

The Orangeburg News.

FIRST OUR HOMES; THEN OUR STATE; FINALLY THE NATION; THESE CONSTITUTE OUR COUNTRY.

VOLUME 1.

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THE ORANGEBURG NEWS.

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SAMUEL DIBBLE, Editor.
CHARLES H. HALL, Publisher.

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SAMUEL DIBBLE,
EDITOR ORANGEBURG NEWS,
Orangeburg, S. C.

Feb 23 1y

CARDS.

BULL & SCOVILL,

AGENTS FOR THE

Equitable Life Insurance Company

OF NEW YORK,

POLICIES NON-FORFEITABLE.
Dividend Declared Annually to Policy Holders.

Feb 23 1d

J. W. H. DUKES,

LICENSED AUCTIONEER.

Offers his Services

FOR ALL SALES IN THIS DISTRICT.

At Reasonable Rates.

Feb 23 3m

IZLAR & DIBBLE,

Attorneys and Solicitors.

RUSSELL-STREET,

ORANGEBURG, S. C.

JAMES F. IZLAR. SAMUEL DIBBLE.

Feb 23 1y

E. C. DENAUX,

WATCH MAKER

AND

JEWELLER,

Work Neatly Repaired and Warranted,
RUSSELL-STREET,

(Opposite Cornelison, Kramer & Co.,)
Feb 23 6m

TAILORING.

Daniel W. Robinson,

Market-street, next to Miss Wise's old stand.

ORANGEBURG, S. C.

Respectfully informs the citizens of this District that he is now prepared to do all work in his line of business, with neatness and despatch.
Feb 23 1m.

SPRING TRADE

1867,

EZEKIEL & KOHN,

DEALERS IN

STAPLE AND FANCY DRY GOODS, CLOTHING,

BOOTS AND SHOES, GROCERIES,

CROCKERY, ETC., ETC.,

Corner Russell and Market-Streets.

INVITE THE ATTENTION OF THE PUBLIC TO

their Stock, which is entirely New, well Selected and will be sold at a SMALL ADVANCE on the Original Cost.

EMANUEL EZEKIEL.....THEODORE KOHN.
Feb 23 1c

WILLIAM WILLCOCK

WOULD RESPECTFULLY ANNOUNCE TO all his friends and customers that he has on hand a large and well selected stock of

TIN WARE,

Manufactured by himself, which he will sell at very low RATES.

ALSO

AN ASSORTMENT OF

STOVES AND HOUSE FURNISHING

GOODS,

WHICH ARE SOLD AT

CHARLESTON PRICES.
REPAIRING and other Work done to order at the Shortest Notice.

Call and see for Yourself.
At
Feb 23 3m

POETRY.

[FOR THE ORANGEBURG NEWS.]
A Message from the Sea.

BY P. J. M.

Some years ago when I was a small boy, an old traveller on the Sea Coast, told me the story of his early life. We were then near the scenes of his boyhood's days, and even the slight unchanged features of the country were vividly recalled as the tears coursed down his furrowed cheeks, and he narrated the story which follows. I have endeavored to render it in verse, and hope it will be interesting to your readers:

There's a little deserted port below,
Where the tides run high from the farthest sea,
Where the gentlest of summer breezes blow,
And the waves leap up in the shell-strewn sea;
And this port was my home when we both were young.

Though now with age I'm sailing along,
And nothing it hath, which it had before,
Save the beautiful rhythm of the ocean's roar!

Ah! well, there's a music in my heart too,
Which the hand of age, nor of time can blight;
And when, by the valley, I'm gazing through
The star-like vistas of the coming night,
My dim eyes are swollen with unshed tears
For I am a eod "swollen the feet of the years;
And the traveler will leave me soon, I know,
For he waits not now, and my steps are slow.

My steps are slow, but my heart is light;
These old scenes wake its slumbering fire;
I have not youth, but the skies are bright,
And I have, thank God! my youthful lyre;
And I know the place where the village stood,
By the farther skirt of the little wood,
And the Alocve,—stranger, excuse the tear,—
But I'll tell the story,—sit down and hear:

It was three-score years less than ten ago,
I stood on this spot with Genevieve;
A barque had dropped her anchor below,
Where the waters are dark, prepared to leave,
And the blithesome girl was going away
Beyond the wide ocean a year to stray;
I could not speak, but the silent tears
Gave vent to my heart's unuttered fears.

Together we've stayed through childhood's hour,
Where the small crystalline rivulet ran,
As, far through the beautiful forest bower,
With bird and blossom, the spring began;
Ah! stranger, these thoughts bring youth again,
The quiet villa, the heaving main,
The noble girl by the trusting tree,
In all her beauty betrothed to me.

The old year went, and the young year came;
How often our lives were typed in these!
And the circling sun whose orient flame,
Shot shaft-like up from myriad seas;
And autumn's death, and winter's gloom,
And spring's return with bird and bloom,
As a shadow, that young light drinks away,
Were our hopes that sadly remembered day.

The barque set sail from the shell strewn coast,
I saw in the distance the sail's last dip,
As peered a form as the world could boast,
Had passed o'er the deck for a halcyon trip:
A halcyon trip! yes, yes, but day,
And year, and month, passed slowly away,
'Till a cask in the harbor was found afloat;
'Twas opened: it gave me the tale I give;
'A farewell to Willie from Genevieve.'

LITERARY.

[From Fraser's Magazine.]
THE TEST OF THE BITTER WATERS.

A HEBREW TALE, TRANSLATED FROM THE MODERN SANSCRIT.

CHAP. I.—THE TEMPLE.

It was the vigil of the Sabbath day, and the evening shone brightly on the Temple of Solomon, whose hundred portals were now sending forth (the sacred service being over) multitudes of Zion's children. Slowly they vanished away, like clouds over the valley of the Jordan; and the holy temple now appeared tenantless, with the exception of one votary, who, in a pensive and gloomy mood, remained leaning against a column, of which by his death-like stillness, he seemed to be a part. From the gold-embroidered silks of India, which constituted his dress, his flowing beard partially silvered with age, his stately stature and noble countenance, it was easy to conclude that this man was one of the loftiest of his tribe. He seemed yet buried in thought when the chief priest Assir, who had just taken off his officiating robes, passed him by, remarking with a

smile of masked malignity, "Has Hoplin, Happy Hoplin, forgotten that his young and lovely wife is anxiously awaiting his return?"

"Ha, Assir!" replied Hoplin, started from his reverie; then adding in a tone of assumed tranquility, "my wife, good Assir, is passing the evening by the bedside of my niece, Rachel, who is dangerously ill."

"And, doubtless, you are now going to conduct to her home your fair spouse? At least you will not depute that pleasing duty to the orphan whom you adopted five years ago at the FEAST OF THE HUTS?"

"An act of humanity," replied Hoplin, evasively.

"Backed by the moving entreaties of your young wife," furtively sneered the high priest. "How could I do otherwise?" continued Hoplin, with gathering gloom. "The Feast of the Hutts, as you well know, is celebrated to bless the produce of the earth and to return thanksgiving to the DIVINE DONOR. HUTS formed of branches are raised before our doors. In these we eat in common during the festival. It was at this feast that Ammiel came to our hut. How could I refuse hospitality to a famished child? For Ammiel was then but a child."

"But is so no longer," observed Assir, with studied indifference.

"It is exactly five years from this day," went on Hoplin; "I was coming from the bath, when Ezela met me with her eyes glistening with tears. 'Oh! my lord,' she exclaimed, 'a child—a poor orphan is at your gate. No home, no friend, no refuge! Bless the first year of our union with a good work, and let the feast we are now celebrating be to your wife a memorial of her husband's generous bounty.' Ezela was so beautiful at this moment, that I promised to adopt the boy. I took him by the hand, seated him at my table, and called him 'son.' I hope I never had reason to repent my conduct."

"I hope so, too," replied Assir, mysteriously. "What mean you? Your voice sounds ominously?" said Hoplin, whose usually pale cheeks reddened up with a burning flush.

"Nay, I speak in my wonted tone," replied the priest.

"I know thee for my enemy," sharply rejoined Hoplin.

"Your rival once, but your enemy never! The Lily of Hebron inflamed me with a passion such as few can feel. You are preferred to me; and, in the first moments of my despair, I owed you, perhaps, no very great good will; but now—po! no more of this. Ezela is about twenty, I believe, and you are fifty, Hoplin?"

"That is my age this very day," replied the husband of Ezela.

"Ezela is beautiful, mild, affectionate, but young and thoughtless."

"Assir!"

"I have a nephew at home, a fine stripling like your adopted son Ammiel. Now had I a wife so young, so beautiful as Ezela, why—women will make comparisons, and they seldom decide in favor of gray hairs."

The priest's words were arrows. His looks poisoned the bars.

"Wretch, be silent!" at length burst forth Hoplin. "Ezela is as pure as the snows of Hermon!"

"And who has said to the contrary, my good Hoplin. As for me, I have not the slightest doubt of it; but other people say they have seen and heard—"

"What?" roared Hoplin, trembling in every nerve, and perspiring at every pore—what have they heard?—what have they seen?"

"Only the gentle conversation and private meetings of Ammiel and Ezela upon the terrace."

"Serpent or demon!" replied Hoplin, hissing with the suppressed fury of both, "if this be false, your life would be but as a drop in the cup of my revenge; but if true—*tee!*—God of Israel, where am I? My reason wanders! Assir! for mercy's sake retract your words. Pluck from my mind these dreadful suspicions! say that Ezela is true, or, by my father's grave—"

Ezela's truth and love can be easily and surely proved," calmly interrupted Assir.

"How?" gasped Hoplin.

"By one of our pious ceremonies now obsolete; but which on this occasion, I would wish to revive."

"What ceremony?"

"I will explain it to you as we go along. Come," said Assir, familiarly passing his arm under Hoplin's. "The night advances, and Ezela is not yet at home."

CHAP. II.—THE TERRACE.

In an instant Hoplin was on the terrace. One rapid glance drank in the whole scene.

The night was oriental in its fairest attributes; clear, calm and beautiful. Myriads of stars sparkled in the deep blue heavens, forming the retinue of the crescent moon slowly rising from the waves of "the Great Sea." At the extremity of the terrace female slaves were seated on straw mats, and spoke in low murmurs; at the other end, Ezela, unveiled and reclining on cushions, sang, in a low, soft voice, one of David's canticles. Ammiel was seated at her feet, and their attitudes changed not at the presence of Hoplin! Ezela sang. Ammiel gazed on her, and listened; but Hoplin, with a voice, as from the tomb, slowly articulated, "Why have you left the house of Rachel before I came to come conduct you hither?"

"My lord," replied Ezela, the tears, clinging to her silken eye-lids, "Rachel is much better. The night was growing late, and Ammiel accompanied me home."

"Ammiel, Ammiel!" repeated Hoplin, using the word as a stimulant to his rage, "and what brought Ammiel thither?"

Pale and trembling, Ezela answered not; but Ammiel, starting to his feet, replied, "My father? I went to meet you and Ezela; but, not finding you at Rachel's house, we believed that you had returned home in our advance, and therefore we hastened home to rejoin you."

"It is well," coldly observed Hoplin, seating himself on the cushions, and concealing under a tranquil air, the suspicious gnawing at his heart. Drawing Ezela to his side, and passing his arm around her waist, till his fingers pressed insidiously upon the life-pulse of her spotless breast, he continued—"Ammiel, my son, thou art now eighteen years of age!"

"Since the last moon," replied Ammiel, in perplexity.

"Ammiel, thou art now a man. It were foul shame to pass thy days in the apartments of women."

"What would my father say? I am an orphan. On earth, I have no other friend than you and Ezela," added he, sadly looking at the young woman, who smiled as sadly in return.

"I pressed so tightly the arm of Ezela, that she uttered a cry of pain. Regardless of this, her husband sternly continued:

"The king of Israel now lives in peace, but peace has need of soldiers even as war."

"Now I understand my father," proudly replied Ammiel. "Let it be to-morrow—let it be this hour, I am ready to depart."

"No, no, Ammiel!" suddenly exclaimed Ezela. "leave not this roof. Choose some other profession than the cruel one of war."

"Woman!" thundered Hoplin, "give your advice when asked."

The silence which succeeded the loud and furious words, weighed heavily even on the slaves, crouching in whispering groups at the other extremity of the terrace.

"Ezekiel, the Captain of the king's guard, is my friend and kinsman. He will receive you to-morrow in his corps. Ammiel, you depart to-morrow."

"To-morrow?" involuntarily sighed Ezela. "Well! what next? Pray continue. This may be the last opportunity," and Hoplin smiled maliciously.

"You hurt me, my lord," said Ezela, in a low voice. "his poniard-hilt pressed rudely against her side.—"you hurt me," and she endeavored to disengage her person from his coil.

"Stay!" shouted Hoplin, and the adjoining terraces reverberated successively the sound. Ezela seemed petrified to a beautiful statue. A flash of indignation gleamed from the large blue eyes of the orphan, but suppressing his emotion, he demanded at what hour he should receive his instructions.

"At two hours after sunrise," coldly replied Hoplin. Without another word, Hoplin, Ezela and the orphan Ammiel, separated for the night; the trembling slaves slowly following. No sound was heard save the step and voice of the warder on the walls, or the distant gurgling of the Kedron. The cloudless stars shone down upon the deserted terrace; gradually they waned away toward the palm-clad shores of Phoenicia, and soon the mountains of Moriah hailed the cheerful day-dawn—cheerful to all but the wretched, whose sleepless eyes turn away from the blessed beams as from a ghastly mockery.

[To be Continued.]

THE RICHMOND Times, advertising to the Governorship of Virginia, thus speaks of the heroic General Lee:

"There was a time when his splendid genius had hurled army after army of Federal invaders, broken, defeated and demoralized, from the soil of his mother State, and when our success seemed ensured, rumor attributed to this great man the modest admission that he craved no higher honor than to be the Governor of Virginia. Until he speaks, we trust that no inferior man will dare to outrage public opinion in Virginia by venturing to solicit an office which LEE may not feel authorized to decline.

AGRICULTURAL, & C.

Ploughing by Steam.

We publish the annexed account of the trial of a steam-plow, which took place at the grounds of the Mechanics' and Agricultural Association, of New Orleans. Mr. Max Eyth, late engineer in chief to the Pacha of Egypt, exhibited the machine, manoeuvring it after the manner of the Egyptians, and clearly proved the utter inability of a freedman to turn up mud at all, in comparison with this wonderful invention. The planters present at the trial are said to be "enraptured" with the steam-plow: so that we may expect to hear of a speedy decline in the price of mules and wages of freedmen, in that section. Says the Crescent:

"The plow moves between two engines with such ease and celerity, guided by one man, that the work of forty ordinary plows, with all the necessary hands and accompaniments, can be performed in twenty-four hours, and every moment of favorable weather may be improved with such promptitude and certainty that no time is lost in preparing the soil for whatever crop may be designed. The advantages of this wonderful improvement need only to be seen, to satisfy all who are interested in agriculture, of its adaptability to our soil, and the economy and practicability of its working on a large or small scale. It is such an enterprise as should interest every planter and merchant in the State, and promises yet to revolutionize the system of Southern agriculture. We can ill afford to let planters of Egypt, who have tested this machine, surpass us in enterprise in the culture of our great staple, and with the advantages of the steam-plow, we may vie with the world in wealth and productiveness.

The Baltimore Transcript, speaking of the great increase of the trade in wool in the United States, says:—"The Southern States are better adapted to sheep husbandry than any portion of the world, and we would specially commend this branch of enterprise to the attention of their people. The idea entertained by some Southerners that the South is too warm for sheep to flourish, is entirely without foundation. Any part of Maryland or Virginia is admirably adapted for sheep raising. The whole South has a most decided advantage over other parts of the United States for the production of wool, in soil, climate and abundance and variety of grasses. The winter feeding of most favored part of the North averages one hundred and fifty days, and costs, under the most favorable circumstances, 27½ cents per pound; while in the Southern States it is not necessary to feed in winter, except under the most extraordinary circumstances. The Southern States, including those those west of the Mississippi river, embrace an area of four hundred and fifty thousand square miles, or two hundred and eighty-eight million square acres. The attention to sheep husbandry need not impair the cultivation of the great Southern Staples.

NEW USE FOR CALOMEL—DOCTORING FRUIT TREES.—A gentleman of this city, who is both inquisitive and acquisitive, when he thinks that he can acquire knowledge that will benefit mankind, was lately in Saratoga County, and was there shown an apple tree in a fine healthy condition which had been ill, subjected to treatment with calomel and thoroughly cured. This tree was afflicted with insects, which were destroying it, and rendering it unproductive. A hole was bored in the body of the tree nearly through the sap, and two grains of calomel inserted. As soon as this calomel was taken up by the sap, the vermin on the tree died and it began to bear fruit, and has done so for three years to the entire satisfaction of the owner.

We are told that sulphur may be mixed with the calomel and produce a good effect. This is a fact worth knowing, and the fruitgrowers of Western New York may profit by it. It may not be new to them, but is to us. Homeopaths and Thomsonians may object to the calomel treatment, but if they do not like it they may find among the sugar pills, or lobelia and red pepper a substitute. Any way is good that will preserve the trees and secure good crops of fruit.—Rochester Union.

SENSIBLE SUGGESTION.—We find the following sensible suggestion in a Florida paper, credited to a "Georgia exchange."

"Let the planter take the \$150 which he proposes to pay for an extra hand, and invest it in manures, judiciously, and he will increase the amount of his crop more than the work of an extra hand. Besides, he makes clear above this, the board and other extras necessary to the obtaining of hands the present day. Then, take the \$200 that he would pay for the mule, and invest in the same way, to say nothing of the harness and plough, and any one can readily perceive the advantage a man would have over his neighbor who uses none of these fertilizers. We are glad to see so many of our better planters taking this thing into consideration, and procure large supplies of guano and other

manures. Although the number of laborers has decreased by hundreds in the lower counties during the past year, yet the next crop is anticipated to far surpass that of 1865. We trust that they will not be disappointed."

HUMOROUS.

Rat-den-Hinder.

In prison, when the sun was up,
Each "Reb" licked clean his plate and cup,
And not a scrap left for our pup—
Little "Reb"—the terrier.

But Rat-den saw another sight
When "Yanks" lit up each sentry light,
Scattering far the shades of night,
Within the Federal bastillery.

Then quick at certain signals made,
Each "Reb" intent upon a "raid,"
With stick, in lieu of battle blade
Fiercely assailed the battery!

Then were their secret dens privy,
Then scampers rats in terror driven:
No quarters then by "rebs" were given—
It was a bloody massacre!

Fiercer and louder grows the "row"—
Fiercer and keener Rebs "how wow"!
We've had enough of Yankee "ceow"
Unless it could some fatter be!

'Tis taps now; yet to-morrow's sun
Will prove our work has been well done;
A full day's rash of grub we've won—
To us a bloodless victory!

"The combat deepens! On ye brave!"
Resolved rat bacon now to save!
Strike, rebels, strike with stons and stave!
"Go in" ye little terrier!

Few rats shall part where many meet!
Lank "Reb" will free their bones of meat!
'Twere better far of rat to eat,
Than die of hunger bodily!
JOHN SON'S ISLAND, 1861.

* A small terrier dog, a great favorite with the prisoners and famous as a rat-catcher.

A Telegraphic Anecdote.

Some years ago two operators worked in an up-town office in Buffalo, and both of them chewed tobacco; this latter statement is necessary to the elucidation of the sequel.

One of them who, for brevity's sake, we will call A, worked East, on what was then known as the New York, Albany and Buffalo lines, the other, who we will distinguish as B, worked West, as far as Cleveland, Ohio, on the Western Union Company's lines. These two, who were great chums, were in the habit of constantly using each others tobacco, so much that, one fumbling in the other's pocket would factiously inquire, "Where do you keep your tobacco, now?" while each considered his tobacco box as common property.

The desks of these operators were removed from each other about thirty feet, standing at opposite corners of the room. Now,
Once upon a summer morning,
[Memory keeps the record well.]

Mr. A's box being empty, he was, as usual, upon the point of going over to get a "cud" from B's supply, when, feeling languid and lazy, it being outrageously hot, happy though struck him, and for the sake of saving himself twenty steps, he acted upon his suggestion. Saying "nothing to nobody," he quietly signalled—or, as the telegraph phrase is "called up," Cleveland, Ohio, and sent the following message:

BUFFALO OFFICE (western side).
To B—, Buffalo Office, (eastern side):
Send me over a chew of tobacco, quick.

[Signed] A.

8 D, Opr.

At the same telling the Cleveland operator the joke, and requesting him to "shove it through and oblige."

Now, by a continuous telegraph circuit, it is possible to reach the East by going West, and this is the route the message took: From Buffalo to Cleveland, O.; from Cleveland to Pittsburgh, Pa.; from Pittsburgh to Philadelphia, from Philadelphia to New York city; and from New York back to Buffalo, where it was received by the identical B, who worked that wire himself! And within a few minutes of the time that A started his message West, B came over to him from the other side of the room with the message in one hand and his tobacco box in the other, the dispatch having traveled considerably over eleven hundred miles, and having been also sent and received ten different times. Each operator sending the message, explained the joke to the receiver, and thus "rushed it through" in this marvellously fast time.—Buffalo Advertiser.

A good instance of absence of mind was an editor quoting from a rival paper one of his own articles, and heading it "Wretched attempt at Wit."

New Hampshire has \$900,000 invested in school-houses.