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Feb. 13, 1873

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Feb. 4, 1873

[FOR THE ORANGEBURG TIMES.] ESCAPE FROM FEDERAL PRISON.

A worthy daughter of Erin, whose age vibrated somewhere betwixt fifty and a hundred, whose breadth was in proper proportions with her fleshy red arms, if too extensive for her height, whose name was Mrs. O'Flaherty, and occupation a laundress, had a permanent contract with the commandant's wife to mangle, boil, ring, starch, and otherwise prepare all the wash clothes of the aforesaid lady. Mrs. O'Flaherty's business increasing she admitted into copartnership a sister mangle (whose style and proportions merged with and into Mrs. O'Flaherty's, would have invested both with more comely proportions, the aforesaid partner being shamefully tall and lean for a woman) who visited the prison in the old lady's absence. It was Mrs. O'Flaherty's custom to call on Monday, get her bundle of clothing and retire until the following Friday, when she would return with puffy cheeks, and sweltering brow to surrender her basket, wherein lay a miscellaneous assortment of snowy vestment. This regular routine of duty was faithfully and faithfully performed, and the guard became so accustomed to the good dam's rounds, that they passed and repassed her without deigning to inspect her papers. Kencall's eyes had frequently observed the entrance and exit of the privileged woman and he resolved to play laundry maid. (It may have been accident, Kencall avers it was, but suspicion rested strong upon the compassionate wife of the brutal commandant) however our would be laundress, by some arrangement covertly executed, became the possessor of a slouchy calico gown, and antique bonnet, which he slyly slipped into, after a clean shave, and arming himself with a covered basket that he borrowed from a tent, when the federal non-commissioned officer was absent, he sauntered boldly for the postern.

"Hello woman; you goes du him; I did not know you dem oder times" said a burly German, confronting the disguised Confederate.

"Och stand aside will ye; would ye insult a dacent lady wid yer talk," replied the laundress, gliding to the opposite side of the alley.

"Nix; I was nicht bin ein hog, so zu duen, aber you mus say vo you kom von" said the guard.

"The devil take ye; for a blackguard; don't you know that if I had the right to come in, I kin go out" replied the indignant woman, "who does your washing," she enquired, moving towards him and looking at his shirt bosom exposed through the open front of his coat.

"Washing; dat does meself; you ist ein washer wimmis eh; enquired the sentinel.

"Yis; miself and Mrs. O'Flaherty, does the washing for the lady within, wouldn't ye plaze give us the job of your clothes, we'll do them chape and beautiful," replied the disguised man.

"Das vill ich next week, was fault de ole vimmen, vot comes de oder time," interrupted the german.

"Mrs. O'Flaherty mind ye," said the Confed.

"Yaw; dem grosser, dicker, pig old vimmin," the soldier explained his meaning by clapping his hands in a bow before him to illustrate her circumference.

"Och; shore and she's in bed sick, ye shoob be ashamed to be laughing at the auld soul," replied Kendall.

"Ich laffer nicht no mien gooter damen, aber ich muss be partjekler mid dem beeples wat I knows not; dem militarie rules is so strick pi me," he said.

"Shure and you're right, but devil a reb would they make out of me, honey; Good day to ye, I'll have your clothes will I the next time."

"Oh yes; dat is all right, you gits dem washing dinks, die nexter time you come, guter morgen;" The sentinel resumed his walk, and Kendall once fairly out, made rapid strides for the shore. Several sculls were plying about waiting for jobs, he called the first at hand, jumped in, and answering the question "Where'll you go mother," by the sturdy rower who buckled to the skimming oars, said "to Jersey."

A fifty cent currency bill paid for the trip, and Kendall lost no time in getting to the highlands, where the outfit was

cast aside, and he was metamorphosed to a seedy civilian fearfully out at elbows and knees. Work was plentiful, the growing city aspired to avenues, across its marshy wastes, and the modern conveniences of gas, and water were being introduced in the more remote sections, where observation from detectives was avoided in the occupation afforded to the laboring class. Taking the first proffer of work, he plied the pickaxe and shovel with the hand of an adept, and diligently kept both ears and eyes, on the qui vive for information and safety.

The confusion incident to Kendall's escape, was apparent in a fruitless search of the island and harsh treatment of the luckless crowd he left behind. The commandant could glean no information further, than that Kendall had responded at morning roll call, and since then no man had passed the guard. His suspicions did not fall for a moment upon the woman who was seen within the enclosure, and thus his wife escaped his furious onslaught of vituperation. The expedient of a double guard was adopted to check further escape of the prisoners, and Barker regarded his chance as hopeless.

Major Barker's amusement for a couple of hours each day after the escape of Kendall was to imitate as nearly as possible, the autograph of the Provost, which was still distinct upon the blurred blank which he had found. And to supply the carmine ink, which that officer used in signing his name, he determined when required to resort to a good counterfeit, i. e. blood. Having succeeded to his satisfaction, he awaited further developments. Six days had elapsed and the guard were unceasingly vigilant, a penalty of severe punishment awaited the slightest relaxation of their watch. The commandant's wife had frequently beckoned to the guard, that patrolled before her balcony, and requested him to ask of Barker one of his songs, and true to his native gallantry he had gratified the ear of a compassionate woman, but now he was silent, "No," he replied, "present my respects to the lady, and tell her I am out of voice and spirits, I cannot sing." "Poor fellow," she murmured to herself; "Oh well; he has a sister, and mother, and is far from home." She was rumaging in a clothes press, as these commiserating thoughts revolved in her mind, and finding a faded coat of her husband's which he had set aside so long that he must have forgotten it, she folded it in a towel carefully pinning the wrapper, and doubling around the bundle an old linen or two, she tied the whole with a cord, and setting under the string a slice of pumpkin pie, she reached over the balcony and called "Mr. Barker."

"Hello there," growled the sentinel, "there's a present for you."

Barker looked up and reaching upward his hands caught the bundle. Doffing his cap to the lady, he relieved the pie from its bondage, and ate it with true relish. "That kind creature means something by this," he thought as he retired to his cell to examine his present.

He unfolded it, and to his wandering eyes he spread out a Captain's coat, the appearance was soiled but the insignia of rank was bright and complete, "Aha; I have it; noble creature, she isn't slave enough not to realize the brutality of our custodian," he pushed the coat under his pallet of straw, and strolled outside, perceiving the lady at her window, he raised his cap in acknowledgement of the gift, and began again his work of carving. During the afternoon it began to rain, and the stiff regulation hats of the officers were exchanged for fatigue caps. The Lieutenant whose duty extended to the immediate care of the guard, hung his extra cap upon a peg inside of his quarters, and lay off to read upon his hammock, in a few moments he was a-a-leep. The police squad of Confederates began soon thereafter their work of sweeping the offices and other menial work. Barker preferred doing duty in the office of the Lieutenant, and finding him fast asleep, appropriated his cap, which he hid beneath his ample coat. Returning to his cell, he donned the coat, and cap, and applying a pair of scissors to his flowing beard soon cropped it to a short growth, completely transforming his appearance. Opening a slight incision in his wrist, he obtained

the imitation of red ink, affixed the name of the Provost and started for the postern. The rain poured in torrents, every officer and soldier not engaged on duty was under cover, and the sentinel had retired to his box, through the window of which he was looking. Reaching the box he produced the pass, the soldier examined it, and gave the order to his comrade at the gate to unlock it for the officer. The massive gate swung upon its grating hinges, and Barker was free. Pushing rapidly for the shore, he found a scull tied to the wharf, in it he leapt, and with practised arms he bent to the oars, mingling with the rush of boats around, he rowed for the shore, and in the space of an hour he was saluted right and left by an admiring crowd of passers, who were proud of the soldier in blue who plodded with such careless air along the streets of the metropolis.

A Pleasant Story

It is told of the bravery of a Wisconsin brakeman. A train was snowed up about seven miles from Calmar, and the passengers were suffering from hunger, with no provisions at hand. A brakeman named James Wilson, taking thirty pounds of crackers and cheese set out from Calmar to walk to the train. The wind blew a gale, the thermometer marked twenty seven below zero, and the road was a hard one to travel. Notwithstanding the severity of the weather Wilson persevered until exhausted, and with face and ears badly frozen he reached the train. Among the passengers was Mr. John Lawlor, of Prairie du Chien, who had some ladies under his care. Mr. Lawlor applied snow to the frozen face of Wilson, and did all that was needed to restore him as much as possible. Mr. Lawlor then took from his own neck a massive gold chain, which he had worn for a long time, and putting it around Wilson's neck, remarked, "It's a pretty good man that has worn that chain, but I've found a better, and he shall have it." The chain is reputed to be worth up among the hundreds of dollars, and was a handsome present worthily bestowed.

A Specimen South Carolina Scalawag.

Among the incidents of the late inauguration ball at Washington was the appearance therat of several negroes, both men and women, who put on great airs and allowed their white friends with the most cheerful insolence. We consider it one of our lost opportunities not to have been there in the flesh and feasted our eyes on the sight of Cuffee's triumph in making the white radicals swallow the dose of his delightful presence. Another incident was the attentions lavished upon two mulatto women, one, the wife of Elliott, the negro member of Congress from South Carolina—by Samuel D. Melton, now Attorney-General of that State, a native, and once considered quite a decent man. Melton pronounced the room for an hour with these two women on his arm, and afterwards did the agreeable for the rest of the evening to a group of the same color.—Savannah Advertiser.

A correspondent of the New York Tribune, writing from Columbia recently, depicts in forcible and truthful terms the political situation in this State. We extract the following:

"Here, then, is the outcome, the ripe, perfected fruit of the boasted civilization of the South, after 200 years of experience. A white community, that had gradually risen from small beginnings till it grew into wealth, culture and refinement, and became accomplished in all the arts of civilization; that successfully asserted its resistance to a foreign tyranny by deeds of conspicuous valor; which achieved liberty and independence through the fire and tempest of civil war, and illustrated itself in the councils of the nation by orators and statesmen worthy of any age or nation; such a community is then reduced to this. It lies prostrate in the dust, ruled over by this strange conglomerate, gathered from the ranks of its own servile population. It is the spectacle of a society suddenly turned bottom side up. The wealth, the intelligence, the culture, the wisdom of

State, have broken through the crust of that social volcano on which they were contentedly reposing, and have sunk out of sight, consumed by the subterranean fire; they had with such tamerity braved and defied.

"In the place of this old aristocratic society stands the rude form of the most ignorant democracy that mankind ever saw invested with the functions of government. It is the dregs of the population habilitated in the robes of their intelligent predecessors, and asserting over them the rule of ignorance and corruption, through the inexorable machinery of a majority of numbers. It is barbarism overwhelming civilization by physical force. It is the slave rioting in the halls of his master, and putting that master under his feet."

Double Suicide in Jamaica.

Julius Ende has for two months worked as a compositor in Jamaica, L. I. By the foreman of the newspaper he has been ordered to do menial service, and he has been the butt of the other employees' ridicule. He was in destitute circumstances, and for weeks submitted to their insults rather than abandon his situation. A few days ago, however, their taunts became unendurable and he quit the office. He lived with his wife, Julia, in a small tenement in York street. He had no money, and the two went without food for several days. Rather than go to the poor house Ende and his wife resolved to commit suicide.

On Monday evening they carefully washed themselves and put on a change of linen. The house was put in order, carefully swept and dusted. Then Ende honed his razor until it cut a hair, and with the utmost deliberation cut a gash in his left arm, severing the main artery. He then cut near the ankle and opened another artery. The razor was then handed to his wife, who cut her arm and ankle precisely as Ende had done, severing both arteries. Then they both went to bed, believing that they would soon bleed to death.

Just then a neighbor who knew of their destitution entered with some food for their relief. He found their coverings stained with blood, and gave an alarm. The doctors stopped the bleeding, but it is feared too late to save their lives.

Ende is a german, 45 years old, and is of more than ordinary intelligence. He has been in America twenty-five years. A few years ago he owned and edited a newspaper in Washington, and was subsequently employed in the Government printing office.

The couple have been married fifteen years, and have buried eight children.

German Rat Plague.

German papers have much to say concerning the rat plague in several of the provinces. It is stated that whole fields of clover and grain have been devastated by them, and when arsenic and phosphorous pills have been scattered to destroy them, hares and other game have been poisoned, and great damage done. Under these circumstances a singular device has been brought into play. A mixture of plaster dust and dry wheat is mixed with oil of aniseed, and put in an earthen saucer and near by plenty of water is placed. The rats eagerly devour the mixture, and are straightway seized with a tormenting thirst; they then, of course, greedily swallow water. Upon this the plaster "sets," and becomes solid in their insides, and thus, more or less speedily, the poor creatures die in agony. It is a horribly cruel remedy, but then rats are rats.

PROF. FARADAY ON THE NATURAL DURATION OF LIFE.—According to Prof. Faraday, the crime of suicide is very common in this age of the world, for he intimates that all who die under 100 years of age may be charged with self-murder; that Providence having originally intended man to live a century, would allow him to arrive at that advanced period if he did not kill himself by eating unwholesome food, allowing himself to be annoyed by trifles, giving license to passions, and exposing himself to accident. Flourin advanced the theory that the duration of life is measured by the time of growth. When once the bones and epiphysis are united the body

grows no more, and it is at twenty years this union is effected in man. The natural termination of life is five removes from the several points. Man, being 20 years in growing, lives—or should—5 times 20 years; the camel is eight years in growing, and lives 5 times eight years; the horse is 5 years in growing, and lives 25 years; and so on with other animals.

England and Her Navy.

Mr. Goschen, First Lord of the Admiralty, has just submitted to the House of Commons the naval estimates for the ensuing fiscal year. They exceed those of last year by \$1,702,880. The navy has long been the special pride of England. It has become, however, a very expensive branch of the public service, and it is one of the liveliest questions of the hour in political circles whether the navy as it now stands is worth the money it costs. It is quite manifest from this increased expenditure that the British government is resolved at all hazards to maintain its ancient supremacy at sea. In the altered and rapidly altering state of Europe all her efforts and all her vigilance will be needed. Foreign navies are increasing in bulk and power at the same time that the demand becomes louder at home for diminished expenditure. In spite of her great wealth England will have hard work by and by to maintain her proud position.

False Pride.

No honest occupation is so disreputable as habitual idleness. Yet there are many young ladies who choose to think so.—There are very many girls of limited means, in large cities, who would gladly employ their leisure hours in some way that would prove remunerative to them, if they could do so without the fact of their being thus employed being known outside of their own family circles.

Rather than this, these fastidious girls will submit to any privations, and pass hours of each day in listless idleness that ought and could be put to profitable use. Another of the results of this false pride is the fostering of a spirit of idleness, which almost completely unfits them for house duties, and more especially those which devolve upon them after marriage. Hence the many unhappy marriages growing out of a want of familiarity with household duties, and a positive disinclination to perform them.

HONEST FORSOOTH.—An honest old Pennsylvania farmer had a tree on his premises he wanted to cut down, but being weak in the back, and having a dull axe, he hit upon the following plan:—Knowing the passion among his neighbors for coon hunting he made a coon's foot out of a potato, and proceeded to imprint numerous tracks to and up the tree.—When all was ready, he informed his neighbors that the tree must be filled with coons, pointing to the external evidence made with his potato foot. The bait took, and in a short time half a dozen fellows, with sharp axes, were chopping at the base of the tree, each taking their regular turn. The party also brought dogs and shot guns, and were in ecstasies over the anticipated haul of fat coons. The tree finally fell, but pary coon was seen to "drap."

Among certain Amazonian tribes the Indian bride-groom is subjected to a strange test. While the marriage festivities are going on his hand is tied up in a paper bag full of fire-ants.

The bites of these creatures are said to be truly terrible—the bitten parts feeling as if they were tortured by burning nails. If the bridegroom can bear the test spoken of, he is considered equal to the trials of matrimony.

A Connecticut youth, who read in a Hartford paper of the large clerical force employed by one of the insurance companies, called at the office the other day with a young lady and politely asked to have one of the clergymen marry them.

It is declared by an Indiana editor who "can't stand it any longer," that the only difference between the entrance to a barn and a lounge around newspaper offices is, that the one is a barn door and the latter a darn' bore.