

Orangeburg Times.

22 FEB ANNUM, 1873

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

IN ADVANCE

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[FROM OUR CHARLESTON CORRESPONDENT.]
Charleston Letter.
 CHARLESTON, March 19, 1873.

Since our good old city by the sea first commenced her municipal career, which was, as we are informed by an old and reliable citizen, nearly 203 years ago—"St. Patrick's" day, (the 17th March) has been among the most prominent holidays, and a day dear to the heart of every Irishman, only during the war was its enthusiastic celebration interrupted for a season, to be renewed however still more joyously in time of peace. The blessed old saint whose personal history, like that of most other divinities is shrouded in a veil of mystery—lived about A. D. 372, and is said to have built several religious houses, outside of this, little is known of him, except that some one once said he drove all the snakes out of Ireland, but as neither the snakes nor St. Patrick are here to testify, this statement must be received with caution.—The Hibernian element is pretty strong here, and "Pat" is not only always faddy, but always determined, to have a good time, whenever a chance occurs. The old gentleman himself, old St. Patrick, would have been delighted at the display which was gotten up in his honor on Monday last, four clubs of Irish Riflemen, with much music, and many flags, paraded through the streets, making a nautical display, which did credit to its organizations, while solemn service, with a discourse concerning the saint, took place in the Cathedral. And in the evening great was the culinary arrangements, for your dry St. Patrick is not tolerated, and deep and overflowing are the cups quaffed to his blessed memory. What the Stutzenfest is to a German, St. Patrick's day is to a native of the Green Isle; the only difference being, that "Old Rye" carries the one, while "Lager" conduces the other.

The Music Loving portion of our community, are to be regaled with a repetition of Hayden's Oration of the creation, which was so successfully rendered a short time since by Mrs. P. J. Barbot, and her Amateur choir of fifty ladies, and gentlemen, whom she has trained in a remarkably short space of time, to do justice to a production, which is seldom well performed even by professionals.—It is not too much to say that Mrs. B. is one of the best executive musicians in our State. In a spirit of liberality worthy of imitation, the proceeds of the present performance will be given to the "Confederate Home."

The days of glass-cutting with the diamond would seem to be drawing to a close. The most wonderful "glass man" has lately "turned up" in our town. He uses a little tool very similar to the old "diamond cutter;" but in place of the stone is a small wheel, which, as it revolves, separates the glass much more effectually than the old process. Complete circles of glass, as well as every variety of figure, are made almost as rapidly as one can follow the hand of the designer. This "patent itinerant glass-cutter" vends his wares on the sidewalks, and lectures to an admiring crowd, as he practically exhibits his invention. Considering all of which, we have set down our friend as
 A. DOWN EASTER,
 A. SNODGRASS.

Farming as a Business.
 A man who is not smart enough to run a store is not smart enough to run a farm. Farmers are not to be made out of what is left after lawyers, doctors, ministers and merchants are sorted and picked out. And if a man fails on a farm he is not likely to succeed in a store, for it requires more talent to be a thriving farmer than to be an average merchant. The one great failure is the disproportion between a man's farm and his capital. A farmer's capital is skill, labor and his money. If he has little cash, he must have no more land than he can thoroughly manage by his personal labor. Every acre beyond that is an encumbrance. One acre well worked is more profitable than twenty acres skimmed over. It is this greed of land by farmers that have not the capital to work it, that keeps so many poor. Small farms are better than large ones, simply because they are better suited to the capital of common farmers.

How He Earned A Wife.
 BY MARY GRACE HALPIN.

"And so you want to marry my daughter, young man?" said farmer Blifkins, removing the pipe from his mouth and looking at the young fellow sharply, from head to toe.

Despite his rather indolent, effeminate air, which was mainly the result of his education, Luke Jordan was a fine-looking fellow, and not easily moved from his self-possession, but he colored and grew confused beneath that sharp, scrutinizing look.
 "Yes, sir. I spoke to Miss Mary last evening, and she—she referred me to you."
 The old man's face softened.
 "Molly is a good girl—a very good girl," he said, stroking his chin, with a thoughtful air, and she deserves a good husband. What can you do?"

The young man looked rather blank at this abrupt inquiry.
 "If you refer to my ability to support a wife, I can assure you—"
 "I know that you are a rich man, Luke Jordan, but I take it for granted that you ask my girl to marry you, not your property. What guarantee can you give me, in case it should be swept away—as it is in thousands of instances—that you could provide for her a comfortable home? You have hands and brains—do you know how to use them? Again I ask, what can you do?"

This was a style of catechism for which Luke was quite unprepared, and he stared blankly at the questioner without speaking.
 "I believe you managed to get through college—have you any profession?"
 "No, sir; my father thought that, with the wealth I should inherit, I should not need any."

"Your father thought like a fool, then. He'd much better have given you some occupation and cut you off with a shilling—it might have been the making of you. As it is, what are you fit for?—Here you are, a strong, able-bodied man, twenty-four years old, and never earned a dollar in your life! You ought to be ashamed of yourself!"

"Now, I've given Molly as good advantages for learning as any girl in town, and she hasn't thrown 'em away; but if she didn't know how to work, she'd be no daughter of mine. If I choose, I could keep more than one servant; but I don't, no more than I choose that my daughter should be a pale, spiritless creature, full of dyspepsia, and all manner of fine lady ailments, instead of the smiling, bright-eyed, rosy-cheeked lass she is: I did say that she should marry no lad that had been cursed with a rich father; but she's taken a foolish liking to ye, and, I'll tell ye what I'll do; go to work, prove yourself to be a man; perfect yourself in some occupation—I don't care what, so it be honest, then come to me, and, if the girl is willing, she is yours."

As the old man said this, he deliberately knocked the ashes out of his pipe against one of the pillars of the porch where he was sitting, tucked it into his vest pocket and went into the house.
 Pretty Mary Blifkins was waiting to see her lover, down at the garden gate, their usual trysting place. The smiling light faded from her eyes as she noticed his sober, discomfited look.
 "Father means well," she said, as Luke told her the result of his application.—"And I'm not sure but what he is about right," she resumed, after a thoughtful pause, "for it seems to me that every man, be he rich or poor, ought to have some occupation."
 Then, as she noted her lover's grave look, she added, softly:
 "Never mind, I'll wait for you, Luke."
 Luke Jordan suddenly disappeared from his accustomed haunts, much to the surprise of his gay associates. But, wherever he went he carried with him, in his exile, these words, and which were like a tower of strength to his soul: "I'll wait for you, Luke."

One pleasant, sunshiney morning, late in October, as farmer Blifkins was propping up the grape vine, in the front yard, that threatened to break down with the weight of its luxurious burden, a neat cart drove up from which Luke Jordan

alighted, with a quick, elastic spring, quite in contrast to his former easy, listlessly movements.

"Good morning, Mr. Blifkins, I understood that you wanted to buy some butter-tubs and cider barrels. Think I have some here that will suit you."
 "Whose make are they?" inquired the old man, opening the gate, he paused by the wagon.
 "Mine," replied Luke, with an air of pardonable pride, and I challenge any cooper in the state to beat them."

Mr. Blifkins examined them, critically, one by one.
 "They'll do," he said, coolly, as he set down the last of the lot. "What will you take for them?"
 "What I asked you for six months ago to-day—your daughter, sir."
 The roguish twinkle in the old man's eyes broadened into a smile.
 "You've got the right kind of metal in you after all," he cried. "Come, in lad—come in; I shouldn't wonder if we made a trade, after all."

"Nothing loth, Luke obeyed."
 "Molly!" bawled Mr. Blifkins, thrusting his head into the kitchen door.
 Molly tripped out into the entry. The round, white arms were bared above the elbows, and bore traces of flour she had been sifting. Her dress was a neat gingham, over which was tied a blue checkered apron; but she looked winning and lovely as she always did wherever she was found.

She blushed and smiled as she saw Luke, and then turning her eyes upon her father, waited dutifully to hear what he had to say.
 The old man regarded the daughter quizzically.
 "Molly, this young man—mayhap you've seen him before—has brought me a lot of tubs and barrels, all of his own make—a right good article, too: He asks a pretty steep price for 'em; but if you are willing to give it, well and good. And, hark ye, my girl, whatever bargain you make, your old father will ratify."

As Mr. Blifkins said this, he considerably stepped out of the room, and we will follow his example. But the kind of bargain the young people made can readily be imagined by the speedy wedding which followed.

Luke Jordan turned his attention to the study of medicine, of which profession he became a useful and influential member, but every year, on the anniversary of his marriage, he delighted his father-in-law by some specimen of the handicraft by which he won what he declares to be "the best and dearest wife in the world."

The Beginning of the End.
PRACTICAL EMIGRATION AND IMMIGRATION.—The exodus of laborers from our State to the West continues. A day or two since, we noticed some twenty or thirty leaving by the C. and A. train for Mississippi, and we are informed that another company of about one hundred and twenty more are expected to leave to-morrow. They are from the counties of Union, Laurens, and Newberry, and "go west" for the purpose of improving their condition in that more fertile region, where they can "make a bale of cotton to the acre without any trouble."

As an offset to this, we learn that the firm of Monteith, McMaster & Co., have contracted for thirty white laborers, foreign immigrants, mostly Germans, to be employed at the stove and shingle factory of the firm in the Fork of Richland, and the immigrants are now on their way to Charleston on the steamer Manhattan, and will be here in a few days. This is practical solution of the question of labor for the development of our resources which it will be well for our people to consider.—Carolinian.

[From the Edgefield Advertiser.]
Whittmore works Us the Crowning Evil.
 The new constitution of South Carolina requires that a State Normal School shall be established. And the Governor, in his late message, very properly recommended that, for reasons of economy, the said school should be situated upon the Claflin University at Orangeburg. The Claflin University is a school for negro men, subsidized, if not entirely supported,

by the State. It is named, we suppose, in honor of a Massachusetts man, famous for his zeal in the promotion of Free and Normal Schools.

But this recommendation did not suit the Radical magnates of our degraded State. A Normal School at Orangeburg would be too modest for them. Consequently, their Legislature (for whose is it but theirs?) has passed a bill—the offspring of one Whittmore, a Methodist preacher, once kicked out of Congress for dishonesty, and now State Senator from Darlington county—giving the Board of Regents created under it, the right to take entire possession of the State University buildings, without any consultation whatever. Of course they will affect to choose only certain of the buildings, knowing full well that no decent gentleman of South Carolina would for one moment harbor the thought of propinquity. The University of South Carolina is dead, and as the South Carolinian observes, the white people of the State who pay three-fourths of the taxes, have no place left them to educate their children.

Struck by a Whale.
 While the schooner Watauga was running up the Gulf stream with a six or seven knot breeze a sudden and heavy shock and jar was felt, and all supposed that the vessel had scudded into a sea with violence. The next moment a pair of whales were seen close alongside to leeward. One of them was frisky enough and made off rapidly, but the other seemed loggy, moved with apparent difficulty, and presently disclosed a huge gash in his side, from which the blood was issuing and coloring the sea about. The Watauga passed on, and soon lost sight of the whale, when it was discovered that the false stem was torn off, her main stem split, and the wood ends started. The boatswain had of course parted, and the bowsprit was adrift. She was afterwards found to be leaking, and was with difficulty kept free, until she made Point Peter, where temporary repairs were made to enable her to reach home. Upon her arrival at Washington she was repaired, and the damage found to exceed \$700.

Her stem bolts, of 1½ inch iron, were bent down, evidently by the vessel's effort to rise clear of the whale.
 If that fish survives, he will probably avoid further contact with crafts of every description, and inwardly chuckle over the last disaster to the Watauga.

SENSIBLE.—During the past four or five years a great many people have left the county and gone West—the greater number to Texas. A goodly number are returning, completely disgusted. They report that riches are just as deep down in the ground out there as in South Carolina; and that a dollar to double itself requires just as much nursing. Here is the evil with many of our young men. They seek something easy, a way of making money without labor. It can't be done. "By the sweat of thy brow," was the Deity's fiat. It cannot be reversed.—Anderson Intelligencer.

Many an unwise parent labors hard and lives sparingly all his life for the purpose of leaving enough to give his children a start in the world, as it is called. Setting a young man adrift with money left him by his relatives is trying bladders under the arms of those who cannot swim; ten chances to one, he will lose his bladders and go to the bottom. Teach him to swim, and he will never need the bladders. Give your child a sound education, and you have done enough for him. See to it that his morals are pure, his mind cultivated, and his whole nature made subservient to laws which govern man, and you have given that which will be of more value than the wealth of the Indies.

A man at Grand Rapids, Mich., lately paid for an axe which he stole twenty years ago. His conscience was slow but sure.

Lost wealth may be replaced by industry; lost knowledge, by study; lost health, by temperance; but lost time is gone forever.
 Accustom yourself to some employment for every hour you can prudently snatch from business.

BREVITIES.

An Irishman, fresh from the cold country, found a tree full of green persimmons, climbing to the top helped himself to the fruit. A passer-by heard him say: "Be the powers, and I'm the lad that can knock the socks off the man that poired vinegar on these plums."

When Dr. Johnson asked the widow Porter to be his wife, he told her candidly that he was of mean extraction; that he had an uncle hanged. The widow replied that she had no money herself, and though she had not a relative hanged she had fifty who deserved hanging. So they made a match of it.

An intoxicated man saw two cars passing him the other evening with red and blue lights in front and rear. His dulled brain comprehended colored lights, and he was heard to say to himself:—"Must be pretty sick—sickly here: they are running drug stores round on wheels."

A Proud Spaniard, who edits a paper published in New York, inserts the following notice in his journal: "An anonymous libel is being printed in the city against the editor of this paper, who when he meets the writer, will shoot him in the hand with which he wrote the libel in broad daylight, and in the middle of the street. No more notice will be given." The trembling author of the libel in question had better walk about with his hands in his pockets until the wrath of the avenger subsides.

Andrew Jackson was once making a stump speech in a country village out West. Just as he was concluding, Amos Kendall, who sat beside him whispered, "Tip 'em a little Latin, General; they won't be satisfied without it." The "hero of New Orleans" instantly thought of a few phrases he knew, and, in a voice of thunder, wound up his speech by exclaiming: "E Pluribus Unum; Sine qua non; Ne plus Ultra; Multum in Parvo." The effect was tremendous, and the shouts could be heard for miles.

The following episode occurred recently: Two ladies were chatting gaily, when the conversation turned upon the subject of dress. Lady No. 1, in reply to a facetious remark of No. 2, said: "I am in no mood for trifling to-day, and am backed up in my good intentions by the presence of Zion's Herald in my panner." No. 2 remarked, "There's no use in your feeling so particularly good about that, I have the Christian at Work in mine!"

Boa Mor.—As one of our fast-traveling Radical citizens, dashed through Main-street, the other day, behind his gallant, high stepping, arch-necked steed, some one expressed his admiration, (for the horse, not the driver,) and wondered where he got him. A ready-witted old gentleman, who overheard the quasi question, replied promptly, that the animal was sired by "the State Treasury," out of the dam "Taxes." We call that reply a central shot, striking the axle of the target, and transfixing the pupil of the Bull's Eye.—Sumter News.

A few days ago a pair of Bismarcks were playing a duet on a card table, with an accompaniment by Gambinus, in an uptown saloon, when a third Teuton entered excitedly and addressing one of the players, said:
 "Shingle-diddler, your hoss and wagon has run away!"
 "Ish dat so? Vy you not stoph him von lattle?"
 "Cos, he vos haaf a square away before I see him."
 "How you know he was my hoss and wagon?"
 "Vy, he had your name on de wagon."
 "Ish dat so? Vell, you dink you putty smart, ain't it? But dat ish not my wagon—it ish mine vif's hoss'n wagon. Hurry up Shake, (to his partner,) blay out dish game. If dat hoss'n wagon git smashed up von I git home to-night, my vife give me hell Colangus!"