

# The Orangeburg News.

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

VOLUME 1.

SATURDAY MORNING, APRIL 6, 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 o 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 o 1d

**J. W. H. DUKES,**  
LICENSED AUCTIONEER,  
Offers his Services  
FOR ALL SALES IN THIS DISTRICT,  
At Reasonable Rates.  
Feb 23 o 3m

**IZLAR & DIBBLE,**  
Attorneys and Solicitors.  
RUSSELL-STREET,  
ORANGEBURG, S. C.  
JAMES F. IZLAR. SAMUEL DIBBLE.  
Feb 23 o 1y

**E. C. DENAUX,**  
WATCH MAKER  
AND  
JEWELLER,  
Work Neatly Repaired and Warranted.  
-RUSSELL-STREET.  
(Opposite Carleton, Kramer & Co.)  
Feb 23 o 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 o 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 23 y 1c

**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,**  
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 Yourself.  
WILCOCK'S.  
Feb 23 o 3m

## POETRY.

[From All the Year Round.]  
**The Clouds.**

Dark and heavy-bosomed Clouds,  
Leaning on the streams of wind,  
Pressing on in frowning crowds,  
Throgs before and throngs behind;  
Sweep the high and empty air,  
Rock nor barrier rises there.

O, descent not for the bird  
That delights to ride the waves!  
Have ye not already heard  
Of those black and whirling graves,  
Seas on gallant vessels piled,  
Screams of fear and sorrow wild?

O'er the deep mid-ocean parts,  
Many a son and father lies;  
Isle and Continent have hearts  
Anxious at the growing gales.  
Chain those mighty reckless wings,  
Which the flying Tempest swings!

Change and lie in softer light;  
Drop the glittering rainbow showers;  
Bring again the snowdrops white,  
Maiden-heralds of the flowers;  
Let the Spring with happy eyes  
See her own bright sun arise!

[From the Eclectic Magazine.]  
**Disguise.**

Many golden flow'rets lie  
In the orbs of April daises;  
Many buds have more than eye  
Can discern that lightly gaze.

Many hearts that careless seem,  
Have no lack of feeling deep;  
Prattle they like pebbled streams:  
Thus they hide the thoughts they keep.

And, alas! while silver strings  
Only wake with silver tones,  
Timid Truth a music flings  
Which belies the thoughts she owns.

## LITERARY.

**SELECTED.**

### The Marked Money.

CHAPTER I.  
MERCHANT AND CLERK.

Mr. Eli's Randall kept one of those large stores so common in flourishing country towns, where every article of produce is bought from the farmers round about, and where every kind of goods usually needed in the country is kept for sale. He was a sharp featured, shrewd-looking man, somewhat turned of fifty, and had as a diamond, at a trade. He could buy the best of produce at the cheapest rates, and he could sell his auction-bought goods at alarmingly high prices. In short, he never failed to make a rapid profit at both ends of the bargain. He did not hesitate to overstep the bounds of honesty when he had a fair chance, though he always did it in such a manner that his old adage "A bargain is a bargain" would safely shield him.

"Lyman," said he one day, to his son, a young man some twenty years of age, and almost the counterpart of his father, save that he showed more recklessness of disposition, "did you make a trade with farmer Jones?"

"Yes."

"What did you charge him for that sugar and tea?"

"Twenty-two cents for the sugar, and half a dollar for the tea. Made him believe 'twas extra nice, you see."

"That's right. And what did you charge him for the coffee?"

"Ah, there I had him! I made the old man believe 'twas extra old Java—charged him forty-one cents."

"Pretty good, my son, only you might have put on the half-cent. You see you can make a great point out of that. When you come the half cents over them they think you are shaving closer down to cost. But you did very well, Lyman. Now what did you allow Jones for his beans?"

"One dollar twenty-five cents."

"O, you shouldn't have done that. A dollar, or dollar an' ten would have been enough."

"But they were nice ones, father; carefully picked and clean."

"You should have made him believe they were poorer."

"But how?"

"Why, when you found the old man had beans to exchange for his goods, you should have taken a handful of poor ones from one of our barrels, and watched your opportunity to scatter them over the top of his. Don't you understand?"

"Yes, I see now father."

"That's right. We must live and thrive, you see, and he who makes the most, comes out best at the end. Always take advantage of a customer when you can, but be careful and keep the bright side out."

This was the way the father taught his son, and how that son profited by it, the sequel will show.

"By the way, Lyman," continued the old man, "I have discovered who it is that has been robbing my money-drawer."

"Ah!" uttered the son, turning at that moment to arrange a piece of calico, which didn't need any fixing at all. "And who is it?"

"Wilton Cunningham."

"I shouldn't wonder in the least. I never liked the fellow, and I have often wondered what made you keep him."

"I wouldn't have kept him, only that he is such a remarkably smart book-keeper, and such a beautiful writer, too. He ain't fit to trade."

"No; you can never make him believe it's right to drive a snug trade. But how did you manage to detect him."

"I'll tell you," returned the old man. "Last week I took particular notice of some silver dollars that were in the money drawer, and determined that I would set a trap for the thief. I took four of the pieces and crossed them very carefully, and in such a manner that one not acquainted with the secret would not be likely to notice it; then I put them back into the drawer. Next morning one of them was gone, and as all our trade the day before had been barter or credit, I knew that it could not have been given in change. Of course my suspicions fell upon Wilton, and I at once began to look about to see where he had spent money, and I found that he had paid Mr. Willey for his mother's rent. I went to Mr. Willey, and asked to see the money Wilton had paid him, and I found my crossed dollar among it. It's as plain as daylight."

"Certainly it is," said Lyman.

"There can be no doubt about it," added the old man, in a confident tone, and then, with a sarcastic sneer, he said: "His seeming honesty is all the result of fear. He dares not make a bold trade, but he can steal in the dark, though."

CHAPTER II.  
THE ACCUSATION.

Just then a customer entered, and while Mr. Randall was trading with him, Wilton Cunningham came in. The latter was not over one-and-twenty, and though appearances are deceitful," yet it would be hard work to make a physiognomist believe that he could be capable of theft. The young clerk went immediately to his desk, and as soon as Mr. Randall was at liberty, he joined him.

"You need not open your books this morning, sir," said the trader.

"The young man looked round in surprise."

"Mr. Cunningham," continued Randall, "I have discovered who it is that has been, for so long a time, robbing my money-drawer."

"Ah!"

"Yes, sir. I have trapped him, and you may judge of my surprise upon finding it to be none other than Wilton Cunningham."

"Do you mean me, sir?" uttered the young man, stepping down from his stool and boldly facing his accuser.

"Of course I do, and I have proof of what I say."

"No man, Mr. Randall, can produce a proof of dishonesty to me."

"Not quite so fast, sir. Did you not pay to Mr. Willey the rent for the house which your mother occupies?"

"I did, sir."

"And did you not give him this dollar?" asked Mr. Randall, producing the dollar he had crossed.

"I might have done it, sir, for I paid him several silver dollars."

"Ay," returned the old man, with a sort of triumphant look, "and that dollar was stolen from my drawer last Wednesday night, and you paid it away on the same night. Now, how came you by it?"

"If I paid it to Mr. Willey—"

"But you did pay it to him. He can swear to that."

"Then, sir, I know not where I got it. I had several of them. Some my mother has taken for butter and cheese, and some I have laid away."

"Yes, some you have laid away! That dollar, sir, you took from my drawer last Wednesday evening. You stole it!"

"Mr. Randall," said Wilton, in a tone of calm indignity, "I hardly know how to meet your charge. To deny it would be only to contradict you; but I do deny it, and I call on God to witness that I never, to my knowledge, wronged a man to the amount of a cent. I shall see Mr. Willey, sir."

"Do so. I will go with you at once."

Accordingly Mr. Randall and his clerk set off. They found Mr. Willey, and that gentleman, though he felt much friendship for the young man, could not but declare that the crossed dollar had been received from him.

Wilton could not deny it; he had not noticed any particular marks upon the money he had paid, and he could only reiterate the assertion that he had not taken it from his employer's

drawer. He felt grieved to see that a shade of suspicion rested upon the face of Mr. Willey, and he then saw how strong was the evidence against him. He turned away to hide the tear that started from his eye, and his heart swelled with a painful emotion.

"Is 'Squire Bullard at home?" asked Mr. Randall, after the facts in the case had been sufficiently discussed.

"No. He's gone down to Portland, but he'll be at home to-night," returned Mr. Willey.

"Good heavens! Mr. Randall, you do not mean to make a legal investigation of this case?" cried Wilton, turning pale and trembling like an aspen.

"Most assuredly I do," calmly returned the trader. "If you are innocent you will have nothing to fear."

"And suppose I cannot prove that innocence?"

"That's just what I'm afraid of," half ironically returned Randall.

"O God!" ejaculated the youth, clasping his hands together in tortured agony. "What have I done that I should come to this?"

Mr. Willey began to show evident signs of repugnance that he had been instrumental in bringing this about, and as Randall noticed it, he made haste to cut the meeting short.

"You need not go back to the store with me," he said to his clerk, "but I shall see you this evening."

CHAPTER III.  
EXULTANT—DESPONDING.

Wilton Cunningham turned his steps homeward, but his walk was slow and sad. He knew the disposition of Mr. Randall, that he was hard-hearted, grasping, avaricious, and capable of doing anything that might answer his ends; but he knew not then all the ends the trader had in view—ends which will be easily understood by a slight conversation at the store.

"Lyman," said Mr. Randall, after he had returned from Mr. Willey's, "I've got young Cunningham hard and fast. The evidence is clear, and if Bullard gets home before dark, I'll have him examined and bound over for trial this very night."

"But you don't really mean to try Wilton for theft, do you?" asked Lyman.

"Of course I do. Do you suppose a man shall rob me with impunity?"

"But you might turn him off, father, and keep back his last quarter's salary."

"You don't know all, Lyman. The young fellow might have been likely, hadn't this thing have turned up, to have proved a dangerous rival to us."

"How so, father?"

"By setting up an opposition store."

"But he hasn't the capital."

"He can raise it, though. That old Jones that was in here this morning has offered to lend him two thousand dollars, and others have offered to advance him money if he will open a new store."

"That would be rather dangerous business for you," remarked Lyman, in a thoughtful mood.

"But he want do it now," the old man returned, with considerable satisfaction. "This thing will shut him up."

When Wilton reached his home, he found his mother sitting in her front room, and he at once told her all that had passed. She was horror-struck, but not for a single instant did she entertain a question with regard to the entire innocence of her dear boy. She was confident that all the money she had given her son towards paying thereat, she had received from Portland, and that she had had it in her possession for several weeks before it was thus paid out.

The conversation between the mother and child was long and earnest, but they could find no clue to the solving of the difficulty. All looked dark and gloomy.

After dinner, Wilton put on his hat and took a few turns in the garden. He seemed to be struggling with some strong desire, and more than once he laid his hand upon the latch of the gate, and then turned and went back again. At length he placed his hand upon his brow, and muttered a few incoherent sentences to himself. When he looked up again, he was pale and sad, but appeared no longer undecided. He opened the gate and passed out into the street, and turning to the left, he walked away from the village. At the distance of half a mile, he came to a small white farm house, where lived Mr. Drake, one of the thickest farmers in the town, and as he turned up the pink-bordered walk that led to the door, he was met by a happy, laughing, beautiful girl who came running out to meet him.

"Why, what is the matter, dear Wilton?" she exclaimed, as she noticed the pallor that overspread his features.

"Come into the house and I will tell you," he returned.

[Concluded in our Next.]

A child thus defines gossip: It's when nobody don't do nothing, and somebody goes and tells of it.

## HUMOROUS.

### Cousin Sally Dillard.

BY HAMILTON C. JONES.

[Published by Request.]

SCENE.—A Court of Justice in North Carolina.

A beardless disciple of Themis rises and thus addresses the Court: "May it please your Worships, and you, gentlemen of the jury, since it has become my fortune (good or bad I will not say,) to exercise myself in legal disquisition, it has never befallen me to be obliged to prosecute so direfully marked assault—a more wilful, violent, and dangerous battery, and finally a more diabolical breach of the peace, has seldom happened in a civilized country; and I dare say it seldom has been your duty to pass upon one so shocking to benevolent feelings, as this which took place over at Captain Rice's in this county; but you will hear from the witnesses."

The witnesses being sworn, two or three were examined and deposed: One said that he heard the noise but did not see the fight; another that he saw the row, but did not know who struck first, and another that he was very drunk and couldn't tell much about the scrimmage.

Lawyer Chops—I am sorry, gentlemen, to have occupied your time with the stupidity of the witnesses examined. It arises, gentlemen, from a misapprehension on my part. Had I known, as I now do, that I had a witness who was acquainted with all the circumstances of the case, and who was able to make himself clearly understood to the court and jury, I should not have trespassed so long on your patience. Come forward, Mr. Harris, and be sworn.

So forward comes the witness, a fat, chuffy old man, a "leetle" corned, and took his oath with an air.

Chops—Harris, we wish you to tell about the riot that happened the other day at Captain Rice's, and as a good deal of time has already been wasted in circumlocution, we wish you to be compendious, at the same time as explicit as possible.

Harris—Adzakly (giving the lawyer a knowing wink, at the same time clearing his throat), Captain Rice he gin a treat, cousin Sally Dillard she come to our house and axed me if my wife, she mout'n't go. I told cousin Sally Dillard that my wife was poorly, being as how she had a touch of the rheumatism in the hip, and the big swamp was up in the road, therehavin' been a great deal of rain lately, but howsoever as it was she, cousin Sally Dillard, my wife she mout go. Well, cousin Sally Dillard then axed me if Mose he mout'n't go. I told cousin Dillard that he was foreman of the crap, and the crap was smartly in the grass; but, howsoever, as it was she, cousin Sally Dillard, Mose he mout go.

Chops—In the name of common sense, Mr. Harris, what do you mean by this rignarole?

Witness—Captain Rice he gin a treat, and cousin Sally Dillard she come over to my house and axed me if my wife she mout'n't go, and I told cousin Sally Dillard—

Chops—Stop sir, if you please, we don't want to hear about your cousin Sally Dillard or your wife; tell us about the fight at Rice's.

Witness—Well, I will sir, if you will let me.

Chops—Well, sir, go on.

Witness—Well, sir, Captain Rice he gin a treat, and cousin Sally Dillard she come over to my house, and axed me if my wife she mout go.

Chops—here it is again. Witness please do stop.

Witness—Well, sir, what do you want?

Chops—We want to know about the fight, and you must not proceed with this impertinent story. Do you know anything about the matter before the Court?

Witness—To be sure I do.

Chops—Well, go on then, and tell it, and nothing else.

Witness—Well, Captain Rice, he gin a treat—

Chops—This is intolerable. May it please the Court, I move that the witness be committed for a contempt. He seems to be trifling with this Court.

Court—Witness you are before the court of justice, and unless you behave yourself in a more becoming manner, you will be sent to jail; so begin, and tell what you know about the fight at Rice's.

Witness (somewhat alarmed.) Well, gentlemen, Captain Rice he gin a treat, and Cousin Sally Dillard—

Court—(after deliberating) Mr. Attorney, the Court is of the opinion that we may save by letting the witness go on in his own way. Proceed, Mr. Harris, with your story, but stick to the point.

Witness—Yes, gentlemen. Well, Captain Rice he gin a treat, and cousin Sally Dillard came over to our house and asked me if my wife

she mout'n't go. I told cousin Sally Dillard that my wife was poorly, being as how she had the rheumatism in her hip, and the big swamp was up; however, as it was she, cousin Sally Dillard my wife she mout go. Cousin Sally Dillard, then axed me if Mose he mout'n't go. I told cousin Sally Dillard as how Mose was the foreman of the crap, and the crap was smartly in the grass, but howsoever, as it was she, cousin Sally Dillard, Mose he mout go. So they goes on together, Mose, my wife, and cousin Sally Dillard, and they comes to the big swamp, and it was up, as I was tellin' you; but being as how there was a log across the big swamp, cousin Sally Dillard and Mose, like genteel folks, they walked the log, but my wife, like a fool, jest bisted her coats and waded right through—

Chops—Heaven and earth, this is too bad; but go on.

Witness—Well, that's all I know about the fight.—Express.

## AGRICULTURAL, &C.

### Grain Crop vs. Cotton Crop in the South.

It is computed that half of the cotton crop of the past year has already gone to the market, and has produced to the cotton-growers, a hundred and thirty-five millions of dollars. Some weeks ago the New Orleans papers reckoned the amount at over a hundred millions, and considerable quantities of cotton have come forward since. The cotton-growing States have received and appropriated the avails of half the crop, and it is even said that the remainder will hardly suffice to meet the demands of creditors for supplies heretofore received, and for pay for the supplies which they will need before another grain or cotton crop can be produced. The avails of the cotton crop of the past season will leave little money in the South. Money is there very scarce, and is likely so to be while the South continues to depend upon the West for corn, flour and bacon, and upon the East for many articles of manufacture that might be made at home. The cotton crop of the current year, though the season may be more favorable than the last, will not, as is thought, exceed that of the past year. Cotton growers will be checked by want of capital to pay labour and purchase supplies. In this state of the case, it is the obvious policy of the cotton planters to direct their attention more earnestly than heretofore to the production of grain and provisions.—Preparations for cotton culture must be made in this month or earlier, but it is reported from various quarters that no increased breadth of land is to be put in cotton, and many plantations worked last year have been abandoned.

The great resources of the South is, therefore, to be found in an application of a large force to the cultivation of corn. This crop, which may be matured in August next, will afford great relief. Its cultivation requires less labor than that of cotton, rice or sugar, and it is the material not only for bread, but for animal food. The value of a crop of corn equal to all the necessities of the South for food, must be vastly greater than the value even of an increased crop of cotton at present prices. Rations for fifty thousand individuals for five months cost a million of dollars. A hundred millions of dollars would not supply with rations for one year a greater number than two millions of people, or one fourth of the population of the Southern States. The first object of the Southern planters will be, no doubt, to produce a ample supply of grain and provisions for the ensuing year, though labor and capital may be for that purpose withdrawn to some extent from the cotton culture.

[National Intelligencer.]

### Fattening Hogs.

The editor of the *Georgetown Telegraph*, having made inquiries of a farmer as to the profitableness of pork raising and the best way to feed hogs, received a reply, the substance of which was: 1. That feeding grain—especially corn—to hogs, will pay better than would the same amount fed to any other kind of farm stock. They should be fed in such a manner as to gain a pound a day. In other words, the hog, at a year old, should weigh three hundred and sixty-five pounds. Greater weight than this can be produced, but the increase would not pay the extra expense necessary to procure it. 2. One bushel of good shelled corn, made into meal and fed to the hogs regularly, in such quantity as to prevent them from fretting for more, will produce from five to seven pounds of pork during the months of October and November. After this season of the year, more feed is required and less pork produced according to the quantity of feed. 3. An important point is to keep the hog growing all the time—not starving them to mere hog frames, during the Summer, and then attempting to finish off quickly on the arrival of cold weather. 4. When put up in the fall—indec during the entire season—a comfortable shelter should be provided, so that the hogs may avail themselves of it whenever a storm occurs, but when the autumnal storms commence the hogs should be penned for good till ready for slaughter.