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

{ IN ADVANCE

Vol. II.

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No. 5

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ORANGEBURG CALENDAR FOR 1873.

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

D. R. JAMISON,
ATTORNEY AT LAW
WILL PRACTICE IN THE COURTS OF ORANGEBURG AND BARNWELL.
Office in Court House Square. Feb. 20, 1873. 1. 4t

COWLAM GRAVELEY,
DIRECT IMPORTERS OF
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AGENT for the sale of the Magnolia Cotton Gins. At the Fairs 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. 5t 1y

W. J. DeTreville,
ATTORNEY AT LAW.
Office at Court House Square, Orangeburg, S. C.
mch13-1yr

FERNER & DANTZLER,
DENTISTS
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Respectable Drinking.

As long as you make drinking respectable, drinking customs will prevail, and the ploughshare of death, drawn by terrible disasters, will go on turning up this whole continent, from end to end, with the long, deep, awful furrows of drunkard's graves.
Oh! how this rum fiend would like to go and hang up a skeleton in your beautiful house, so that when you opened the door to go in, you would see it in the hall; and when you sat at your table, you would see it hanging from the wall; and when you opened your bed-room, you would find it stretched out upon your pillow; and, waking at night, you would feel its cold hand passing over your face, and pinching at your heart.

There is no home so beautiful but it may be devastated by the awful curse. It throws its jargon into the sweetest harmony. What was it that silenced Sheridan's voice, and shattered the golden sceptre with which he swayed parliaments and courts? What foul spirit turned the sweet rhyme of Robert Burns into a tuneless babble? What brought down the majestic form of one who availed the American Senate with his eloquence, and after a while carried him home dead drunk from the office of Secretary of State? What was it that swamped the noble spirit of one of the heroes of the last war, until the other night in a drunken fit, he reeled from the deck of a Western steamer, and was drowned? There was one whose voice we all loved to hear. He was one of the most classic orators of the century. People wondered why a man of so pure a heart, and so excellent a life, should have such a sad countenance always. They knew not that his wife was a sot.

Fatal Avarice.

A Camden tale of avarice and miserly privation surpasses fiction in strangeness, and seems hardly credible. Two old maids of that town, rich in dollars, had lived together for nearly a generation in their ancient, gable end mansion, bolted and barred from all intercourse with the outside world, lest they should be robbed of the treasure they hoarded so carefully, and making only occasional sallies from the locked and darkened house to purchase the scant necessities which they begrudged themselves. Not long since the strange sisters, then nearly eighty years of age, purchased a house upon a different street and moved their goods into it. Days and weeks passed, and the neighbors, discovering no signs of living inhabitants about the place, determined to fathom the mystery, and with that purpose took police aid and effected an entrance, when a fearful scene met their astonished gaze. In a sitting posture, on a ragged, filthy bed, was one of the sisters stark and cold in death, while in the opposite corner crouched, muttering and mumbling, cold and starving, the other, who, with the ruling passion strong even in the presence of death, shrieked out, "You've broken in our house and come to rob us!" exhibiting fear and anger at the intrusion instead of delight at what should have been a welcome deliverance from the horrible situation. The poor wretch was taken to a place of comfort and cared for, though she is not expected to recover. A coroner found that the deceased had come to her end by "cold, starvation, and neglect."

THE DOLLAR.—The word dollar, so familiar to us all, and so important to most of us, comes from the German "Thal," which means "valley." Now by what process can you imagine this word has been made to mean a piece, or sum of money, worth in our currency one hundred cents? The dictionary clears up the mystery. "Thal," meaning valley is pronounced in German much like our word tall. From the year 1547 to 1526, the counts of Schlick, an old German family, were accustomed to coin pieces of money of about an ounce in weight, and worth \$1.13 cents of our money, in the small town of Joachimsthal, (valley of Joachim,) in Bohemia. The pieces were called, from the place where they were, "Joachimsthaler." This word was afterwards shortened into "thaler," and still later became anglicized into our word dollar.

A Singular Character.

An old member of Louis XVIII's body guard died the other day Les Batignolles, and was interred at the cemetery of Montmartre. He was one of those characters that are more often met with in novels than in real life. His accomplishments were various, his execution on the violin was only surpassed by his skill in drawing, and both by his talent for versification. This universal genius, who was nicknamed "the artist" by his comrades was one of the best swordsmen in Paris. His love of dueling was such that, notwithstanding all his science, he received many a rapier thrust. One day in particular he fought three duels for the following cogent reasons: the first was with a gentleman who looked at him askew, the second with an individual who looked him in the face, the third with a passing stranger who had not looked at him at all. On meeting a citizen who had the week before lodged his rapier in his ribs, the indomitable duellist observed to a friend who was supporting him: "Now, there's a fellow to whom I must administer another good lesson one of these days"

A Vanished Illusion.

One is almost sure to be disappointed when he first enters the interior of Jerusalem. However carefully he may have prepared against surprise, he will scarcely escape it in more directions than one. The filth of the city will surprise and annoy him. One who comes to Jerusalem from Egypt can endure a good deal in this direction; but even he will be attained to a high degree of equanimity if he does not occasionally lose his temper amidst the superabounding filth of this city. And what is worse, it seems to gather most about the most sacred places. You cannot with any comfort approach through the bazaar of the cotton merchants—what was doubtless the "Beautiful Gate" of the temple—without incurring your breath. The Mohammedans while guarding with keenest vigilance the sacred enclosure from the pollution of infidel feet, seem quite regardless of the intrusion of filth. Yet it must be confessed that the Jewish quarter of the city is quite as unclean as any part of it; and it often gives one relief, when traversing these dirty streets, to think that the Jerusalem of the Bible lies half a hundred feet or more beneath the present surface.

Industry Its own Reward.

Anything we make up our minds to do we can do. There is nothing impossible to be done by a determined, persevering effort, and nothing of importance can be accomplished without it. It was labor that built the pyramids, by labor the arts and sciences were brought to their present state of perfection, and labor is necessary for the health and happiness of all. Industry is the law of our being, and we are so constituted that when the law is fully recognized, it brings its own reward. Bodily labor is not the only kind that is necessary—mind and body should be exercised. In this way cheerfulness and contentment are promoted, and we are prepared to fill with honor any station assigned us by Providence. We often regard the doom pronounced on man, "In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread," a curse, but it is really a blessing, for we find that all rational enjoyment follows in the train of industrious labor, whether physical or mental.

A Threatened Evil.

The Philadelphia Commercial List is alarmed at the prospect of the future of the American youth. It says that in nearly every trade there is an organization, generally called a Union, which says that only a certain number of youths shall be intrusted in that trade; that when instructed they shall work in strict accordance with the rules of the association, and that no matter how great their skill or natural aptitude for the business, they shall have no greater wages than any idle dissolute bunglers who has been admitted into the organization. Here, in the very centre of free government, we see an organization whose purpose is to destroy freedom of choice of business in our youth, who restrain skill and talent, whose purpose is despotism and whose practice is tyranny of the harshest

and most depressing character. Under it the vast majority of our youth must grow up in enforced idleness, the brightest intellect must be hidden and deprived of development, and thousands of busy brains, courageous hearts and strong arms, whose labor would enrich themselves and increase general prosperity, be doomed to the merest manual labor and to lives of degradation ignorance and poverty.

Line Upon Line.

The editor of the "Courier," Louisville, N. C., finds fault with farmers thereabouts because, in common with too many Southern agriculturists, they "handle money merely in the capacity of agents for Western pork raisers." He would have them adopt the better system of growing less cotton and more corn. This would fill their barns with yellow grain, their fields with cattle and flocks of sheep, enable them to keep their legal tenders at home, and give them a feeling of independence which cannot well exist when they have to rely upon strangers and speculators for their support. The "Courier" points out that their is as much money and considerable more profit in fewer cotton bales; that every pound of meat the Southern farmer buys from remote markets lowers the price of his grain staple and raises the price of provisions. These things have been said before, but the editor has no faith that his constituents will heed the repeated call. On the contrary, as he affirms, "they have learned to travel a certain road and are not to be convinced that there is a better way."

Importance of Reading.

No matter how obscure the position in life of an individual, if he can read, he may at will put himself in the best society the world has ever seen. He may converse with the greatest heroes of the past—with all the writers in prose and poetry. He may learn how to live, how to avoid the errors of his predecessors, and to secure blessings, present and future, to himself. He may reside in a desert, far away from the habitations of man—in solitude, where no human eye looks upon him with affection or interest, where no human voice cheers him with the animating tones, if he has books to read he can never be alone. He may choose his company, and the subject of conversation, and thus become contented and happy, intelligent, wise and good.

The Preston Mansion too Small for Moses.

The Sumter News says Governor Moses is going to buy the State House and ground. We hope so, it will only cost two or three million dollars or so to repair, and we know Governor Judas Moses will be able to raise the "where withal" to put it in Preston like order before his term expires. We rather like it; its internal improvement for "our beloved State," and by a native Governor, too, of course the public spirited press will commend it. Now, if it was a carpet-bagger, we would condemn it; so would the entire press of the State, for he might carry the State House out of the State, and rather grave consequences would follow. The Legislature would have no where to meet, but by Moses buying it, he would with his usual generosity lend it to the Legislature occasionally. We bet our money on the natives.

Death.

We have all to die. How often we hear this expression from saint and sinner. But it is really the best sentence the christian can use to convey the idea of entering his long looked for home? Is it not a blessing to die, rather than that we may have perfect rest? Is it not the way that God has wisely provided to take his children home? Does the christian really look at his passage to glory as a drudging task which must be performed? We know many of them do not; yet some of the more nervous look through darkness into heaven, but is it not caused from the gloomy way of which death is spoken rather their own rational judg-

ment? Had we a near and dear earthly friend in a far off land, would we hesitate to brave the rolling billows and the stormy seas that we may see that dear face, to grasp the hand, to hear that loving voice? No, we would deem it the greatest privilege. Christ has gone before; the way is clear to our heavenly home; then why should we shrink from it? Should it not thrill the soul with joy to think of meeting that Saviour; in whose blood we have been washed, to meet him face to face whom we have long seen by the eye of faith? Is this not enough to light our path to glory?

THE credulity of woman on the subject of being loved is very great; they often mistake a common liking for a particular regard, and on this foundation build up castles in the air and fill them with all the treasures of their bright hopes and confiding love, and when some startling fact destroys the visions, they feel as if the whole creation were a blank to them, and they were the most injured of women. It is safer to be very skeptical on the subject of being loved; but if you do make the mistake, take all the blame to yourself, and save your dignity by secrecy, if you cannot keep from loving.

RECIPE FOR KILLING A TOWN.

The Kingston Gazette speaks truly when it says: "To kill a town, underrate every present and prospective public enterprise, speak ill of the churches and schools tell everybody the hotels are "bad," enlarge the vices of the people, especially the young people; withhold the patronage from your merchants and tradesmen, and buy your goods and groceries at some other place; and by all means go to the city for your millinery and such like; never subscribe for the local paper, and if you are in business, refuse to advertise."

Congressional.

Senator Sawyer will soon introduce a bill creating a body corporate and politic by name of "Southern Homestead and Emigration Company" with power to lease or purchase large tracts or bodies of land anywhere within the United States Territories, and to survey and divide the same into suitable farms or homesteads of two hundred acres more or less and erect thereon such buildings as may necessary to convenience and comfort of families living thereon. The bill further grants usual authority to issue bonds, sell stock, &c, and prescribes a manner in which its business shall be conducted. The object of this scheme is to give Northern capital a well guaranteed opportunity for investment in that section. The list of incorporators will include names of most prominent and reliable men in the country.

HOW TO DRESS.

One of the most important things to be considered in dress is the careful covering of the chest and back. Exposing the lungs by inadequate shielding of these portions of the body from the cold is too generally practiced, especially among the ladies. To cover the chest alone most carefully is not enough. There should be a thick covering between the shoulders.

WHY HE DID IT.

The steamer left on Saturday, and on Sunday, they encountered very rough weather, which made nearly all the passengers as well as some of the vessel's employees sick.—Among others was a stout gentleman, who was gasping over the side of the steamer in a painful manner. At this moment, a sober, solemn-faced person walked up, and tapping the stout gentleman on the shoulder, in slow, measured words, inquired, "are you sick, sir?" The response, came quick and to the purpose, "yes, you tarnaal fool, do you 'spose I'm doing this for fun."

Earthquake Fun.

The Oregon papers are making fun of the last earthquake in that region, for it affected persons in quite different ways. A young gentleman and lady were out walking at the time. About half an hour after, they returned from their promenade and then learned, for the first time, that anything unusual had occurred.

People rushed into the street scantily clad. One loving husband, who had "just stepped out to see a man on business," rushed home with a billiard cue that he had forgotten to replace, in his hand. His wife has vetoed all business engagements after 8 o'clock, P. M. The next little item we take as we find it. One irascible gentleman jumped from bed scantily attired, possessed himself of the cowhide, and made for the room of his boys up stairs, and rushed into it, exclaiming, "I'll show you how to be fighting at this time of night."

A FAITHFUL DOG.—The Nashua (N. H.) "Telegraph" relates that not long since a Newfoundland dog belonging to a family was left for a few minutes in a room with an open grate, in which was a child just old enough to creep. The child crept toward the fire, and the dog, who apparently saw and understood the danger, at once laid down between the child and the fire, and remained there until the mother came to the rescue. The hair was burned from the dog's side, and his body was blistered, and yet, noble dog that he was, he did not budge.

It is an historical fact that during the three hundred and fifty years that the Palace of the Tuilleries has been a royal dwelling, no French sovereign has died within its walls. In connection with this fact another may be mentioned. Ever since 1588, every French sovereign who has made the Tuilleries his abode has been compelled, at some time or other, to quit the shelter of its roof.

An old fellow who was noted through the town for his stuttering as well as for his shrewdness in making a bargain stopped at a grocery and inquired: "How m-m-many t-t-turkeys have you e-g-g-got?"

"Eight, sir," replied the grocer.
"T-t-tough or t-t-tender?"
"Some are tender and some tough," was the reply.

"I keep b-b-boarders," said the new customer. "P-pick out the f-f-four t-t-toughest ones, if you p-p-p-please."

The delighted grocer very willingly complied with the unusual request, and said in his politest tones:
"These are tough ones, sir."
Upon which the purchaser coolly put hand upon the remaining four and exclaimed:
"I'll t-t-take th-th-these!"

TO REMOVE WARTS.—Tincture of Cantharides, with some drops of Tincture of Iodine; apply to the warts with a small brush or a little stick, three or four times a-day. In a few days the warts will disappear.

Speaking of Gen. John C. Fremont and his recent stock operations in Paris, the Louisville Courier-Journal says: The best analysis of his character was given some years ago by a California stump orator who styled him, "A statesman who never made a speech, a General who never fought a battle, a Pathfinder who always lost his way, and a millionaire not worth a continental."

A healthy condition of the mind is largely depending upon a healthy condition of the body. As upon the former condition depends the quality of the work we perform, we should remember that every act of carelessness or indulgence which interferes with our bodily health deprives us of some of our brain power, and tends to diminish our happiness in life.

"You saved my life at the battle of Malvern Hill," said a beggar to a captain. "Saved your life! How?" said the graceful officer, giving him a quarter. "I served under you, and when you ran away I followed."

"What's whiskey bringing?" inquired a large dealer in that article.
"Bringing men to the gallows, and women and children to want," was the reply.