Vol. 1.

No 48.

# THE ORANGEBURG TIMES Is published every

THURSDAY,

ORANGEBURG, C.H., SOUTH CAROLINA

# JAMES S. HEYWARD.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

	STAG	1 In-		12 In-		24 ert	In- ion	48 In-			
i	mare,			1	50	- 6	00	10	00	12	00
2	squares,	-	-	3	00	11	00	18	00	27	00
3	squares,	-		4	00	15	00	25	00	37	00
4	squares,			5	00	18	00	30	00	45	00
	column,	-		5	50	20	50	33	00	57	00
1	column,		-	8	50	33	00	50	00	75	00
ĺ	column,	-	-	13	00	55	00	83	00	125	00

\$2 a year, in advance—\$1 for six roonths.

JOR PRINTING in its all departments neatly executed. Give us a call

# OF STREET CALENDAR FOR 1873.

1875 Sunday.	Monday.	Tueeschiy.	Wednesday.	Thursday.	Friday.	Saturday.	Sunday.	Monday.	Tuesday.	Wednesday.	Thursdar.	Fridar.	Saturday, 1873.
		-	1	2	3	4			1	2	:3	-1	5
12 19 26	6 13 20 27	7 14 21 28	1 8 15 22 29	9 16 23 30	3 10 17 24 31	11 18 25	6 13 20 27	7 14 21 28	8 15 22 29	2 9 6 2 6 9	3 10 17 24 31	11 18 25	12 10 26%
-	-	(0.000)	10000	-		1	-			-	-	1	2
. Feb. 52	3 10 17 24	4 11 18 25	5 12 19 26	10 20 27	7 14 21 28	8 5 22 20	10 17 24 31	4 11 18 25	5 12 19 26	6. 13 20 27	7 14 21 28	S 15 22 2	9 16 Am.
	-1		-"		-	1	31						
7 9 7 16 2 2	3 10 17 24	4 11 18 25	5 12 19 26	6 13 20 27	7 11 21 23	1 8 15 22 29	17-11-12	181522	9 16	10 17 24	4 11 18 25	5 12 19 96	6 10 Sep.
30	31		20			2.7	53	20	23 30	24	20)	20	21
		1 8 15	2	10	11	5 12 19	12	13	7	1 8	210 4 9 9	10	11 18 97
20	7 14 21 28	22	16 23 30	21	25	26	19 26	20 27	21 28	84220	23	10 17 24 31	
4	5	€.	7	1 8	20	10		1	-1	- 5	G	7	8
2.11 2.13 2.25	19 26	13 20 27	14 21 28	15 22 20	9 16 23 30	17 21 31	9 16 20	10 17 21	11 18 25	12 10 26	6 18 20 27	14 21 28	8 15 22 20 20 22 20
				-			20 30	•					
June.	9 16 28	3 10 17	11 18	12 19	6 13 20 27	11	7 11 21	181522	9 15 23 0 15 23 0	10 17 24	11	12 19	6 13 20 5
ann. 82555	28	24	25	26	27	23	21	22	233	24 21	25	215	20 5

# STATE OFFICERS.

The following is a list of the State officers elected to serve forthe next two venrs:

Governor-Franklin J. Moses, Jr. Lieutenant-Ciovernor-Richard H. Gleaves, colored.

Attorney-General-Samuel W. Melton. Secretary of State-Henry E. Havne,

colored.

Comptroller-General-Solomon L Hoge.

Superintendent of Education-Justus V. Jillson.

Adjutant General-Henry W. Purvis colored.

Member of Congress at large-R. H. Cain.

al District-Joseph H. Rainey.

Representative from Second Congressional District-Alonzo J. Ransier. Representative from Third Congres

sional District-R. B. Elliott. Representative from Fourth Congres sional District-Alex. S. Wallace.

Solicitor for the first Judicial Circuits: Charles W. Butts.

COUNTY OFFICERS.

Senator-James L. Jamison.

Representatives-Samuel L. Duncan-John Dix, Henry Riley, J. Felder Meyers, Abraham Dannelly.

Coroner-John L. Humbert. Sherifi-Edward I. Cain.

Clerk of Court-George Boliver.

Probate Judge-Augustus B. Knowl

School Commissioner-Francis R. Mc-Kinlay.

Brown.

#### POETRY.

### Discontent.

BY CELIA THAXTER.

There is no day so dark But through the murk some ray of hope may

Some blessed touch from Heaven that two might feel. If we but chose to mark.

We shut the portals fast, And turn the key and let no sunshine in. Yet the worst despair that comes through sin God's light shall reach at last.

We slight our daily joy, Make much of our vexations, thickly set Our path with thorns of discontent, and fret At our fine gold's alloy,

Till bounteous Heaven might from At such ingratitude, and, turning, lay On our impatience burdens that would weigh Our aching shoulders down.

We shed too many tears, And sigh too sore, and yeild us up to woc, As if God had not planned the way we go And counted out our years.

# The Rights of Woman.

The rights of woman, what are they? The right to labor, love and pray; The right to weep with these that weep, The right to wake when others sleep,

The right to dry the falling tear ! The right to quell the rising fear; The right to smooth the brow of care. And whisper comfort to despair.

The right to watch the parting breath, To soothe and cheer the bed of death': The right when earthly hopes all fail, To point to that within the veil,

And win the lost from paths of shame; The right to comfort and to please The widow and the fatherless. The right the little ones to guide

The right the wanderer to reclaim;

In simple faith to him that died, With earnest love and gentle praise To bless and cheer through youthful days The right the intellect to train,

And guide the soul to noble aim' Feach it to rise above ourth's toys, And wing its flight to hearonly jors The right to live for those we love.

The right to die that love to prove The right to brighten earthly homes With pleasant smiles and gentle tones

Are these thy rights? Then use them If these are thine, why ask for more? Thou hast enough to unawer fer

# A Ruined Family.

State Treasurer-Francis L. Cardozo A SAD TALE OF DOMESTIC SHAME AND sourtow.

In the year 1838, Edward H. Stokes, a successful cloth merchant of New York, and nearly connected with some of the most prominent representatives of the wealth and beneficence of that city, retired from business with a competency. Eight years previously he had married a Miss Styles, a daughter of a leading Philadelphian, and sceking a home of Representative from First Congression- case and elegance, Mr. Stokes chose Philadelphia as his future residence. There his eldest son was born in 1839, and, named Edward Stiles, after a maternal relative. The lad was a boy of unusual beauty and promise, a quick, active mind, a generous and loving disposition, these traits being remembered

and took high rank as a scholar. He daughter and her child to Europe early sensitiveness of an individual. Mr. Lord teen to enter into the store of Samuel the scandal. Stokes, enraged at Fisk, his paper. Vigorously means a great sive cheese dealer. Perry failed three thirty thousand dollars from Devoe, an in a frontier newspaper. Dueling was County Commissioners-John Robert- new partnership with a junior of the col- and defiantly as his share of the profits in that country, and very few gentlemen so. He was not of a disposition to invite wives? Was that a necessary part of son, Edmund T. R. Smoke, Alexander lapsed house, and they, as Stokes & Bud- Fisk caused his arrest on a criminal would throw away an opportunity of confidence of that kind, so I let the mat- their duties? Was that a mode of ad-

street. They had excellent success, their relatives. No one of them would bail foreign shipping trade being very large, him, and he was forced to make terms calling Stokes to visit Europe several and submit, and refund the money. His this time the senior Stokes was induced the intensity of the evil passions, and to remove to New York, where he made criminalities of his position with Manshis office with his son, through not brigi-field grew murder. Turn to Solomon nally intending to become entangled in again, and there is no mystery in the business. Such was the result, however, chain of consequences. It if said that and not only was the father, but other the same steamer that took out to Europe and prominent relatives gradually but the murder of Fisk by Stokes carried a heavily involved in the extended ven- divorce procured by her family for his tures of Stokes & Budlong. The failure wife, who still remains abroad. of the firm followed, and father and son were thrown into bankruptcy.

With the wreck of his fortunes young Stokes embarked next in the exterprise of establishing an oil refinery at Hundollars were expended in the works, which were to be of the best class, when the company fell into difficulties, and at this juncture the baleful light of Jim Fiek's countenance comes into the story. Jim was in full tide of his operations with Eric. He held the advantage (we wish it were less employed by even more serupulous railway managers than he,) supplied by his corporation, in transportation and control of market, as the Eric was the great thoroughfare to the oil regions. A compact was struck. Fisk entered the refinery company, reinforced itse apital, and with a change of name and heavy "drawbacks" on the Eric frieght bills the Hunter's Point refinery sailed strongly into successful competition. Stokes was secretary as well as partner. At one time his profits from the refinery gave him one thousand

dollars per week. In 1864 Stokes married the daughter of J. W. Southwick, a prominent furni- family train. The shock and crush of ture dealer in New York, one of the shame and disgrace must fall on innocent oldest in his line in that city. A show well as guilty. In behalf of the fathers time since one of our oldest residents and mothers and sisters of the communishowed as a set of furniture, a wedding outfit brought to Chicago in 1836, bought of Mr. Southwick, who is now a man of immense wealth, and still in active business in a great Broadway establishment. The wedding of Stokes with Miss Southwick seemed to lack nothing that wealth, position and social surroundings could bring to insure happiness. They made their sumptucus home in the Homanff House, and moved among the most brilliant life of the metropolis.

The next scene in the drama brings the infamous woman Mansfield into the plot. Solomon described her many centuries ago, and we fear Soloman knew what he was writing about. But his painting has never been surpassed, and if somebody could have slipped into Stokes's this little pen-portrait, made twothousand years ago, of Joshephine Mansfield and ber infamous sisters, it might have spared the community the fruits of the new acquantance. Here are some of the wise man's colorings of his subject :

"She lieth in wait as for a prey, and increaseth the trangressions among men. Her feet go down to death: her steps take hold on hell.

Her house inclineth into death, and her paths into the dead. None that go unto her return again.

He gooth after her straightway, as an ox goeth to the slaughter. yea many strong men have been slain by

Her house is the way to hell, going down to the chambers of death.

The dead are there. Her guests are in the depths of hell." And just precisely that happened well after a lapse of years by those who which the son of David predicted; from know him at that time. Two daughters the house of the harlot the path turned the rival paper. He flew up about some said : and two sons were born in the period be- downward. A quarrel between Fisk and little trifle or other that I had said about tween 1840 and 1850. The family is Stokes followed. It was carried into recalled as being rarely endowed with all affairs of business. Fisk refused to allow that seemed needed to insure the happi- the Hunter's Point concern to make a a boy-snatcher, or an ediot, or something ness of a household. The home was one dividend, and thus cut off Stokes's sup- like that. I was obliged to make the of wealth and luxury, the culture of the plies. The disgracefull relations with paper readable, and I could not fail in Mansfield became more shameless, and my duty to a whole community of sub-Edward was educated at the university the father-in-law, Southwick, sent his scribers merely to save the exaggerated went to New York at the age of seven- in 1871, to remove her from the scene of was offended, and replied vigorously in Perry, on South Water street, an exten- used his position as secretary to collect deal when it refers to a personal editorial years later, and young Stokes made a oil merchant, which sum he held openly all the fashion among the upper classes I never said anything. I never told him hear that the doctor had kissed their

times within the next few seasons: About relations to Fisk were bitter and out of

The story of family grief and reverses is not all told: The senoir Stokes, after thirty years of retirement and enjoyment of a luxurlast home, is bankrupt and homeless in .his old age. One of the ters Point. Three hundred thousand daughters died two weeks after marriage. The second daughter, the wife of a Mr. Sutton, attached herself so strongly to the fortunes of her brother, that her husband discorded her; and she is in refuge with her aged and penniless parents. The second son, a young man of great promise, died two months ago of grief and shame at the family reverses, and the whole tale of the innocent and suffering victims by this complication of crime and shame is not to befully told without including some of the best known and esteemeet of New York families.

If young men in our communities could only-ride on express trains to the devil and take no one with them, there would be less to be said, since, aside from these considerations, it is every man's individual right to barter away his life and fortunes and sacred honor at his own price. Satan buys a great many of these poor fellows very cheap, and at short option, for seller. But every car is part of a ty, let general warning be made of the case of Edward Stokes. Where has romance woven anything so sad? Where in modern communities, have been given more abrupt and startling variations of light and shade, from the brightest point of promise and assured happiness to the lepths of darkness and misery, than those on which the curtain falls?

# MARK TWAIN.

HE WORKS UP AN OLD STORY AND PASSES IT OFF ON JOHN BULL.

# [From Hood's Annual.]

The only merit that I claim for the following narrative is that it is a true story. It has a moral at the end of it, but I claim nothing on that, as it is merely thrown in to curry favor with the religious element :

After I had reported a couple of years on the Virginia City (Nevada) Daily Enterprise, they promoted me to be editorin-chief-and I lasted just a week, by the watch. But I made an uncommonly lively newspaper while I did last, and when I retired I had a duel on my hands and three horse-whippings promised me. The latter I made no attempt to collect; however, this history concerns only the She hath cast down many wounded, former. It was the old "flush times" of the silver excitement, when the population was wonderfully wild and mixed; everybody went armed to the teeth, and all insults had to be atoned for with the of the other dullests came reconnoitering best article of blood your system could furnish. In the course of my editing I made trouble with a Mr. Lord, editor of when they saw the bird, Lord's second him. I do not remember now what it was. I suppose I called him a thief, or

to than to kill two men in the ordinary lenged Mr. Lord, and I did hope he would not accept; but I knew perfectly well that he did not want to fight, and so I challenged him in the most violent and implacable manner. And then I sat down and suffered and suffered till the answer came. All our boys-the editors-were in the office, "helping" me in the dismal business; and discussing the code with a lot of zged ruffians who had had experience in such things, and altogether there was a loving interest taken in the matter, which made me unspeakably uncomfortable. The answer came-Mr. Lord declined. Our boys were forious, and so was 1-on the surface.

I sent him another challenge, and another, and another; and the more he did not want to fight, the bloodthirstier I became. But at last the man's tone changed. He appeared to be waking up. It was becoming apparent that he was going to fight me, after all. I ought to have known how it would be-he was a man who could be depended upon. Our boys were exultant. I was not, though I tried to be.

It was now time to go out and practice. It was the custom there to fight ducls with navy six-shooters at fifteen paces--load and empty till the game for the furneral was secured. We went to a little ravine just outside of town, and bortowed a barn-door for a target-borrowed it from a gentleman who was absent-and we stood this barn-door up and stood a rail on end against the middle of it, to represent Lord, and put a squash on top of the rail to represent his head. He was a very tall, lean creature, the poorest sort of materail for a duel-nothing for but a line shot could "fetch" him and even then he might spit bullet, a little too thin to represent his body accurately, but the squash was all right. If there was any intellectual diffrence between the squash and his head, it was in favor of the squash.

Well, I practiced and practiced at the barn door, and could not hit it? and I practiced at the rail, and could not hit that? and I tried hard for the squash, and could not hit the squash I would have been entirely disheartened, but that occasionally I crippled one of the boys and that encouraged me to hope.

At last we began to hear pistol-shots noar by, in the next ravine. We knew what that ment. The other party were out practicing, too. Then I was in the last degree of distressed; for, of course those people would here our shots, and they would send spies over the ridge, and the spies would find my barn door without a wound or a scratch, and that would oimply be the end of me-for of course that other man would immediately become as bloodthirsty as I was- Just at this moment, a little bird, no larger than a sparrow, flew by, and lit on a bush about thirty paces away; and my little second Steve Gillis, who was a matceless marksman with a pistolmuch better than I was-snatched out his revolver and shot the bird's head off We all ran to pick up the game, and sure enough, just ta that moment, some over the little ridge. They ran to our group to see what the matter was; and

"That was a splended shot. How far off was it?"

Steve said, with some indifference : "Oh no great distance. About thirty

"Thirty paces! Heavens alive, who

"My man-Twain."

"The mischief he did! Can he do that ofton?" "Well-yes. He can do it about-

well-about four times out of five."

caused a man to be even more looked up hose people look sick, and see their under jaws drop, when Steve made these way. Well, out there, if you abused a statements. They went off and got Lord man, and that man did not like it, you and took him home; and when we got had to call him out and kill him; other- home; half an hour later, there was a wise you would be disgraced. So I chal- note saying that Mr. Lord peremptorily declined to fight!

It was a narrow escape. We found out afterwards that Lord hit his mark thirteen shots. If he had put those thirteen bulets through me, it would have narrowed my spere of usefulness a good deal-would have well high closed it, in fact. True, they could have put pegs in the holes, and used me for a hat-racch but what is a hat-rack to a man who feels he has intellectual powers? I would scorn such a position.

I have written this true incident of my personal history for one purpose, and one purpose only-to warn the youth of the day against the pernicious practice of duelling, and to plead with them to war against it. If the remarks and suggestions I am making can be of any service to Sunday-school teachers, and newspapapers interested in the moral peogress of society, they are at libety to use them, and I shall even be graterul to have them widely disseminated, so that they may do as much good os possible. I was young anp foolish when I callenged that gehileman; and I thought it was very fine and very gpand to be a dtellist and staed upon the "field of honor." Bet I am older and more experienced now, and I am inflexibly opposed to the dreadful custom. I am glad, indeed, to be able to lift up my voice against it. I think it. is a bad. immoral thing. I think it is every man's duty to do everything he can to discourage duelling. I always do now; I discourage it upon every occa-

If a man were to challenge me nownow that I can fully appreciate che iniquity of that practice I would go to that man and take him by the hand, and Exaggeration aside, the rail was, of conse lead him to a griet, retired room and

# HIntS from the Postmaster.

When you call at the office for your mail, and the postmaster hands it out, ask him if that is all.

If you ask for mail and he tells you there is none, tell him there ought to be, then go home and send the rest of the family around to ask at different times through the day.

Don't bring your mail to the office unil the mail closes, then curse the postmaster for not opening the mail-bag and putting your letter in.

when you want a stamp on your letter, tell the postmaster to put it on; if he don't like it, lick him. In case you put it on yourself, soak it in your mouth long enough to remove the mucilage; it will then stick, until! h is dry.

Be sure to ask the postmaster to credt you fer stamps; if he hits any accommodation about him he will do it.

If you have a box, stand and drum on t until the postmaster hands out your mail; it makes him feel good especially if he is waiting on someboth che.

Is Kissing Among Physicians Privunnoged ?- The Court of Oyer and Terminer was crowded with spectators this morning to hear the summing up of District Attorney Winchester Britton in the case of Dr. Lucius B. Irish, charged with conspiring with Mrs. Anderson to poison her husband. There were a number of ladies present. Mr. Britton referred to the abuse or the counsel for deendant of the witnesses, Charles Forrest and others of the Coburn family. The defence might sneer at the testimony of the protecution. It had been testified to by several witnesses that on the occasions when they passed each other they would kiss. The counsel might attempt to snoor at this testimony, but let the jury take it home to themselves. When a physician is called in to attend their families they trust him, as they had a I knew the little rascal was lyng, but right to do. What would they think to long opened a cheese stere on Vesey charge. Stokes turned to his wealthy fighting one. To kill a person in a duel ter rest. But it was a comfort to see ministering medicine?-N. Y. Express.