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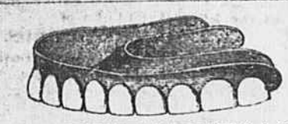

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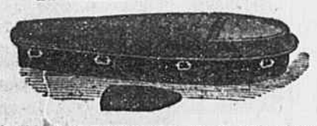

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Claflin University.

THE ANNUAL EXAMINATION AT ORANGEBURG.

ORANGEBURG, S. C., June 5, 1873.

There is not, perhaps, a more pleasantly situated suburban institution in the State than Claflin University. The grounds are abundantly shaded, the location high, and the conveniences of railroad and telegraph right at hand. The buildings are amply large and quite imposing in their appearance, so much so as always to attract the attention of travelers in passing through. During the year gone by a new building has been completed, to be used as a recitation hall. It contains four spacious rooms, that will accommodate about two hundred students, and is now ready for occupancy.

The attendance is about two hundred, being somewhat less than in the winter, owing, doubtless, to the fact that many of the students have to support themselves by working in the summer months. Many cases of self denial and commendable pluck are found among the students, who seem to be filled with a passion to get knowledge. No charge is made for tuition, the University being a free one, and few of them receive any assistance from strangers.

The closing exercises, examinations, exhibitions, etc., took place yesterday and Tuesday. A large number of visitors, including the trustees of the University and the Agricultural College and Mechanics' Institute, have arrived and are arriving. Among them we noticed Bishop Haven, of the Methodist Episcopal Church, Rev. Dr Rust, of the Freedmen's Aid Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church, Hon. Justus K. Jillson, State superintendent of education, and wife, Senator H. J. Maxwell, of Marlboro, Rev. Dr. H J. Fox, of Charleston, Rev. V. H. Bulkley, Rev. R. J. Donaldson, Senator Jamison, of Orangeburg, Hon. Wilson Cook, of Greenville, Mr. Harris, of Columbia, Judge Knowlton and ex Representive Byas, of Orangeburg, Rev Mr Middleton, Rev True Whittier and Rev Mr Sasportas.

This institution is under the supervision of Dr A Webster D D President, who gives special instruction to those students who desire to prepare themselves for the ministry.

The students of the preparatory department were examined Tuesday by Superintendent Jillson. Miss Fisher, formerly of Camden, is the instructress in this department The ready answers educed showed that they had been faithfully taught.

This morning chapel exercises were begun at 9 o'clock. The chapel had been tastefully decorated by the students. Festoons of evergreens, intertwined with cape jessamine blossoms, stretched from pillar to pillar, and were beautifully set off by native moss and pendent rings of choice flowers. Behind the platform and above the desk were tastefully displayed the words, in evergreen: "1873, Claflin University We are rising!" Morning devotions were conducted by Bishop Haven.

The examinations yesterday progressed finely. Owing to the limited time given, the students could not be examined in every branch taught; but in those upon which they were examined there had been labor and care put forth. The primary department, under Miss Mary Bowman, was quite up to the mark. The collegiate department is under the charge of Professor E A Webster, a graduate of Wesleyan University of Connecticut, who is well qualified to discharge its exacting duties. He is assisted by Rev Mr Dunton, from the Syracuse University of New York. No better teachers, perhaps, can be found in the State. Their department passed the ordeal of a severe and searching examination in a manner creditable to more pretentious institutions.

The following were announced as "honor students," having received the highest number of marks in all the departments combined; Jacob Evans, Lucy Alman, T Moses, Ella Cooper, Thomas Robinson, Albert Sinclair, Abraham Horn and John Allen.

At the close of the examination the various prizes were distributed. Among them was a large family Bible, presented to Master Jacob Evans, of Chesterfield, for general excellence in scholarship.

Addresses were then made to the students by Bishop Haven and Rev Dr Rust. The Bishop's remarks were very interesting and pleasing. He said that there were three things the enemies to the advancement of the colored people bowed to. They were money, position and education, but most of all education. There was no reason why, in a few years, there should not be a demand from the North for teachers and professors from among the colored people of the South. Everybody had heard of South Carolina, and he rememdered how often she was spoken of in the pieces he recited when a boy. Massachusetts and South Carolina were generally linked together. It had been said by a former President that it would be better for the country if they were sunk with a mill stone around their necks in mid ocean. South Carolina had had her ducking, had been immersed, and came up purified. The colored people, however, who have always done the hard labor for the State, had to put her back into the Union.

At 7 P M., a large audience assembled in the chapel, to attend the exhibition given by the students. The exercises consisted of declamations, recitations and dialogues, interspersed with music. The music was under the leadership of Professor G D Fox, of your city, and included a number of slave melodies, which were rendered with characteristic pathos.

The recitation of Hood's "One More Unfortunate," by Miss Ella Cooper, of Columbia, was the crowning piece of the evening. It is seldom that more feeling is exhibited on the stage The recital drew tears from many of the audience. Mr Robinson's declamation was well delivered, as was the valedictory by Jacob Evans, of Miss Fisher's department, which abounded in trite sayings. After the valedictory, addresses were made by several visitors present, among them Hon. J K Jillson, Senator Maxwell, ex-Representative Byas, Bishop Haven and Dr Rust. Good and hearty words of advice were spoken.

At a late hour the exhibition closed To day, at 10 A M, the trustees of Claflin University had their meeting. The following committees were appointed to make provision for the payment of outstanding claims against the University and to make provision for a board of instruction for the next year: Hon William Claflin, of Massachusetts, Bishop Gilbert Haven, of Atlanta, Rev E O Haven, D D., Rev R S Rust, D D., and Rev A Webster, D D .Officers of the board of trustees for the ensuing year were elected as follows: Hon Henry Cardozo, president; Rev H J Fox, D D., vice president; Rev R J Donaldson, secretary; Hon J J Wright, treasurer. The prudential committee, is to consist of the following: Rev H J Fox, D. D., Rev V H Bulkley and Rev Abram Middleton.

The board adjourned, to meet subject to the call of the secretary, as instructed by the prudential committee.

Associate Justic Willard arrived today to attend the meeting of the board of the Agricultural College and Mechanics' Institute, which takes place at 1 P M. GIL.

—*Union-Herald.*

Poking Fun at a Railroad.

Mr. D——writes as follows about the railroad between Richmond and Petersburg:

But about this railroad. Of course I want it abolished, every one does. The reckless velocity with which the trains run between here and Petersburg is absolutely frightful. I was delighted years ago when this road was established, because I thought we had got rid of the old rickety and dangerously fast stage coaches, but the speed they are beginning to run the trains on this road, is worse yet. Now, every one knows that Petersburg is twenty-two miles from Richmond, if it is an inch, and a day and a half is plenty quick enough for the trip, but the managers have already reduced the schedule to one day, and with making the engine fires too hot, and racing with cows along the road, and all that, the conductors are even cutting that time down.

Why, it was only the other day, on the home trip, we happened to spy old Jim's mule about two miles from Manchester. What should the reckless wretch of an engineer do but to clap on full steam and race every foot of the way into town. We didn't exactly pass the mule, but we caught up with him twice, and came to the Manchester crossing neck and neck; and which was puffing the most, the mule or the engine, you couldn't have told to save your life.

Now it was exciting and all that, I know, but I hadn't purchased an accident ticket, and I don't believe the other four passengers had either. This is all wrong, Mr. Editor, all wrong.

And then on another occasion, I remember, we came within a hair's breadth of having a very serious accident. The engineer had got off to snowball a chipmunk, and the conductor was minding a young widow's baby for her—the result was that the train happened to get on a down grade and was started off at a terriffe rate, every bit of four miles an hour, I should think. We were just half a mile above Chester, and the first thing we knew, there being no one to whistle and wake up the switchtender, we were turned off into the Coalfield road, and went down the track at full speed. Imagine our consternation when just at this moment we heard the whistle, not half a mile ahead of us, of the up coal train. We were paralyzed with terror—here were two trains on the same track, approaching each other at the dizzy speed just mentioned. Evidently our time had come. In a few short hours the engines would meet, and then —destruction.

With presence of mind, a minister on board organized a prayer meeting. Pale but calm, the doomed passengers sat, and with the very shadow of death upon them raised their voices in a parting hymn.

"Send for the baggage-master," said a young man with a sad smile.

"Why?" was asked.

"Because we are about to pass in our checks."

Everybody wept. From the rear platform, we could see the miserable engineer, straining every nerve to catch up but he had on tight boots and didn't gain anything to speak of.

At this moment a ray of hope dawned upon us. I had just finished writing my will on the back of a visiting card, when I observed a young lady in the act of detaching her bustle Placing the article which was composed of eight hundred papers and a hair mattress—under her arm, the heroine marched through the car.

We followed her anxiously.

She climbed upon the tender and then over the engine. It was very interesting and thrilling to see her climbing the wheels and brass things on her way to the cowcatcher. It reminded me of a country girl getting over a wire fence. But never mind about that now. Let me see where I was. Oh! yes, on the cowcatcher. Holding on by the cross bars with one hand, the noble maiden tied the bustle on the sharp with the other.

You can guess the result. In the course of the afternoon the collision came off. Protected by the bustle, the engine received a gentle bump, and we were saved. I took up a collection for the woman on the spot. I always take up a collection on such occasions—always. And what's more, I never forget to give the object something nice out of it—never. There is nothing mean about me. I suppose you have noticed my clothes. They are from A. Skinner's, Hartford, Connecticut.—*Rich. Guide.*

Perilous Feats.

A correspondent writes to the New York Times that there are two performances nightly going on in that city "which should come within the prohibitory scope of the law." He describes one: "In one case a young girl is shot from a catapult into the air for a distance of nearly thirty feet. She stands on the head of a monstrous engine, which shows just above the stage, and in an instant is thrown into the air to a platform, the supports of which she grasps on reaching it. One can fancy what would happen if her nerve gave way for an instant. Her limbs must be perfectly rigid when the blow comes, else she would be either mangled or instantly killed: A very slight thing might cause loss of nerve—an alarm, a cry, the falling of anything behind the scenes, or the least physical weakness. Nothing in all she does, before or after, in acrobatism, is as horribly dangerous." This feat is performed by a woman who calls herself "Lulu," and occurs during the new pantomime at Niblo's Garden. It is to all intents the same as young Leo, the boy, was attempting when he was recently so severely injured at the Grand Central. The other case is described as follows:

"At another place a man stands on one side of the stage with a blue wine-glass on his head; another, on the opposite side, fires a rifle ball and shatters the glass to pieces. An apple, placed in the same position, is pierced by the marksman. A silver dollar held between the thumb and finger is shot away by the ball; and, finally, a silver dollar, held upright in a bit of thin wood, is placed on the head and shot away, the ball passing within an inch of the skull. The man who fires is a good marksman; but fancy what his companion's chance of life would be if anything occurred to disturb him at the instant his aim was complete. It is too hazardous. He could use a lay figure to as good advantage, and not risk life and limb." The simplicity of the communication writer is refreshing. Fancy a "lay figure" taking the place in this act of daring of flesh and blood! Why, the trick would lose all its interest. Not ten people would go to see it. No, the dear public delight in danger, so long as it does not affect themselves. Nothing charms more than the sight of a fellow creature perilling life and limb.

County Subscriptions to Railroads.

The Supreme Court of Ohio rendered a decision some time ago in which it pronounced unconstitutional a law of that State empowering communities to levy taxes for the construction of railroads. The grounds of this decision were that such taxation was not for *public purposes*, for which alone taxes could be constitutionally levied, inasmuch as the railroads belonged to private stockholders, and were not public highways. This decision has been extensively copied, and has been made a great deal of by those who are opposed to the subscriptions to railroads proposed by many of the counties in the upper part of this State. From the New York *Herald* we get the following decision of the Supreme Court of the United States on this very point, made at the recent session of the court:

The Supreme Court of the United States has just delivered an important decision regarding the status of railroads as public highways. The case before the court was an appeal from the Supreme Court of Wisconsin, and involved the question whether a State had the right or not to levy taxes for the purpose of aiding in the construction of railroads. The opinion of the court was that railroads are public highways, no matter whether they are built and operated by the State or by private corporations. Being such then, the decision is that it is just as lawful to levy taxes for railroads as for other public work, and that the collection of taxes for the purpose cannot be resisted by authority of the Constitution of the United States, which provides that private property shall not be taken for public use without just compensation. The importance of this decision reaches much further than the railroads and State of Wisconsin. As public highways the railroads are subject not only to State supervision, but to supervision and control, as far as public interests are involved, of the Federal Government. It is the application of the principle that we have contended for when urging Congress to legislate for the protection of the public as against railroad monopoly and exactions Regarding the railroads as public highways, it is within the power of Congress to control them, and this power, if it needed any additional support, can be found in the Constitution, which authorizes the Federal Government to regulate commerce among the several States, the railroad lines being the arteries of commerce between the States. The great issue of Government control over the railroads is looming up, and this decision of the Supreme Court will tend to infuse it into it fresh vitality.

A newly elected squire in Lake City, Florida, having occasion to perform the ceremony for the first time, got the affair considerably mixed, and wound up by saying "Suffer little children to come unto them;" at which the bride remarked, "Thank you; John let's go; that's all we want."

The old maxim that "man proposes" is flatly contradicted by Massachusetts spinsters, who only wish he did.

Lager Beer Does Not Intoxicate.

BY JOSHUA BILLINGS, ESQ.

I have finally cum to the conclusion that lager beer as a beverage is not intoxicating.

I have been told so by a German who said he had drunk it all nite long, just to try the experiment, and was obliged to go home entirely sober in the morning. I have seen this same man drink eighteen glasses, and if he was drunk he was drunk in German and nobody could understand it. It is proper enuff to sitate that this man kept a lager beer saloon, and could have no object in stating what was not strictly thus.

I believe him to the full extent of my ability. I never drank but three glasses of lager in my life, and that made my hed ontwist as tho it was hung on the end of a string, but I was told that it was owing to my bile bein out of place; and I guess that it was so, for I never biled over wus than I did when I got hum that nite. My wife thot I was going to die, and I was afraid that I should, for it seemed as tho everything I had ever eaten in my life was cummin to the surface; and I believe that if my wife hadn't pulled off my boots just as she did, they would have cum thundering too.

Oh, how sick I wuz! 14 years ago and I can taste it now.

I never had so much experience in so short a time.

If any man shud tell me that lager beer was not intoxicating, I shud believe him: but if he shud tell me that I wuzn't drunk that nite, but that my stumick was out of order, I shud ask him to state over in a few words, jist how a man felt and acted when he was set up.

If I warn't drunk that nite, I had sum ov the most natural simtums that a man ever had and kept sober.

In the first place it was about 80 rods from where I drank the lager beer to mi house, and I wuz jest over two hours on the road, and had a hole busted through each one of my pantaloon neez, and didn't have any hat, and tried to open the door by the bell pull and hiccupped awfully and saw everything in the room trying to get round on the back ov me, and in sitting down on a chair, I did not wait long enough for it to get exactly under me when it was going round, and I set down a little too soon and missed the chair about 12 inches, and couldn't get up soon enough to take the next one that come along; and that ain't awl; mi wife sed I wus drunk as a beast, and, as I sed before, I began to spin up things freely.

If lager beer is not intoxicating it used me most almighty mean, that I know.

Still I hardly think that lager beer is intoxicating, for I have been told so; and I am probably the only man living who ever drank enny when his liver was not plumb.

I don't want to say ennything against a harmless temperance beverage, but if ever I drink enny more, it will be with mi hands tied behind me and mi mouth pried open.

I don't think lager beer is intoxicating, but if I remember rite, I think it tastes to me like a glass of soap suds, that a pickle has been put tew soak in.

A Goat Story.

A retired clergyman sends us an account of a little affair that happened in his place. It appears that there was a young woman, a fine-spirited girl, engaged at a washtub, opposite an open door. Just behind her was a young man, as is generally the case, and in the yard was an old buck that was allowed the freedom of the premises, which is not always the case, we are glad to say. Well, this buck came up to the door and looked in, and the young man going close behind the young woman, pointed his finger straight to the buck, and the old fellow recognizing at once the pressing character of that mute invitation put down his head and dashed forward, and the miserable man stepped one side and fled, and the young woman, all unconscious of the arrangements, received the awful shock without warning, and passed over the tub, and the air for an instant appeared to be full of slippers and wet clothes and hot water and suds. And the next minute that goat came flying out of that door at a dreadful speed, bald the whole length of the spine, and with a wild look in his eye! And for an hour afterward he stood back of the barn, scratching his chin, and trying to recal all the circumstances of the unfortunate affair—*Danbury News.*

The Value of a Receipt.

A case recently came before the Judge of Probate in Milwaukee, which was more than usually interesting and important. A certain gentleman, whose name we will not mention, died about five years ago. He left a considerable, though not extensive estate, which was not administered until certain parties filed claims against it, which would have expired by limitation at the end of six years. The estate was brought into court, and the claims were taken up in regular order. They were quite numerous, and embraced a large variety of interests, workingmen, trades people and professional men. The individual amounts of the claims ranged from $15 up to $5,000.

The $5,000 claim was filed by a man who asserted that he had been interested in certain real estate transactions with the deceased, that a considerable amount of money was made, but that he (the claimant) had not received his share. A number of witnesses were sworn and a great deal of evidence was taken which went to substantiate the validity of the claim against the estate. It was generally known that the gentlemen had been associated together in real estate speculations, and that they had made money.

The attorney for the heirs, after having listened to all the evidence that was brought to prove the claim, came forward and produced a receipt, which, though not for $5,000, was proved to be a receipt in full for the actual share of the claimant. This was a brief defence but it was effective. Of the other claims we will make no mention, as they were smaller and less important than the one detailed. Suffice to say that of claims to the amount of $7,000 which were put forward, only $35 was allowed. The estate of the deceased was found to be in excellent order, he had receipts for all expenditures, and the property was saved to the heirs. We have recited this case for the purpose of illustrating two things, viz; first, the advisabitiy, in fact the duty, which a man owes to his family of taking a receipt for every cent laid out, and secondly, the necessity for having none but an honorable and upright judge, whose conscience is not as a coin and whose fidelity is a characteristic not less prominent than his ability.

The Editor of the Macon Enterprise, we should judge, does his own thinking, and is generally about correct. Speaking of the dull times, he hits the nail square upon the head in the following:

The causes are easily explained! Almost the last one of us have been living beyond our incomes since the war. We have, or at least a great many have, been getting poorer and poorer, sacrificing now this piece of property and then that in order to keep up with that devil in the human heart known as "style," until at last we find nothing left of the slightest value for sale. The Dry Goods man and the Grocer give you a polite bow and decline filling any more orders without the money.

There is one certain and safe way for everybody to walk straight out of such difficulties: GO TO WORK. Pitch in at seven in the morning and quit at twelve at night. And if the lazy good for nothing whelps of both sexes would to day abandon their habits of loafing, shinning around town trying to get credit, and, monkey-like, spending all their thought and actions upon vain efforts to imitate those who by honesty earn their daily bread and clothes, would take our advice, they would speedily experience, as the Methodists say at their revivals, "a great change!"

The Supreme Court of the United States has decided that where a life insurance policy has been assigned to secure a debt, the party to whom it is assigned has no right, in case of death to the insured, to the money derived from the policy in excess of the amount necessary to make good the debt it was intended to cover.

A Danbury man once got angry because his girl's mother wanted her to help do the washing. She now does it for the neighbors.