Railroads. This is the
quickest and most direct route, and as
comfortable and cheap as any other route
to Louisville, Cincinnati, Chicago, St.
Louis and all other points West and
Northwest.

Columbia Night Trains connect with
Greenville and Columbia Railroad, and
Day and Night Trains connect with Char-
lotte Road.

Through Tickets on sale, via this route
to all points North.

Camden Train connects at Kingville
daily (except Sundays) with Day Passen-
ger Train, and runs through to Columbia
A. L. TYLER, Vice-President.
S. B. Picrens General Ticket Agent.
Sep 27

H. C. STOLL, Agt.,

Wholesale and Retail Dealers in

Dry Goods,

AT THE OLD STAND,
287 KING STREET.

HAVING made arrangements to continue
the business lately conducted by the firm
of STOLL, WEBB & Co., I respectfully inform
my friends and customers of Orangeburg
county that I have now in store a large assort-
ment of goods, bought for cash, during the
panic, which I am offering as low as any
House in the city. Thanking my friends and
customers for the patronage so liberally be-
stowed upon the old firm. I hope by strict at-
tention to business to merit a continuance of
the same. I will adhere strictly to the one price
system. Respectfully,
H. C. STOLL, Agt.,
Successor to Stoll, Webb & Co., 287 King
Street, Charleston, S. C.
Nov. 13, 1873

W. J. DeTreville,

ATTORNEY AT LAW.
Office at Court House Square,
Orangeburg, S. C.
mh13-1yr

IZLAR & DIBBLE,

ATTORNEYS AT LAW,
RUSSELL STREET,
Orangeburg, S. C.

JAS. F. IZLAR, mh1 6-1yr S. DIBBLE.

Drs. D. W. Barton & Thos Legare

Having united themselves in the practice of
MEDICINE under the name of

BARTON & LEGARE.

OFFERS their professional services to the
Town of Orangeburg and surrounding
Country.

OFFICE Hours—From 8 to 9 1/2 A. M., and
7 to 9 1/2 at night.

Office, Market Street, two doors below J. A.
Hamilton's Store.
aug. 14 1873 26 6m

Kirk Robinson

DEALER IN



Books, Music and Stationery, and Fancy

Articles,

CHURCH STREET,

ORANGEBURG, C. H., S. C.

mh1 6-

MOSES M. BROWN,

BARBER.

MARKET STREET, ORANGEBURG, S. C.,

(NEXT DOOR TO STRAUS & STREET'S MILL.)

HAVING permanently located in the town,
I would respectfully solicit the patronage of
the citizens. Every effort will be used to give
satisfaction.
June 18, 1873 18 1y

THE HOME SHUTTLE

SEWING MACHINE,

IS BEST, because it is perfect in its work
Because it has the endorsement of so
many ladies who use it; because it is simple,
and because it can be bought complete on table
for only \$37.00.

JOHN A. HAMILTON.

Agent for H. S. S. Machine.

march 6, 1873 1f

Geo. S. Hacker

Doors Sash, Blind

Factory

CHARLESTON.

THIS IS AS LARGE AND COMPLETE,
a factory as there is in the South. All work
manufactured at the Factory in this city. The
only house owned and managed by a Carolin-
ian in this city. Send for price list. Address
GEO. S. HACKER,

Postoffice Box 170, Charleston, S. C.

Factory and Warehouses on King street oppo-
site Cannon street, on line of City Railway,
Oct. 30 1y

E. N. Morison. Q. Tucker Williams

MORISON & WILLIAMS,

65 South Gay St.,

BATIMORE, MD.

General Commission Merchants,

Consignments solicited, and orders for goods
promptly filled at wholesale market prices.
Liberal advances made on all consignments of
every description.

COTTON A SPECIALTY.

Refer by consent to Mr. John A. Hamilton,
Orangeburg S. C., Penniman & Bros. Wm
Devries & Co. Shriver, Back & Co. W. G.
Bansemer & Co. E. L. Parker & Co. Spence &
REID, National Exchange Bank. Baltimore
Md.

COWLAM GRAVELEY.

DIRECT IMPORTER OF

HARDWARE, CUTLERY, GUNS

AND AGRICULTURAL IMPLE-

MENTS.

No. 52, East Bay, South of the old Post
Office, Charleston, S. C.

AGENT for the sale of the Magnolia Cotton
Gins. At the Fair held at Savannah, Ga.,
last month, the "Magnolia" cotton Gin gained
150 lbs seed cotton in three minutes and forty-
five seconds, taking the premium, and also the
prize of One Hundred Dollars offered by the
Board of Trade for the best GIN. Several
have been sold this season which gin a bale an
hour. The same gin also took the premium at
the Cotton States Fair at Augusta, last October.
Feb. 13, 1873 51 1y

POETRY.

BY THE SEA.

BY MRS. J. G. BERNETT.

When last I walked your pebble shore,
O sea! O restless, moaning sea!
To catch your briny breath once more,
And hear, as oft I had before
In those long-vanished days of yore,
Sweet childhood's days of glee,
What your wild waves were saying—
So sweet and happy was the song
I could have listened all day long,
Upon your bright sands straying.

The sun each blushing cloud caressed,
He smiled upon the glowing sand,
Trembled upon your heaving breast,
And kissed each wavelet's foam-tipped crest.
That hasted on in sweet unrest
To greet the waiting stand
With soft and rippling laughter.

And Love and I, that blessed day,
Laughed happy, golden hours away,
Nor thought what might come after!

But ah, since then, dear, dear old sea,
I've stood on Life's bleak, wreck-strewn shore,
The white foam rolling in on me
The waves of that mysterious sea,
Far reaching as eternity,
That ever, evermore
Rolls on with ceaseless billow;
Wrenching our dearest hopes away,
And drenching in its icy spray
Fond hearts that fair would follow.

And Love led me far down that wave,
Trembling with terror, chilled with cold,
While faithfully she sought to save
From that remorseless, cruel grave
My heart "to have and hold,"
Gave to a life's fond keeping.

Long, long she battled with the flood,
The while in helpless grief I stood,
In helpless anguish weeping.

Then checked my tears with smile divine,
"Tis but the casel's lost," she cried,
"The precious jewel still is thine,
And in thy heart shall ever shine
Resplendent as it came from mine
To bless a happy bride!
Though Death fond hands may sever,
Hearst that my breath hath breathed upon,
Hearst by my fingers knit in one,
Can parted be, ah, never!"

Masked Robbers at work.

A robbery of a most daring and extra-
ordinary character was committed Tues-
day night at the house of Mr. Wm. K.
Soutter, in West New Brighton, near
Sailors' Snug Harbor, Staten Island. Mr
Soutter is a banker of New York City, and
his house, which is very handsomely fur-
nished, had been left for the winter in
charge of servants, much valuable prop-
erty, including silverware having been left
on the premises. The New York Sun says:
"The house was broken into on Tues-
day night, the servants bound and gagged
and everything carried away. A party
of masked men entered the house the
previous night, and after binding the ser-
vants, including the waiting man, three
girls in the service of Mr. Soutter, and
two others employed by Commodore Os-
borne, who were spending the evening
with their friends, they ransacked the
house, and being unable to open the iron
safe in which the silverware was kept,
blew it open with gunpowder. The stable
was also visited and the silver mountings
removed from the harness. They then
took the gold heads of two walking canes
in the hall, wantonly destroyed much
property too cumbersome to be removed,
and quit the house cautioning the ser-
vants not to make any attempt to stir
before daylight.

THE ONLY CLUE.

Two boats, one Mr. Charles H. Meigs's,
and the other Mr. Livingston's were
missing from the moorings, and in these
the burglars had evidently escaped with
their booty, for both boats were subse-
quently found on the New Jersey shore.
Mr. Soutter carefully estimated the total
loss, which he said is upwards of \$12,000.
The police could give no clue, for the
servants could not describe the burglars,
and were uncertain as to the number;
some say there were eleven, others twelve.

ANNIE HAY'S STORY.

Among those in the house at the time
of the burglary was Annie Fays, a ser-
vant girl, who says that the girls and the
waiting man sat down to play cards, the
coachman having gone to bed. At ten
minutes past nine o'clock a knock was
heard at the hall door, but none of the
card party were in a mood to hasten to
open it; nor were they required to do so,
for without any repetition of the knock
the door, which was not locked, was
pushed open, and before the card players

could rise a party of masked men quietly
filed into the kitchen and surrounded
them. One of the robbers said that their
party numbered eleven, and they were
there to rob the house; if the servants
remained still their lives would be spared,
but if they attempted to escape or make
any outcry they would be shot. Each of
the intruders held a pistol. The waiting
man was bound to his chair, but the girls
were allowed their liberty until the plun-
dering was accomplished. Some of the
robbers remained in the kitchen watching
the servants while others ransacked the
house, and others again mounted guard
outside. Everything that could be car-
ried away was speedily packed up, and
much property, including furniture and
carpets, was unnecessarily destroyed.

BLowing OPEN THE SAFE.

The robbers then turned their attention
to the safe which they tried to force
open, but its massive iron door and pon-
derous locks defied their utmost efforts,
and, after two hours' unavailing toil, they
held a council, and in a few moments
informed the servants that they were
going to blow open the safe. They assert-
ed that there was no danger, but the prison-
ers thought they had merely been spared
the ordeal of having their throats cut to
be blown up with the house. In a few
minutes the preparations were made, and
shortly afterward there was an explosion
which shook the mansion from roof to
cellar. The safe was shattered and the
valuable plate was quickly appropriated
by the robbers, who had soaked a sheet
in water for some purpose which the girl
could not ascertain. Their object prob-
ably was to throw it over anything which
might be set on fire by the explosion.
The gang then prepared to go. They
asked the girls from Com. Osborne's
house whether they were going home or
if any one was to call for them, and on
learning that no one was coming, they
warned them of the peril of their lives not to
attempt to liberate themselves before
daylight. It was a quarter before twelve
o'clock as they started from the house.
As soon as they had disappeared, the
servants attempted to release themselves,
but were unable to do so until five o'clock,
when the waiter did what he seems to
have been too terrified to do before—
went to the coach-house and called the
coachman. The party were soon released
and the alarm given.

Communists in America.

Those foreigners who think that they
can introduce into our American com-
munities the terrorism which cursed Paris
under the Communist sway will find
themselves woefully mistaken. Here, where
honest labor is most respected and suffer-
ing poverty is most quickly relieved, the
impudence of dictation, whether it come
from high or low, is most effectually re-
sented and put down. Some of the
leaders in the workingmen's demonstra-
tions in New York, Cincinnati, and
Chicago have yet to learn these truths.
"Carl Rosa, a young Austrian," it is
said in the reports of one of these demon-
strations, "said the condition of the laborer
in this country was worse than in Ger-
many." Then let Mr. Rosa go back to
his Germany at once, and there make his
threats of "blood or bread," to Bismarck,
and see how he will fare. Or he can
stay and abide the fate of any such
menacing demonstrations here. We are
glad to perceive, however, that these
movements in the Western cities abate
somewhat of their factious character as
they continue before the public, as both
in Chicago and Cincinnati the last expres-
sion was merely an earnest appeal for
work, and in case the authorities could
not supply it, for some relief in the
shape of food and other necessities of life.

To such in appeal there never will be
indifference among the people of this
country. It is true, starvation is such a
mythical event in this land that many
are apt to be incredulous to its cry, but
we all know that there is danger of depri-
vation, want, and suffering in every com-
munity, particularly in hard seasons for
laborers. At such times to furnish work
is the best form of charity, and employ-
ers can often, and often do, render the
greatest service to others without other
injury to themselves than using their
means in what may not be immediately
profitable, but which, when prosperous

times come again, they will be glad to
have had done after all. It is better, too,
that individuals should do this than a
city or any other government, because
the latter cannot so well discriminate as
to cases of need, or so well decide when
the extra work shall stop, and thus it is
in danger of training up a class of labor
dependents such as constitutes the dan-
gerous element in Paris, and would be
prolific in corruption and municipal
abuses anywhere. To destroy the self-
respect—or, as we should say in this coun-
try, the true citizenship—of the laborer is
as bad as to starve him; and this is just
what Communism does. Out of an honest
man, content to take only what he
earns as long as his ability is unimpaired,
it makes a social pirate, preying upon
society to the extent of his opportunity,
and dealing in threats when he has no-
thing more formidable. Our workmen
should shun this foreign viciousness
as his worst enemy.

OUR IDLE CLASSES.—Like unto the
great multitude that no man could num-
ber, whom St. John speaks of in the
Apocalypse, is the latter day army of in-
capables. They are immovable sponges
upon relatives, whom they keep forever
poor. They cannot keep a situation, and
are barely competent to sit at a gate and
collect tickets from a thin stream of pas-
sers-in: They are the skeletons in nearly
every household, and the abundant cause
of heart-burnings and poverty everywhere.
They hang around like whipped curs,
waiting for employment of such a menial
description that none but those utterly
enupiated of industry, manhood and pluck
would accept it. When one contemplates
this heart-burning army of drones, how
it fires the zeal in praying that parents
may have their eyes opened to the neces-
sity of making children work and obey
early, and to the need of giving them a
good trade! The rule is almost invariable,
that the child which is not taught to obey
before five, and to work before fifteen is
lost. The parents who neglect these vital
duties have the promising outlook of
seeing their boy become either a sponge
or a thief—the one the halfway house, and
the other the terminus.

A HAPPY WOMAN.—A writer happily
discusses this topic. What spectacle
more pleasing does the earth afford than
a happy woman, contented in her sphere,
ready at all times to benefit her little
world by her exertions, and transforming
the berries and thorns of life into roses
of Paradise, by the magic of her touch?
There are those who are happy, because
they cannot help it—no misfortunes damp-
en their happy smiles and they diffuse a
cheerful glow around them, as they
pursue the even tenor of their way.
They have the secret of contentment
whose value is far above the philosopher's
stone; for without seeking the base ex-
change of gold, which may buy some
sort of pleasure, they convert everything
they touch into joy. What their condi-
tion is makes no difference. They may
be rich or poor high or low, admired or
forsaken by the wicked world, but the
sparkling fountain of happiness bubbles up
in their hearts, and makes them radiantly
beautiful. Though they live in a log
cabin, they make it shine with a lustre
that kings and queens may covet, and
they make wealth a fountain of blessing to
the children of poverty.

Governor Letcher, the other day,
related an incident of the war. He said
that in one of the battles before Rich-
mond, four flag-bearers had been shot
down, and a call was made for a volunteer
to carry the colors. A stripling took the
standard. In a few minutes the staff was
snapped by a shot. The boy sat down,
unloosed a shoe string, and tied it. He
started in front again. Another bullet
splintered the staff. It was then fasten-
ed by the other shoe-string. He then
hardly shook the folds out a second time,
when down fell the flag, struck by a ball.
The shoe strings gave out. He unbun-
tled his jacket, ripped his shirt to rib-
bons, and wrapped the broken rod and
carried the shattered ensign through the
fight. Governor Letcher said: "When
they brought me the boy with the shat-
tered staff patched up with shoe-strings
and shirt tails, I made him an officer,
and gave him the best sword Virginia
had."

A FEARFUL CRIME.—Philadelphia has
rarely witnessed a more terrible tragedy
than that perpetrated there on Wednes-
day by a young journeyman baker, named
Heidenblut. It appears that Heiden-
blut was employed by a German baker,
named Kuhle, and finding himself in a
somewhat destitute condition, he shot his
employer in the head and afterwards
attacked him with a shovel, intending to
rob him. After disposing of Kuhle he
repaired to Kuhle's residence and attack-
ed his wife. She was awakened from her
sleep, and looking up she found Heiden-
blut bending over her, his knee cutting
into her flesh and his hand grasping her
throat. Her first thought was her child,
and she found the infant had been com-
pletely covered with bed clothing to keep
it quiet. Then followed a struggle, in
which the villain fought to escape detection
and the mother for her child and life.
From the bed she was dragged on to the
floor, and in the scuffle had a portion of
one of her ears and also one of her fingers
bitten off. Soon she became unconscious
and remembers nothing more for two
hours. Suffering intensely, she crawled
down stairs and into the bake-house,
where she saw beneath one of the tables,
the lifeless body of her husband, his head
terribly battered and resting in a pool of
blood. She gave an alarm as soon as
she was able, and the police promptly
secured the murderer, his course being
traced by marks of his bloody hands upon
furniture, walls and doorways. He seems
to realize the enormity of his crime and
expresses his willingness to be hanged
immediately.

ROUGHING IT.—A few evenings since
a Detroit chap who was sparking a west
side girl wore an Elizabethan ruff. Ex-
pecting his coming, she dressed herself
for the occasion, and her ruff, stiff as an
unrestricted use of satin starch could make
it, was of the most stunning character.
The lover came at the orthodox time,
and was ushered into the parlor, where
enchanted maiden and her farther and
mother were seated. He was cordially
received, and the evening passed pleas-
antly, although the old folks rat up a good
deal longer than the young folks thought
necessary. Finally they went to bed, and
the twain were left alone.

After a certain amount of bashfulness,
the maiden consented to her lovers re-
quest for a kiss. He essayed to take it,
but was met at every point by a biting
wall of tartan and starch. He came up
in front, and was gouged in the eye. He
sidled up to her, and the right hand prong
cut one of his ears half off. He attempt-
ed to reach the prize over her shoulder,
and a CHEVAUX DE FRIZE of lace tickled
his nose until he was obliged to sneeze.
Then the maiden came to his rescue, and
held down one side of the provoking ruff,
and again the lover advanced. Just as
he had all but reached her blooming
check the damsel lost her grip, and the
razor-like decoration flew up with a force
that took an under bit out of his right
ear. Then he got mad, and an anticipated
wedding, has come to a premature end.

In Dr. Guthrie's autobiography men-
tion is made of a certain eccentric Dr
Wilson, an ardent missionary eager for
the conversion of the Hindoos. His little
foible was an utter disbelief in Newton's
theory of gravitation, and an antipathy
to all missionaries who, like Dr. Duff,
made Science the handmaid of Christianity.
What would have been his wrath had he
listened to the eloquent missionary sermon
delivered in the nave of Westminster
Abbey by Professor Max Muller, who
prefaced his missionary observations by
remarks on the science of religion? The
professor's sermon or lecture was preced-
ed by Heber's hymn, never before, we
believe, heard under such singular associa-
tions. The professor's argument, too,
was very novel and strange to the ears of
the conventional supporters of missions.
He argued that no one religion could be
well understood without referring to
others, and that there was a large amount
of good in each. This may be sound
teaching. But we do not see that singing
the praises of Brahminism is the best in-
centive to missionary effort and aid of
Christianity. It is plain that missionary
work would be regarded in a different
light from what it is at present, if the
heathen world were in the pretty com-
fortable condition in which the learned
professor represents it to be.