

# Orangeburg Times.

\$2 PER ANNUM, }

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

{ IN ADVANCE

Vol. III.

ORANGEBURG, SOUTH CAROLINA, THURSDAY, MARCH 19, 1874.

No. 6

## THE ORANGEBURG TIMES

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## GLOVER & GLOVER, ATTORNEYS AT LAW,

Office Next Door North of Post Office,  
Orangeburg, S. C.

THOS. W. GLOVER, MORTIMER GLOVER,  
JULIUS GLOVER.

Feb. 19

## W. J. DeTreville, ATTORNEY AT LAW.

Office at Court House Square,  
Orangeburg, S. C.

Feb. 12

## IZLAR & DIBBLE, ATTORNEYS AT LAW,

RUSSELL STREET,  
Orangeburg, S. C.

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

## Kirk Robinson

DEALER IN



Books, Music and Stationery, and Fancy

Articles,

CHURCH STREET,

ORANGEBURG, C. H., S. C.

Feb. 6-

## MOSES M. BROWN,

## BARBER.

MARKET STREET, ORANGEBURG, S. C.,

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

HAVING permanently located in the town,

would respectfully solicit the patronage of the citizens. Every effort will be used to give satisfaction.

June 18, 1873 18 1y

## COTTON GINS.

THE UNDERSIGNED IS AGENT FOR

the celebrated Prize-Medal Taylor Gin, of which he has sold 25 in this county. Also, the Neblett & Goodrich Gin, highly recommended by Col. D. W. Aiken and others.

On hand. One 50 Saw, and One 45 Saw

TAYLOR GIN.

One 42 Saw,

NEBLETT & GOODRICH GIN.

RUBBER BELTING

furnished at Agent's prices.

July 10, 1873

J. A. HAMILTON.

Geo. W. Williams, } James Bridge, Jr.  
William Brinie, } Frank E. Taylor,  
Jos. R. Robertson. } Robt. S. Cathcart.

## Geo. W. Williams & Co.,

FACTORS AND

Commission Merchants

CHARLESTON, S. C.

AND

## Williams, Brinie & Co.,

Commission Merchants,

65 Beaver St., & 20 Exchange Place, New York.

Liberal Advances made on Cotton and Produce shipped to us at either point.

Jan 8 49 3m

## POETRY.

### UNFINISHED STILL.

A baby's boot, and a skein of wool,  
Faded and soiled and soft;  
Odd things, you say, and I doubt you're right,  
Round a seaman's neck this stormy night,  
Up in the yards aloft.

Most like 'tis folly; but, mate, look here;  
When first I went to sea.  
A woman stood on yon far-off stand,  
With a wedding-ring on the small soft hand  
Which clung so close to me.

My wife—God bless her! The day before  
She sat beside my foot;  
And the sunlight kissed her yellow hair,  
And the dainty fingers, deft and fair,  
Knitted a baby's boot.

The voyage was over; I came ashore;  
What, think you, found I there?  
A grave the daisies had sprinkled white,  
A cottage empty and dark as night,  
And this beside the chair.

The little boot, 'twas unfinished still;  
The tangled skein lay near;  
But the knitter had gone away to rest,  
Whith the babe asleep on her quiet breast,  
Down in the church-yard drear.

### HIRAM HOGG'S EXPERIENCE.

BY JUDGE CLARK.

When I asked Lucy Bacon to be Mrs. Hogg, she turned up her pert little nose and said she couldn't think of taking such an outlandish name.

"The name's well enough," I said bristling up. "You forget surely, that like our distinguished namesake, we spell it with a double g."

"Do you think spelling it with a double w would make it any nicer to be called Mrs. Soww?" she asked, saucily.

With a grunt of disgust I turned my back on the provoking mix, and went my way, determined to banish her forever from my thoughts.

But she wouldn't be banished. Her image, confound it, was as obstinate as herself. It would stick in my fancy, in spite of every effort to drive it out.

For some time I treated her with pouting dignity, met her pleasant greetings with stiff bows, and paid ostentatious court to her rival coquette, Pattie Dunn, who I detested almost as much as she did.

But it was no use trying. I couldn't hold out. Instead of resenting my conduct, Lucy kept her temper so admirably and made herself so charming whenever we met, that I fairly gave in at last, and something like the old relations were restored between us.

I was a bit of a politician, and had worked like a beaver, at the last election, to secure a seat in the Legislature for my friend Smith, and had succeeded. Now was the time to requite my services, and he did it.

He got a bill through changing my name to Percy Randall. The cost, in champagne and oysters, was immense; but that was nothing to the jokes I was made the butt of. One old senatorial reprobate for instance moved that a committee be appointed to report whether my rechristening should be by sprinkling or immersion.

I was overjoyed when the thing was over, and had the right to present myself to Lucy as Mr. Percy Randall.

"What a real nice name!" she said.

"I'm glad you think so," I answered; "permit me to make you the offer of it." And I caught her hand in mine.

She drew it back gently.

"I—I'm sure I feel very—very much flattered Mr. Hogg—Randall, I mean, but—but—"

"But what, dearest?"

"It can never be."

"Never?"

"Never!"

After all the champagne, jokes and oysters I had stood, that was the answer I got!

"Traitor!" I exclaimed, "you love another!"

There was a confession in her blush as plain as any words could have spoken. In a paroxysm of rage and jealousy I tore myself from her presence.

In a month's time Lucy Bacon had become Mrs. Salathiel Shoate; and it gave me pleasure to think that her new name after all, was little less swinish than the one I had first offered her.

I got up pluck at last, and removed to a remote southwestern State, resolved, under my new name, to commence my career anew. None of my old friends were informed of my abode. It was my purpose, for the present, to obliterate all traces of myself. If, mayhap, those who had once known me one day found me out, it should be when I had made the name of Percy Randall famous.

I went into politics, cultivated stump-oratory, and was finally nominated for Congress. It was on the eve of the election, and my chances of success were excellent. I had gone to the railway-station to meet a friend who had been canvassing a part of the district, and who was to meet me and report progress.

"Hello! Hogg!" exclaimed a voice, as the train stopped, and the passengers swarmed out to make the best of fifteen minutes allowed them for refreshments.

"Hogg, I say!" repeated the voice, as I turned my back to avoid recognition by any one who knew me by that odious name.

A heavy slap on the shoulder left me no alternative but to confront the voice's owner, who proved to be an old chum whom I had not seen since the day on which our venerable Alma Mater had turned us out, with her blessing, a couple of jolly Bachelors of Arts.

"Hogg, I say!"

What an embarrassing position! I could not return the salutation without admitting either that I was now passing under an assumed name, or that I was, for some reason, the possessor of an alias. Most of those present knew me, and a circumstance so suspicious would be sure, at the present juncture, to be used to my disadvantage. I had to decide quickly.

The best course I could think of was to give my old friend the cut direct and walk off as though I did not know him.

Next morning a handbill came out addressed to "The independent voters of Slashem."

"Men of Slashem!" it began—"do you wish to be represented in the halls of a nation by a coward?" Then followed a statement backed by numerous affidavits, to the effect that I had suffered myself to be publicly insulted—in short, to be called a "hog" three several times—without resenting it.

It was a regular fire-eating community. The faintest suspicion that a man wasn't ready to fight to the death on the least provocation, at once lost him caste, character, and influence. I had no plausible explanation to offer, and no time to offer it had I one. I was overwhelmingly defeated, and went to hide my disgrace where I trusted none would ever invade my obscurity.

Not long after, an advertisement in a newspaper attracted my notice. It requested the surviving relatives of Ezekiel Hogg to report themselves to a certain legal gentleman, from whom they might learn something to their advantage.

I had a paternal uncle named Ezekiel, who had gone abroad many years ago, and of whom the family had never since heard. It might be that he had died leaving a handsome fortune; and that I was the nearest heir. At all events; the thing was worth looking after. The failure of my recent plans had placed me in such circumstances that a lucky windfall would prove most acceptable.

I scraped together money enough to make the journey necessary to reach the lawyer's place of residence. It was as I had conjectured. Ezekiel Hogg was my uncle. He was dead, and had left an enormous fortune—I don't want to recollect how much.

I explained my relationship to the deceased.

"If you establish what you say," replied the lawyer, "you are his nearest heir." "And of course, entitled to his fortune," I remarked.

"May I ask a question?" inquired the lawyer.

"Certainly," I answered.

"What is your name?"

"Percy Randall," I said; "it was Hiram Hogg, but I had it changed by an Act of the Legislature."

The old lawyer looked at me and shook his head.

"Most unfortunate!" he added.

"How so?" I asked. "Surely the name can make no difference."

"It makes a vast difference in this case," he returned. "Your uncle had some peculiar notions, it seems. He only wished his fortune to remain in the family, but in his name. His will provides that it shall go to his nearest relative bearing the name of Hogg."

It needed no elaborate opinion to enable me to see the point. The fortune that would have been mine went to some trumpery third or fourth cousin, and all through my stupid folly in changing my name to gratify a whim of faithless Lucy Bacon, whom I lost to boot.

### A Southern Heroine.

BY H. E. S.

The times which try men's souls, generally develop the heroic in woman's nature. We had several instances of this during the late war for Southern independence; and though we had no Joan of Arc, leading our troops on to victory, we had women as brave as Joan, and, alas! almost as unfortunate.

When the war clouds first arose Mrs. Rose Greenhow was residing in Washington. She threw herself with all the enthusiasm of her nature into the Southern cause, which was dearer to her than life itself. Possessed of determination, great courage, keen powers of observation, cool, and wary, she had the very qualities to fit her for the role she designed to act. Moving in the most aristocratic circles, thrown in daily contact with the statesmen of the country, she saw and knew much that her wisdom taught her would be of use to the Southern cause and she put her knowledge to account.

The first service that she rendered to the young Confederacy was to send word of the approach of the Northern troops on their way to Richmond. Thomas Jordan, Adjutant-General, sends her word, "Let them come; we are ready for them. We rely upon you for precise information" &c.

Few persons know to whom the South is indebted for the wonderful triumph at Bull Run. When Mrs. Greenhow ascertained that the Federal troops intended to intercept Johnson by cutting the Winchester railroad, and thus prevent him reinforcing Beauregard, she despatched the information. The result is well known; the battle, the rout, are things of history; and had not the after conflicts which ensued fully proved the bravery of the Federal army, the world, judging by the Bull Run panic, would have had but a poor opinion of Northern valor. In the following communication Mrs. Greenhow received ample reward: "Our President and our General direct me to thank you. We rely upon you for further information. The Confederacy owes you a debt. (Signed) Jordan, Adjutant-General."

Now fairly started on her dangerous mission, this wonderful woman daily forwarded the most valuable information South. Drawings of the fortifications around Washington were sent, and every species of information that could be of service to the cause she had espoused.

In those days, when suspicion was on the alert, it was natural that Mrs. Greenhow should be suspected of giving "aid and comfort to the enemy." She was watched, and, at length, was made prisoner in her own house. For seven days the police were busy at work examining her papers and investigating her house; her very pictures were taken from the wall on suspicion that treasonable papers were concealed behind them. Guards placed at her door, and in the presence of rude men she had to perform the duties of her toilet.

During her long captivity she had her little child with her, a lovely girl of eight years. Nothing daunted, even from her prison, the prisoner managed to forward to the South all important information that reached her. Her woman's wit was too keen for the detectives, and her daring, tact, and courage soared as boldly as ever. While a prisoner in her own house, she was subjected to the most rigorous treatment, and when removed from thence to the Old Capitol Prison, her miseries were increased. This refined and high-spirited woman, whose life had been passed amid all luxurious elegan-

cies of wealth and high social position, was now locked up in a small room, with nothing more downy to sleep on than a straw bed, and nothing more palatable to eat than coarse prison fare. Her spirit never faltered, although her body grew weak; and for ten long weary months, she endured her hard lot with the sublimest fortitude.

Tried by a military commission, she was sentenced to be sent South; and when worn and weary she at length reached the end of her journey, the words of the Southern President fell like music on her ear, "But for you there would have been no battle of Bull-Run."

She did not live to see the downfall of the cause for which she had risked her all. In attempting to run the blockade at Wilmington, on her way from England, she was drowned, and her body was afterwards recovered. Thus ended the life of this brilliant and courageous woman, who throwing her whole soul into the Southern cause, was glad to suffer for it. When we make up our list of heroic Southern women let us not forget Rose Greenhow.

### A Leaper in Detroit.

There is at present in one of the public institutions of this city a genuine, well-defined case of leprosy. The victim is John McCarthy, a native of Buffalo, aged twenty-one years. He has been afflicted with it ever since his earliest recollection, and has led a vagrant life, wandering a hopeless outcast, from city to city, occasionally dropping into almshouses and frequently finding refuge in penal institutions as a vagrant. McCarthy is covered with white scales which fall off constantly and are as constantly renewed. These are on the scalp, face and hands' and also cover some portions of the body half an inch in thickness, having the appearance of dried codfish skin.

Physicians, accustomed as they are to sad sights, have turned away from the contemplation of McCarthy's horrible case, sick in body and spirit. The patient is rapidly becoming imbecile from disturbed nutrition and want of rest, for until recently he has scarce been known to sleep. The entire of the affected region is a mass of leprosy irritation, and a shower of scales flies off with the least motion, the bed presenting the appearance somewhat of having been literally strewn with coarse bran. Medicines thus far have had but little effect, owing in part, no doubt, to bad hygiene, poor food, and insufficient clothing. Now his condition seems a little improved. Even should he improve for a time, the disease would probably return with all its original virulence.

McCarthy long since reached a condition of mind where he regards the prospect of death as a blessing infinitely to be preferred to longer endurance of his present pitiable condition. Such is leprosy!—Free Press.

### Pat and the Deacon.

Some months ago, as Deacon Ingalls was traveling through the western part of the State of New York, he fell in with an Irishman who had lately arrived in the country, and was in search of a brother who had come before him and settled in some of the diggings in that part of the country.

"Pat was a strong man, a true Roman Catholic, and had never seen the interior of a Protestant church. Ingalls was a pious man. He told Pat he was going to church, and invited his newly made friend to accompany him thither, his destination being a small meeting house near by. There was a great revival there at that time, and one of the deacons, who was a very small man in stature, invited brother Ingalls to a seat in his pew.—He accepted the invitation, followed by Pat, who looked in vain for the altar, etc. After he was seated, he turned around to brother Ingalls, and, in a whisper that could be heard all around, he inquired: 'An' Isn't this a heretic church?'

"'Tush!" said Ingalls; "if you speak a word they will put you out."

"'Divil a word will I speak at all at all,' replied Pat.

The meeting was opened with a prayer by a very devout looking pastor, who gradually grew more fervent in his devo-

tions. Presently the deacon uttered an audible groan—"Amen!"

"Hist, ye black guard! Have ye no decency at all?" said Pat, at the same time giving him a punch in the ribs, which caused him to loose his equilibrium.

The minister stopped, and, extended his hands in a suppliant manner, said:

"Brethren, we cannot be disturbed in this way. Will some of you put that man out?"

"Yes your reverence," shouted Pat, "I will do it very quickly indeed."

And, suiting the action to the word, he collared the deacon, and, to the utter horror of the pastor, brother Ingalls, and the whole congregation, he dragged him up the aisle, and, with a tremendous kick, sent him sprawling into the vestibule of the church.

Is it not a beautiful idea that the more we sink into the infirmities of age, the nearer we are to immortal youth? All persons are young in the other world. That state is an eternal spring—pure, fresh, and flourishing. Now to pass from midnight into noon on a sudden—to be decrepit one minute, and all spirit and activity the next—must be a delightful change. To call this dying is an abuse of language.

Wanted by a boy—a situation in an eating-house. He understands the business.

—A King's Fool, who was condemned to die, was allowed to choose the form of death, and chose old age.

Franklin tells us that there are but two things certain in this world, viz: death, taxes.

The latest natural curiosity is a dog which has a whistle growing at the end of his tail. He calls himself when wanted.

A man writes to the editor for \$4, "because he is infernally short," and he gets in reply the heartless response, "Do as I do, stand up on a chair."

General Grant thinks the Republican party has too much dead weight to carry, and that it is time to lighten the ship, whereupon the Boston Post mildly suggests that "he should jump off."

An Arabian having brought a blush on a maiden's cheek by the earnestness of his gaze, said to her: "My looks have painted roses in your cheeks; why forbid me to gather them? The law permits him who sows to reap the harvest."

A French gentleman, who had heard rum called SPIRITS, went into a hotel a few evenings since, and called for a glass of punch, requesting at the same time that it should be made with "GHOSTS from the West Indies."

An eccentric old Yankee, who lived alongside of a graveyard, was asked if it was not an unpleasant location. "No," said he, "I never jined places in all my life with a set of neighbors that minded their business so stiddy as they do."

At a school where words were given out for subjects in composition, a "mute inglorious Milton" produced this sentence on the word "panegyric":—"A few drops of panegyric, given on a large lump of sugar, are often best for an infant with the stomach-ache."

It is stated that in a certain district in the far West mosquitoes are so plentiful that they are unable to get on a stranger all at once, and so they stand round in relays, and wait for their turns like customers in a barber's shop.

Miss Clara Pensive (to her drawing master)—"What an ugly model you must have had for that young lady in your picture, Mr. Pigment!" Mr. Pigment—"Do you think so? My sister was the model." Miss Clara Pensive—"Ah! good gracious me! Yes, I ought to have known it, she is so like you."

"Where are you going?" said a young gentleman to an elderly one in a white cravat, whom he over took a few miles from Little Rock. "I am going to heaven my son I have been on the way eighteen years." "Well goodbye old fellow; if you have been traveling towards heaven eighteen years, and got no nearer to it than Arkansas, I'll take another route."