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POETRY.

[Written for the Orangeburg Times.]

Waiting in Vain.

Ah! here I stand beneath the vines,
With myriad flowers of the head,
And something tempts me how to say
"I wish that I was dead."
For I have watched the twilight stars
Shine in the cloudless blue—
Night after night they never fail—
They come—why will not you?
I stand and wait in trembling shade,
But wait, alas! in vain.
The perfumed flowers look down and see
The tears that fall like rain.
Sometime they shed their dew-drop tears,
As if in sympathy,
I've tried to teach my heart to think
They're weeping then with me.
Weep on, sweet flowers—I weep your tears—
And stars—your bright eyes close
A gloom has crept into my heart—
That each day darker grows.

SATANELLA.

In one of the houses in South Audley street, London, on a bright February morning, a window stood open on the drawing-room floor—so wide open that the baker, resting his burden on the area railings below, sniffed the perfume of hyacinths bursting their bulbs, and beat time with floury shoes to the notes of a wild and plaintive melody, wafting from the pianoforte within.
Though a delicate little breakfast-service had not yet been removed from its spider-legged table, the performer at the instrument was already habited and habited for a ride. Her whole heart, nevertheless, seemed to be in the tips of her fingers while she played, drawing from the keys such sighs of piteous plaint, such sobs of sweet seductive sorrow, as ravished the soul of the baker below, creating a strong desire to scale the window sill, and peep into the room. Could he have executed such a feat, this is what he would have seen.
A woman of twenty-five, tall, slim waisted, with a wealth of blue-black hair, all made fast and coiled away beneath her riding-hat in shining folds, massive as a three-inch cable. A woman of graceful gestures, undulating like a serpent; of a shapely figure, denoting rather the graces of action than the beauty of repose; little, self-reliant, full of latent energy, betraying in every movement an inborn pride, tameless though kept down, and incurable as Lucifer's before his fall.
The white hands moving so deftly over the keys were strong and nervous, with large blue veins and taper fingers; such hands as denote a vigorous nature and a resolute will—such hands as strike without pity, and hold with tenacious grasp—such hands as many a lofty head has bowed its pride to kiss, and thought no shame. Lower and lower, she bent over them while she played—softer and softer sank and swelled, and died away, the sad suggestive notes, bursting at last into a peal and crash of harmony, through which there came a short quick gasp for

breath like a sob. Then she shut the pianoforte with a bang, and walked to the glass over the fire-place. It reflected a strangely-fascinating face, so irregular of features that women sometimes called it "positively plain;" but on which the other sex felt neither better nor wiser men when they looked. The cheek-bones, chin, and jaws were prominent; the eye-brows, though arched, too thick for feminine beauty, the mouth too firm, in spite of its broad white teeth, and dark shade pencilled on the upper lip, in spite even of its saucy curl and bright bewildering smile. But when she lifted her flashing eyes, fringed in their long black lashes, there was no more to be said. They seemed to blaze and soften, shine and swim, all in one glance that went straight to a man's heart, and made him wince with a thrill akin to pain.

Pale women protested she had too much color, and vowed she painted; but no cosmetics ever yet concocted could have imitated her deep rich tints, glowing like those of the black-browed beauties one sees in Southern Europe, as if the blood ran crimson beneath her skin—as if she had caught warmth and vitality from their generous climate, and their sunny, smiling skies. When she blushed, it was like the glory of noon-day; and she blushed now, while there came a trampling of hoofs in the street, a ring at the door-bell.

The color faded from her brow, nevertheless before a man's steady gaze, as he stood on the staircase; and her visitor was ushered into the room as "General St. Josephs."

"You are early, General," said she, giving him her hand with royal condescension; "early, but welcome, and—and—the horses will be round in five minutes. Have you had any breakfast? I am afraid my coffee is quite cold." General St. Josephs knew what it was to starve in the Crimea and broil in the Mutiny; had been shot at very often by guns of various calibres; had brought into discipline one of the worst-drilled regiments in the service; and was a distinguished officer, past forty years of age. What made his heart beat, and his hands turn cold? Why did the blood rush to his temples, while she gave him greeting?

"Don't hurry, pray!" said he; "I can wait as long as you like. I'd wait the whole day for you, if that was all!"

He spoke in a husky voice, as if his lips were dry. Perhaps that was the reason she seemed not to hear.

Throwing the window wide open, she looked down the street. Taking more of that thoroughfare than was convenient by advancing lengthways, with many plunges and lashings out, and whiskings of her long square tail, a black mare with a side-saddle was gradually approaching the door. The groom who led her seemed not a little relieved when he got her to stand by the curb-stone, patting her nose and whispering many expletives suggestive of composure and docility.

This attendant, though gloved, booted, and belted for a ride, felt obviously that one such charge as he had taken in hand was enough. He meant to fetch his own horse from the stable, as soon as his mistress was in the saddle.

A staid person, out of livery, came to the door, looking up and down the street, with the weary air of a man who resides chiefly in his pantry. He condescended to remark, however, that "Miss Douglas was a-comin' down, and the mare's coat had a polish on her, same as if she'd been varnished!"

While the groom winked in reply, Miss Douglas appeared on the pavement; and the baker, delivering loaves three doors off, turned round to wonder and approve.

"May I put you up?" said the General, meekly, almost timidly.

How different the tone, and yet it was the same voice that had heretofore rung out so firm and clear in stress of mortal danger, with its stirring order—
"The light Brigade will advance!"

"No, thank you," said Miss Douglas coldly; "Tiger Tim does the heavy business. Now, Tim—one—two—three!"

"Three" landed her lightly in the saddle, and the black mare stood like a sheep. One turn of her foot, one kick of her habit—Miss Douglas was established where she looked her best, felt her best, and liked best to be in the world.

So she patted the black mare's neck, a caress her favorite acknowledged with such a bound as might have unseated Bellerophon; and followed by Tim, on a good-looking chesnut, rode off with her admiring General to the Park.

Who is Miss Douglas? This was the question everybody asked, and answered too, for that matter, but not satisfactorily. Blanche Douglas, such was the misnomer of this black-browed lady, had been in London for two years, yet given no account of her antecedents, shown no vouchers for her identity. To cross-question her was not a pleasant undertaking, as certain you would find out to their cost. They called her "The Black Douglas," indeed, out of spite, till a feminine wit and genius of the brightest lustre gave her the nickname of "Satanella," and as Satanella she was henceforth known in all societies.

After that, people seemed more reassured, and discovered, or possibly invented for her, such histories as they considered satisfactory to themselves. She was the orphan, some said, of a speculative naval officer, who had married the cousin of a peer. Her father was drowned off Teneriffe; her mother died of a broken heart. The girl was brought up in a west-country school till she came of age; she had a thousand a year, and lived near South Audley-street with her aunt, a person of weak intellect, like many old women of both sexes. She was oddish herself, and rather bad style; but there was no harm in her.

This was the god-natured version. The ill-natured one was the above travestied. The father had cut his throat; the mother ran away from him, and went mad; and the west-country school was a French convent. The aunt and the thousand a year were equally fabulous. She was loud, bold, hoarse, more than queer, and where the money came from that kept the little house near South Audley-street and enabled her to carry on, goodness only knew!

Still she held her own, and all the old men fell in love with her. "My admirers," she told Mrs. Cullender, who told me, "are romantic—ery, and rheumatic also, a faire pleurer. The combination, my dear, is touching, but exceedingly inconvenient."

Mrs. Cullender further affirms that old Buxton would have married and made her a peeress, had she but held up her finger, and declared she saw Counselor or Cramp go down on his knees to her, falling forward on his hands, however, before he could get up again, and thus finishing his declaration, as it were, on all fours.

But she would have none of these, inclining rather to men of firmer mould, and captivating especially the gallant defenders of their country by sea and land.

Admirals are all susceptible mere or less, and fickle as the winds, they record in their log-books. So she scarcely allowed them to count in her score; but at one time she had seven general-officers on the list, with colonels and majors in proportion.

Her last conquest was St. Josephs—a handsome man, and a proud, cold, reserved deep-hearted, veiling under an icy demeanour a temper sensitive as a girl's. How many women would have delighted to lead such a captive up and down the Ride, and show him off as the keeper shows off his bear in its chain! How many would have paraded their sovereignty over this stern and quiet veteran, till their own hearts were gone, and they longed to change places with their victim, to serve where they had thought only to command!

In February London begins to awake out of its winter sleep. Some of the great houses have already got their blinds up and their door-steps cleaned. Well-known faces are hurrying about the streets and a few equestrians spot the Ride, like early flies crawling over a window-pane. The black mare lashed out at one of these with a violence that brought his heart into the soldier's mouth, executing thereafter some half-dozen long and dangerous plunges. Miss Douglas sat perfectly still, giving the animal plenty of rein; then administered one severe cut with a stiff riding-whip, that left its mark on the smooth shining skin; and having thus asserted herself, made much of her favourite, as if she loved it all the better for its wilfulness.

"I wish you wouldn't ride that brute!" said the General, tenderly. "She'll get out of your hand some of these days, and then there'll be a smash!"

"Not ride her!" answered Miss Douglas, opening her black eyes wide. "Not ride my own beautiful pet! General, I should deserve never to get into a side-saddle again!"

"For the sake of your friends," urged the other, drawing very close with a pressure of the leg to his own horse's side; "for the sake of those who care for you; for—for—my—sake—Miss Douglas!"

His hand was almost on the mare's neck, his head bent towards its rider. If a man of his age can look "spoony," the General was at that moment a fit subject for ridicule to every Cornet in the Service.

Laughing rather scornfully, with a turn of her wrist she put a couple of yards between them.

"Not even for your sake, General, will I give up my darling. Do you think I have no heart?"

His brow clouded. He looked very stern and sad, but gulped down whatever he was going to say, and asked instead, "why are you so fond of that mare? She's handsome enough, no doubt, and can go fast; but still, she is not the least what I call a lady's horse."

"That's my secret," answered Miss Douglas playfully; "wouldn't you give the world to know?"

She had a very winning way, when she chose, all the more taking from its contrast to her ordinary manner. He felt its influence now.

"I believe I would give you the world, if I had it, and not even ask for your secret, in exchange," was his reply. "One more turn, Miss Douglas, I entreat you (for she was edging away as if for home.) It is not near luncheon-time, and I was going to say Miss Douglas—I was going to say—"

"Don't say it now!" she exclaimed, with a shake of her bridle that brought the mare in two bounds close to the footway. "I must go and speak to him! I declare

she knows him again! He's got a new umbrella! There he is!"
"Who?"
"Why! Daisy!"
"Daisy?" said the General, and rode moodily out of the Park.

Gentleman's Magazine.

THE GREAT MISSION OF WOMAN.—Great indeed is the task assigned to woman! Who can elevate its dignity? Not to make laws, not to lead armies, not to govern empires; but to form those by whom laws are made, armies led, and empires governed; to guard against the slightest taint of bodily infirmity the frail, yet spotless creature, whose moral no less than physical being must be derived from her; to inspire those principles, to inculcate those doctrines, to animate those sentiments which generations yet unborn, and nations yet uncivilized, will learn to bless; to soften firmness into mercy, and chasten honor into refinement; to exalt generosity into a virtue with a soothing care; to allay the anguish of the mind; by her tenderness to disarm passion; by her purity to triumph over guilt; to cheer the scholar sinking under his toil. Such is her vocation. The couch of the tortured sufferer, the prison of the deserted friend, the cross of the rejected Saviour—these are theatres on which her greatest triumphs have been achieved. Such is her destiny: to visit the forsake, to tend the neglected; when monarchs abandon, when counsellors entrap, when justice persecutes, when brethren and disciples flee, to remain unshaken and unchanged, and to exhibit to this lower world a type of that love, constant, pure and ineffable, which in another we are taught to believe the test of virtue.

Don Platt says: "I was once in love with a fat girl; she was very fleshy; she was enormous; but the course of my true love came to grief. I was sitting with her in the dim twilight one evening. I was sentimental; I said many soft things; I embraced part of her. She seemed distant. She frequently turned her lovely head from me. At last I thought I heard the murmur of voices on the other side. I arose and walked around, and then I found another fellow courting her on the left side. I was indignant, and upbraided her for her treachery in thus concealing from me another love. She laughed at my conceit, as if she were not big enough to have two lovers at once."

A story is told of a rustic youth and a buxom country girl who sat facing each other at a husking party. The youth smitten with the charms of the beautiful maiden, only ventured a sly look, and now and then touching Patty's foot under the table. The girl determined to make the youth express what he appeared so warmly to feel, bore with these advances a little while in silence when she cried out: "Look here, if you love me, say so, but don't dirty my stockings."

It is not enough that you are praised by the good; you have failed somewhere in your duty if you are not cursed by the bad.

Peace is the sentinel of the soul, which keeps the heart and mind of the Christian through Christ Jesus.

We suffer more from anger and grief than from the very things for which we anger and grieve.

How a man hates to be seen sitting down on a slippery sidewalk.

A Windsor, Canada, man raffled off his family Bible at ten cents a shake.