

The Orangeburg News.

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

VOLUME I.

SATURDAY MORNING, APRIL 13, 1867.

NUMBER 8.

THE ORANGEBURG NEWS.

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Every Saturday Morning.

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

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SAMUEL DIBBLE,
EDITOR ORANGEBURG NEWS,
Orangeburg, S. C.
Feb 28 0 1y

CARDS.

W. W. LEGARE,
Has resumed the PRACTICE OF LAW at Orangeburg Court House, and may be found at his Office over Cornelson, Kramer & Co.'s New Store, Russell Street, mar 28 1f

Frederick Fersner,
MECHANICAL DENTIST

Will attend to those who wish his services at their residences, by being informed through the Postoffice or otherwise. TEETH IN GOLD and SILVER PLATE; also the VULCANITE WORK.

All work done Warranted to give satisfaction.
Residence: at Mr. JOSEPH FERNER'S, Orangeburg District, S. C. mar 30 1f

BULL & SCOVILL,
AGENTS FOR THE
Equitable Life Insurance Company
OF NEW YORK.
POLICIES NON-FORFEITABLE.
Dividend Declared Annually to Policy Holders. feb 28 1d

J. W. H. DUKES,
LICENSED AUCTIONEER,
Offers his Services
FOR ALL SALES IN THIS DISTRICT.
At Reasonable Rates. feb 28 * 3m

IZLAR & DIBBLE,
Attorneys and Solicitors.
RUSSELL-STREET,

ORANGEBURG, S. C.
JAMES F. IZLAR. SAMUEL DIBBLE.
feb 28 * 1y

E. C. DENAUX,
WATCH MAKER
AND
JEWELLER.
Work Neatly Repaired and Warranted,
RUSSELL-STREET,
(Opposite Cornelson, Kramer & Co.) feb 28 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 dispatch. feb 28 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 28 1c

POETRY.

[FOR THE ORANGEBURG NEWS.]

"Out in the Cold."

BY TRULLO.

These lines were suggested by reading an extract from a Northern paper, in which the editor took occasion to say substantially, that the South was out the Union, "in the cold," and he did not care, if she was allowed to remain there and "freeze," as it was no more than she deserved.

Out in the cold, boys, are ye left to freeze,
Except ye cowering creep, on bended knees
And, in submission's craven tones, implore
Your generous masters, to unbar the door—
But, Southrons—to your jewel, Honor, hold,
And uncompromising, nobly, stand the cold.

Out in the cold,—two winters' winds are past,
And still, the fatal die remains uncast—
Its storms, its snows, its tempests were in vain:
With scarce a murmur, ye have borne its pain—
Then, why may not the story thrice be told,
Another winter ye have borne the cold?

Out in the cold—Ah! could the gallant braves
Who sleep—Virginia—in thy silent graves
Awake, and hear thy woes, our mother-land,
Methinks, they'd once again, embattled stand,
To meet the tyrant minions on the plain,
And die once more, because they've died in vain.

Out in the cold—list not, immortal souls:
We would not have you bear the dirge, that rolls
In solemn cadence—like a funeral knell,
Around the sunny homes, you've loved so well—
'Twould be but fresh-awakened cause of pain,
To know, undying, that you've died in vain.

Out in the cold—Ah! who shall dare to say,
That, as that widowed mother kneels to pray,
Beside her rebel hero's dying boy,
And her most precious fount of earthly joy,
That scarpas come not, on bright pinions free,
To name the lost child—immortality.

Out in the cold—my motherland, to thee,
Shall I not lift my eyes in tears, to see
Thy fair limbs, bleeding from the tyrant's chains:
Look tyrant, look, upon those racking pains:
And if thy heart melts not—a Genghis Khan
Claims clearer title to the name of man.

Out in the cold—ye gods! how long, how long,
Shall Ossa be heaped with a nation's wrong?
Oh! is there no end to a tyrant's might?
And gleams there no star in a nation's night?
Shall faults of the past, never come from the ban,
And Reason guide no more, the soul of man?

Out in the cold—Ah! Southrons, never mind:
The scions of the martyred dead, shall bind
Unfading wreaths, upon that mother's brow,
So wan and desolate—se down-trodden now—
For, Reason yet shall guide the souls of men,
And things shall be, as they should be, again.

Out in the cold—cheer up, boys—bid despair
Trim his dark wings, and mount to upper air—
The road's exceeding long, that never turns;
And Vesta's fire still on the altar burns—
Hope on—for, ere those sacred fires shall wane,
As things should be, so shall they be, again.

In a plantation grave-yard in South Carolina, is to be seen a plain stone with this inscription:

"Old Bob."

"WELL DONE, THOU GOOD AND FAITHFUL SERVANT."
Beneath the marble of this simple grave,
Repose the ashes of a faithful slave.
Finished his work; his earthly labor o'er,
He'll grasp the hoe with willing hand no more!
No more the faithful cooper's task fulfill,
Nor mould the fragrant cedar to his will!

Another hand must shape the pliant oak,
Must frame the cabin or adjust the yoke!
And when the six day's labor is complete,
And God's own Sabbath reigns in stillness sweet—
When bursting on the hallowed air is heard
The early carol of the green-wood bird,
Which in its happy round no care displays,
But warbles forth its Maker's ardent praise—

Another voice must sound the call to prayer
And to the rustic chapel's doors repair
Speak to the erring words of stern reproof,
And urge decorum 'neath the sacred roof.
Then raise the rude but solemn hymn to Heaven,
And render humble thanks for mercies given!

Y'grave Philanthropists, who sit and plot
To annihilate the Slave's unhappy lot!
While thousands round you raise the wailing cry:
"Bread! give us bread or we must steal and die!"
Come view this unpretending testament,
This simple record of a life well spent!

He was not starved and kicked and beat through life,
Then hacked and maimed by the student's knife!
No! faithfully his master's cause he served,
Nor even from the path of duty swerved.
True to his trust and faithful to the end,
None ever mentioned him but to commend!
And now, when Life's last sand its course has run,
He has received his hard-earned, all-deserved—"Well Done."

An individual in Cincinnati worth \$75,000 has been in the habit of going through the cars and stealing all the newspapers and books while the passengers were dining.

A Dutchman out West married a second wife a week after the loss of wife No. 1. The Sabbath following, the bride asked her lord to take her riding, and was "cut up" with the following response—"You tink I ride out mit another woman so soon after the death of mine frau? No, No!"

LITERARY.

SELECTED.

The Marked Money.

(Concluded.)
CHAPTER IV.
THE INTERVIEW.

"Alice Drake took the young man by the hand and walked with him up through the garden. When they reached the sitting-room, Wilton Cunningham closed the door, and then taking a seat, he drew Alice to his side, and told her all that had transpired. His voice was firm, for he had schooled himself to the task.

"And now," he continued, as he finished his story, "I have thought, Alice, that it would be better for me to tell you this than to have it come to you from other lips. I know not how it will turn out, but I fear that I shall be unable to disprove Mr. Randall's charge. In all probability I shall this evening be called before Squire Bullard for examination, and the event cannot but cast a foul stain upon my reputation. It is a painful thing to be situated thus, for others must suffer besides myself; but you, Alice, I would free from—"

Wilton hesitated and wiped a tear from his eye, but he soon gain his self-possession, though his voice faltered as he continued:
"You know our relations, dear Alice, but if this stain falls upon me, I must release you from your vows. One so pure as you should not be united with a man upon whose name even a suspicion of crime can fasten itself. It is like taking my life itself this to—"

"Hold, Wilton," uttered the fair girl, who had managed thus far to keep back her tears. "Are you guilty of this thing?"
"It is cruel to ask me that, Alice."
"I ask it, nevertheless."
"As there is a God who hears me now, the thought, even of such a crime never entered my mind. The person does not live who can say with truth that I ever wronged his neighbor."

"I believe you," returned Alice, laying her hand upon Wilton's shoulder and gazing affectionately into his face. "I know you, and knowing you as I do, I shall never forsake you. When I promised to be yours for life, I did it upon mature deliberation, nor did I mean that the first time the cold breath of slander or suspicion fell upon you, that I should throw you off."

"Noble, generous girl!" murmured Wilton, as he wound his arm about her. "This takes away half the sting; but you must remember well what you do."
"I know what I would do, Wilton. Ah, if I could forsake you in your trouble, how unworthy should I be of the sacred office of wife! But tell me, have you no suspicions? You say that for some time various small sums of money have been taken from Randall's drawer."

"Yes, dearest; for over a year there have frequently been discrepancies between cash recorded and the amount in the drawer; but, in many cases, it has been the result of Mr. Randall's own carelessness in taking money during the day for small purchases without giving a minute of it; but, some instances, I know that money has been stolen."
"And have you no suspicions of who took it?" asked Alice, with much earnestness.

"I do not know who took it, and it would be ungenerous to tell of mere suspicions."
"Well, I have my suspicions," said Alice. "I was in the store after you went away to supper last Wednesday evening, and I waited some time for you to come back, but I got tired; so I came away without seeing you."
"Well," uttered the young man in almost breathless anxiety, "did you see anything out of the way?"
"Not that I know of; but while I was there, I saw Mr. Randall go away from the desk where you write, and put some heavy pieces of silver into the money-drawer, and when he went out of the store, I went too, for I did not like to remain after he had gone."

"That was probably the money he marked, and it was after he had gone home that that money was taken, for when the drawer was taken out of the safe, the next morning, he says it was gone; and it was after that, too, that I paid Mr. Willey."

For some time Alice Drake sat in deep thought. Her fingers' ends were placed upon her brow, and weighty ideas seemed revolving in her mind. At length she raised her head, and in a hopeful tone, she said:
"You have many friends, Wilton, and some who may help you in this emergency. I will myself seek them. Ah, there goes Squire Bullard now. You had better return to your own cottage, and, trust me, a woman's wit may be a match for them all."

"But I cannot consent to this, Alice, that you should—"
"Let me have my own way this time," interrupted Alice, "and I assure you that you shall

not often find me so stubborn. The merest accident in the world may turn the whole current of affairs."

"Well, be it as you like," returned Wilton, as he arose from his seat, "though it will be a lucky accident that settles this in my favor, though God knows it would be a just one."

CHAPTER V.
THE DEVOUEMENT.

Shortly afterwards young Cunningham kissed Alice, and then turned his steps towards his home. He had been in the house but a short time before he saw Alice ride past alone in her father's wagon. He had not yet dared to tell his mother that he expected to be taken to a lawyer's office, and rather than she should know of it till the result had appeared, he resolved to seek Mr. Randall ere he should be sent for, and with this view he told his mother merely that he was going to the store, and then left the house. Before he reached the store, however, he met the deputy-sheriff, who already held an order for his arrest, Mr. Randall having entered a complaint.

"It was not until after dark that Wilton Cunningham was conveyed to the office of Mr. Bullard, and when he arrived he found not only his accuser and his witness there, but also several of the towns-people besides.

Those who know anything about the preliminary examination of a complaint in one of our country lawyers' offices, understand pretty well the latitude that is generally given to not only witnesses, but also to plaintiff and defendant.

Mr. Bullard opened by reading Mr. Randall's charge, to which Wilton, of course, responded "not guilty." Randall then made his statement in full. His son, Lyman, was called upon to testify to the fact that money had frequently been stolen from his drawer. Just as young Randall was delivering his testimony with a brazen-faced, off-hand manner, old farmer Jones entered the office, followed by Alice Drake and Mark Loud, the latter of whom was a brother in Mr. Willey's stable.

"Randall felt uneasy when he saw Jones enter, for he did not like the man at all; but Lyman betrayed the most trepidation, and why will shortly be seen.
Mr. Willey was then called upon for his evidence, which he gave with precision and confidence.

"This thing looks rather dark," remarked Mr. Bullard, bending a sort of compassionate look upon Wilton.

"Squire," said farmer Jones, in his usual blunt way, rising slowly to his feet, "I don't know much about your law regulations, but I s'pose you wouldn't have no objections to my asking a few questions just about as I've a mind to?"

"Certainly not," returned the lawyer, with an air of deference, for farmer Jones was one of the most honest, upright and influential men in the town.

"Well, then, Squire; 'bout an hour ago Miss Alice Drake come drivin' up to my house, an' asked me if I didn't remember of leavin' in Randall's store last Wednesday night, an', of course, I remember it, though I don't s'pose I should ever have thought of it agin in the world, if she hadn't ave mentioned it. Well, I come right down with her, and atween us both we've got up a considerable story. Now, I should just like to ask Mr. Randall where his son was Sunday fore last."

"He was at P— Hill, to attend meeting all day," returned Randall; but when he saw how his son trembled, he evinced some strong misgivings on that point.

"Rather guess you're mistaken on that point," said Jones. "I saw him an' old Sampson's boy, with one of Mr. Willey's wagons postin' off airly in the mornin' in another direction; an', if I aint mistaken, they spent a good part of the day on Thompson's Pond, a fishin'."

Mr. Randall turned sharply upon his son, and asked if that was true. Lyman at first denied the gentle insinuation, but at length he was obliged to own it.

"Well, that's so much gained," continued Jones; and then, with lawyer-like tact, he turned to Mr. Willey. "Mr. Willey," said he, "how do you know that Wilton Cunningham gave you that crossed dollar that Randall lost out of his drawer?"

"Because no one else paid me any such money on that day," answered Willey.

"Where did you put that money when you got it?"
"In my drawer."
"And doesn't somebody else ever go to that drawer?"
"No one but Mark Loud."

"Well, continued Jones, "last Wednesday night I left my horse in your shed, and after the store was shut up I went after him, and just as I was onhitchin' him, Mr. Lyman Randall steps in and pays Mark Loud for the horse he had the Sunday before, though he didn't notice me when he did it. When I turned into the street, I saw Alice Drake, an' I offered to

carry her home, though I had to go some distance out of my way. As we were riding along, we got to speaking about Randall, an' I told her all about Lyman's ridin' off Sundays, an' that's the way she happened to hit on me in this case."

"But what has all this to do with my complaint?" asked Randall, in considerable passion.

"Only just this," returned Jones, with a peculiar leer: "It was your son that paid that crossed dollar!"
"It's a fact," said Mark Loud, hop'ing up from his seat. "Lyman Randall paid it to me for the horse, and I put it into the drawer with some of the others, and if you'll look on the book, you'll find that I gave him credit for it."

"I remember now that I noticed the credit," said Mr. Willey; "but there was only the same number of silver dollars that I put in there myself, for I counted them."

"Because I gave one of them to Sam Kendall in change for a two dollar bill," explained Mark, "and that was before I took the dollar of Lyman."

"And how do you know that it was the crossed dollar you took of my son?" asked Mr. Randall.

"Because I took particular notice of it," returned Loud. "You see when the Portland stage got in, and after the horses were put up, the driver wanted to add and even with me to see who should carry the mail up to the post office; so I took out this dollar—for I hadn't had a chance to carry it into the office,—and I agreed to let him guess on the date of that, and when I come to look at the figures, I found a little cross that looked as though it had been cut in with a knife, and one end of it came right down to the date. If that's the dollar that Randall's got, you'll find it just as I've said."

This produced quite a marked sensation; and when Mr. Randall was asked to show the dollar, he freely acknowledged, though with accumulated wrath, that there was no need of it.

"Then, of course, you withdraw your complaint," said Bullard.

"Yes," returned Randall; and then turning savagely upon his son, he hissed out from between his clenched teeth: "Lyman, you scamp, you shall suffer for this. Come, sit, and I'll teach—"

But the boy did not choose to hear any more, for quickly turning at bay, he retorted:
"Now look here, father, you'd better keep dark, for I think I can tell some things as well as you!"
Elias Randall was humbled in a moment, and like a whipped cur, he turned to leave the office; but before he did so he heard farmer Jones remark:

"Like father like son. The boy's learned his lesson well!"
There were tears in Wilton Cunningham's eyes when he took Alice by the hand, but he could not speak; nor could she, for her excitement had been too great; but of one thing I am sure: in less than two short months, they had spoken to some purpose, for they had become one for life, and on the Monday afterwards, Wilton opened a large store with a freely-loaned capital of eight thousand dollars.

Just seven years have passed away since then. Mr. Randall lost all his customers in less than a year after the opening of the new store, for, through Cunningham's honest trading, the people found how shamefully they had been cheated, and the latter has not only cleared enough to refund his borrowed capital, but he has gained a large circle of true-hearted friends, such as true honest worth never fails to win.

Lyman and Randall was just in time to take the first "Oregon fever"; while his father went to Canada, and entered into horse trading, but no one ever bought a horse of him the second time, and he has surely lived to appreciate the old adage: "He who swims in sins, will sink in greater sorrows."

AGRICULTURAL, & C.

[From the Southern Cultivator.]
What an Old Man Would Do if he were now young.

He would marry a clever, respectable, good-looking, intellectual, healthy, well connected young woman, and love her and serve her with the utmost fidelity, as long as life should continue her to him as a wife. If any fool does not understand the sense and duty and pleasure of this, upon the naked suggestion, he would not understand the argument in support of it, and I therefore pre-empt it.

He would try, in an humble modest way, to do the will of God; and in his relations to all men, lovingly to "work righteousness."

He would by some honest means—for cash, or on a credit—by purchase, gift, or inheritance, own a "tract" of land in middle Georgia, or 3 quarter sections in Alabama—not less than 200 acres, nor more than 240. Here he would fix his earthly home, for the whole term of his natural life, and having plain, substantial houses and commodious outhouses and shelters, with

one hundred and fifty acres of open land, besides orchards, garden, patches, lots, &c., he would begin to cultivate his farm.

This farm we would divide into three equal fields, of 50 acres each, and employ 8 hands, and give them 4 good mules, and a yoke of oxen to cultivate it with.

He would plant 1000 walnut trees. Twenty or thirty years hence, their yield of nuts and timber would be worth a large sum.

He would plant 5 acres in fig trees, and learn how to dry, preserve and pack the figs into boxes for market.—After a few years the proceeds would be a profit of a thousand dollars annually. (Fortunes will yet be made in the preparation of fig preserves and pickles at the South, for Northern markets.—Ed. So. Cult.)

He would plant 5 acres in Scuppernon Grape Vines. In a few years the wine would be worth several thousand dollars annually.

He would plant 5 acres in Sugar Cane, and manufacture his own Syrup and Molasses, and a little surplus.

He would cultivate 5 acres of Cabbage, with the plough, and use them in making slops for milch cows, and to fatten hogs. This, with plenty of turnips, sweet potatoes, (none are half equal to the yam) and hay, would always secure milk and butter in abundance.

He would level his land—gather all the loose rocks to the low places where the soil would wash out of his fields, and if rock was at hand, would make rock fences at those places, so that no soil should escape, and no rain-water either. He would cut his ditches on a perfect level, draw the dirt on the upper side, fill up low places, use the ditches for guide rows, and to protect bottoms from inundation, and he would manure the hill-tops.

He would manufacture ten tons of compost, at cost of not more than one ton of Guano, of any popular Superphosphate, possessing, in value to crop and soil, twice the value of the single ton of the commercial manure. In another article, he will tell something about how to do this.

He would read the Bible, pray with his children—comfort and encourage his wife—be just and liberal to his laborers—avoid political prejudices, and the bitterness of party strife, and as to the corrupting, denationalizing diabolism of religious sectarianism, he would try to forget that human nature is capable of it.

He would do his part to respond to the smile of God, and make his country a garden—a home—a temple—a tower of strength!

Of beauty and of guidance too, a Star;
May ages contemplate my native land!
While tempests shake the warring world afar—
God shelter men, beneath His mighty hand!
The maiden flowers, within her quiet vale,
Bloom safely, far from where rude war prevails.
W. A. WILKINS.
The Hills, near Auburn, Lee County, Ala.
Feb. 26, 1867.

PRACTICAL HINTS.—A coating of three parts lead and one of rosin, applied to iron tools of iron or steel, will effectually prevent rust. Common nails heated red-hot and dropped into cold water will clinch, and answer the purpose of wrought nails. The sharp corner of a common Indian arrow head or flint, will cut glass quite effectually. A good wagon jack may be made of two pieces of boards, two or more feet long. Place the board in front of the wheel, one end on the ground and the other just under one of the spokes, close up to the felloe; then take hold of a spoke on the opposite side of the wheel and lift, at the same time place the second board under the axle-tree. In this way a loaded wagon may be lifted with ease. Rusty nails may be drawn from wood without difficulty, by first giving them a blow, hard enough to start them a little.

SEEDLESS PEACHES.—To make peaches grow without stones, an agriculturist who has tried it with success, says: "Turn the top of the tree down, cut off the ends, stick them into the ground; and fasten so with stakes. In a year or two these tops will take root, and when well rooted, cut the branches containing these reversed and rooted branches with the tree proper, and this reversed peach tree will produce fine peaches without stones." The same experiment may be tried with plums, cherries, and currants.

The most extraordinary newspaper success of the age is the Paris Evening, which in ten months has attained a circulation of 48,000 copies. In these ten months it has been calculated that \$100,000 have been paid for paper, and that \$30,000 have been spent among publishers for books given as premiums to subscribers.

Twenty eight thousand dollars have been paid to the different writers engaged on this paper. One hundred and sixty-one are employed in the office of the paper, and in the printing department.

There are twenty-six compositors, two correctors, six stereotypers, thirty-one pressmen, forty-five carriers, twenty clerks twenty-six folders and five reporters. Taking in addition to the above, the people who in Paris and the provinces are more or less dependent on the paper, it is supposed that it finds a living for not less than three thousand individuals.

Clinton True Witness.