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THE OTHER SIDE.

BY JOHN W. CHADWICK.

Climbing the mountain's shaggy crest,
I wondered much what sight would greet
My eager gaze when'er my feet
Upon the topmost height should rest.

The better side was all unknown;
But as I slowly crept along,
Sweeter to me than any song
My dream of visions to show.

Meanwhile the mountain shrubs distilled
Their sweetness all along my way,
And the delicious summer day
My heart with rapture overfilled.

At length the topmost height was gained;
The hither side was full in view;
My dream—not one of them was true,
But better far I attained.

For far and wide on either hand
Thro' stretched a valley broad and fair,
With greenness flashing everywhere—
A pleasant, smiling, home-like land.

Who knows, I thought, but so 'twill prove
Upon that mountain-top I stand,
Where we shall draw diviner breath,
And see the long-lost friends we love?

It may not be as we have dreamed,
Not half so awful, strange and grand;
A quiet, peaceful, home-like land,
Better than e'er in vision gleamed.

Meanwhile along our upward way
What beauties lurk, what visions glow!
Whatever shall be, this we know
Is better than our lips can say.

BRUTUS AND HIS SONS.

Tarquin the Proud, king of Rome, was in sore perplexity. A dreadful pestilence had broken out within the city, and the people were dying in great numbers. To add to the general gloom, a serpent was seen to glide cautiously from one of the pillars of the palace and disappear.

The news of this unusual occurrence spread rapidly, and created great alarm. Even the king was dismayed. His superstitious fears were excited. He regarded the strange appearance of the serpent as an ill omen. What did it foreshadow? His death, or the dissolution of the monarchy? It was a problem which could not be solved. After much speculation, it was decided that his two sons, Aruns and Titus, should consult the oracle of Delphi, and seek an explanation of the mystery. The young princes were thirsting for adventure, and joyously undertook the journey into France.

A man named Lucius Junius Brutus had accompanied them. His father had fallen a victim to the cruelty of Tarquin, and to secure safety, he affected mental imbecility. Aruns and Titus had no suspicion that he was other than he seemed. They did not expect that he would share the perils they must encounter. His apparent idiocy made them think it impossible for him to understand the great issue at stake; but he could jest, and amuse the party with his tricks. He went simply as a buffoon. Upon reaching the temple of Delphi, an offering was presented to the god. It was a piece of gold, inclosed in a rod of carmel-wood consecrated to receive it. In this way, it was hoped to appease the wrath of the deity.

The princes then inquired with great anxiety, "Who shall reign in Rome hereafter?"

The reply was, "He shall be king, who shall first kiss his mother."

Aruns and Titus were surprised. They agreed to conceal the words of the oracle from their elder brother, Lestus, and to hasten back to embrace their mother the queen, and to reign jointly.

Brutus had also heard the answer of the god. He fixed a very different meaning to it. The earth, he thought, was the common mother of mankind.

Returning to fall, he devoutly kissed the ground and arose, cherishing a secret hope of becoming a future ruler.

He returned with the princes to Rome. The mask of idiocy he had worn to conceal deep purposes was now boldly thrown off.

He was burning to revenge the murder of his father, and personal injuries. Lucretia, the wife of Collatinus, had been cruelly wronged by Lestus Tarquin. She was a relative of Brutus, and his hatred of Tarquin and his family now became intense. Every energy was employed in the work of overthrowing the royal power.

He became a public agitator. He boldly set forth the oppressive acts of Tarquin, and the advantages of a simpler form of government. The people listened and believed. An insurrection speedily followed, and the king and princes were forced to leave Rome.

By a single powerful stroke, Lucius Junius Brutus had put an end to the monarchy, after it had existed forty-three years.

The Romans were now called upon to decide how they would be governed. After much debate, it was determined that the supreme authority should be vested in two persons. Brutus and Collatinus were elected consuls. They were surrounded with all the ensigns of power, and the kingdom was changed to a republic.

Brutus, and the nephews of Collatinus, were among the number.

The conspirators met by stealth, and bound themselves by a solemn oath, to unite all their energies to overthrow the republic.

Their plot was discovered. A slave, named Vindictus, suspecting treason, secreted himself in the house where their secret meetings were held. He listened to their conversation, and learned that a strong blow was soon to be aimed against the government. He revealed the plot to the authorities. The conspirators were seized and preparations were made to give them a trial. Early the next day, the Consuls Brutus and Collatinus went to the tribunal, and ordered the culprits to be brought before them.

The young men were speechless and terror-stricken.

With unbroken firmness Brutus asked them if they had any defence to offer. He received no answer.

The question was repeated. Still no words issued from their lips.

Once more Brutus demanded if they could deny the charge brought against them.

Tears were his only reply, and their dreadful silence revealed their inability to prove their innocence.

Terrible was the situation of Brutus. Convinced of the guilt of his sons, Titus and Lestus, he was forced to pass sentence of death upon them. With a firm, undaunted voice, he commanded the executioner to perform his work.

The unhappy young men entreated for mercy. The spectators were moved with compassion, and urged Brutus to spare them.

He sternly refused. Calmly and unfalteringly he proceeded to execute the laws, regardless of the ties of blood. His sons had been false to Rome, and must suffer the penalty of treason with the others. The people looked upon him in admiration and awe.

Collatinus sought to save his nephews, but was prevented by Brutus.

"A man may have more children," said the invincible judge, "but he can have but one country; even that which gave him birth."

Without a sigh, and evincing no paternal emotion, Brutus saw his sons scourged and their heads struck off.

Justice was appeased. The natural feelings of the father, which he had stifled to serve his country, could no longer be controlled, and Brutus wept bitterly.

The slave Vindictus was rewarded with money and freedom. The information he gave, which caused the death of the noblest youth of Rome, saved the republic.

Prince Bismarck as "Dummy."

The Paris correspondent of the London News relates the following anecdote: "A Saxon military band gave a private performance before Prince Bismarck, a few weeks ago, in Berlin, just prior to his departure for Kissingen, and one of its members has furnished a Dresden paper with an account of their reception by him. The prince showed him over his house, and pointing to a desk in the princess's room, told them his wife, as they might observe, kept the cash. He had from the beginning intrusted her with the charge of his money affairs, while he attended to politics, and he would advise every married man to do the same, taking no more than his wife gave him. Drawing a table out of a corner, he said: 'At this table, M. Thiers, M. Fayre and I played a dummy game at whist. That dummy was won partly owing to you Saxons, for if all had not been so brave I should have held no trumps in my hand. When we began to negotiate, the gentlemen would not understand my French because I demanded too much. Thereupon I spoke German to them, and that they would not at first understand; but at last we agreed. They conceded everything; and when they had signed their names to it, I again spoke French with them. Had we been united two hundred years ago we need not have been tyrannized over by the French; but now, thank God, we are united, and I hope we shall remain so. If they once more require it, we shall again give them a fall.' Alluding to the war of 1866, the prince said he had always respected the Saxons, for they, above all, had the courage to stand firm against the Prussians when all the others had lost their heads. 'You must see,' he said, 'that it could not be helped. We were forced to find out which was the strongest.'

Hat-Racked.

The Saratoga correspondent of the Washington Star says: "They have a phenomenal boy to mind the Grand Union dining-room and hat-rack, to see that no mistakes occur. In powers of memory and locality he beats 'Blind Tom' or the 'lightning calculator.' In the height of the Saratoga season, with from nine hundred to two thousand hats on his mind, he has never been known to make a mistake. White hats, brown hats, black hats, slouch hats, stove-pipe hats, straw hats; No. 5s, No. 8s, No. 10s; hats with black bands, magenta bands, blue bands, or green bands, it is all the same—he has never failed to have in his hand the right hat for the right man at the exact moment of emergence from the dining-room. He is not superstitious or proud of his gift. When complimented upon his powers of memory, he answers not in words, but smiles a melancholy smile, as if the sword were too sharp for the scabbard."

It costs France \$6,000,000 a year to protect the body politic from the ravages of the criminal classes.

THE VALLEY OF THE GEYSERS.

A Hundred Boiling, Bubbling, Bottomless Springs.

Dr. HAYNES' Iceland Letter.

Here I am at last in the very midst of this great nest of bubbling fountains of boiling water, which I first saw in my school days' geography book, and which have been to me a wonder ever since, and are, now that I have seen them, more a wonder than ever. A hundred jets of steam are rising in the air all round me like so many columns of smoke from as many piles of brushwood. A hundred holes of various sizes are in the earth, and looking down into them through the rising steam one sees a great bubbling, boiling spring that seems to be bottomless. From many of them water from time to time pours over the brim and runs away in boiling rivulets, above which clouds of steam are ever rising; steam hisses but through fissures in the rock, through the soft turf, through seething pools of mud, and over a marsh a quarter of a mile distant a veil of mist is seen rising and floating away, to be melted in the tender sunshine. For the day is lovely past all description, and weary from our two days' journey of not less than ninety miles over the worst of roads, on horseback, to which few of us have been of late accustomed, we enjoy our repose on the grassy slope overlooking the valley of the hot fountains, and write, and sketch, and wonder, and admire. The air is clear, as it rarely is in Iceland.

The outlines of the mountains are sharply defined against the clear, pearly sky, and even the snow peaks can be discerned in all their varied forms through eighty miles of distance. As I look away to the southeast great Hecla looms above a range of purple hills, the position of its immense crater distinctly marked in a depression of the cap of snow. I am looking directly across the steaming plain of the Geysers that stretches away beyond through miles and miles of soft green, and through which meanders silvery branches of the Hvita, or White river. The scene is too grand and wonderful for pen or pencil. The sunlight glow on Hecla surpasses anything I have ever seen. Occasionally a delicate current of warm air touches it, and, chilled by the cold ice and snow, a light vapor for a few moments floats away from its highest point, creating the impression that a stream or smoke is issuing from it. But this happens rarely, and the great mountain seems to float in the sky as a light-colored cloud, glorious and luminous and vast. Behind me is the level, white summit of the Lang Jokull; nearer rises the great, sharp, snow-streaked Blafell, whose marvellous rich hue reveals at once the me of its name; while between this and Hecla, with the same dark foreground which frames and intensifies the glow of the famed volcanic mountain, rises peak on peak of the great Arnariello, which is the very central crest and heart of Iceland. It is a picture for a painter to finger over; it is a picture for a poet to dream of all his life, and one which I can not better describe further than by saying that it was simply glorious. A poet (Bayard Taylor) sits now by me on the green, and I find myself wondering if his fancy and intense sympathy with nature are not, even while I write, rearing up some wonderful poetic fabric worthy of the marvellous forces that have been and still are at work in the earth beneath and around us, and worthy, too, of his comprehensive intellect and subtle qualities of thought.

Hecla in itself, that is in form, is not at all picturesque. There was nothing in it to interest the fancy but the glow of sunlight on its cap of snow. It is simply a long ridge standing broadside to the northwest and southeast, and is only remarkable in outline when seen from the southeast or southwest, when the sharp ridge comes out like a peak against the sky.

I learn that the ascent of it is not difficult, and it has been already reached this year by Dr. Leitner, whom I have had the pleasure of meeting on board the Albion and again at the king's dinner, at Rejkiavik. From the Geysers to its foot is a good two days' journey. One may go on horses to the little hamlet of Nærfholt, a good way up the side of a spur that it sends out to the west, from whence, after refreshing one's self with a night's sleep, the crater may be reached without difficulty or danger in five hours. This year the summit is more than ordinarily covered with snow. The season has been unusually backward and chilly, and there are very few dark patches to be seen near the crest. Usually, as I am told, the crest is at most clear of snow before August, and therefore Hecla has failed to be dignified by the name of Jokull, which means snow mountain, or at least a mountain always white. It is a simple fell, or rocky waste.

First in importance of these Jokulls is the Vatra, which occupies an immense space of several thousand square miles in the southeast part of the island, which has never been explored. I was told in Rejkiavik that an English party of four enthusiastic Alpine climbers have gone there this season, supplied with every appliance, in the shape of Alpine guides, ropes, ladders, spiked staffs and spiked boots, to do what has been hitherto regarded as impossible; but whether or not they have succeeded in breaking their necks remains to be reported. I sincerely hope they may come out safe and sound, for the region is one of great interest both in an artistic and scientific point of view, and may they live to tell of it.

One thing I must not forget to mention before quitting the description of this scene from the Geysers. It is the

surprising richness of coloring in the landscape. Surprising, because I had read quite the contrary, and my friend Mr. Bryce, who had passed over Iceland last year, had told me that everything to the artistic eye was unattractive and monotonous. This is doubtless in general quite true, for fog or rain is the prevailing condition of an Iceland summer. On this day, however, the air was remarkably transparent, and there was no color in the landscape wanting to delight the artist's eye. The most delicate violets, the loveliest purple, the richest gray were all from time to time conspicuous, and there has been throughout the day a glow on mountain, hill and dale that is truly charming.

Romantic Marriage.

The Norwegian papers are full of a marriage recently celebrated between an English gentleman and a gypsy girl bearing the name of Esmeralda. The gentleman is Mr. Hubert Smith, described as a land owner in Shropshire, and who, some time ago, made himself known in literature by a clever book entitled "Ten Years with English Gypsies in Norway," dedicated to King Charles XV. of Sweden and Norway. Mr. Smith has spent several summers in Norway with a following of gypsies, wandering on foot through valleys and over mountains, carrying tents and provisions with him on the back of donkeys, and leading a most original vagabond life. Esmeralda was born on his estate in Shropshire. She is, the Norwegian papers state, very handsome, a perfect type of the peculiar beauty of her race, of the sweetest temper, and richly gifted from the hands of nature. The last months she has passed in the Norwegian family, taking lessons in languages and music, and has astonished all by the wonderful progress made in a short time, not less than by her gentlemanly manners. The marriage was a civil one, being performed by the justice of the peace, but the rector of the parish attended the ceremony, and, as he had the opportunity of knowing the bride during her stay in the neighborhood, made a much applauded speech in her honor. The Norwegian gypsy's friend, Mr. Eilert Sandt, who has devoted the best part of his life to the pulling down of the barrier erected by prejudice and traditional superstition between the gypsies and the rest of the community, and who has converted not a few of the nomadic tribes to settled and industrious life, has been invited to the marriage, which had his full approval, but was prevented at the last moment from attending. Several nobilities from Christiania are mentioned among the guests, and the marriage was the occasion for numerous expressions of sympathy, especially from ladies who made the acquaintance of the bride. After the solemnity of the newly married couple left to spend their honeymoon in the venerable beech forest near Laurvig, the only one of the kind in Norway, affording ample commodities for tent life with gypsies.

The Best Organs on Most Favorable Terms.

Cabinet or Parlor Organs are capital things for peddlers to work with, because very poor ones can be made at half the cost of good ones, and few people are competent to tell the difference from a first examination. Manufacturers print in their catalogues prices which are three or four times as high as the value of such cheap work. Then the peddler starts out and puts them on the people in various ways. He sells at an enormous discount, if he can get cash; takes part trade, if necessary, or leaves the organ awhile on trial, and sells it on long time at "manufacturer's prices," exhibiting the catalogue to show that it is such, or even at a discount from this, which he can well afford.

The Mason & Hamlin Organ Co. have recently announced a plan which is likely to interfere with this business. This Company, as is well known, makes only the best work, which, by its uniform excellence, has obtained the highest reputation for their organs. They proved the best, and obtained the highest awards at the recent Vienna and Paris World's Expositions, as they have uniformly done in American Industrial competitions. The fact that these organs are the best in the world is, indeed, too well established to need further endorsement.

The Company has now added a large new factory to their former extensive works, and design to greatly increase their business. This they propose to do by offering organs for time payments, or for rent with privilege of purchase, at barely sufficient advance on the cash prices to afford a reasonable interest for the time. An organ may be hired by the quarter with privilege of purchase at any time in one year or longer. If purchased within the year, the whole cost, including rent paid, is only five to ten per cent. more than if the cash had been paid down at the beginning.

Persons having any idea of purchasing, will be wise to send a note to the Mason & Hamlin Co., at either Boston, New York or Chicago, and obtain their new circulars, before purchasing.

It is related of Gen. Kearney, that during the hottest part of the day at Seven Pines, when his division were putting in their very best "licks" in holding back the Confederate column, the colonel of a certain regiment of infantry that was hurrying forward galloped to the American Bayard and ask him where he should go in. "Oh, anywhere, colonel, anywhere. It's all the same. Lovely fighting along the whole line."

TALMA AND KEMBLE.

A Great Actor's Appreciation of a Great Actress.

Talma was announced to play, for the first time, the chief-priest in Racine's "Athalie." The intelligence, however, reached Kemble, in London, so late that, by the time he had made up his mind to go over to see his great French colleague, he was in doubt whether he had time to reach Paris by the evening of the performance. He set out, nevertheless, and, on arriving on the French side of the Channel, he took a post-coach, paying treble fare in order to treble the speed. It was already night-fall when he reached Paris. In all the uncombed and unwashed disorder incident to his journey, he had himself set down before the door of the then (as now) famous theatre Francais, and hastened to the ticket-office. "Not a seat was to be had in any part of the house; he was compelled, therefore, to take a simple admission-ticket. But now he was so far from the stage and in such a crowd that he could hear very little, and could see less. Familiar as he was with the French language, he was not sufficiently accustomed to hearing it spoken to be able to understand it satisfactorily under such untoward circumstances. After so long a journey, to miss a syllable or a gesture was enough to almost drive him to despair.

And how near to him there was a box containing seats for people, only two of which were occupied, and from which one could see and hear so admirably! He did not consider long, but went into the lobby, had the owner of the box called out, and told him how he had come all the way from London to see Talma that evening, and now, being unable to get an eligible place, would fall in the object of his journey unless he would give him a seat in his box.

In Kemble's manner of preferring his request there was something so distinguished and earnest that the gentleman, who was no other than the Duke de Rochefoucauld, unmindful of the stranger's extraordinary appearance, opened the door of his box and bade him enter. The case was explained to the duchess, who, of course, could not restrain; but, after glancing at the intruder, she moved as far away from him as possible toward the duke.

The performance began, and, from act to act, the enthusiasm with which the Paris public were wont to receive their favorite increased. Kemble sat during the whole time without moving a hand or saying a word; the satisfaction, however, that was pictured in his face seemed to reconcile the national pride of the duke and duchess to the stranger's outlandish appearance.

The enthusiasm rose to the culminating point in the fourth act, when the high-priest utters his prophecy concerning Jerusalem. The effect produced on the Englishman was equally as great as it was on the other auditors. Little by little he rose from his seat, and, at an opportune moment, he involuntarily cried out, "Beautiful! most beautiful!"

In an instant all eyes turned toward the Duke de Rochefoucauld's box, and, as the curtain fell, nothing was heard throughout the house but the cry, "Put him out! put him out!" The duke and duchess were naturally exceedingly mortified, and the duke was debating with himself whether he had not better request the stranger to retire, when suddenly the mood of the audience underwent a radical change.

An Englishman had recognized his distinguished countryman, and had informed the audience who he was, and what he had said. The mercenary Frenchman now applauded Kemble louder than they had applauded Talma, and, when Kemble finally rose and bowed his thanks and pointed to the stage, intimating that all their plaudits were due to their gifted countryman, the enthusiasm became unbounded.

How differently the dual pair looked upon the stranger now! After the play was over they insisted on his driving home with them, and refused to accept his excuses only on condition that he would dine with them the following day. Kemble promised what they asked, and hastened round to the stage of the theatre to congratulate his distinguished friend and colleague.

Parisian Marvels.

The Paris correspondent of the Philadelphia Press says, in describing the display of jewelry at the exhibition of fine arts applied to industry: "Among the prettiest designs for earrings are a pair of scales each freighted with a rose-fell, while the beam above it is a true-lover's knot in diamonds pierced with a tiny diamond arrow. A superb gold bracelet is clasped by two diamond shells joined by a large emerald and each shell containing a pearl. The gold hair-pins of novel design represent fan-dellon seed-balls in gold studded with tiny diamonds, the feathery lightness of the down being exquisitely reproduced. The loveliest of diamond sprays for the hair represents a plume of seed-grass, and anything at once so graceful and so brilliant can hardly be imagined. Side by side with these glittering marvels a case of dolls from the Rue St. Honore attracted universal attention. Their wooden ladyships were dressed so as to display the fashions in France from the end of the last century and beginning of this. There was the Marveillouse in the thinnest of muslins and scantiest of draperies; the short-waisted, short-skirted dame of the consulate; the longer skirt, huge sleeves, and Cashmere shawl of the lady of the restoration; and finally the becrinolined damsel of some years ago, looking very large and hoopy, but pretty and picturesque, notwithstanding."

FACTS AND FANCIES.

No young man is proof against a gum-drop when she holds it between her teeth and invites him to take a bite.

Out of the fifty-four young men appointed cadets at West Point and examined during the past week, only twenty-two passed the examination and were admitted.

"Of course we couldn't have him roaming around here and putting up congressional airs," says a Nevada paper in explaining how a horse thief came to his end.

Young ladies have broken out with an attack of collar that partakes of the nature of a table cloth, a boiled shirt, and a fireman's cap. It is worn about half way down the back.

An enthusiastic admirer of Goldsmith Maid has pulled two hairs from the good trotter's tail, and intends to have them woven into a ring. He needs a plug hat to stow his ears in.

If a man is not rising upwards to be an angel, depend upon it he is sinking down to be a devil. He cannot stop at the beast. The most savage men are not beasts—they are worse, a great deal worse.

"Mamma," said a little girl, "what's the meaning of a book being printed in 12mo?" "Why, my dear," replied the mother, "it means that the book will be published in twelve months."

When a young lady notices your shirt button hanging by a single thread on the "ragged edge" of the button-hole, and calls your attention to it, don't wait for another hint like that, as you may never get it.

A Kentucky church has sent two lady missionaries to the Feejee islands. This is very considerate. No doubt the cannibals will prefer this sort of the tough old gentlemen who are usually thrust upon that market.

In Thomson's Gazetteer is the following erratum: "For Dutchman read Dr. Adams." This is almost equal to the well-known correction, "For dum squizzle read permanent," or the amusing erratum in a Hartford paper, "For Alum, Water read Alma Mater."

Mr. Swelkins, what is a comet? asked the elder Mrs. Swelkins. "Nothing but a predatory star, with a much-aggrieved tail," said Mr. S. "Jane," said Mrs. S., "get the dictionary and hunt for them air words; your father always did talk that way afore we was married."

If the time ever comes for the explanation of the mysteries of this world we shall be glad to know why the young man who remarks on leaving church, "I can preach a better sermon than that myself," is content to wear out his life over a counter at \$50 a month.

A New York paper has the following among its marine notices: "The schooner Albatross was wrecked on the coast of Newfoundland on the 11th inst., the captain swimming ashore, and the female cook also, she being insured for \$15,000, and heavily laden with iron."

"Are the Joneses back?" inquired Mr. Spittkins, who hasn't been out of town all summer. "Yes'm," replied the cook, "and Mrs. Brown and the children got home from Saratoga this morning." "Then, Mary, you may open the front shutters," continued Mrs. S., "and say we've returned too."

A married pair were recently divorced by decree of the supreme judicial court of the state of Maine, on the ground of cruelty. The true reason was that he loved flowers, books, poetry, pets, and all the beauties of nature, while she confined her thoughts solely to "biled victuals" and the interests of the children.

Brief colloquy in Texas between a tourist and a native: "My friend, why is it everybody in this country thinks it necessary to carry one or two revolvers?" "Well, stranger," said the Texan, "you mought travel around here a good long time and not want a weppon, but when you do want a pistol in this country, you want it like hell."

An eight-hour man, on going home the other evening for his supper, found his wife sitting in her best clothes on the front stoop, reading a volume of travels. "How's this?" he exclaimed. "Where's my supper?" "I don't know," replied his wife; "I began to get your breakfast at six o'clock this morning and my eight hours ended at two P. M."

A curious episode in the railroad depot at Lincoln, Nebraska, the other day, was a Menomite divorce. The man was anxious to go to Dakota, and his wife equally anxious to remain, so after a long argument in Russian and German, they sat down upon the floor, and, opening a bag containing two thousand dollars in gold, counted it out, piece by piece, the man taking one-half and the woman the other. They then shook hands and separated, the man jumping upon a train bound for Dakota.

The American Agriculturist, in its last issue, contains an article on a new species of fungi, lately imported to this country in the hollyhock, which have already made depredations upon that plant of a serious nature and threaten still worse. The writer asserts that the whole family of plants to which the hollyhock belongs is in equal danger, and as this includes cotton, this great industrial interest is, we are told, in imminent danger. As a remedy florists are urged to import no more of this species of plants to the country, as their destruction has so far defied all remedies applied.