

# Orangeburg News & Times

TWO DOLLARS PER ANNUM. GOD AND OUR COUNTRY. ALWAYS IN ADVANCE.  
VOLUME 9. SATURDAY MORNING, JUNE 12, 1875. NUMBER 17

## DENTISTRY

**B. F. MUCKENFUSS, Dentist**  
OF CHARLESTON, can be found at his  
OFFICE above Captain HAMIL-  
TON'S STORE, on Mar-  
ket Street  
References—Drs. J. P. PATRICK, B. A.  
MUCKENFUSS, A. P. FELZER, M. D., and  
Messrs. ROPPEN & CO.

## NOTICE

TO THE  
**LADIES AND GENTLEMEN**  
OF ORANGEBURG,  
MOSES M. BROWN, the Barber pledges  
himself to keep up with the times in all the  
LATE IMPROVEMENTS, as his business is  
sufficient to guarantee the above. He will  
be found at his old stand, ever ready to  
serve his customers at the shortest notice.  
apl 11 30

## Nine Years' Experience

**DRUGS and MEDICINES.**  
PAINTS, OILS, BRUSHES, AND PATENT MEDICINES,  
TOILET ARTICLES, CANDLES, CUTLERY, SEWERS, TOBACCO, &c.  
I have on hand also a supply of  
SEEDS and ONION SETTS.  
Prescriptions carefully compounded, orders  
from the country strictly attended to at the  
Popular Drug Store of  
**DR. A. C. DUKES,**  
jan 23 1874 1y

## Horses and Mules

AT  
**BAMBERG & SLATER'S STABLES**  
IN REAR OF  
**J. GEO. VON'S STORE.**  
Where you will find a COMPLETE stock  
of the finest HORSES and MULES that can  
be procured from the BEST MARKETS in  
the United States.  
Our prices range from \$50 to \$225. All  
orders filled at the shortest notice. We  
keep our stock on hand do not please we  
will not be disappointed.  
BAMBERG & SLATER,  
dec 18 1874 6m

## NOTICE is hereby given of

the loss or destruction of Certificate  
of Deposit No. 311, Orangeburg Branch,  
Citizens Savings Bank of South Carolina,  
issued to the late E. J. Oliveros, deceased,  
and also of Deposit Book No. 96, of same  
Branch, in the name of the said E. J. Oli-  
veros, in trust, and that I will apply in  
three months from date for a renewal of the  
same, and for such dividends as may accrue  
thereon, to the Trustee and Committee of  
the said Bank, at Columbia, S. C.  
E. ROSA C. OLIVEROS,  
mar 6-1 am 5m Qualified Executor.

## DENTAL NOTICE

THE undersigned takes pleasure in an-  
nouncing to his many friends and patrons  
that he has permanently located at Orange-  
burg, C. H. S. C., where he will devote his  
entire time, from every Monday till Saturday  
noon to the  
PRACTICE OF DENTISTRY  
in all its departments. Perfect satisfaction  
guaranteed in all operations entrusted to his  
care. Charges very moderate.  
Office at Dr. Farnham's old stand over Will-  
cock's Store.  
A. M. SNIDER, D. S.  
L. S. WOLFE.

## THE ORANGEBURG

**HIGH SCHOOL**  
IN THE  
**BASEMENT OF DUKES'**  
**HOTEL,**  
For TERMS apply to  
S. R. MELLICHAMP,  
Principal.

## FIRE INSURANCE

**AGENCY.**  
Having secured the AGENCY of the  
"City Insurance Company  
of  
Providence, R. I."  
Capital, \$219,051.  
With that of participating Companies,  
The "Fireman's Fund," Cap-  
ital \$500,000.

## And the "Atlantic" of New York.

I am prepared to take RISKS of any  
amount, dividing them in several first class  
COMPANIES, to which I call the attention of  
property holders.

## SPECIAL RISKS

Taken on GIN HOUSES, MILLS and  
BARNES.  
JOHN A. HAMILTON,  
Fire Insurance Agent.  
A few tons of  
GUANAPE PERUVIAN GUANO.  
Also a supply of the  
MAPES STANDARD FERTILIZERS.  
J. A. HAMILTON,  
apl 3 1875 1y

## The Manliest Man.

The manliest man of all the race,  
Whose heart is open as his face,  
Puts forth his hand to help another,  
'Tis the blood of kith and kin,  
'Tis not the color of the skin;  
'Tis the heart that beats within,  
Which makes the man a man and a  
brother.

His words are warm upon his lips,  
His heart beats to his finger tips,  
He is a friend and loyal neighbor,  
Sweet children kiss him on the way,  
And the women trust him for their may,  
He owes no debts he cannot pay;  
He earns his bread with honest labor.

He lifts the fallen from the ground,  
And puts his feet upon the round  
Of dreaming Jacob's ladder,  
Which lifts him higher, day by day,  
Towards the bright and heavenly way,  
And farther from the tempter's sway,  
Which singeth like the angry adder.

He strikes oppression to the dust,  
He shares the blows aimed at the just,  
He is not from the point of danger,  
And in the thickest of the fight,  
He battles bravely for the right,  
For that is mightier than might,  
Though cradled in an humble manger.

Hail to the manliest man! he comes  
Not with the sound of horns and drums,  
Though grand as any duke, and grander;  
He dawns upon the world and light,  
Disperses the weary gloom of night,  
And fills, like bats and owls take flight;  
He's greater than great Alexander.

## The Farmers' Friend.

'Farmer's Cultivator' richly de-  
serves the appellation which heads  
this article. The Patentee claims for  
this invention the following advanta-  
ges:

1st. It can be used as a single plow,  
using either 'cotton or turn plow' cast-  
ings. As a single plow it can be used  
as an ordinary cotton plow to 'side  
cotton,' 'split out middles' or do all  
work necessary for a plow to do, in  
the cultivation of cotton; by putting  
on the turnplow castings it can be  
used for all purposes, for which  
turnplows are used.

2d. By attaching the second plow  
to a double row it is found that when  
cotton row can be 'sided and the mid-  
dles split out by going up and coming  
down' once.

By putting on the turn plow cast-  
ings, a double turn plow is formed,  
which will do the work of 2 men and  
2 horses, with one man and a single  
horse, with as much ease as with an  
ordinary turn plow.

3rd. By attaching the third plow, a  
triple plow is formed with which a  
man and 2 horses, can do as much  
work, either in 'breaking up' or 'plow-  
ing in' small grain, in a given time, as  
3 men and 3 horses.

The declarations of the Inventor  
and Patentee, extravagant as they  
may appear to those who have not  
seen the cultivator at work, actually  
fall short of the truth.

We have no hesitation in pronoun-  
cing it one of the most valuable combi-  
nation of plows ever devised. This  
judgment is not pronounced as our  
own, but is authorized and endorsed  
by many of the most successful and  
practical planters, of our section—by  
such men as Hon W D Johnson, Col  
E T Stackhouse, Hon A Q McDuffie,  
Gen W Evans, W W Sellers, Esq., J  
M Johnson, Esq., Col John G Blue,  
Col W W DuRant, Rev John L  
Smith, Messrs. E J Moody, L B Rog-  
ers D E Gilchrist, E T Lewis, A B  
Pagd, R P Ellerbee, T W Ayers, C S  
Moody, C J McColl, P C Tart, A B  
Rogers, E D Rogers, N Evans, R B  
Bradde, John McEllan, D McIntyre,  
T W Godbold, W J Brown, John  
Drew, D H Colenar, Thos Drew, Hon  
John Wilcox, T C Moody, W H Craw-  
ford, J E Foxworth, W B Gasque, W  
W Sellers, Jr., Jos A Baker, Capt W  
S Ellerbee, Maj J B White, C D  
Evans, Esq., W L Alford, D W Mc-  
Laurin, Maj S E McMillan, W B Mc-  
Millan, Esq., James H Manning, Esq.,  
and others.

The above gentlemen have seen it  
working and have tested it person-  
ally.

It meets the great need of the Cot-  
ton States, in that it enables the plan-  
ter to reduce his animal force from one  
third to one-half, or with the same  
animal force to cultivate from one  
third to one half more land, as well,  
or better, than it is now cultivated.  
It reduces the required help, or in-  
creases its productive capacity in the  
same proportion.

If it can accomplish all this, it is in-  
deed the Poor Man's Friend. That  
it can do it we confidently assert, and  
in doing so, are only testifying to that  
which we have seen.

This Cultivator will soon be brought  
to the attention of the people of every  
section of the State. The exclusive  
right to manufacture and vend this  
Cultivator within the State of South  
Carolina has been purchased by gentle-  
men at Marion, S. C., and they pro-  
pose to proceed with energy and with-  
out delay to place it within the reach  
of all. In the mean time any person  
desiring further information or wish-  
ing to purchase plows are invited to  
address Messrs. J. Stackhouse & Co.,  
Marion, S. C.

[From the Sunny South.]  
"The Bravest and the Tenderest."  
BY MRS. M. LOUISE CROSSLEY.

It is a singular but interesting  
study—the exquisite affinity which  
some emotions of our nature have with  
others of equal nobleness and purity.  
The commingling of the most delicate  
chemicals cannot surpass the synthetical  
combination of these priceless but  
immaterial substances of the soul.  
While I do not think that any effort  
of emotional synthesis could unite  
courage and tenderness into one  
indissoluble body, I have never known  
a man who was truly brave, in the  
best sense of the word, but his nature  
was tender and sympathetic.

When our beloved and immortal  
Lee—God bless him!—walked over  
the battle ground at Malvern Hill, it  
was told me by one of his men, who  
lay wounded himself upon that bloody  
field, that he never saw more symp-  
tically manifested by a woman than was  
shown by his idolized chief towards  
the men who had fallen under his  
leadership that day and night.

He tore him, wounded, dead or dying.  
The great Southern champion, just  
from the flush of victory over the de-  
feated foe, without one thought of the  
fresh laurels about his brow, left his  
suite, and, alone, went about among  
his fellow-men, to cheer and relieve  
them wherever he could. With the  
tears streaming from his eyes, he here  
bends over a poor wounded private in  
rags and tatters, and lifting his head  
tenderly, puts the cup of water to his  
lips; and while endeavoring to staunch  
the blood of an ugly wound, speaks  
words of hope and comfort to the suf-  
ferer, moaning so touchingly in his  
pain. Over there, he bows by some  
dead hero, fallen "with his face to the  
foe," and smoothing back the matted  
and gory locks from the pallid face,  
reverently folds the icy hands upon the  
pulseless breast and straightens the  
stiffening limbs in the cold embrace  
of death; then sadly passing on, now  
kneels beside one who fell in close  
encounter with his last enemy. The  
soldier lifts his eyes to the pitying  
face of his beloved General, who, with  
tears still dropping down his bearded  
cheeks tenderly presses the clammy  
hand in his, and says in a low quiver-  
ing voice: "My friend, this is one of the  
heart rending but inevitable results of  
war. You have done your duty nobly  
and bravely; lift your heart now to  
Him who can save, and He will soon  
receive your spirit where there is no  
more conflict and death."

"Tis love, love, that makes the world go  
round."

Though the earth is sadder for the  
loss of Robert E. Lee, I thank God  
that we have known and loved him,  
and that his life with us is a precious  
and eternal memory! Though we  
may never look upon his like again,  
it is a sweet joy to know that he is  
now safe where

"No winds of war will ever blow,"  
that his "tender crowned soul" is with  
God, who is love—where no envious  
enmity can ever again vent its cruelty  
and malice against him, and no Lost  
Cause break his great, loving heart.

That was a shrewd method which  
an Iowa girl recently adopted to in-  
duce all her friends to attend her  
wedding. She didn't let them know  
up to the last moment who the groom  
was to be.

## A Patriotic Girl.

At the time General Green retreat-  
ed before Lord Rawdon from Ninety-  
Six, when he had passed Broad river  
he was very desirous to send an order  
to General Sumter who was on the  
Watered, to join him; that they might  
attack Rawdon, who had divided his  
force. But the general could find no  
man in that part of the State who  
was bold enough to undertake so dan-  
gerous a mission. The country to be  
passed through for many miles was  
full of blood-thirsty Tories, who on ev-  
ery occasion that offered intrude their  
hands in the blood of the whigs.  
At length Emily Geiger presented  
herself to General Green, and propos-  
ed to act as his messenger; and the  
general, both surprised and delighted,  
consented to her proposal. He accord-  
ingly wrote a letter and delivered it,  
and at the same time communicated  
the contents of it verbally, to be told  
to Sumter in case of accidents, Emily  
was young, but as to her person or ad-  
ventures on the way we have no fur-  
ther information, except that she was  
mounted on horse back upon a side sad-  
dle, and on the second day of her jour-  
ney she was intercepted by Lord Raw-  
don's scouts. Coming from the direc-  
tion of Greene's army, and not being  
able to tell an untruth without blush-  
ing, Emily was suspected and consign-  
ed to a room, and as the officer in com-  
mand had the modesty not to search  
her at the time, he sent for an old  
ry matron as more fitting for that pur-  
pose. Emily was not wanting in expedi-  
ent, and as soon as the door was  
closed and the bustle a little subsided,  
she ate up the letter, piece by piece.  
After awhile the matron arrived, and  
upon searching carefully, nothing was  
to be found of a suspicious nature  
about a prisoner, and she would dis-  
miss her. Emily, however, dis-  
guised, the officer commanding the  
scouts suffered Emily to depart with-  
er she was bound; but she took a route  
somewhat circuitous to avoid further  
detention, and soon after struck into  
the road to Sumter's camp, where she  
arrived in safety. Emily told her ad-  
venture, and delivered Green's verbal  
message to Sumter, who, in conse-  
quence soon after joined the main army  
at Orangeburg. He had joined  
home at the time she was  
days before the army reached  
Orangeburg, June 12, 1862, 11:10 P. M.  
THE GROWTH OF THE GRAVE—AS-  
TONISHING PHENOMENON—WHAT  
IS IT?

Make it Two Dollars.

Col. Orzo J. Dodds, late member of  
Congress from the First District of  
Ohio, tells a good story about a call  
he recently received at his office of a  
man who claimed to be an editor from  
Arkansas. He was a very seedy-look-  
ing chap, and appeared as though he  
had but recently come off a six weeks'  
spreec. Bowing profoundly, then strik-  
ing an attitude, with one hand on his  
heart and the other extending a badly  
used plug hat, he exclaimed with a  
dramatic air:

"Have I the honor of addressing the  
Hon. Orzo J. Dodds?"

"My name is Dodds, but I am no  
longer an honorable," said the Colonel.

"Not an honorable! Dodds not an  
honorable! Now, by St. Paul, when  
I see that honorable name, when  
the gods seem to have set their seal,"  
("Green seal," murmured Dodds to  
himself.) "I read nothing dishonor-  
able."

"That's right," said Dodds. "Never  
read anything dishonorable. But to  
business."

"Yes, as you say, to business. I am  
a printer; I might say an editor. I am  
from the State of Arkansas—the only  
State, by the way, able and willing  
to support two Governors at the same  
time. But I have been unfortunate.  
Much have I been tossed about by the  
ire of cruel Juno, and —"

"Juno how it is yourself," broke  
in the Colonel.

"Buffeted by the world's rude  
storms, you see me here a stranded  
wreck. Scarce three moons past I  
left my office in charge of my worthy  
foreman and sought the peaceful valleys  
and calm rests of the Muskingdom  
Valley, where my childhood sported.  
Returning I stopped at Cincinnati. I  
fell into evil company and—but why  
dwell on details? Enough that I am  
—what I am—disheartened, ruined,  
broke. A mark for scorn to point her  
slow, unerring finger at. As I was  
about giving up in despair, having  
given up everything else that I had, I  
thought of you. Sir I am here. You  
did not send for me, but I have come.  
Your name is known and honored  
from one end of this great Republic to  
the other. It.

"Glow on the stars,  
Refreshes the breeze,  
Warns in the sun  
And blossoms on the trees.

"When the National Treasury was  
threatened by a body of greedy Con-  
gressmen, you stood like a wall of ad-  
mirable between the people and those  
infamous salary grabbers. Lend me a  
dollar!"

"My dear sir," the Colonel pre-  
tended to explain, "you mistake the  
case entirely. I was one of the grab-  
bers."

"You were?" (grasping the Col-  
onel's hand warmly.) "So much the  
better. Let me congratulate you that  
a parsimonious public could not  
frighten you out of what was but a  
fair remuneration for your invaluable  
services. I am glad that your pecuni-  
ary circumstances are so much better  
than I supposed. Make it two!"

And the Colonel did. It was the  
only clear thing for him to do.

on the top pointing upwards, present-  
ing the position of the minister's hand  
when pronouncing a benediction. It  
is about the size of a six year old  
child's hand, with long slender fingers  
like those of a person very much  
emaciated by sickness. The wood  
has enlarged formations on each finger  
and the thumb, representing and cor-  
responding with the joints of the hu-  
man hand. The most remarkable  
feature about it is the natural appear-  
ance of the nails. They have a kind  
of flesh color, and the balance of the  
hand, where the bark has been entire-  
ly removed looks ghastly white. The  
first impression it makes upon you is  
the same experienced in handling a  
skeleton, and a large majority of those  
who see it, regard it with the same  
subdued, half superstitious awe,  
inspired by the presence of a corpse.  
Mr. Andrews says the grave from  
which it was cut is supposed to be the  
grave of a very devout Methodist  
minister by the name of Butcher, who  
was buried there many years ago."

Items.

The A. E. team of Williamson left  
for Ireland on Saturday.

It is the high price of slate pencils  
that is driving the saloon keepers to  
the poor house.

Mrs. Gibbins says her husband is  
like a tallow candle—he always will  
smoke when he goes out.

Prof. of Rhetoric; 'What impor-  
tant change came over Burns in the  
latter part of his life? Senior. 'He  
died.'

He provoked me into loving him,  
was a Rochester girl's excuse for en-  
gaging herself to a man whom she had  
always professed to hate.

A certain Western editor, who was  
presented with a box of collars as pay  
for an advertisement, is waiting in  
daily expectation that some one will  
present him with a shirt.

A Brown County editor bought his  
ink by the jugful, because he could  
get it cheaper, but his wife went to  
fill the inkstand one morning and  
found it wasn't ink by a jugful.

The Martin boys of Iowa loved  
their father, and when he died two of  
the five were killed in the struggle to  
see which should have his old watch  
and chain to remember him by.

"So you take lessons in drawing,  
Sallie!" "Yes; and the teacher says  
I'm an apt pupil, as I draw more in-  
ferences, insinuations, admirers and  
allowances than any girl in the acad-  
emy."

The average Gorilla of Central Af-  
rica now points to Stanley and his  
band of explorers, and pathetically  
reminds his grand children that 'that  
is what they may one day expect to  
come to.'

A man awoke his wife the other  
night, and started her up, and in-  
formed her that he had swallowed a  
dose of strychnine. 'Well, you old  
fool,' said she, 'lie still, or it may come  
up.'

A French paper says that not one  
American in a hundred has a hand-  
some chin. 'This is due to the fact  
that so many of our fellow citizens  
give nearly all their time to the culti-  
vation of cheek.'

Augustus, dear,' said she tenderly  
pushing him from her as the moon-  
light flooded the bay-window, where  
they were standing, 'I think you had  
better try some other hair-dye; your  
moustache tastes like turpentine.'

If you love others, they will love  
you: If you speak kindly to them,  
they will speak kindly to you. Love  
is repaid with love, and hatred with  
hatred. Would you hear a sweet and  
pleasing echo, speak sweetly and pleas-  
antly yourself.

A feature of the Decoration Day ob-  
servance in Springfield, Mass., was  
the special attention paid to the grave  
of Sumner Brown, a supposed rebel  
soldier. The poem, 'The Blue and the  
Gray,' was read, and a great deal of  
pathos was elaborated by the orators.  
The next day Sumner Brown's father  
having heard of the matter, published  
a statement showing that his son had  
never been a rebel.

BEECHER-TILTON.—Judge Porter  
spoke five days in the Beecher trial.  
Only one of the jurors sickened under  
the nauseating trial. It speaks well  
for the stomachs of Gotham men,  
Christendom and Christianity, was  
never before disgraced by such a trial.  
As a general thing, the back-sliding  
brother like Beecher, elopes with the  
guilty woman, and goes to preaching  
out West. It were well for Christi-  
anity and the church, if Beecher had  
followed the usual custom. The  
saintly woman who ought to know,  
says Beecher is guilty. She would not  
have said so for the world, if the fact  
had not been so. It is true, she now  
says, her certificate charging guilt upon  
Beecher was untrue, but in this we  
believe she is false. Mr. Evans will  
close the case, and by way of earning  
his \$20,000 fee, he will no doubt imi-  
tate Judge Porter, and talk a week,  
and then Beecher will be acquitted.