

Orangeburg Times

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"ON WE MOVE INDISSOLUBLY FIRM; GOD AND NATURE HAD THE SAME."

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Those in want of a good horse had better
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POETRY.

Fifty Years Apart.

They sit in the winter gloaming,
And the fire burns bright between;
One has passed seventy summers,
And the other just seventeen.

They rest in a happy silence,
As the shadows deepen fast;
One lives in a coming future,
And one in a long, long past.

Each dreams of a rush of music,
And a question whispered low;
One will hear it this evening—
One heard it long ago.

Each dreams of a loving husband,
Whose heart is hers alone;
For one the joy is coming—
For one the joy has flown.

Each dreams of a life of gladness,
Spent under the sunny skies;
And both the hope and the memory
Shine in the happy eyes.

Who knows which dream is the brightest?
And who knows which is the best?
The sorrow and joy are mingled,
But only the end is rest.

How Birds are Taught to Sing.

Every kind of bird sings its own peculiar notes, but all may be taught to sing regular tunes. The mocking-bird and thrush learn tunes without training. But, by a regular education, other birds may become fine performers. A contributor to the Nursery says:

"Last summer I was at a friend's house at Nahant. I rose early in the morning, and went down stairs to walk on the piazza. While there I heard, as I thought, some person whistling a tune in a very sweet style. I looked around, but could see no one. What could the sound come from? I looked up and saw a little bird in a cage. The cage was hung in the midst of flowers and twining plants. "Can it be," thought I, "that such a little bird as that has been taught to sing a regular tune so sweetly?"

I did not know what to make of it. When my friend came down stairs she told me that it was the little bird who had whistled the sweet tune. Then my friend cried out to the bird, "Come Bully, Bully, sweet little bluefinch, give us just one more tune." And then this dear little bird hopped about the cage, looked at his mistress, and whistled another sweet tune. It was so strange to hear a bird whistle a regular tune!

"Now, Bully," said my friend, "you must give us 'Yankee Doodle.' Come, come, you shall have some nice fresh seed if you will whistle 'Yankee Doodle.'" And the little thing did whistle it much to my surprise.

My friend then told me that she had brought the bird from the little town of Fulda, in Germany, where there are little schools for teaching these birds to sing. When a bullfinch has learned to sing two or three tunes, he is worth from forty to sixty dollars, for he will bring that price in France or England.

Great skill and patience are needed to teach these birds. Few teachers can have the time to give to the children under their charge so much care as the bird-teachers give to their bird-pupils.

The birds are put into classes of about six each, and kept for a time in a dark room. Here, when their food is given to them, they are made to hear music, so that, when they have eaten their food, or when they want more food, they will sing, and try to imitate the tune they have just learned. This tune they probably connect with the act of feeding. As soon as they begin to imitate a few notes, the light is let into the room, and this cheers them still more, and makes them feel as if they would like to sing. In some of these schools the birds are allowed neither light nor food till they begin to sing. These are the schools where the teachers are more strict.

After being thus taught in classes, each bullfinch is put under the care of a boy, who plays his organ from morning till night, while the master or the mistress of the bird school goes round to see how the pupils are getting on.

The bullfinches seem to know at once when they are scolded, and when they

are praised by their master or mistress; and they like to be petted when they have done well. The training goes on for nine months, and then the birds have got their education and are sent to England or to France, and sometimes to America, to be sold.

All animals, all birds, and all reptiles—even fishes—are susceptible of culture and improvement. So are plants, roots and fruits. And, above and beyond all human beings capable of almost illimitable development, both of body and mind.

Rubinstein's Playing.

And, finally, with his shy, awkward bow, like a school boy doing obeisance to a committeeman, and his long, unkempt black hair straggling over his rugged Slavonic features, the great Rubinstein steps on the stage, and without prefatory glance or gesture, drops on the piano-stool and plunges into his work. For a single evening, either through personal mood or unfavorable position, we were at some trouble—let us now confess it—to judge how great he actually is. But a second hearing dispelled all doubt. Rubinstein is not only the greatest we have had here, but almost out of comparison great. Facile princeps, haud simile aut secundum, or any other well-worn phrase which the reader may manage to pick out of his dog-eared old Latin grammar, becomes literal in his case. In brief plain English, there is nobody like him, or who comes near it. Of course, the most immediately evident feature of this greatness is his mechanical command of the instrument, impressive, the amazing hard work of which he is capable. The mere labor of playing, well or ill, the four tremendous numbers on the last programme on which we heard him, would have reduced an ordinary day laborer to syncope and a stretcher. But when we reflect that every note was played with the most exquisite and conscious discrimination, with the most admirable weighing of power and self-command, that every staccato was as sharp and clear cut, every trill as liquid and resonant as if he had been doing nothing else but practice them for an hour before, we begin to realize his power as a mere mechanic. But behind this lies the taste, and, still further, the soul and the imagination. With most pianists, even of the better class, the piano is, after all, rather an obstinate and ungrateful instrument, a little wooden, a little mechanical, even a little tin-kettlish, on occasion. But with Rubinstein it absolutely gives up all substance of being a machine at all and becomes a living agent, interpenetrated by and responsive to the spirit of the master. Under his wonderful fingers it sings or thunders, murmurs or tingles, laughs or weeps, in apparent freedom from all physical law but that which puts it in immediate relation with the soul of the performer. Such soft dying resonance, of single cords, such microscopic diamond-dust of trill or pearl-drop of cadenza, such infinitesimal diminution of fairy-like pizzicando, will never probably be our fate to hear again. That any mortal fingers can strike a lumbering, resistant, resilient machine like a piano-key with the absolute self-command and nervous discrimination, the infinite variety of shading and flower-like softness of Rubinstein—that any human power of combination can blend a series of percussions to the liquid resonant chant and spirit-like murmur of his cantabile, is a thing which we beg pardon for the trite phrase—must be heard to be believed. If any one is inclined to deem these mere technical merits, to be acquired by the average performer through mere length and assiduity of practice, let him hear the tragic intensity of expression, the picturesque individualization in Rubinstein's "Edel Koing"—the dreamy melancholy pathos and poetic sweetness of his Romanze and barenoles, and repent.

But why should we waste words in doing that for our reader which he will surely do for himself? Suffice it, that, so far as we can judge at present, Rubinstein is the king of pianists, royally arrayed in all the apparel and insignia, rich in all the gifts and graces of his pre-eminent station, exceptionally great alike in pow-

er, intensity, delicacy, sweetness, and imaginative expression. His advent here will form an epoch in instrumental art; from his achievement our own pianists must take a new departure, and from the study of his transcendent art must draw at once reproof, instruction, and inspiration.—[Scribner's for November.

The Rev. Jean Henri Merle D'Aubigne.

Rev. Jean Henri Merle D'Aubigne, the eminent historian, died suddenly on Monday last in Geneva, Switzerland. He was born in that city, August 16, 1794, and descended from a family who were driven from France by the revocation of the Edict of Nantes. He was educated in his native town, and after his collegiate course there went to Berlin to attend the lectures of Neander. In 1817 he entered the evangelical ministry, and was for several years pastor of a French church at Hamburg, and afterward the favorite Court preacher of the King of Holland. In 1830 he returned to Geneva, and when the Evangelical Society of that city founded their theological school he was appointed to the chair of Ecclesiastical History. He wrote there his great work, the "History of the Reformation of the Sixteenth Century," of which three editions have been sold in France, and 200,000 copies issued of the English translation. He was also the author of several other works, including "Recollections of a Swiss Minister" and an account of Cromwell's Protectorate. In his last visit to Scotland (1856) he was presented with the freedom of the city of Edinburgh. M. Merle D'Aubigne was a man of enlarged and liberal views, and evinced in his writings a spirit of earnest devotion united with a strong adherence to the Protestant faith. He made historical researches with great earnestness, having devoted more than 30 years to the History of the Reformation alone.

The Boundary Line Between the United States and Great Britain.

Among the questions submitted by the Washington Treaty was the true boundary between Great Britain and the United States on our Northwestern and Pacific coasts. The English Government claim that the line should run through the Rosario Straits, the American Government through the Canal de Haro. This involves the legal title to the Islands of San Juan, Orcas, Lopez, Blakeley, Decatur and Shaw, which lie between these two points.

This forms a portion of formerly Oregon, but now of Washington Territory. There will be well remembered, the famous controversy some years since in reference to our Northwestern Boundary, when the United States claimed the whole of the Northwest territory as far as the Russian possessions. It was in 1844, nearly thirty years ago, that Mr. Polk and the Democratic party aroused the national pride by the utterance of 54 40, or a fight. If the British claim of boundary had then been permitted, the United States would have been without a seaport on the Pacific. Finally, the Ashburton treaty was adjusted in 1846, by which forty-nine degrees was agreed as the parallel, but to extend Westward to the middle of the channel, which separates the Continent from Vancouver's Island, and thence Southerly through the middle of said channel and of Fuca Straits to the Pacific Ocean.

It will be observed that the name of the channel is not designated. The whole question, therefore, turns upon the point, which is the channel which separates the continent from Vancouver's Island? Is it the Rosario Strait, or the Canal de Haro? Which of these was the main channel in 1846, when the treaty was signed? On this one issue the whole subject matter rests. It is a matter of consequence, on account of the value of the Island of San Juan, as a coaling and other station. By the following, the 34th Article of the Washington Treaty, the whole subject was submitted to the Emperor William, of Germany, for his final decision:

"ARTICLE 34.—Whereas it was stipulated by article 1 of the Treaty concluded at Washington on the 15th of June, 1846, between Her Britannic Majesty and the United States, that the line of boundary between the Territories of the United States and those of Her Britannic Majesty, from the point on the forty-ninth parallel of North latitude, up to which it had already been ascertained, should be continued Westward along the said parallel of North latitude "to the middle of the channel which separates the Continent from Vancouver's Island, and thence Southerly, through the middle of the said channel and of Fuca Straits to the Pacific Ocean;" and whereas the commissioners appointed by the two high contracting parties to determine that portion of the boundary which runs Southwesterly through the middle of the channel aforesaid were unable to agree upon the same; and whereas the government of Her Britannic Majesty claims that such boundary line should, under the terms of the treaty above recited, be run through the Rosario Straits, and the government of the United States claims that it should be run through the Canal de Haro, it is agreed that the respective claims of the government of Her Britannic Majesty and of the government of the United States shall be submitted to the arbitration and award of His Majesty the Emperor of Germany, who, having regard to the above-mentioned article of the said treaty, shall decide thereupon, finally and without appeal, which of those claims is most in accordance with the true interpretation of the Treaty of June 15, 1845."

It now appears that the Emperor William has referred the question to able jurists of his own domain, who have rendered a written judgment in favor of the claim of the United States, and against that made by Great Britain. It but awaits the final signature of the Kaiser, when the vexed question of boundary will be forever settled.

The San Juan Boundary.

BERLIN, October 26.
The names of the Imperial advisors, on whose reports judgment is based, are Grenin, Vice-President of the Supreme Court; Kieper, an eminent geographer, and Goldschmidt, member of the Superior Tribunal of Leipzig. They charge England with vagueness in wording of the treaty of 1846, and state that the word "Southerly" means the shortest channel to the Strait of Juan de J.

The drinking of absinthe has wonderfully fallen off in Paris. The drinkers have also fallen off wonderfully.

Louisville girls wear chunks of ice in their paniers, enclosed in oil-cloth sacks, and keep cool and happy as a cucumber all the day long.

A person addicted to the habit of chewing the finger nails: how a want of decision of character, at least so say the cranium savans.

The Secretary of the Treasury directs Collectors to forbid the importation of horses suspected of disease. Collectors report that the disease is epidemic but not contagious, and when taken early yields readily to remedies.

The construction of the Port Royal Railroad is progressing rapidly. It is finished to a point seventy-eight miles beyond Beaufort, and within thirty miles of Augusta. It is firmly believed that the road will be running by the 1st of January. The bridge at Augusta will be completed in December.

Billed.

Capt. W. W. Neil, J. O. Duckert and Lady Tribble, were before Commissioner Runkle on last Wednesday. They were released on a bond of five thousand dollars each to appear in Columbia on the 4th Monday in November at the sitting of the United States Circuit Court. Dr. Dave Richardson and Capt. Joel Anderson, are before the Commissioner as we go to press. This completes the list of the late arrests in this county.—[Laurensville Herald.

FALL FIGHTS.—The fall fights have begun in earnest, and are abundant. An individual, who had evidently imbibed too much tangle-foot, accidentally unloosened his arm, which sought refuge in the eye of a spectator, putting that member in mourning. No other damage done.

LARGE SQUASHES.—We were shown a couple of enormous squashes at John Noland's this week, raised in Jackson county—the largest we ever saw. One measured 6 1/2 feet in circumference and weighed 140 pounds, and the other measured 6 feet and weighed 132 pounds. Pretty good for high! [Oregon Ex.

The failure of the potato crop in Europe has brought out many curious explanations of the phenomenon, the principal one being the great prevalence of thunder storms. Hence it is argued that electricity not only turns beer and cream sour, but also rots potatoes.

Persistent effort and untiring perseverance will move mountains of difficulties, and smooth the roughest places. Fortune seldom lays her bounty at the feet of the indolent, listless and indifferent. She must be courted by unceasing vigilance, flattered by patient attention, and managed by guarded and politic action.

In Cincinnati, in a certain locality, there has been an intense excitement occasioned by the discovery that a Doctor had fallen in love with an Undertaker's wife. It might have been a little more natural perhaps if the Undertaker had fallen in love with the Doctor.

The last novelty in the church-building line was the shipping of a large Gothic iron church, for Lima, Peru, in a ship chartered for the purpose. Its cost, including the accompanying organ, was over \$100,000. The church was first entirely finished and set up in New York, and then taken down and packed for shipment.

Josh Billings never said a better thing than this: "I hey allurs observed that a whining dog is sure to get licked in a fight. No cur of well regulated morals can resist the temptation to bite a cowardly purp that tries to sneak off with his tale between his legs. The whining business man is just so. A good ringing bark is worth more to put greenback in a man's pocket than forty-two years of whining."

Mrs Fair manages to keep herself before the people in San Francisco. She lately sued her mother for debt, and the mother contributed still further to the excitement by taking a small dose of laudanum when she heard that the verdict had gone against her. Meantime young James Crittenden adds to the interest by dogging Mrs. Fair about with a cocked pistol, and intimating that it would be healthier for her in some distant clime.

The Scientific and Exploring Expedition to the copper lands of Northwestern Texas conducted by Col. W. C. McCarty, of Texas, report that vast copper and coal beds have been found. The coal resembles the anthracite of eastern Penn. and the copper assaying 84 per cent with a valuable trace of silver. The Expedition located 35,000 acres for the Texas Land and Copper Company, a close corporation, with no stock for sale. The coal discovery is regarded as most important, as the Southern Pacific Railroad passes through this region.

Please Notice
THE TIMES

gives regularly to its readers the latest Rail Road, Post Office, Express and market reports. It also furnishes all the legal notices of County interest, whether emanating from our County seat or from the State Capital. To do this requires money. It cannot but pay you to subscribe \$2.00 and have the Times sent you for a year. If you have already subscribed it cannot but pay you to ensure its being sent by calling and paying your subscription.