

# The Orangeburg News.

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

VOLUME 1.

SATURDAY MORNING, MARCH 23, 1867.

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## THE ORANGEBURG NEWS.

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SAMUEL DIBBLE, Editor.  
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SAMUEL DIBBLE,  
EDITOR ORANGEBURG NEWS,  
Orangeburg, S. C.  
Feb 23 1867

## CARDS.

**BULL & SCOVILL,**  
AGENTS FOR THE  
Equitable Life Insurance Company  
OF NEW YORK.  
POLICIES NON-FORFEITABLE.  
Dividend Declared Annually to Policy Holders.  
Feb 23 1867

**J. W. H. DUKES,**  
LICENSED AUCTIONEER.  
Offers his Services  
FOR ALL SALES IN THIS DISTRICT.  
At Reasonable Rates.  
Feb 23 1867

**IZLAR & DIBBLE,**  
Attorneys and Solicitors.  
RUSSELL-STREET,  
ORANGEBURG, S. C.  
JAMES F. IZLAR, SAMUEL DIBBLE.  
Feb 23 1867

**E. C. DENAUX,**  
WATCH MAKER  
AND  
JEWELLER.  
Work Neatly Repaired and Warranted,  
RUSSELL-STREET,  
(Opposite Cornelison, Kramer & Co.,)  
Feb 23 1867

**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 1867

**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 1867

**WILLIAM WILCOCK**  
WOULD RESPECTFULLY ANNOUNCE TO  
all his friends and customers that he has on  
hand a large and well selected stock of  
**TIN WARE,**  
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,  
WILCOCK'S.  
Feb 23 1867

## POETRY.

### It is not Your Business Why.

The following lines are not limited to any particular locality, but are applicable to every neighborhood:

Would you like to know the secrets  
Of your neighbor's house and life?  
How he lives or how he doesn't,  
And just how he treats his wife?  
How he spends his time of leisure,  
Whether sorrowful or gay,  
And where he goes for pleasure,  
To the concert or the play,  
If you wish it, I will tell you—  
Let me whisper to you sly—  
If your neighbor is but evil,  
It is not your business why.

In short instead of prying,  
Into other men's affairs,  
If you do your own best justice,  
You will have no time for theirs.  
Be attentive to such matters  
As concern yourself alone,  
And whatever fortune flatters,  
Let your business be your own,  
Let word by way of finish—  
Let me whisper to you sly—  
If you wish to be respected,  
You must cease to be a pry.

## LITERARY.

### THE TEST OF THE BITTER WATERS.

[From Fraser's Magazine.]

### A HEBREW TALE, TRANSLATED FROM THE MODERN SANSCRIT.

### CHAP. III.—THE BANKS OF THE KEDRON.

But long before daybreak, Assir, the high-priest, and Hophin, chief of the tribe of Naphtali, were slowly walking on the margin of the Kedron, or "Dark Rivulet," which winds its darkling way through the valley of Hinnon. Pressing almost unconsciously his companion's arm, Hophin eagerly asked—  
"But is the 'test of the bitter waters' infallible?"  
"Infallible beyond the shadow of suspicion."  
"My reason refuses to believe it," murmured the young man.

"The power of Jehovah is infinite," the priest bowed low.

"And yet, if Ezela should prove innocent," mused Hophin.

"She would appear more beautiful from the ordeal," complimented the priest.

"But if guilty?"

"Her body would soon become swollen, and death would instantly succeed."

"Assir?" said the husband, casting a gloomy glance on the dark waters, rolling at his feet—  
"Ezela must die! You understand me?"

"Justice shall be done on the guilty," and the priest bowed again.

"Assir, you are a doctor of the law, and even so am I. But you are also a priest, and so am not I. Speak we undisguisedly. Speak not as a high-priest to an ignorant Levite, but as man to man."

So saying, he sat down upon the trunk of a storm-uprooted cedar; and, approaching his lips towards the ears of the high-priest, whispered in a hiss of torture—  
"Assir, I am betrayed! Ezela loves Ammiel! You see this poignard. Last night it was within a hair-breadth of drinking the life-blood of the wanton and her paramour. You shudder, Assir, and you are right. The deed were brutal, so I checked myself to enjoy a sweeter vengeance. Assir, Ezela must die, yet not in the darkness of night, but in the glare of noon-day—not assassinated by my slaves, or by own hand, but by thine, good Assir, by the draught of the 'bitter waters' in the midst of the temple, and before the face of all Israel. Thou understandest?"

"To note but the guilty are the waters terrible," solemnly replied the priest.

"And yet, had I been high-priest, good Assir, they should be terrible to whomsoever I pleased," insinuated Hophin. But the hint fell still-born, apparently, for the priest's eye was imperturbable as the tomb.

"The sand which I mix with the waters, is collected from the floor of the sanctuary: I mix with the sand certain burnt herbs and prepare two cups, one for the wife, the other for her husband."

"You mark one of these cups, good Assir. Their eyes met. A flash of demon-joy gleamed for a moment, in the eyes of the high-priest, then left them more lurid than before, as darkness after lightning. A fiendish through prophylact, and burning into the brain.

"The laborer deserves his hire," muttered Assir.

Hophin drew from his bosom a gold-embroidered purse, and presented it to the high-priest.

"But, before I act," remarked the latter, "I must previously ascertain whether Ezela deserves the death you doom her to. I desire to have an hour's converse with her alone."

"Never!" exclaimed Hophin, starting at the thought.

"Then seek from some other 'the ordeal of the bitter waters,' prepared in the manner you wish them to be. Peace be with you." And the priest arose from the prostrate cedar, as if about to depart.

"Hold! Assir," groaned Hophin, struggling with his passions; "you have my secret. When would you wish to speak to Ezela?"

"When the evening prayer is said."

"Then be it so."

And, without word, look, or salute, they separated.

### CHAP. IV.—THE DEPARTURE.

While the machinations of Satanias were thus concocting by the waters of the Kedron, the rays of the rising sun found Ezela and the young Israelite clasped in each other's arms, on the terrace where the scene of the last evening had passed.

"My brother, my dear and only brother, all must not be revealed to Hophin. Ammiel, you must not be sacrificed!" And Ezela sobbed bitterly.

"But the dying words of our mother must be obeyed. Ezela, she knew not at first that I lived, that I was saved from the shipwreck where our father perished; otherwise she would not have willed you the property, half of which was legally mine."

"Yet, Ammiel, when she knew you were alive, why did she conceal your existence, and rob you of your just patrimony?"

"Hush! my sister. A mother's pride, and she was most proud in having Hophin for her son, led her to this error, besides the disgrace of Hophin's refusal: had you only half the dowry proposed, I regret not the loss. Your marriage was celebrated, and you accompanied your husband to Jerusalem."

"And you, my poor brother, are cast penniless on the world for my account. Oh! Ammiel, let me read once more the injunctions of our mother. They may strengthen me in this hour of trial."

Ammiel took a scroll of parchment from his bosom, and Ezela read with sorrowful agitation her mother's letters:

TO AMMIEL.

My Ammiel, when you return to the home of your fathers, you will find it desolate. Your mother confesses she has robbed you, and added to the robbery a lie. Forgive me, my son! From the grave I implore your forgiveness. Let not my memory be brought to shame, nor your sister to reproach, by revealing the secret which weighs heavily on my heart at this my dying hour. Go to thy sister; tell her all. May the God of Israel support thee and her to keep inviolate the secret of thy mother.

"SHERAZ."

"Thus, Ezela," sighed Ammiel, taking back the parchment, "our mother's secret must be kept, even to the death!"

"But, Ammiel, my brother, hear me. Leave not Jerusalem this morning, or even to-morrow. I implore you to grant me this favor. Some horrible presentiment chills me as with a death-stamp. Stay, Ammiel," she repeated, enfolding him in her arms.

"Wait till to-morrow eve near the tower of David. I shall either come myself, or send a slave to thee."

"Well, I promise thee, Ezela. Trust thy brother!" A shadow crossed the sunshine on the terrace. Ammiel started, and suddenly disengaged himself from his sister's farewell embrace. Hophin stalked forward.

"Pardon our tears and our last farewell, my lord. Ezela has been a sister to me; to her I owe the protection you have so nobly granted to a poor orphan. Be not offended at my grief," and Ammiel turned aside in sorrow.

"Wherefore should I?" coldly responded Hophin.

"But enough of this. Take you these three purses of gold, you will find my best horse ready caparisoned in the court-yard. Depart for the army. Farewell!"

Ammiel was about to refuse the gifts of Hophin, but a look from Ezela altered his intention. Receiving the purses, and casting one look on Ezela, he uttered—

"My lord, I accept these gifts as from a brother; and now the God of Israel watch over you."

Ammiel rapidly departed.

"And now, woman, for thy destiny!" hoarsely muttered Hophin, leading his wife to her apartments.

(To be Continued.)

### [CONTRIBUTED.] Whiffs and Whims.

No. 4.

"I am glad I ain't a horse." What did you say—  
"Two of us so." Perhaps you are too lazy? Is that the reason you wouldn't be a horse? That's not my case; for 'I haven't a lazy bone in me,' as Mowsey said, when she spied old Tabby's teeth.

Think I am missing an essential quality to

valuation in that animal. Were I such a creature, they'd put a curb bit in my mouth, and a martingale, round my vocal organ;—and presto, I would rear and pitch, and prance and twitch, and just wouldn't stand that. Yet, perhaps I might if Lou or Carrie came near, and coaxingly soothed my dislike to an order. Will people ever learn the power of persuasion. Wouldn't I hate the whole tribe of bipeds, that grab and brag of their ability to command and control;—and wouldn't I give some of them the benefit of a pause, (paws).

Miscorordia! To see how power is abused! There's that street omnibus, with its live cargo, about a dozen persons; and two half-fed—(I mean half-starved) horses to draw them along, and trot they must. They are whipped or goaded to that gait, till they can stand it no longer. Then, poor worn-out Dobs, completely exhausted, stop to pant; he can't get up vitality enough, to start afresh. The driver says, "Falk,—hey?" Out he gets and beats the Dobbin with a club. He rears a little, starts,—backs and falls down. \* \* \* Come on, Scavenger, get your cart and throw Dobs into the river. That's Scene the first. Alas poor Dobbins! Better even be in Paris, where they have a mart for old horses; who are systematically killed and cooked into potash, or evaporated into a valuable coloring substance that helps to form Prussian Blue.

Then there's that deacon's horse. The owner's a good man; so they say, an "easy go slow" person. What feeds his horse? What? Why, corn. "Jim, you fed Buony?"—(how significant) "Yes, sir." "Watered Buony?" "Yes, Sir." Then, gee feeds him, not corn. Is it any wonder that Barnum would bid for him,—the living skeleton. Why drag him to the stable? Hitch the creature at the front door, and you need no better track. "Try it, Deacon! Why his shoulder and thigh bones are as protuberant as pegs, and your cloaks and shawls will hang securely, and greatly comfort his ill covered poverty."

\* \* \* Now, "I've said my say." These Moseppas won't thank me, I know; but really, some people don't know the difference between use and abuse; and it is the slightest, or indifferently offered to our daily dependents, that augments or curtails our continued satisfaction. That power is detestable; and miserable is the life of him who wishes to sway us by fear, rather than by love.

"A willing heart adds feather to the heel, And makes the clown, a winged Mercury."

DAISY DALE.

### FAIR VIEW.

### MISCELLANEOUS.

### Albert Sidney Johnston.

A correspondent of the Richmond Dispatch furnishes the following "Oration of a reconstructed Rebel over the body of Albert Sidney Johnston," which he alleges he "picked up in the street." It is good:

MY FRIENDS—I come to bury Johnston, not to praise him—our masters have ordered. The Savior of the world teaches us to render unto Caesar the things that are Caesar's, and obedience to the conqueror is the duty of the conquered.

Let, then, no lengthened cortege, no mournful trappings, speak of a people's woe. Let us haste to hide from the eyes of men these poor remains, which speak in tones that frightened our lords and masters. Upon this plain marble slab that shall mark his last resting place inscribe no panegyric—inscribe no name—for that name is itself a panegyric. It would remind you of the affectionate husband, the loving father, the devoted friend, the gallant chieftain, the noble Christian gentleman; and all these things you are commanded to forget.

On the plains of Mexico he shed his precious blood for his country, and won the plaudits of his admiring countrymen. He died in what we believed to be a just cause; and lives in the hearts of those for whom he died. But Butler says he was a traitor, and surely Butler is an honorable man.

It is not the custom of Christian nations to deny funeral honors to a fallen foe, but this man's forms an exception. His name is so dear to an enslaved people that they are forbid to speak it. This is an honor that was not accorded to Hampden or Emmett. It is monument enough; he can dispense with marble inscription or storied urn. Let us, then, silently, sadly, and secretly—for so it is ordered—bury our dead. Dust to dust, ashes to ashes!

Validity of slave marriages. Opinion of Hon. JAMES B. BRADWELL, Probate Judge, 23 pages. Chicago: E. B. Myers and Chandler, 1866.

In this opinion, delivered at September Term, 1866, of the County Court of Cook County, Illinois, the following point is decided:—

Two slaves went through the ceremony of marriage with the consent of their masters, and had a child; the mother died in slavery; the father and child were emancipated; the

father afterwards died. Held, that the child was legitimate, and was his father's heir.

The class of questions, one of which was presented in this case, is of great importance, but is beset with difficulties, both of theory and practice. Of previous cases the one which seems to have gone farthest in sustaining the validity of slave marriages is *Givod v. Lewis*, 6 Martin, 550; but there the cohabitation continued after emancipation. This case takes another step, for here the mother died in slavery. A practical difficulty in carrying out the doctrine of this case seems likely to arise from the number of connections of this sort to which the same slave was often a party: they can hardly all be legal marriages, and yet there seems no reason for selecting one rather than another. That the first of such connections has no greater validity than a latter has been decided in the somewhat analogous case of Mormon marriages, in an able opinion by Sir James Wilde, in the case of *Hyde v. Woodmanse*, in the English divorce court, reported in Law Rep. 1. P. & D. 130.—*American Law Review*.

### A Valuable Hint From an Insect.

It has been said that the operations of the spider suggested the arts of spinning and weaving to man. That may be doubtful, but it is quite certain that a hint from an insect was due the invention of a machine instrumental in accomplishing one of the most stupendous works of modern times—the excavation of the Thames Tunnel. Mark Isambard Brunel, the great engineer, was standing one day, about half a century ago, in a ship-yard, watching the movements of an animal known as the *Teredo Nautilus*—in English, the naval wood-worm—when a brilliant thought suddenly occurred to him. He saw that this creature bored its way into the piece of wood upon which it was operating, by means of a very extraordinary mechanical apparatus. Looking at the animal attentively through a microscope, he found that it was covered in front with a pair of valvular shells; that with its foot as a purchase, it communicated a rotary motion and a forward impulse to the valves, which, acting upon the wood like a gimblet, penetrated its substance; and that as the particles of wood were loosened, they passed through a fissure in the foot, and thence through the body of the borer to its mouth, where they were expelled. Here, said Brunel to himself, is the sort of thing I want. Can I reproduce it in an artificial form? He forthwith set to work, and the final result of his labors, after many failures, was the famous Boring Shield, with which the Thames Tunnel was excavated. This story was told by Brunel himself, and there is no reason to doubt its truth. The keen observer can draw useful lessons from the humblest of the works of God. [Lodge.]

WHAT THE SOUTH MUST DO.—Our hope, says the *Baltimore Gazette*, is that they will stand firm—not defiant, not recalcitrant, but quiet, passive—apathetic, if you will—and let the evil thing come. It will come more certainly if they consent to eat dirt at the bidding of their oppressors than if they refuse to grovel at their feet. They were brave and enterprising in war. Let them now exhibit to the world the grander spectacle of steadfast endurance under defeat and subjugation. It is a hard lesson to learn, but it has its uses. It has also its compensations. The fortitude that meets oppression calmly, baffles and confounds the oppressor. Where men have moral stamina to confront the worst without faltering, they are strong even in their weakness. There is a limit to the bitterest persecution which cannot safely be overpassed. There is a heroism in patient suffering that touches more nearly the sympathies of civilized nations than the heroism of the battle-field.

NOT AN INCH SHOULD BE CONCEDED.—Not an inch should be conceded, says the *Philadelphia Age*, to this march of usurpation. Concession will not satisfy the greedy appetites of the men who are now leading the assault upon the rights of the States and liberties of the people. Ninety-nine points given up without a contest, and still the party in power would use force to tear the remaining right or liberty from the grasp of a reluctant people. It is now the confessed intention of the Radical party to destroy the Southern States, and govern the territory by military power. Is that an act which should be accepted or applauded? If not, then the means must be taken to prevent the mischief. One of these means is an appeal to the Supreme Court, and the *Enquirer* is right in urging that duty upon the people of Virginia and the South.

We learn, from the highest authority that, since the status of the South has been somewhat defined, and there is no practical evidence of an immediate change in the civil authority of the State, our bills receivable have appreciated in value and in a fair way to attain their former standard.—*Columbia Carolinian*.

## AGRICULTURAL, & C.

### Protecting The Peach From Spring Frosts.

The only obstacle we have to contend with, or ever do have to really endanger our peach crop, is late spring frosts. Against these, a perfect protection is found in smoke which, first recommended in Gardening for the South, has now been tried in this vicinity for over ten years, without a failure. It is not necessary here to do anything generally, in the way of protecting the fruit, before the last of March. It is the late March and April frosts that are to be feared. It is a dense smoke, not heat, that is required.

Prepare some fat lightwood, split up very fine, also some billets of dry wood, cut quite short, all kept under cover until needed. Prepare also, in advance, piles of wet tan chips, saw dust or other damp combustibles, where fires are most likely to be needed. The wood should be distributed the evening previous. About two or three o'clock in the morning, have all hands up and start fires, about two rods asunder, all over the orchard; the windward ones being nearest. Three or four sticks are required for each fire, which, when well started, should have a stick or two of green wood added. Then put on and nearly smother the fire with the wet tan or trash. If any pile breaks out into a flame, apply more trash, to keep up, from dampened, smouldering fires, a certain of moist, heavy smoke over the trees, until the sun is well up, and the frost fully extracted. The smoke from fires of dry wood is so light and rises so rapidly in a cold, frosty night, that it really affords no protection, while that from damp material, loaded with moisture, hugs the ground and dissipates very slowly. If your fruit is frozen solid before you begin, or while you are at work, do not despair, but make all the smoke you can, and as light a protection as it seems, looking through it when the sun is rising, we have had it so fully protect the frozen fruit from rapid thawing, that the frost was all extracted without injury to the fruit. In our first trial, we were about given up in despair, the cold was so intense at day-break, but our success was perfect. At this place, the fruit is very seldom, indeed, destroyed before April, in which month we get more than one or two frosts are to be expected, and against these it is well to provide.—*Southern Cultivator*

### Melons.

The melon has been cultivated for centuries. It is a native of Persia, and draws its rich and luscious juices from her arid and barren sands. To have the Melon here in perfection, it must be grown in a sandy soil. New land, fresh from the woods, suits them best. A piece of new land that has been trod by cattle, will produce the water-melon of monstrous size. All melons, to be kept pure, should not be planted in the immediate vicinity of Squashes, Cucumbers or Gourds, as the seed saved from these, raised in close proximity, will produce Melons partaking of the nature and flavor of all the squash tribe—the mixture of the pollen producing new varieties, but rendering all worthless, causing the Melon to be insipid, the Cucumbers overgrown and hollow, the Squash to be watery, and the Gourd shell soft. Water and musk melons may be planted from the middle of March, through the month of April. Plant water-melons ten feet apart each way, some eight or ten seeds to a hill, and when they show four leaves, thin out to four plants to a hill. Musk-melons may be planted about five feet apart, and thinned out in the same manner. The Nutmeg or Citron Musk-melon is the finest variety cultivated. When grown in perfection, it combines the flavor of the Strawberry and Pine Apple, but this variety should not be grown in the vicinity of any other melon. To save seed, select the earliest and best melon, dry in the shade, and put them away in paper bags. Water-melon seed improve with age, and may be kept ten years to advantage.—*Communicated by Dr. Comak, from Transactions of the Southern Central Ag'l Society.*

LIQUID HONEY.—The following recipe, for a beautiful liquid honey, is taken from Mr. Langstroth, who says the best judges have pronounced it one of the most luscious articles they ever tasted. Put two pounds of the purest white sugar in as much hot water as will dissolve it; take one pound of strained white clover honey—any honey of good flavor will answer—and add it warm to the sirup, thoroughly stirring together. As refined loaf sugar is a pure and inodorous sweet, one pound of honey will give its flavor to two pounds of sugar, and the compound will be free from that smarting taste that pure honey often has, and will usually agree with those who cannot eat the latter with impunity. Any desired flavor can be added to it.

Some ex-Fredericksburg darkies voted at the election in Georgetown. One old fellow, however declined, saying "They just put the names down, and the next thing is tax on every nigger that voted."