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IN ADVANCE

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AGENT for the sale of the Magnolia Cotton Gins. At the Fair 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.
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 Feb. 4, 1873

[FROM OUR CHARLESTON CORRESPONDENT.]

Charleston Letter.

CHARLESTON, April 9, 1873.

The first of April here, opened with a "four legged chicken curiosity, or perhaps it would be more correct to say, that, a chicken with four slim, but well formed legs opened on that day. This monstrosity of a fowl, has been seen by comparatively few persons, for the reason, that for some years back April-fools may have been celebrated by some hoax of just such a fowl character, and people are exceedingly suspicious of any announcement of this kind, the really curious part of the matter is, that, the parties interested were meditating a joke of precisely this sort, when the real chicken unexpectedly turned up.

To those who are interested in our municipal affairs, it will be refreshing to learn that the city fathers have at last woken up—it is very doubtful if they ever will be completely aroused, but it is certain they have at least one eye open to the necessity of doing something in the way of paving the streets—it has been found from direful experience, that a succession of mud puddles, varied by now and then a huge rock or brick, is not exactly the kind of pavement suitable for the main thoroughfare of a large city. The wooden material used so successfully at the North, and known as the "Ballard Pavement" is being introduced here, and our enterprising young townsman F. Lucas is now engaged in laying a block of the same in King-street. The pavement, is nothing more than blocks of our common pine, the grain turned up, closely fitting at the bottom, and open at the top in weged shaped crevices, which are to be filled with a composition of pitch and gravel. The blocks are laid on a bed of sand carefully prepared. The whole forms an arch of slight elevation in the centre, it is asserted that this composition is the most durable, and secure, yet invented.

The re-publication of the "Ante Belum" Medical Journal, by Drs. Kinloch and Poreher, under the more expansive title of "The Charleston Medical Journal and Review," will be hailed with satisfaction by the fraternity all over the State. The first number, contains sixteen original articles, besides departments devoted to surgery and other branches of the profession, and an editorial and miscellaneous division. The salutatory article is carefully, and well written, and calculated to make an impression on the Southern people, and to call forth their most strenuous efforts to make the work a standard pamphlet, and an honor to that profession, which more than all others, deserves the gratitude and sympathy of the human race. To use the words of "Sawbones" one of our young medical aspirants "It is a good thing."

The annual Floral Exhibition of the "Agricultural Society of South Carolina" will come off on Thursday the 29th of April and continues for three days. The fair will be held in the spacious grounds attached to the Charleston College, large tents are to be erected, as well for the flowers and plants, as for refreshments, &c., the grounds are open to the public in the evening from 7 to 11 o'clock, and in order to furnish "light on the subject," one thousand Chinese lanterns of various devices, and shapes, have been ordered. These fairs are becoming yearly more interesting, and attractive—premiums are offered for "greenhouse plants, cut flowers, early vegetables, berries, fruits, &c." The articles on exhibition last season, could successfully compete with the samples shown by any city of equal size with our own in the United States. The finest band in the city will discourse music to the visitors, and the gentlemen in charge of the affair, will spare no pains to make the entertainment unusually inviting.

Since the days of Cooper, Kean and Booth, it is doubtful whether a Charleston audience has been so thrilled, as the one which attended the Academy of Music a few nights since, to witness the "thrilling gigantic California success of Ben McCullough, performed by the talented young actor, Oliver Dowd Byron." The plot as well as we could understand, consisted of the adventures of "Ben," a famous Nimrod of the West, he gets into trouble through the inimicable feelings

of his "mother-in-law," aided by a desperate villain, who throws him into prison, all however, finally turns out well for Ben, and bad for the villain or naughty man who comes to grief. When we say the spectators were thrilled, we use the words in its most literal sense. Act the first opened with a scene in the far west, introducing a consumptive indian, and a succession of "blood and thunder tableau," and ending in a startling conflagration in which every article on and about the stage appeared combustible, as everything burst, blew up, or exploded, the noise from that portion of the Theatre known as "Mount Rascal," at this period of the performance was appalling and almost completely drowned out the efforts of the actors themselves. Act the second was milder, probably owing to the exhausted condition of the performers. Act the third consisted of one uninterrupted succession of pistol discharges, which so deafened our hearing facilities as to render us perfectly indifferent as to whether act the fourth consisted in the firing of cannon, or pop-guns, the remainder of this tragic exhibition, was actually so enveloped in smoke from the previous discharges, as to be hardly appreciated by the audience, and the whole concern eventually "went up" in a burst of glory of blue lights and squibs.

The spectators were few, of course, and so long as the sensation pieces of "The Old Bowerly" are put on our boards, just so long will the people of our city prove to be indifferent to theatrical entertainments, to the surprise and disgust of Northern critics.

A. SNODGRASS.

LETTER TO AN OLD GENTLEMAN

Whose education has been neglected.

MY DEAR SIR,—The question which you have done me the honor to propose to me, through the medium of our common friend, Mr. G——, I shall endeavor to answer with as much exactness as a limited observation and experience can warrant.

You ask—or rather, Mr. G——, in his own interesting language asks for you—whether a person at the age of sixty-three, with no more proficiency than a tolerable knowledge of most of the characters of the English alphabet at first sight amounts to, by dint of persevering application, and good masters,—a docile and ingenious disposition on the part of the pupil always pre-supposed—may hope to arrive, within a presumable number of years, at that degree of attainments, which shall entitle the possessor to the character, which you are on so many accounts justly desirous of acquiring, of a learned man.

This is fairly and candidly stated—only I could wish that on one point you had been a little more explicit. In the mean time, I will take it for granted, that by a "knowledge of the alphabetic characters," you confine your meaning to the single powers only, as you are silent on the subject of the diphthongs, and harder combinations.

Why, truly, sir, when I consider the vast circle of sciences—it is not here worth while to trouble you with the distinction between learning and science—'which a man must be understood to have made the tour of in these days, before the world will be willing to concede to him the title which you aspire to, I am almost disposed to reply to your inquiry by a direct answer in the negative.

However, where all cannot be compassed a great deal that is truly valuable may be accomplished. I am unwilling to throw out any remarks that should have a tendency to damp a hopeful genius; but I must not in fairness conceal from you, that you have much to do. The consciousness of difficulty is sometimes a spur to exertion. Rome—or rather, my dear sir, to borrow an illustration from a place, as yet more familiar to you—Rumford—Rumford—was not built in a day.

Your mind as yet, give me leave to tell you, is in the state of a sheet of white paper. We must not blot or blur it over too hastily. Or, to use an opposite simile, it is like a piece of parchment all bescrabled and be-scribbled over with characters of no sense or import, which we must carefully erase and remove before we can make way for the authentic

characters or impresses, which are to be substituted in their stead by the corrective hand of science.

Your mind, my dear sir, again resembles that same parchment, which we will suppose a little hardened by time and disuse. We may apply the characters, but are we sure the ink will sink?

You are in the condition of a traveller, that has all his journey to begin. And again, you are worse off than the traveller which I have supposed—for you have already lost your way.

You have much to learn; which you have never been taught; and more, I fear, to unlearn,—which you have been taught erroneously. You have hitherto, I dare say, imagined, that the sun moves round the earth. When you shall have mastered the true solar system, you will have quite a different theory upon that point, I assure you. I mention but this instance. Your own experience, as knowledge advances will furnish you with many parallels.

I can scarcely approve of the intention, which Mr. G—— informs me you had contemplated, of entering yourself at a common seminary, and working your way up from the lower to the higher forms with the children. I see more to admire in the modesty, than in the expediency, of such a resolution. I own I cannot reconcile myself to the spectacle of a gentleman at your time of life seated, as must be your case at first, below a Tyro of four or five—for at that early age the rudiments of education usually commence in this country. I doubt whether more might not be lost in the point of fitness than would be gained in the advantages which you propose to yourself by this scheme.

You say, you stand in need of emulation; that this incitement is due where to be had but at a public school; that you should be more sensible of your progress by comparing it with the daily progress of those around you. But have you considered the nature of emulation; and how it is sustained at those tender years, which you would have to come in competition with? I am afraid you are dreaming of academic prizes and distinctions. Alas! in the university, for which you are preparing, the highest medal would be a silver penny, and you must graduate in nuts and oranges.

I know that Peter, the great Czar, or Emperor, of Moscow, submitted himself to the discipline of a dock-yard, at Deptford, that he might learn, and convey to his countrymen, the noble art of ship-building. You are old enough to remember him, or at least the talk about him. I call to mind other great princes, who to instruct themselves in the theory and practice of war, and set an example of subordination to their subjects, have condescended to enrol themselves as private soldiers; passing through the successive ranks of corporal, quarter master, and the rest, have served their way up to the station, at which most princes are willing enough to set out—of General and Commander-in-chief over their own forces. But—besides that there is oftentimes great sham and pretence in their show of mock humility—the competition which they stooped to was with their co-evals, however inferior to them in birth. Between ages so very disparate, as those which you contemplate, I fear there can no salutary emulation subsist.

Again, in the other alternative, could you submit to the ordinary reproofs and discipline of a day-school? Could you bear to be corrected for your faults? Or how would it look to see you put to stand, as must be the case sometimes, in a corner?

I am afraid the idea of a public school in your circumstances must be given up.

But is it impossible, my dear sir, to find some person of your own age—if of the other sex, the more agreeable perhaps—whose information, like your own, has rather lagged behind their years, who should be willing to set out from the same point with yourself, to undergo the same tasks—thus at once inciting and sweetening each other's labors in a sort of friendly rivalry. Such a one, I think, it would not be difficult to find in some of the western parts of this land—about D—— for instance,

Or what if, from your own estate—that estate which, unexpectedly acquired so late in life, has inspired into you this

generous thirst after knowledge, you were to select some elderly peasant, that might be spared from the land, to come and begin his education with you, that you might till, as it were, your minds together—one, whose heavier progress might in-lyte, without a fear of discouraging, your emulation? We might then see—starting from an equal post—the difference of the clownish and the gentle blood.

A private education then, or such a one as I have been describing, being determined on, we must in the next place look out for a preceptor:—for it will be some time before either of you, left to yourselves, will be able to assist the other to any great purpose in his studies.

And now, my dear sir, if in describing such a tutor as I have imagined for you, I use a style a little above the familiar one in which I have hitherto chosen to address you, the nature of the subject must be my apology. "Difficile est de scientiis inscienter loqui," which is as much as to say—that "in treating of scientific matters it is difficult to avoid the use of scientific terms." But I shall endeavor to be as plain as possible. I am not going to present you with the ideal of a pedagogue, as it may exist in my fancy, or has possibly been realized in the persons of Buchanan and Busby. Something less than perfection will serve our turn. The scheme which I propose in this first or introductory letter has reference to the first four or five years of your education only; and in enumerating the qualifications of him that should undertake the direction of your studies, I shall rather point out the minimum or least, that I shall require of him, than trouble you in the search of attainments neither common nor necessary to our immediate purpose.

He should be a man of deep and extensive knowledge. So much at least is indispensable. Something older than yourself, I could wish him, because years add reverence.

To his age and great learning, he should be blest with a temper and a patience, willing to accommodate itself to the imperfections of the slowest and meanest capacities. Such a one in former days Mr. H—— appears to have been, and such in our days I take Mr. G—— to be; but our friend, you know unhappily has other engagements. I do not demand a consummate grammarian; but he must be a thorough master of vernacular orthography, with an insight into the accidentalities and punctualities of modern Saxon, or English. He must be competently instructed (or how shall he instruct you?) in the tetralogy, or four first rules, upon which not only arithmetic, but geometry, and the pure mathematics themselves, are grounded. I do not require that he should have measured the globe with Cook, or Ortelius, but it is desirable that he should have a general knowledge, (I do not mean a very nice or pedantic one,) of the great division of the earth into four parts, so as to teach you readily to name the quarters. He must have a genius capable in some degree of soaring to the upper element, to deduce from thence the not much dissimilar computation of the cardinal points, or hinges, upon which those invisible phenomena, which naturalists agree to term winds, do perpetually shift and turn. He must instruct you, in imitation of the old Orphic fragments, (the mention of which has possibly escaped you,) in numeric and harmonious responses, to deliver the number of solar revolutions, within which each of the twelve periods, into which the Annus Vulgaris, or common year, is divided, doth usually complete and terminate itself. The intercalaries, and other subtle problems, he will do well to omit till riper years, and course of study, shall have rendered you more capable thereof. He must be capable of embracing all history, so as from the countless myriads of individual men, who have peopled this globe of earth—for it is a globe—by comparison of their respective births, lives, deaths, fortunes, conduct, prowess, &c., to pronounce, and teach you to pronounce dogmatically and catechetically, who was the richest, who was the strongest, who was the wisest, who was the merest man that ever lived; to the facilitation of which solution, you will readily conceive, a smattering of biography would in no inconsiderable degree conduce. Leaving

the dialects of men, (in one of which I shall take leave to suppose you by this time at least superficially instituted,) you will learn to ascend with him to the contemplation of that unarticulated language, which was before the written tongue; and, with the aid of the elder Phrygian or Æsopic key, to interpret the sounds by which the animal tribes communicate their minds—evolving moral instruction with delight from the dialogue of cocks, dogs, and foxes. Or marrying theology with verse, from whose mixture a beautiful and healthy offspring may be expected, in your own native accents, (but purified,) you will keep time together to the profound harpings of the more modern or Wattsian hymnics.

Thus far I have ventured to conduct you to a "hill-side, whence you may discern the right path of a virtuous and noble education; laborious indeed at the first ascent, but else so smooth, so green, so full of goodly prospects and melodious sounds on every side, that the harp of Orpheus was not more charming."

With my best respects to Mr. G—— when you see him,
 I remain, dear sir, your obedient servant.

ELIA.
 —"Milton's Tractate on Education, addressed to Mr. Hartlib.

The New York Advertiser, of the 20th, has the following: Once, during an epoch of robbery and violence in the British capital, when the ordinary penalties had failed to check the audacity of the criminal classes, resort was had to the whipping post, and with such beneficial effects that London shortly after enjoyed an exemption from crime it had never previously known. A similar reign of ruffianism is to be noted in New York to-day. Our prisons are full; double sessions of the chief local criminal court are held, and the magistrates meet early and late to dispose of the cases on the calendar; but crime nevertheless multiplies, and what is bad, rapidly expands into what is worse. If Bolingbroke's maxim be true, that history is philosophy teaching by example, we shall be most unphilosophical students of history if we cannot turn its lessons to account, and, profiting by the example of London, try the whipping-post on the rascals in this city who now laugh the law and its penalties to scorn."

A foreign correspondent of the New York World, writing from Berlin, says: I take from one of the Berlin papers an item that may interest many of my readers and produce some good. In lighting a cigar, the end that is bitten off is universally thrown away. Some years ago it occurred to sundry benevolent spirits that this was a waste that might be stopped; so they formed a smoker's union, pledging themselves to keep every cigar end until they had collected a sufficient quantity to be sold to the snuff-makers. The union has grown largely in numbers, and the wives and sisters keep their husbands and brothers and friends up to their duty. The result is that during the year just closed, no less than 800 pounds of tobacco were collected, and from the proceeds thirty orphan children were made happy with Christmas presents of new dresses and underclothing. Some idea of the number of cigars used in this way can be got by considering that 6,000 ends go to the pound.

It is an easy matter to pick flaws, and to find fault. Every one knows this from his own experience. It is not so easy to remedy the defects which we see, and unless we seek to remove them it will be of little benefit that we see them. No man by the use of a dissecting knife, however skillful he might use it, ever constructed a living man, yet we constantly see those who profess to seek reform in the church and in the Sabbath school, by simply finding fault with every one—except themselves. Such are destroyers, not builders, as they would fain be considered. The very best way to eradicate what is evil, is to strengthen what is good. It is often far better to let a fault alone, and secure its correction by cultivating the virtue or excellence which stands opposed to it. It does not follow that a man is indifferent to an evil because he is not directly and avowedly attacking it.