

Orangeburg Times

"ON WE MOVE INDISSOLUBLY FIRM, GOD AND NATURE HAD THE SAME"

ORANGEBURG, SOUTH CAROLINA, THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 20, 1873.

No. 52

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ORANGEBURG TIMES CALENDAR FOR 1873.

1873.	Sunday.	Monday.	Tuesday.	Wednesday.	Thursday.	Friday.	Saturday.	1873.	Sunday.	Monday.	Tuesday.	Wednesday.	Thursday.	Friday.	Saturday.
Jan.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15
Feb.	16	17	18	19	20	21	22	23	24	25	26	27	28	29	30
Mar.	31	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14
Apr.	15	16	17	18	19	20	21	22	23	24	25	26	27	28	29
May.	30	31	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13
June.	14	15	16	17	18	19	20	21	22	23	24	25	26	27	28
July.	29	30	31	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
Aug.	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20	21	22	23	24	25	26	27
Sept.	28	29	30	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
Oct.	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20	21	22	23	24	25	26	27
Nov.	28	29	30	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
Dec.	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20	21	22	23	24	25	26	27

STATE OFFICERS.

The following is a list of the State officers elected to serve for the next two years:

- Governor—Franklin J. Moses, Jr.
- Lieutenant-Governor—Richard H. Gleaves, colored.
- Attorney-General—Samuel W. Melton.
- Secretary of State—Henry E. Hayne, colored.
- State Treasurer—Francis L. Cardozo, colored.
- Comptroller-General—Solomon L. Hoge.
- Superintendent of Education—Justin K. Jilison.
- Adjutant General—Henry W. Purvis, colored.
- Member of Congress at large—R. H. Cain.
- Representative from First Congressional District—Joseph H. Rainey.
- Representative from Second Congressional District—Alonzo J. Ransier.
- Representative from Third Congressional District—R. B. Elliott.
- Representative from Fourth Congressional District—Alex. S. Wallace.
- Solicitor for the first Judicial Circuit: 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.
- Sheriff—Edward I. Cain.
- Clerk of Court—George Boliver.
- Probate Judge—Augustus B. Knowlton.
- School Commissioner—Francis R. McKinlay.
- County Commissioners—John Robertson, Edmund T. R. Smoke, Alexander Brown.

POETRY.

GOD'S ANVIL.

BY JULIUS STERN.

Pains furnace-heat within me quivers—
God's breath upon the flame doth blow;
And all my heart in anguish shivers,
And trembles at the fiery blow;
And yet I whisper: As God will!
And in his hottest fire stand still.

He comes and lays my heart all heated
On his hard anvil, minded so,
Into His own fair shape to beat it
With his great hammer, blow on blow
And yet I whisper: As God will!
And at his heaviest blows hold still.

He takes my softened heart and beats it,
The sparks fly off at every blow;
He turns it over and over and heats it,
'Till 't is cool, and makes it glow,
And yet I whisper: As God will,
And in His mighty hand hold still.

Why should I murmur? for the sorrow
Thus only longer lived would be;
Its end may come, and will to-morrow,
When God has done His work in me.
So I say, trusting: As God will!
And, trusting to the end, hold still.

He kindles for my profit purely,
Afflictions glowing, fiery brand;
And all his heaviest blows are surely
Inflicted by a master hand;
So I say, praising: As God will!
And hope in him and suffer still.

From the *Albion*.

OVER A CABIN TABLE.

CONTINUED FROM LAST WEEK.

"Amy, living secluded with her old domestic, Betsy Floyd, was ignorant of the affair at the bank. She knitted worsted work, and fitted ball-dresses for her schoolmates of old days. Young Skinner called her what he called his heart. By joy, twenty young fellows would have come forward for her hand, but there was something in her way that wouldn't let a man with a decent heart offer it. Skinner thought his magnanimity twenty per cent. above par. He had inherited from his father the mortgage on the Woodson homestead, which he threatened to foreclose. Troubles came in troops.

"Looking over her father's papers one day, Amy discovered a note addressed to her. It was in the neat hand of the general. It told her that he wrote this for her in case anything should happen to him—that the world, after he was gone, might judge him amiss. That he had, it is true, wronged her, his sweet, beloved daughter; that he had been false to his trusteeship; that their money were all gone with the broken land bubble—that his heart and thought were long sick with the secret of it; that, May the 10th of such a year, he had found his cash unaccountably short, and no man yet knew it. If he lived long enough he should make it up; yes, make it up, every cent; but Amy must wait for hers; perhaps he could never make that up, and if he did not, would his darling daughter forgive him?

"Amy bowed beneath this blow. Now appeared the reason of the unpaid bills and the ill-supplied household. And the thought came to the stricken girl, how once she had proposed to sell a share of her bank stock and buy a gold watch and chain, and on New Year's morning she found them under her breakfast cup, a present from her father. I get all this from sister Nell, of whom she made a confidant. Yes, Hal, Amy bowed as the lily bows when blown upon. She was lily without and rock within. She sent for Roy Elwell. She pressed Roy until she drew from the reluctant fellow the affair as viewed by the directors. It was a plain case to them. A land enterprise—an opportunity for making money—and the cashier yielding to temptation, borrowed the funds of the bank, thinking to enrich himself, and return the money. They were all the more ready to look on the dark side for him, as many of their dollars had gone the way of his. The fever had been among them, too.

"This point of view was not plain to Amy. Through Elwell, who had been cashier after the death of the general, she obtained permission from the officers, to make a personal examination of the books, to be aided by Roy. Her know-

edge of bank routine was now services-ble.

"About this time I returned from an India voyage. I served as a boy in the bank awhile, you remember, and Roy with her consent, invited me to lend them a hand. I was glad for her sake, not to say my own.

"Hal, are you yawning?"
"Spid away, spid away, my old boy!"
"Well, we met and made our plans, agreeing to make researches after Elwell had finished his days work. By George Hal, you ought to have seen the girl! Her perceptions were all quickened by pride and love for the honor of the old man. The theory of the director was not the theory of the daughter. She admitted nothing but the existence of an error that might yet be revealed. Roy and I followed her with a low assent. We began. We turned to that May the 10th, which he mentioned in the note and named in the night of his speechlessness. We took the first entry of the deposits; we analyzed it. If bills, it was not so noted; if checks, we followed them to their final entry. And so through each and all. Any surprised us by her thoroughness. Items that Roy and I were willing to check, as being correct beyond question, she looked to again and again before dismissing. The general had been too much harrowed by the trouble to make any systematic analysis of that day's transaction at the time. Who knows? He the errors, if one, would have been detected had he called his quicker-eyed daughter into his confidence?"

"We finally arrived at the end of the day's labor, and summing up the figure, we found the balance on hand was two thousand dollars less than the amount required. Here now was a chance for speculation. What became of the sum? Amy was not long in deciding that it equivalent had been mislaid—some check misplaced; but this was merely guess-work.

"Her proposition, at the next meeting, was to search throughly the papers in the safe. Not succeeding there, books and papers in the vault were taken, one by one and turned, leaf by leaf. Thorough? I think so. It was a slow, laborious process. Her patience was astonishing. Her glance seemed as though 't would burn the papers it fell on. But they could not reveal a secret not in there keeping.

"Where was the waste paper put? In a basket. And emptied where? Roy couldn't say. The old woman who swept the rooms was called. She emptied it, when full into the dark closet. Sometimes when out of shavings she used a little of it to start the fire. Amy turned pale. The search among the contents of the closet was assigned for the next day. Was it narrowed to this, the chance of finding a valuable paper in the rubbish? She would have had more heart, but for the knowledge of those occasional hardships taken for kindling. Piece by piece we went through this accumulated heap of dusty, gone-by papers, and without success.

"Roy and I had not foreseen the end—failure. We didn't anticipate having to see that noble girl sit down disconsolate with the tears falling upon her fallen hands. By Jove, I wouldn't have begun the work. It was joy for me to labor with her all the way, but when that labor was brought to the bitter end—to see hope go out of her heart by her bleared blue eyes! Roy attended her home.

"The next day he and I were seated in the bank, talking over the affair. 'Roy,' said I, 'the Borneo, Charlie Lane, is due, can't we see, from the skylight in the garret if she is in the bay?'

He proposed going up to see. Roy went ahead and opened the skylight. The place was dusty as a grave, and just as jolly. There was no Borneo in sight. Account books and bundles of papers lay here and there with dust upon them nearly an inch deep. And over these things, that had one day a meaning and a value and neither now, the spider had woven their homes, and were having turn their little cares. We looked about us curiously. Roy remarking a book on top of a pile, less dusty than the others: proposed to me to take it down stairs as a curiosity. I did. The skylight was

lowered, and the sunbeams, that had vanished as we opened the light came back again, and lay athwart, one another like bars of dusty gold. Downstairs we sat and examined our prize. It was not a bank book; but a ledger evidently belonging to the general and filled with records of dealings long years before when in the wood and coal business. The writing was neatness itself. Rarely a blot or an erasure did we see as Roy set rather indifferently turning the leaves. Occasionally there remained an unbalanced account. The fuel had become smoke and ashes long ago, and the debtor dust, may be. Here was one Job Jones, charged with a cord of wood a generation ago. Out of this scanty material we imagined a history for this latter Job. We invented for him little plots for his delinquency; that he had married a wife; that he had left the town; that he never had it; that it was only half a cord; that he paid for it at the time, etc. Nevertheless it is a shame, Job Jones, for you to owe for ever for the fuel that boiled your kettle, and blessed your hearthstone, and, perchance, warmed to life one of the innumerable little Joneses, we concluded.

"Didn't his ears burn?"
"While we were laughing over this, the door softly opened, and Amy Woodson appeared. I had almost expected 'twas the ghost of the said Jones.

"I wished again to see the book containing those entries of the 10th of May. Roy brought it, Amy sat at one side of the table; Elwell and I at the other. She pored over the page, as her father had, doubtless, done before her, with dreamy, misty eyes. 'We mentioned the reason of our airth. I took the book, carelessly, and opened it, Roy and Amy looking on as I turned now one leaf, then three or four together; when 'My heavens!' I exclaimed. They started, Amy leaned over the table. Her breath went and came quickly. 'By Jove I can feel a cold wind blow that away. There, staring us all in the face, were two one thousand dollar bank bills. I swear I saw joy go into her eyes. It was pretty clear to her. There was fresh writing on the credit side of an account. The old general had had the book from the garret and upon his table that 10th of May. Exchanging the bills for some customer, he had laid them on the open book and absently closed it. It was then returned to its old place in the garret. His mind being distracted by his pecuniary troubles the transaction of the bills had made no mark upon his memory. This was our theory. Amy had dreamed, singularly, that she was greatly comforted by a book, and this was the reason of her coming and calling for the one we had first examined."

"And you say Amy married Roy?"
"Ay ay; and their boy they've named Frank Manly Elwell. Turn in Hal, I must look after my girl, the Sunset."
I obeyed; and in a moment more I thought I landed on a wharf in Bramblehead, and the first sign that met my eye was "Job Jones, Dealer in Coal, Wood and Bark, For Cash Only." A beak-nosed, fiery-eyed little old man leaning over an old-fashioned door that was divided in the middle, half shut and half open.

"Job Jones," said I, "Frank Manly and Roy Elwell have judged you unjustly. That cord of wood they thought you owed for," I continued, as his glassy eyes seemed to demand an explanation. The little man was silent, but he gave me a look which said plainly enough, what is human justice to me, or injustice?"

And Job Jones, for I could not think of him as any other being, became instantly a statue of ice; a tar trickled from each eye, and another trembled splendidly from its nose, and in the sunshine they became—I awoke, and instead of Job Jones, my eyes fell upon Jim the steward, who was setting the breakfast in the cabin of the Sunset, on the table over which this tale was told to me as I tell it to you—only that drowsy gleam of the cabin-light falls not upon the paper and never will.—FROM THE FEBRUARY ALBION.

There is more truth than poetry in the following lines from an advertisement. "Babies after having taken one bottle of my soothing syrup will never cry any more

THE PATRONS OF HUSBANDRY.

It is the natural desire of man to improve his condition. Nature in distributing her gifts bestowed special attention upon this faculty. No matter how much of this world's treasures man has, his natural desire is to possess more. He is so constituted by an ALL-WISE and beneficent Creator.

Nature did not intend that man should remain in a nominal but non-progressive state. We are commanded by God to increase, multiply, not only in numbers, but in brotherly feeling, christian devotion, and in all things which tend to improve the temporal and spiritual condition of mankind. This principle was implanted in man to aid in the purpose for which he was created: that of working out his eternal salvation. Whatever is done or performed naturally, if it conform to custom, regulated by the law of divine revelation, it is good. He who sows two blades of grass where only one grew before is a public benefactor.

It is this law, this natural desire to improve our condition, that increases the strides of civilization, and drives man out of the depths of corruption and barbarism; that expands his ideas, refines his taste, and elevates his moral and religious standard. It penetrates into the remotest ages of antiquity, and collects the facts of the past and present, and thereby enables man to reckon the degrees of his progress.

Of all the multitudinous callings in existence, that of the farmer, who represents nearly four-fifths of the entire population of the United States, is the most abused. The farmer performs more real hard labor, rises earlier and stirs later, makes greater sacrifices and resorts to more slights; is paid less for the products of his toil and pays more of the general taxes of the country than any other class. Why? Is it because he delights in working and paying taxes? Is it because he prefers to be a hewer of wood and drawer of water? No, it is because he has unwittingly allowed everybody else to get ahead of him in the race for improvement. No man has been able to actually like to work. He labors because he has laborless and a penny more. The natural desire to improve his condition is what causes him to undergo hardships and to forego pleasures. We all work for the present, to keep from work in the future. There is no man, no matter how ugly he may be, but himself, sometimes, that he is good looking. There is no man, no matter how poor he may be, but who hopes and imagines that one day he will be rich.

No man of us likes to labor. Still we do it; always have and always will. "By the sweat of thy brow shalt thou eat bread."

In all the manifold trades and professions which set the machinery of the world in motion, and cause it to move on in its march of civilization and christianity, there are certain industrial classes which endeavor to exist by the death and to the detriment of others, which ignore the benefits and immunities to which each are entitled, and which, did they not command certain means of defence, would be blotted out of existence by the encroachments and usurpations of their competitors. The feudal Lords of Europe exercise a discipline and exert an influence over their vassals and domains, which render them truly "Monarchs of all they survey." The grantee of an English domain is today more of a slave than ever the negro of the South was under the lash. And to what does he owe his condition? To his failure to see, in time, those means which were necessary to throw around him a safeguard for the protection of his rights and privileges. The agriculturists of the United States are tending to the same point—to a condition of vassalage to the mercantile corporations, railroad combinations, legislative bodies, mercantile syndicates, and middlemen. There are a certain class of farmers of the South, and their name is legion, who are already owned by the middlemen, with the exception that a bill of sale has never been passed. I allude to that class who are dependent upon factors and commission merchants for supplies—advancements. Are there any who need to be told how they are owned? If there are, I will endeavor to explain. The farmer agrees to work for the factor or commission merchant for one year, for so many dollars, or so many dollars worth of articles. He not only agrees to do this, but binds himself, morally and legally to a faithful performance of it—gives him a lien. He has sold himself for a stipulated price for one year. At a specified time he pays the factor or commission merchant the principal of his lien. So far, with a reasonable rate of interest, the two are even; but in order to induce his liege lord to buy him the farmer allows him an unreasonable rate of interest; gives him thirty to forty per cent. for purchasing his supplies, as much more as profit, allows him to dictate when, and the prices at which, the products of his soil shall be sold, and, if he makes cotton, takes two and a half per cent. of that for good measure. Given a lien for one thousand dollars, make the calculation and see how much you pay for the use of that amount for one year. Suppose you take out the whole amount in supplies. In that case you pay, say thirty per cent., to the factor or commission merchant for buying those supplies, which are \$200.00; thirty per cent. profit when sold to you, \$300.00; twelve per cent. interest for one year \$120.00; if you pay back in cotton, two and a half per cent. of that, \$25.00. Add together and you have \$745.00. Thus, for the use of a thousand dollars for twelve months,

you give seven hundred and forty-five dollars. What is the remedy? How shall we, as agriculturists improve our condition? How shall we manage to receive more for the products of our toil? How shall we defend ourselves against those carnivorous classes, who live while we die? How arrest our course towards a condition of vassalage to the middlemen and syndicates of every description? How free ourselves from bondage to factors and commission merchants? Answer: By co-operation. This covers the whole ground. In union there is strength. In order to render co-operation intelligent, practical and successful, some certain plan must be devised and adopted. It is impossible to develop and direct the energies of an organization to a successful termination, without method and discipline. You had just as well undertake to conduct a military campaign without a general. All would be disorder and confusion. The plan is, the order of the Patrons of Husbandry. So let every one who has a pound of cotton, a bushel of corn, or a peck of potatoes to harvest, join the Order and increase its power to do good.

PAYSAN.

Origin of the Rice Mill.

Dr. Bow's Review, for September gives the following singular account of the first application of machinery to the cleaning of rice. It appears that from the time of the introduction of rice down to the close of the revolution, the grain was cleaned by hand and animal power. But so tedious was the process and so destructive and exhausting upon both man and beast, that a good crop was rather regarded as an equivocal blessing, for the greater the product the greater of course, the labor of preparing it for market. The account then proceeds:

"While matters stood thus, the planters were relieved by a circumstance, so curious that it deserves a place in the history of human inventions. A planter from the Santee, while walking in King street, Charleston, noticed a small wind-mill perched upon the gable end of a wooden house. His attention was attracted by the beauty of its performance. He entered a store and asked who the maker was; he was told that he was a Northumbrian, then resident in the house, in necessary circumstances, and wanting employment. A conference was held, the planter carried the difficulties under which the planters labored, and the result was the Rice Pounding Mill. This man was Mr. Lucas, and to his genius do the Carolinians owe a large debt of gratitude; for what the cotton planter owes to Eli Whitney, the rice planter owes to Lucas." His mills were first impelled by water, but more recently by steam, and though much mechanical ingenuity and capital have been expended in improving them, the Rice Pounding Mills of this day, in all essential particulars, do not differ from the mill as it came from his hands."

We are informed that two of the great grandsons of this illustrious mechanic (one of them a member of the bar, Edward Cantwell, Esq.) are among the citizens of Wilmington in this State. It was just about half a century before the erection of the mill upon Santee, that Miss Eliza Lucas (afterwards wife of Charles and mother of Gen. Chas. Cotesworth Pinckney of the Revolution) planted the first Indigo seed which, according to Ramsay, ever ripened in South Carolina. In 1783 there were exported 2051 casks, but about the beginning of the nineteenth century it gave place as a staple to the cultivation of cotton.—NORTH CAROLINIAN.

A Detroit boy knocked at the door and carelessly inquired of the man of the house: "Are you going to move to-day?" "No," is the answer. "I'll bet \$25 you are," responds the boy. "Why, you impudent dog?" "Cos, your roof's a blazing," screams the adolescent rascal, as he runs for life; and it was true.

"Why, Bridget," said her mistress who wished to rally the girl for the amusement of the company, upon the fantastic ornament of a large pipe, "did you do this? you're quite an artist; how did you do it?" "Indeed, mum, it was myself that did it, replied Bridget, "Isn't it pritty, mum? I did it with your false teeth, mum."

We should be able to give a reason for every act.