

# Orangeburg Times

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Vol. III.

ORANGEBURG, SOUTH CAROLINA. THURSDAY, MARCH 26, 1874.

## THE ORANGEBURG TIMES

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Feb 6-

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**BARBER.**  
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(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

**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  
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One 42 Saw  
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RUBBER BELTING  
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FACTORS AND  
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**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

## POETRY.

### ASK NOT WHY I SHOULD LOVE HER.

Ask me not why I should love her;  
Look upon these soul-full eyes  
Look while mirth or feeling move her,  
And see there how sweetly rise  
Thoughts gay and gentle from a breast  
Which is of innocence the nest;  
Which though each joy were from it shed,  
By truth would still be tenanted  
See, from those sweet windows peeping,  
Emotions tender, bright and pure,  
And wonder not the faith I'm keeping,  
Every trial can endure!  
Wonder not that looks so winning  
Still for me new ties are spinning;  
Wonder not that hearts so true  
Keeps mine from ever changing too.

### SHE WAS A WIDOW.

BY CORNELIUS TYNEAR.

She was a very captivating woman, for she had the sweetest smile, and the most innocent looking face I ever saw! She was a small woman, too, and I always was fond of small women. Her eyes, my dear sir, were black, but, unlike some black eyes that you've seen, there was nothing wicked about them. They were regular lamb's eyes, that is, in expression; and, as I said to Grogstar, the first time I saw her;

"That woman is an angel. She can't be anything else with those eyes." "You're right," said Grogstar; "she is an angel if there ever was one in this world."

"What! do you know her?" "Why, my dear fellow I knew her when she was a little girl. She's old Coogleby's daughter. She married Frogsham, poor fellow."

"Why poor fellow?" "He's dead, you know." "Is it possible that young and delicate looking creature is a widow?"

"It's no' only possible, but a fact," said Grogstar. "However, she isn't so very young. I believe she is twenty-eight; let me see, you are—"

"Thirty." "Ah, yes. Well now, my dear Tynear, if you ever think of marrying, I don't know of a woman that would suit you better than Mrs. Frogsham for a wife. Let me introduce you."

"Thank you, I was just going to ask you to present me to the lady." "And that was the way I made the acquaintance of Mrs. Frogsham."

We were stopping at a hotel at Sandy Beach. Mr. Grogstar had a room next to mine, and before I had been in the house three days we were the best of friends; and after he introduced me to my dear Delia, I thought more of him than ever.

I say my dear Delia. Yes our acquaintance ripened into love, and she confessed that I had won her affections; and her confession was made within three weeks of the day that Grogstar introduced me to this lovely creature;

"'Twas on the evening of a day,  
Which we in love had dreamt away," as the poet says, that I made my proposal. We were sitting upon an eminence near the sea—I at Delia's feet looking up into her beautiful eyes, she looking oceanward her lamb-like countenance illuminated by one of her child-like smiles.

"Delia," said I, and as usual in such cases, I took her hand—"Delia, you are the only woman that I ever loved—the only woman that can make me supremely happy."

As usual in such cases, she did not withdraw her hand.

"Oh, will you durling?" I urged, after a slight pause, getting ready to press her to my bosom.

"Cornelius," she replied, in her sweet, flute-like voice—"Cornelius, I've been through with this before; therefore, I beg you'll excuse me for any seeming lack of enthusiasm; but believe me, Cornelius, I love you very, very dearly."

"And may I call you mine?" "Yes," she faltered, with such an innocent, child-like smile upon her countenance that I could hardly believe that she was a widow. After escorting me by loved back to the hotel that night I rushed into Grogstar's room to tell him of my good fortune.

I found him sitting by the open window enjoying the sea-breeze and smoking

in a calm and meditative manner. He welcomed me with a cheerful smile, and motioned me to take a seat.

"But I couldn't sit—I was altogether too full for joy." "My dear Grogstar," cried I, dancing before him, ecstatically, you behold the happiest man in the world. She is mine.

"Ah you refer, I suppose, to—the widow—"

"Yes to my Delia. The young, the artless, the dove-eyed, the innocent and unsophisticated creature—who-by-the-way, Grogstar, I cannot think her as being a widow."

"But she is Tynear. She is a widow. In fact my dear fellow, I suppose that's what makes her seem so artless. So she has—"

"She has promised to be mine, Grogstar. I thought there was a tear in my friends eye, but it may have been caused by the smoke from his pipe. He grasped my hand."

"Tynear," said he, with evident emotion—"Tynear, I congratulate you. She is a jewel. She is one of a thousand. You are a lucky man to win such a woman, but you don't know it. You think you do, but you don't. You imagine that you are happy, but you've no idea how happy you ought to be, under the circumstances. She is a most remarkable woman, Tynear; but I assure you that—that she is a widow."

Then Grogstar wiped his eyes, and resumed his pipe.

"I am glad, my friend, that you approve of my choice, and I hope to see you at the wedding," said I.

"I shall certainly come, my dear sir," returned Grogstar. "I told Delia—Mrs. Frogsham, I should say—that I should expect an invitation to her next wedding, and she promised that I could have one. Is the day appointed?"

"No, but I shall not feel secure in my happiness until it is. Oh, my dear Grogstar, excuse my emotion, but if you had ever loved as I love, you—"

"I have" he interrupted, "I know just what your feelings are. Give them vent. That was all that saved me."

"What! did you ever love a woman?" "Yes, she was a woman," wailed Grogstar, "and—and she was a widow."

"Did she die?" "I would be alone, he murmured, laying down his pipe.

"I feel it coming, 'A feeling of sadness and longing,'" and as he turned his face toward the sea, I am sure I saw a tear glistening in the moonlight as it trickled down his nose.

"The sight of happiness makes him sad when he thinks of his own sorrows," I said as I quietly left the room.

The next morning there were two arrivals at the Sandy Beach hotel. One was Mr. Bluggs and the other a Mr. Nogglestone, both of London.

When I appeared on the piazza they were both talking with Grogstar. The latter bade me good morning as I passed.

"Is that him?" asked Bluggs in a suppressed voice.

"Fortunate man!" exclaimed Nogglestone, when Grogstar answered in the affirmative.

Did they refer to me! If so, then my friend must have told them that I was Delia's accepted lover. Perhaps they had seen her, and perhaps they were both charmed with her beauty; and poor fellows, how they must have envied me!

I was thinking of this, my bosom swelling with pride and joy, as I quietly smoked my morning cigar, when my beautiful Delia appeared at the door. Grogstar, Bluggs, and Nogglestone raised their hats simultaneously. Delia bowed and smiled—oh, so sweetly! Ah, she was so happy in my love that she could not look coldly upon any one. Then she came forward and took my arm, and we walked down toward the beach.

"You know them, it seems, my dear?" "What Mr. Bluggs—Mr. Foggstone?" "Yes, sweet."

"But they can't help it, said I, "you are so beautiful and so good. It's a wonder to me that Grogstar never loved you."

"Oh, he did," cried Delia. "He was my third lover."

"Ha!" I caught her in my arms as we stood on the sandy shore, and pressed her to my bosom.

"Oh! Delia, if you love me, name the day—quick!" I cried—"I would break my heart to lose you; and here you are, surrounded by three of your old lovers, who are undoubtedly waiting to snuff off your arms, at the first favorable opportunity. Name the day, darling, and let it be soon; the suspense will be terrible until I can call you really, truly, my own."

"Ah, now, too well I know the cause of Grogstar's emotion, which he vainly tried to conceal, when I told him you had promised to be mine. Name the day?"

"Will next Thursday do, Cornelius?" she asked in her musical voice, while a tender blush suffused her beautiful countenance as she timidly raised her dove-like eyes to my face.

"Yes, Thursday will do. I think I can survive a week," I answered.

"We will be married here, then, in my little parlor at the hotel."

"Yes," I said, "and if you have no objection, I should like to have a few friends present."

"I have already invited Grogstar," said I.

"Yes, and I should like to have Mr. Bluggs and Mr. Nogglestone there."

"Do you think they will be able to bear it, my dear? Won't it be too much for their delicate organizations?"

"They will bear up for my sake," said Delia.

"Then let them come," I answered, turning my eyes toward the hotel. But imagine my surprise and alarm to discover Bluggs, Nogglestone and Grogstar, all seated at the latter's window, each man holding a large telescope in his hands, and each telescope being pointed directly at Mrs. Frogsham and myself.

"Delia," said I as the cold perspiration broke out all around my nose—"Delia, we are watched."

"They always do just so," she answered. "They watched Mr. Frogsham the same way, but they don't mean anything wrong."

"Oh! they don't eh? But I won't trust them, my dear. They may have formed a conspiracy to snatch you from my arms. I don't like the expression of Nogglestone's eyes, and there is a sinister curl to Bluggs' nose. No, let us return to the hotel immediately. Until we are married I shall not feel secure. I hardly dare trust you out of my sight."

"Dear reader, I cannot linger over the next few days—the last of my single life. They were too full of anxiety and vague terror that something awful was about to happen. I hardly dared leave Delia alone for a single moment, and never retired to rest until satisfied by the snorings of Bluggs, Nogglestone, and Grogstar, as I listened at their doors, that they were wrapped in slumber."

But, Thursday came at last. Several of my friends from London came down in the morning train, and with them the Rev. Mr. Alderberg, who was to officiate at the wedding. Quite a number of Delia's friends and relatives came also, so there was a pretty little company gathered in Mrs. Frogsham's parlor when the bride and bridegroom entered the room and stood up before the clergyman to be joined in the holy bonds of matrimony.

I speak of the bridegroom, you will observe, as if well, as if he were not myself. This is owing to the fact of my having obtained most of the particulars of the—the performance from another person. As for myself, I was in a semi-unconscious state for the greater part of the day. Too much happiness, no matter in what form I take it, is sure to fly to my head; and that was what was the matter with me on my wedding-day.

But I was conscious through it all of the presence of Bluggs, Nogglestone, and Grogstar. All through the ceremony they kept their eyes fixed upon my face. I think they were in a sort of clairvoyant state, for they seemed to take all my feelings upon them; and when Mr. Alderberg pronounced Delia and I one, we four sighed in concert, and looked around us with a smile, or, rather four smiles.

Then came, the congratulations, the wine, a short ride to the railroad station, the fearful partings, then with my beautiful wife by my side, the train dashed on, hearing us away upon our wedding tour.

I have not yet told the reader that my wife had resided at Langholm, previous to our marriage. She owned a fine house there, and thither we repaired to spend the honeymoon.

Arriving at the house in the evening, I was somewhat surprised upon being ushered into the parlor by my wife to find the room filled with children, who made a rush for Delia the moment she entered the room.

"Why, dear Cornelius," cried the dearest of women, looking up into my face with some confusion depicted upon her innocent looking countenance, "I don't know—I think I must have forgotten to tell you anything about my children."

"Your children?"

"Yes, dear."

"How—how many—have you—got on hand?" I asked, in some bewilderment, looking around on the sea of smiling, childish faces.

"Only twelve," Delia answered, demurely.

"Twelve?"

"Yes, four sets, Cornelius," replied the paragon of women, putting up her little rosebud of a mouth for a kiss.

"I sank into a chair."

"Madame," said I, you are doubtless aware that I am fond of children; I dote on them, and I appreciate this little surprise you have given me."

"Oh, I know you would, and they do love me, I do. What splendid children! Are they all here?"

"Yes, dear."

"You are sure that there are none running about loose outside?"

"Quite. There are just four sets, and they are all here."

"Sets? I don't know that I understand you. Please explain."

"Why," she began, looking charmingly naive, "I mean sets of triplets."

Then she sat down upon my knee, and put her beautiful arms around my neck, while the twelve grouped themselves into sets in their regular order, and with their hands behind them, stood staring at their new father. Then my wife continued thus: "I married my first husband in London. He is the father of set No. 1."

"Ah, indeed! After he became a father I suppose he died."

"No, he—he became discouraged, and retired. He said that he had heard that there was luck in odd numbers, but he wouldn't believe it. So he left me, and I—obtained a divorce."

"But Grogstar told me that Mr. Frogsham was dead!"

"Oh, yes, he died. I was speaking of my first. His name was Nogglestone."

"I AND MY HUSBAND CAN DO WITHOUT."—If this truly pathetic incident were in a drama it would be told to tiers of weeping women and admiring men; but in real life it will pass without wonder as a more daily occurrence among the promiscuous poor of the "streets of New York."

In New York city, on Tuesday evening a laboring man, accompanied by his wife and six children, entered the Mulberry street station, and asked Capt. Clinchy to give them shelter for the night.

Capt. Clinchy told Doorman Burrell to put them into one of the warm cells on the first floor. Soon the woman asked to go out and get food for the children.

Seeing how weak she was, Captain Clinchy told her to give him the money, and he would send Burrell out. The woman handed Captain Clinchy four cents.

"What!" exclaimed Clinchy, "what sort of supper do you intend to get for that?"

"Bread, sir?" "Well, you won't get enough for you all for four cents. That's so, captain, but I and my husband can do without it." Handling her four cents, Captain Clinchy, accompanied by Burrell, went to a neighboring baker's and returned with three loaves, some ham and fish, and a subscription was raised among the men, all of them gave their mite to assist the poor family.

Here is an inspiration, says the Richmond Enquirer, whose simple pathos should move the world like a new sermon from the Mount. "Pard'ny husband can do without?" What devotion—what love! That poor mother is a jewel, which New York should be proud to have of all her merchant princes and railroad kings.

**The Code Duello.**

AGUSTA, GA., March 8, 1874. Two negroes, Peter Blair and Moses Sullivan had some angry words, during which Blair told Sullivan he was no gentleman. The latter demanded an apology or satisfaction with shot guns or pistols. Blair replied that he had no apology to make, but accepted the challenge during the time, place and weapons.

The parties met at sand bar this morning at seven o'clock accompanied by their seconds, two negroes named Ralph Knight and William Armstrong. The ground was stopped off and Col. H. H. shooters placed in the hands of the principals, Knight gave the words of command.

He said, "Peter, are you ready?" Peter said, "yes." "Moses are you ready?" Moses replied, "yes."

Then they commenced shooting and both parties fired away until the first barrel was discharged. The pistols were reloaded, the principals resumed their positions, the words of command repeated, and the firing recommenced continued until Blair fell to the ground, wounded through both his legs. The parties returned to the city immediately.

Sullivan fought at the same place last year, and Blair fought another year at Savannah, some time ago.

It was an expressive remark of a practical man regarding the woman of the period recently, "She don't know enough, sir, to boil water."

John Carter, Duluth 1855 of fifteen, finding himself the other day because he had a fight with the school teacher and failed to a quarter (him).

"Good-bye, you old scolding, old-headed hention," wrote a Dubuque man to his wife the last thing before suiciding. She says she'd like to have got hold of him for about one minute.

A wealthy Buffalo widow lady of sixty has just married her own widowed son in law of thirty-five, and as there are children on both sides, people are now trying to study out the newly established relationship.

A Macon negro, who went into a trance at a meeting the other night, was accidentally overlooked. When he found the lights were out he followed the congregation and succeeded in seriously walloping one of the deacons. He gives as an excuse that "dey lug older niggers home, an' dey mou't no well have found me. De church ain't no place for us, 'tinstions in 'society."