

Orangeburg Times.

\$2 PER ANNUM.

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

IN ADVANCE

Vol. II.

ORANGEBURG, SOUTH CAROLINA. THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 13, 1873.

No. 39.

THE ORANGEBURG TIMES
Is published every
THURSDAY,
AT
ORANGEBURG, C. H., SOUTH CAROLINA
BY

ORANGEBURG TIMES COMPANY.
Kirk Robinson, Agt.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

SPACE.	1 In-12 In-	24 In-48 In-
	1st section	2nd section
1 square	1 50	6 00
2 squares	3 00	11 00
3 squares	4 00	15 00
4 squares	5 00	18 00
1 column	5 50	20 50
2 columns	8 50	33 00
3 columns	13 00	55 00
4 columns		83 00

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\$2 a year, in advance—\$1 for six months.
JOB PRINTING in its all departments neatly executed. Give us a call.

TRAVELLERS' GUIDE.

SOUTH CAROLINA RAILROAD.
CHARLESTON, S. C., June 28, 1872.
On and after **SUNDAY**, June 29, the passenger trains on the South Carolina Railroad will run as follows:

FOR AUGUSTA.

Leave Charleston	6:00 a.m.
Arrive at Augusta	1:45 p.m.

FOR COLUMBIA.

Leave Charleston	6:00 a.m.
Arrive at Columbia	1:50 p.m.

FOR CHARLESTON.

Leave Columbia	5:30 a.m.
Arrive at Charleston	1:40 p.m.

FOR CHARLESTON.

Leave Charleston	1:10 p.m.
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COLUMBIA NIGHT EXPRESS.
(Sundays excepted.)

Leave Charleston	8:40 p.m.
Arrive at Augusta	7:15 a.m.
Leave Augusta	6:15 p.m.
Arrive at Charleston	5:35 a.m.

COLUMBIA NIGHT EXPRESS.
(Sundays excepted.)

Leave Charleston	7:10 p.m.
Arrive at Columbia	6:15 p.m.
Leave Columbia	7:15 p.m.
Arrive at Charleston	6:45 a.m.

SUMMERVILLE TRAINS.

Leave Summerville	7:35 a.m.
Arrive at Charleston	8:30 a.m.
Leave Charleston	3:35 p.m.
Arrive at Summerville	4:40 p.m.

CAMDEN BRANCH.

Leave Camden	3:55 a.m.
Arrive at Columbia	8:30 a.m.
Leave Columbia	10:40 a.m.
Arrive at Camden	3:25 p.m.

Day and Night Trains connect at Augusta with Macon and Augusta Railroad and Georgia Railroads. This is the quickest and most direct route, and as comfortable and cheap as any other route to Louisville, Cincinnati, Chicago, St. Louis and all other points West and Northwest.

Columbia Night Trains connect with Greenville and Columbia Railroad, and Day and Night Trains connect with Charlotte Road.

Through Tickets on sale, via this route to all points North.

Camden Train connects at Kingsville daily (except Sundays) with Day Passenger Train, and runs through to Columbia A. L. TYLER, Vice-President. S. B. Pickens General Ticket Agent. Sep 27

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

OFFICE OF SOUTHERN EXPRESS CO.
Freights intended for the 8:30 Down Train must be left at the office of the Agent the day before, or may be brought to the train on the morning of leaving, where they will be received. Other freight received as usual.
JOHN A. HAMILTON, Agt. S. Ex. Co.
July 10, 1873.

S. R. MELLICHAMP, SURVEYOR,
ORANGEBURG, S. C.
WILL Survey in the town every afternoon, and anywhere in the County on Saturday. To all points that cannot be reached by Railroad, the parties employing must furnish conveyance.
Oct. 16, 1873

PIANOS AND ORGANS,
Furnished on
Monthly Installments.

TERMS OF LEASE:
All Payments made on Lease will apply towards the purchase of the Instrument Leased.
Pianos valued at
\$150 to \$500 : : \$75 advance, \$25 monthly.
\$25 to \$100 : : 75 advance, 30 monthly.
\$25 to 750 : : 100 advance, 40 monthly.
Organs valued at
\$125 to 200 : : \$25 advance, \$10 monthly
225 to 350 : : 40 advance, 15 monthly
360 to 500 : : 50 advance 25 monthly
Parties who offer satisfactory Security cash pay for Instruments in notes at 3, 6, 9, and 12 months time.
Call and find out other inducements offered in both Time and Cash Sales, from
KIRK ROBINSON,
Agent for Orangeburg County.
may 22, 1873

Geo. S. Hacker
Doors Sash, Blind
Factory
CHARLESTON.
THIS IS A LARGE AND COMPLETE, a factory as there is in the South. All work manufactured at the Factory in this city. The only house owned and managed by a Carolinian in this city. Send for price list. Address
GEO. S. HACKER,
Postoffice Box 170, Charleston, S. C.
Factory and Warerooms on King Street opposite Cannon street, on line of City Railway.
Oct. 31

DR. THOMAS LEGARE,
LATE RESIDENT PHYSICIAN TO THE ROYAL AND CITY HOSPITAL OF CHARLESTON,
OFFERS his professional services to the community of Orangeburg and to the public at large.
OFFICE HOURS—From 8 to 9 a. m., 1 to 2, and 7 to 9 at night.
Office, Market Street, over store of Jno. A. Hamilton.
aug. 14 1873

THE HOME SHUTTLE SEWING MACHINE,
IS BEST, because it is perfect in its work because it has the endorsement of so many ladies who use it; because it is simple, and because it can be bought complete on table for only \$37.00.
JOHN A. HAMILTON,
Agent for H. S. S. Machine.
march 6, 1873

IZLAR & DIBBLE, ATTORNEYS AT LAW,
RUSSELL STREET,
Orangeburg, S. C.
JAS. P. IZLAR, me h 6-lyt S. DIBBLE

RREIDER & DAVIS. COTTON FACTORS,
GENERAL COMMISSION MERCHANTS,
ADGER'S WHARF,
CHARLESTON, S. C.
Owells Reeder, Sept. 10, 1873 Zimmerman Davis, 30 3m

Kirk Robinson Dealer in
Books, Music and Stationery, and Fancy Articles,
CHURCH STREET, ORANGEBURG, C. H., S. C.
mch 6-

BINNIGER'S OLD LONDON DOCK CIN.
Especially designed for the use of the Medical Profession and the family, possessing those intrinsic medicinal properties which belong to an Old and Pure Gin.
Indispensable to Females. Good for Kidney Complaints. A delicious Tonic. Put up in cases containing one dozen bottles each and sold by all druggists, grocers, &c. A: M. Binninger & Co., established 1778, No 15 Beaver Street, New York.

W. J. DeTreville, ATTORNEY AT LAW.
Office at Court House Square,
Orangeburg, S. C.
mch13-lyr

MORISON & WILLIAMS,
65 South Gay St.,
BALTIMORE, MD.
General Commission Merchants,
Consignments solicited, and orders for goods promptly filled at wholesale market prices. Liberal advances made on all consignments of every description.
COTTON A SPECIALTY.
Refer by consent to Mr. John A. Hamilton, Orangeburg S. C., Penniman & Bros. Wm. Devries & Co. Shriver, Buck & Co. W. G. Banemer & Co. E. L. Parker & Co. Spence & REID, National Exchange Bank, Baltimore Md.

COWHAM GRAVELEY,
DIRECT IMPORTERS OF
HARDWARE, CUTLERY, GUNS AND AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS.

No. 52, East Bay, South of the old Post Office, Charleston, S. C.
AGENT for the sale of the Magnolia Cotton Gins. At the Fair held at Savannah, Ga. last month, the "Magnolia" cotton Gin gained 150 lbs seed cotton in three minutes and forty-five seconds, taking the premium, and also the prize of One Hundred Dollars offered by the Board of Trade for the best GIN. Several have been sold this season which gin a bale an hour. The same gin also took the premium at the Cotton States Fair at Augusta, last October. Feb. 13, 1873

ALUM AND PLASTER-OF-PARIS.
MARVIN & CO.,
265 Broadway, N. Y.,
721 Chestnut St., Phila.

TAILORING, CLOTHING, FURNISHING GOODS, &c.
RENKE & MULLER,
Northeast corner King and Wentworth Streets,
CHARLESTON, S. C.

Invite attention to their large and selected stock of MEN'S, YOUTHS' and BOYS' clothing, of their own manufacture, cut by their well known artist Cutters, and made by the best Custom Tailors during the Summer months. With these facilities we are enabled to produce Clothing that cannot be surpassed in Style, fit and Durability.

FURNISHING GOODS.
This Department is also very large and select, including the celebrated STAR SHIRT.
OUR TAILORING DEPARTMENT
is supplied with the most complete and selected stock of Foreign and Domestic Cloths, Beavers, Doeklins, Coatings, Worsted Diagonals, Chinchillas, Meltons, Chevots, Casimers, &c., &c. Also, a very large and fine selection of the Latest Styles,
PANTS AND VEST PATTERNS,
which will be made up to order, in any style our customers may desire, under the supervision of Mr. J. T. FLYNN, formerly of C. D. Carr & Co.

P. S. Our Terms are now arranged on the Cash system and prices marked accordingly, in plain figures on every article. All Goods that do not turn out as represented will be taken back and money returned.
Oct. 29, 1873

SASHES AND BLINDS,
Mouldings, Brackets, Stair Fixtures, Builders' Furnishing Hardware, Drain Pipe, Floor Tiles, Wire Guards, Terra Cotta Ware, Marble and Slate Mantle Pieces.
Window Glass a Specialty.
White-Pine Lumber for Sale.
Circulars and Price Lists sent free on application.
P. P. TOALE,
No. 29 Hayne and 33 Pinckney street, Oct 1-ly Charleston, S. C.

Charleston Correspondence.
London, London! cried the guard, as the express train swiftly glided into the spacious depot and he opened the door of the coupe, and the thought—"Tis the great metropolis, the capitol of a mighty nation—the Babylon of the world. But little time was allowed for meditation. Huge porters and athletic cabmen engaged in a mighty struggle to secure my trunk, one broad-shouldered giant has finally secured it, and in a twinkling it is placed behind one of the many cabs present, whilst its owner is comfortably ensconced within. "Get up Tommy," says Coachee, from his seat above, and off flies the handsome at the usual race horse speed of a London hack. Street after street is passed, and finally we draw up in front of a large hotel; down comes the trunk and soon both it and myself are introduced into a cosy chamber. I was speedily rapt in slumber and dreaming of home. The morning sun, at last as much of it as is allotted to Londoners, was showing in the window as my eyes opened, and the noise and commotion, from the streets below fell on my ear. After partaking of an English breakfast, which, being interpreted, means huge joints of beef, the inevitable "chops," and piles of hot bread, &c. I enquired from the waiter at what time the "Tower of London was open to visitors?" the answer was, "from ten to six," accompanied by a smile which said as plainly as a smile could, "consider the number of questions asked and calculate the fees per question I expect on your departure." After this piece of information, I sallied out with a guide, somewhat smaller than a family dog, under my arm determined to "do the Tower."

Walking on briskly, at the expiration of half an hour, a bystander was kind enough to remark that the "tower," was still some four miles off, a cab was the only alternative, and strolling out one from a number near by we rolled on at a fearful rate—threaded the crowded streets with wonderful facility, passed the gigantic cathedral of St. Pauls, and at length drew up before one of the venerable gates of the fortress. "Six pence to drink your honor's health with" said the jolly red-faced cab-man as we parted; the request complied with, I entered the gate way passing one of the guardians of the place attired in the costume worn during the reign of Elizabeth and spite of his grave countenance reminding one forcibly of the "Clown" in the partomine, opening the guide book I read and examined every spot of interest and curiosity until nothing remained to be seen but the chamber associated with the cruel death of the unfortunate young princes—there appeared to be but few visitors on this morning and I was in undisturbed possession of the apartment, near one of the corners of the room was an iron door leading into a kind of closet. Impelled by curiosity I entered the dark recess—a gust of wind suddenly closed the heavy door with a bang. I tried to open it but found that it was closed on the outside with a spring lock. I shouted and screamed myself hoarse, but of course without being heard. The place was as dark as Erebus, and so closely did the door fit that not one ray of light penetrated to illuminate this dismal place.

So sudden had been the catastrophe that I barely began to realize in their full force the horrors of my situation. Again and again I endeavored to force the door until my whole body ached with bruises resulting from the fruitless attempts. Reduced to the verge of desperation, maddened with fear and excitement I sank exhausted on the stone floor, "had I come to England to die a living death, to be buried alive—to perish of starvation?" I reflected on the chances of being heard or found: they were dubious in the extreme. The walls of my dungeon were of massive stone, and the door of iron, besides which, the place was to judge from its appearance, never used and it might be weeks before enquiries would be made concerning the solitary stranger who had disappeared. These thoughts passed through my mind in much less time than is required to pen them, and their horrible realities com-

pletely overcame me—I fainted. How long I remained in this condition I know not, but on awaking I heard the most remarkable music, and distinctly felt objects passing over my face, hands and feet. A fearful thought presented itself, "the rats are about to devour me," but what puzzled me exceedingly was from whence could the musical sounds proceed. A musical rat was a rare animal—all the descriptions of animals I had ever, from my infancy, heard or read, passed rapidly before me. In vain did I endeavor to search for a rat that produced the faintest resemblance to a harmonious sound; although very weak I endeavored to rise. Just then the sounds ceased and the sharp teeth of some creature penetrated deeply into my face this was totally insupportable and making another lunge at the door, I awoke—to find myself in my chamber—on the floor—the bed clothes with me, mosquitoes by the thousand around me, and the entire family at the door begging to know if I was ill or had suddenly lost my reason.

A. SNODGRASS.
Lafayette and Arnold's Treason.
But the event of the visit of mine to Paris was my introduction, by Francis Wright, to General Lafayette. Off all men living, he was the one I most enthusiastically admired and the one I had most earnestly longed to see. These feelings had gained fresh fervor in the United States. Just two months before I landed at New York, Lafayette had returned home in the Brandywine, after a year's sojourn in the land which he had aided to liberate, and by which he had been welcomed as never nation, till then, had welcomed a man.
I heard his praise on every tongue, I found love and gratitude toward him in every heart.
My admiration and sympathy were no doubt, transparent, and these may have won for me, from one of the most genial of men, a hearty reception. At all events, he devoted himself to satisfy my curiosity, with an overflowing good nature and a winning kindness and simplicity that I shall remember to my dying day.
A few items of our conversation I still most distinctly recollect. One incident, presenting the Father of his Country in a rare aspect, ever recalls to me, when I think of it, the tender eyes and the gracious, loving manner which made the grand old Frenchman the idol of all young people who were fortunate enough to share his friendship.
It was just before the unmasking of the sole traitor who loomed up during our Revolution, on one of the most eventful days in all that eventful period, and more than four years after the immortal Declaration had been read from the steps of the old Philadelphia State House it was the 25th of September, 1780. On the afternoon of the preceding day, Washington, after dining at Fishkill, had set out with his suite, intending to reach Arnold's headquarters, eighteen miles distant, that evening. What would have happened had he carried out his intention, we can only conjecture. What men call chance—a casual meeting near Fishkill with the French minister, De-Lazerne—induced him to remain there that night. Next morning, after sending notice to Arnold that he might expect him to breakfast, he again changed his intention, turning off to visit some redoubt on the Hudson, opposite West Point, and sending two aids-de-camp to apologize. It was while these officers were at breakfast with the family that Arnold received the despatch which announced Andre's capture, and caused his (Arnold's) instant flight, on pretence, to his visitors, of a call to West Point. Some hours later, Washington, arriving with General Knox and General Lafayette, and finding Arnold gone, followed him, as he supposed, across the river, and learning that Arnold had not been to West Point, returned to dinner. As Washington approached the house, his aid, Colonel Hamilton, who had remained behind, came hurriedly to meet him and placed in his hands a despatch which, as confidential staff officer, he had already opened, and which disclosed Arnold's treachery. Washington communicated its contents, doubtless before dinner, to General Knox, and to him

alone, with the brief and significant words, "Whom can we trust now?"
The usual version is that he thus communicated the potent news to General Knox and Lafayette jointly; but that is an error. The statement made to me by the latter, during our journey to La Grange, surprised and interested me at the time, and has remained indelibly impressed on my memory. It was this:
When Washington sat down to dinner, no unusual emotion was visible on his countenance. He was grave and silent, but no more so than often happened when recent tidings from the army occupied his thoughts. At the close of the meal he beckoned Lafayette to follow him, passed to an inner apartment, turned to his young friend without uttering a syllable, placed the fatal despatch in his hands, and then giving way to an ungovernable burst of feeling, fell on his neck and sobbed aloud. The effect produced on the young French marquis, accustomed to regard his general (cold and dignified in his usual manner) as devoid of the common weaknesses of humanity, may be imagined. "I believe," said Lafayette to me in relating this anecdote, "that this was the only occasion throughout the long and sometimes hopeless struggle that Washington ever gave way even for a moment, under a reverse of fortune: and perhaps I am the only human being who ever witnessed in him an exhibition of feeling so foreign to his temperament. As it was, he recovered himself before I had perused the communication that had given rise to his excitement, and when we returned to his staff, not a trace remained in his demeanor either of grief or despondency."

A dusty, sun-browned stranger stalked into one of our principal hotels one evening, laid a big black bag on a table, which had perhaps made quite an appearance in its youth, carefully hid him, and with a hand unaccustomed to public writing, scrawled with great exertion the name of Lorezo Smith upon the register.
"Will you have some supper, Mr. Smith?" asked the clerk.
"Wall, no, I guess not," returned the rustic gentleman. "The folks at home put up a good bit of grub, and that's enuff left in this yere carpet-bag for a supper, I reckon."
The clerk smiled, and the countryman and his torpulant carpet-bag were shown to their room. Country was somewhat dazed at its magnificence, but he was hungry, and, placing the satchel on the center table, he drew forth a large chunk of boiled ham, numerous pieces of cold chicken, several enormous doughnuts, and half-a-dozen hard-boiled eggs. He was about to absorb the meager repast into his starving system, when his eyes caught sight of the "rules for guests" tacked upon the door. He got up and read them aloud. He came to the last one, and read, "Meals in room charge extra." He read it again, this time slowly. "Wall, I be danged," he ejaculated, and, turning to the table, in an instant he had removed the ham, doughnuts, eggs, and all into the omnivorous carpet-sack, and in another instant he was down in the office, "I see, stranger yer sign up that in my room says meals in rooms charge extra."

"Yes," responded the clerk, who recognized the customer of a few minutes ago, and could scarcely repress his risibles. One dollar extra."
"Wall, I'll be consarned,"—screamed the verdant, "I guess the expense of a hot meal won't be much more," and beckoning to a bell-boy he called out. "Hyar, boy, show me the way to yer kitchen;" and a moment later he was in the hands of the waiters.

It has been demonstrated that a beetle is capable of lifting 315 times its own weight. A man of ordinary muscular power is fully 100 times feebler, and had an elephant such comparative strength it could runaway with a load of 5,000 000 pounds. The flea, too, scarcely three-hundredths of an inch in height, manages to leap without difficulty over a barrier 500 times its own altitude. For a man six feet is an unusually high leap. Imagine him jumping 3,000 feet or nearly three-fifths of a mile.

So sudden had been the catastrophe that I barely began to realize in their full force the horrors of my situation. Again and again I endeavored to force the door until my whole body ached with bruises resulting from the fruitless attempts. Reduced to the verge of desperation, maddened with fear and excitement I sank exhausted on the stone floor, "had I come to England to die a living death, to be buried alive—to perish of starvation?" I reflected on the chances of being heard or found: they were dubious in the extreme. The walls of my dungeon were of massive stone, and the door of iron, besides which, the place was to judge from its appearance, never used and it might be weeks before enquiries would be made concerning the solitary stranger who had disappeared. These thoughts passed through my mind in much less time than is required to pen them, and their horrible realities com-