The Orangeburg News.

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

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THE ORANGEBURG NEWS.

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Every Saturday Morning.

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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 6 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 1y

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.
RUSSEL-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 Cornelson, Kramer & Co.,)
feb 23 c 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 c 1m.

SPRING TRADE
1867,
EZEKIEL & KOHN,
DEALERS IN
STAPLE AND FANCY DRY GOODS, CLOTHING, BOOTS AND SHOES, GROCERIES, CROCKERY, ETC., ETC.,
orner Russell and Market-Streets.

—:o:—

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 y 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 Yourselves.
At WILLCOCK'S.
feb 23 * 3m

POETRY.

[FOR THE ORANGEBURG NEWS.]

The Preacher.

BY P. J. M.

I heard a little sermon Lou,
From underneath a holly bush;
The preacher was a timid thrush,
And all his thoughts were gilt and new.

His text was love—his preaching praise,
His pulpit was an under limb;
Nor did his muse essay to climb
Star-ward in all his frequent lays.

"He preacheth well who acteth well,"
Was all he knew of eloquence,
He eyed me as an audience
And seemed to think me 'neath the spell.

Beneath the spell so magic wrought—
His style was earnestness—his eye,
(Unlike the lightning of the sky)
An index more of joy than thought.

A world of joy, yet it seemed hard
To sever from the surging sea,
The few bright drops he gave to me
Marked with the coinage of the bard.

For fierce did he gesticulate,
Which showed the mystic power he felt;
Yet never for a moment dwelt
On doctrines of free will and fate.

Chaste minister of love and joy!
Thou'lt be my future pulpiteer,
Thy sermons please the ready ear,
And fill the heart without alloy.

Archie.

BY PHŒBE CARY.

O, to be back in the beautiful shadow
Of that old maple tree down in the meadow,
Watching the smiles that grew dearer and dearer,
Listening to lips that grew nearer and nearer!
O, to be back in the crimson-topped clover,
Sitting again with my Archie, my lover.

O, for the time when I felt his caresses,
Smoothing away from my forehead my tresses,
When up from my heart to my cheek went the blushes,
As he said that my voice was as sweet as the thrush's;
When he said that my eyes were bewitchingly jetty,
And I told him 'twas only my love that made them pretty.

Talk not of maiden reserve and of duty,
Or hide from my vision such wonderful beauty;
Pulses above may beat calmly and even—
We have been fashioned for earth and not heaven;
Angels are perfect—I'm but a woman;
Saints may be passionless—Archie is human.

Talk not of heavenly, down-dropping blisses—
Can they fall on the brow like the rain of soft kisses?
Preach not the promise of priests and evangels—
Love-crowned, I ask not the crown of the angels;
All that the wall of pure jasper encloses,
Makes not less lovely the white bridal roses.

Tell me that when all this life shall be over,
I shall still love him, and he be my lover—
That in meadows far sweeter than clover or heather,
My Archie and I shall sit always together;
Loving eternally, wed never to sever—
Then you may tell me of Heaven forever.

LITERARY.

[From Fraser's Magazine.]

THE TEST OF THE BITTER WATERS.

—:o:—

A HEBREW TALE, TRANSLATED FROM THE MODERN SANSCRIT.

—:o:—

(*Concluded.*)

CHAP. V—THE PILGRIM.

Sadly leaning on the marble balustrade which enclosed the terrace of Hophin's mansion, Ezela was gazing intently on a dark and vertical streak which curiosity appeared to bisect the sun. This was the tower of David, where Ammiel was to await her instructions. Her thoughts were interrupted by the entrance of a slave, who, touching the ground with his forehead, announced that a pilgrim requested hospitality.

"See, then, to his wants," hastily replied Ezela, resuming her gaze towards David's tower.

"The pilgrim requests a private interview," said the slave, returning.

"Where is thy master?" inquired Ezela.

"At evening prayer," replied the slave.

"I receive no persons in his absence. Depart!"

The slave departed, but in a few minutes reappeared, and lowly uttered—

"The pilgrim requests this interview in the name of humanity."

"In vain!" replied Ezela, in a tone of annoyance.

"For the sake of your life, which is in danger."

"Leave my presence," proudly commanded the young matron.

"In the name of your husband."

"I cannot see this man," said Ezela, hesitatingly.

"In the name of the orphan. Ammiel."

"Bid him enter immediately," rapidly answered Ezela, veiling her flushed features.

And Assir entered.

"Daughter of Shiraz!" mildly began the priest, "your mother spurned me as your suitor. Hophin, the wealthy and powerful Hophin, was preferred to the poor priest, Assir. But this is past. I come not hither to reproach; no, I come to save you."

"How, Assir! what means this mystery?"

"Thou shalt hear. The demon of jealousy has seized on your husband's heart. To-morrow you shall be summoned by my voice to the temple, and compelled to undergo the 'ordeal of the bitter waters.' Terrible will be the trial!"

"I fear it not," replied Ezela unmoved.

"And thou wert right, Ezela," rejoined the priest, "if it had been the hand of God that prepared the waters; but the hand of *man*—"

"Thy hand, good Assir! is it not?"

"Yea, even mine, and the priest seemed sunk in thought.

"Speak, Assir, I implore you. You are trembling, and your locks are those of the dead."

"Listen, then, daughter of Shiraz. Your husband desires your death, and by his order I am to poison one of the two cups," said the priest in a voice barely audible.

"Satanic slanderer!" replied the young wife, her eyes flashing and her bosom heaving with indignant emotion.

"Sees: thou this purse? Dost thou recognize it? It is full of gold; my reward for your death.'

Ezela instantly recognized the purse which her own hands had wrought and presented to Hophin. The hot tears came gushing through her veil.

"But it shall be the reward of his death, if thou willest it," said the priest, insidiously approaching her. "Promise beautiful Ezela to be my bride, and Hophin shall quaff the poisoned cup, leaving thee a widow to-morrow."

"Infamous assasin!" indignantly burst forth Ezela, as she rushed from the terrace.

A moment after, and before Assir had recovered from his discomfiture, a slave harshly conducted him from the terrace to the courtyard. There the husband of Ezela met the high-priest. Their eyes met, and the meeting of their eyes would have delighted man's enemy to behold.

"To-morrow!" muttered Hophin.

"Ay, to-morrow!" and the priest hurried on.

CHAP. VI—THE ORDEAL.

It was noon; not a cloud obscured the azure heavens. The sun shown down in all his power and beauty on the domes of Jerusalem, "the vision of peace" (and a vision of peace has it been from its foundation to the present day.) Crowds thronged through the gates of Solomon's Temple, eagerly anxious to witness the ordeal of the bitter waters. The women occupied exclusively the galleries, the men filled nearly to suffocation the body of the temple.

Silence seemed to shudder as the high-priest appeared slowly ascending the steps of the tabernacle. As soon as he had stood in front of the holy ark he bowed him to the ground and then stepped back. A few moments elapsed and he was followed by a man and a woman. The former in gloomy abstraction kept his eyes fixed upon the unleavened cake which he carried between his hands. The woman walked upon the left side of the man, her person being entirely covered by a white woolen veil. The swan of the Euphrates never appeared more graceful. A brief pause ensued, when the husband placing the cake upon the altar, uttered aloud, "The spirit of jealousy possesses my heart. I demand for my wife the test of the bitter waters."

"Thy demand is granted," said the high priest.

"And, therefore," resumed Hophin, "have I brought this barley-cake, unmixed with oil or spices, a cake of jealousy and a memorial of iniquity. Let the guilty perish!"

"Wife of Hophin, approach," intoned the high-priest. And Ezela walked forward.

A young Levite takes two cups filled with blessed water and places them before the priest. Assir collects some grains of sand from the floor of the sanctuary, and slowly casts them into each cup, accompanying the act with a few lowly-uttered words. Then advancing towards the wife of Hophin he removes her veil, and the temple shone as with the beauty of a seraph.

"Oh! mercy and pardon for the young and beautiful," burst from the lips of the men.

The women were mute upon the occasion.

Regardless of this incident, the priest continued his dreadful office. Taking the cake from the husband's hands, and closely approaching Ezela, he whispered, "It is not yet too late. Consent to be my wife; say but one word, Ezela, and thou art free."

"Priest, perform thy duty!" indignantly murmured Ezela. Then raising her radiant eyes to heaven, she added fervently, "God of Israel protect me!"

"Daughter of Shiraz! wife of Hophin!" said Assir, aloud, "if thou art chaste in thought and deed, be thou unscathed by these waters. But if otherwise, may these waters which thou shalt drink prove thy last draught upon earth?" Then taking the cup and placing it within her trembling hands, added, with a fiendish emphasis, "Drink, spouse of Hophin."

Ezela looked at the cup, and then at her husband. His scornful glance aroused her gentle spirit. "People of Israel?" said the victim, with a voice that thrilled through the columns of the temple, but not through the heart of Hophin. "Men who judge me, and ye women, who hear me, I swear that I am innocent, that my heart is pure, and my tongue a stranger to falsehood. And yet I dread this trial, for the malice of men may be taken for the judgment of God. May the Lord pardon my enemies. I pardon them from my soul." Then raising the cup to her lips, she drank its contents. For a moment her beautiful eyes were directed towards the roof of the temple, then slowly sinking upon the vast and awe-stricken multitude she recognized her brother, and faintingly exclaimed, "Ammiel, dear Ammiel, farewell!"

"Hophin! thy turn has come," said Assir, presenting the other cup.

At that moment Ammiel rushed through the crowd, caught the fainting Ezela in his arms, and exclaimed, "Who dare accuse my sister?"

"Thy sister!" repeated Hophin, dropping the cup, which broke in a thousand fragments on the pavement.

"Read," said Ammiel, presenting his mother's letter.

Hophin spoke not. He dreaded being accused as the murderer of Ezela.

Assir approached and whispered, "The poison was not in the cup of Ezela!"

"In which then?" gasped Hophin, recoiling.

"In neither!" replied the high-priest, *fixing his eye on the broken cup with a look of savage disappointment.*

Ezela, recovering from her swoon, kissed her husband's hand, and the forehead of her brother. Assir shrunk away from the scene as a fiend bird from the light of day. All the men, save the high-priest, blessed the beautiful, and all the women envied her. "A moral phenomenon," saith our chronicler, "by no means confined to the valley of Jehoshaphat."

MISCELLANEOUS.

The Flood at Chattanooga---Loss of Life and Property.

From a gentleman who left Chattanooga at a late hour on Monday evening last, the Atlanta *Intelligencer* has obtained a few particulars of the terrible state of affairs in that unfortunate city. At the time he left the Tennessee River was still rising, the rain still falling, and the whole country presenting the appearance of a vast sea of water. He was a guest at the Crutchfield House, where he remained until the water reached the ceiling of the first story of that hotel. On Market street, the main business thoroughfare, the water was ten feet deep at the highest points, or over the tops of the awnings in front of the large stores. The goods had been removed to the second stories of the buildings, where it was believed they would be safe, and the necessity of removing them to a more secure point was not seen until it was too late. Thus more than three fourths of the dry goods, provisions, &c., were destroyed. Our informant estimates that at least two-thirds of the city is literally destroyed. He saw small houses floating hither and thither, while many large ones had either tumbled over or were falling asunder. The scene was one of wild confusion. Persons who had remained in their homes in the vain hope that the water would recede, were compelled, in some instances to make their exit through the roofs, and escape in boats. He could not give an opinion as to the number of lives lost, but they were numerous.

The citizens were going from house to house in boats, assisting each other, and endeavoring to save a few valuables. While this was the case with the better class, vagabond white men and negroes were busy in taking advantage of the situation and perpetrating robberies and other acts of lawlessness. Great loss will result to families whose houses had been abandoned. Much of the railway stock was submerged, while box cars were floating about in every direction; the water in the car shed was over seven feet deep. The Tennessee River is fifteen feet higher than ever before known, so say old inhabitants.

EVIL COMPANY.—The following beautiful allegory is from the German. Sophronius, a wise teacher, would not suffer his grown-up sons and daughters to associate with those whose conduct was not pure and upright. "Dear father," said the gentle Eulalia to him one day, when he had forbidden her visiting in company with her brother the indiscreet Lucinda, "you must think us very childish, if you imagine that we should be exposed to danger by it." The father took in silence a dead coal from the hearth, and reached it to his daughter. "Take it, my child; it will not burn you." Eulalia did so, and, behold! her beautiful white hand was soiled and blackened. And, as it charred her white dress also, "We cannot be too careful in handling coals," said Eulalia in vexation. "Yes, truly," said the father. "You see, my child, that coals, even if they do not burn, blacken; so it is with the company of the vicious."

HUMOROUS.

Wanted some teeth from the jaws of death.

An old hotel-keeper in Washington once posted on his dining-room door the following notice: "Members of Congress will go to the table first, and then the gentlemen. Rowdies and blackguards must not mix with Congressmen, as it is hard to tell one from t'other."

THE POST OFFICE in a certain Ohio village is kept in the bar-room of the tavern, a great resort of loungers.——An old chap, more remarkable for his courseness and infidelity than his good manners, was getting there one day with a lot of boon-companions, when the Methodist preacher, a new comer, entered and asked for his letters. Ned Swipes asked bluntly:

"Are you the Methodist parson just come here to preach?"

"I am," pleasantly replied the minister.

"Well" said Swipes, "will you tell me how old the devil is?"

"Keep your own family record," replied the preacher, and left the room amidst the roars of the company.

VOLUNTEER DRILL FOR SINGLE MEN.—"Fall in" love with some industrious young woman. "Attention" pay to her faithfully and respectfully. "Right face" in popping the question like a man. "Quick march" to her parents and ask their consent. "File right" with her to the church, and go through the service of matrimony. "Halt" and reflect seriously upon the new duties which you have assumed and then perform them. "Right about face" from the haunts which you have frequented when single and prefer your own home. "Advance arms" to your young wife when walking out with her and never leave her to trail behind. "Break off" staying out at night and other bad habits if you wish to have a happy home.

Count Bismarck recently presented a faithful but poor secretary with a portfolio bound like a book, in which were deposited five hundred thalers. On meeting his secretary the next day, the Count asked him if he had perused the volume. "Yes your highness," said the secretary, "and I was so captivated by its contents that I am waiting the appearance of the second volume with feelings of the greatest interest." The Count smiled, but said nothing. A few days afterwards the Secretary received a second portfolio bound and filled like the first, on the title page of which was the sentence: "This work is complete in two volumes."

A PALPABLE HIT BY GEN. GRANT.—During the siege of Vicksburg, a knot of officers gathered around Gen. Grant, and for want of better employment amused themselves by guessing the ages of prominent officers. Among the rest they discussed Gen. McClernand, who was absent at the time, but whose consequential airs were notorious, and whose differences with Gen. Grant were equally well known. One guessed that he was about fifty years of age. "Oh no," said Gen. Grant, "such a man was never got up in *fifty years!*" The hit was too palpable not to arouse the boisterous merriment of all around.

WHO IS IMUNITY?—During the epidemic fever of 1853, a well to do planter in a certain region of Mississippi, used to send down his cotton by his trusty slaves, without venturing into the "city"—about fifty-five houses!—himself. After a short experience, however, he fancied that his factor was taking advantage of circumstances, and determined to go down and look after the next wagon load *in propria persona*. He was not a little afraid, however, of "Yellow Jack"—and "small blame to him"—and so he resolved on first consulting with a friend, as to the propriety of his venturing into the epidemic-infested locality.

"Do you think," said he, "I can go to —— with safety? No fear of the fever?"

"Oh, no!" responded his friend, "you can go there, and stay as long as you please with impunity."

"Ah, ah!" replied our friend, "I am glad you have told me that. I have long been dissatisfied with ——'s and ——'s; but didn't know there was any other place a fellow could put up at. Now you have told me, however, dog on it if I don't try impunity's. *What is it?*"

JUST SO.—An editor, speaking of the complaints of his readers, that he didn't publish all the local items they desire to see, justly observes, that it is often their fault in not sending in the facts. He says he don't like to publish a birth after the child is weaned, a marriage after the honey-moon is over, or the death of a man after his widow is married.

AGRICULTURAL, &C.

The Taxes of Farmers.

The following is very important to farmers, and the decisions have recently been given by the Commissioner of Internal Revenue at Washington:

1. Farmers will not be required to make return of produce consumed in their own immediate families.

2. The farmer's profits for sale of live stock are to be found by deducting from the gross receipts for animals sold, the purchase money paid for same. If animals have been lost during the year by death or robbery, the purchase money paid for such animals may be deducted from the gross income of the farm.

3. No deductions can be made by the farmer for the value of services rendered by his minor children, whether he actually pays for such services or not. If his adult children work for him and receive compensation for their labor, they are to be regarded as other hired laborers in determining his income.

4. Money paid for labor, except such as is used or employed in domestic service, or in the production of articles consumed in the family of the producer, may be deducted.

5. No deduction can be allowed in any case for the cost of unproductive labor. If house servants are employed a portion of the time in productive labor, such as making of butter and cheese for sale, a proportionate amount of the wages paid them may be deducted.

6. Expenses for ditching and clearing new land are plainly expenses for permanent improvements, are not deducted.

7. The whole amount expended for fertilizers applied during the year to farmer's land may be deducted, but no deduction is allowed for fertilizers produced on the farm. The cost of seed purchased for sowing and planting may be deducted.

8. If a person sells timber standing, the profits are to be obtained by estimating the value of the land after the removal of the timber, and from the sum thus obtained, deducting the estimated value of the land on the first day of January 1862, or on the day of purchase, if purchased since that date.

9. Where no repairs have been made by the tax payer upon any building owned by him during the preceeding five years, nothing can be deducted for repairs during the year for which his income is estimated.

10. A farmer should make return of all his produce sold within the year, but a mere executory contract for sale is not a sale; delivery, either actual or constructive, is essential. The criterian by which to judge whether a sale is complete or not, is to determine whether the vendor still retains in that character a right over the property; if the property were lost or destroyed upon which of the parties, in the absence of any other relation between them than that of the vendor and vendee, would the loss fall.

Does Keeping Hens Pay?

To this question the Claremont (N. H.) *Advocate* furnishes the following practical answer:

Mr. James Baker, of this town, has handed us some figures showing the net product of his henery for the past year, which may answer as a solution of the question, "Do hens pay?"

It seems that he has kept during the year 118 layers—to feed which it has cost him 895.32. As a return for this outlay he credits his little flock as follows:

Amount of eggs laid, 1,325 dozen; number sold, 1,314 dozen.	
Value of eggs sold. - - - - -	$298 00
Hens and chickens sold. - - - -	28 00
	$326 00
Expense of keeping. - - - - -	95 32
Net income. - - - - -	$230 68

Stock of hens now on hand, 125—which he values at $225 more than his last year's stock.

FOOD FOR FATTENING POULTRY.—The cheapest and most advantageous food to use for fattening every description of poultry is ground oats; the whole of the grain is ground to a fine powder; nothing of at. kind is taken from it. When it is properly ground, one bushel of the meal will more effectually fatten poultry than a bushel and a half of any other meal. The greatest point in fattening poultry is to feed them at daybreak.