

The Orangeburg News.

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

VOLUME 2.

SATURDAY MORNING, JULY 4, 1868.

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THE ORANGEBURG NEWS.

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ORANGEBURG, S. C.
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Feb 28 1y

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Feb 1 1f

FREDERICK FERSNER,
DENTIST.

WILL BE IN ORANGEBURG EVERY FRIDAY AND SATURDAY.
Rooms at Masonic Hall, opposite Cornelison, Kramer & Co.
April 4 1f

E. EZEKIEL,
WATCH MAKER AND JEWELER.

(At Store formerly occupied by C. Bull & Co.)
ORANGEBURG, S. C.
ALL WORK WARRANTED.
May 9 1f

ORANGEBURG HOTEL

BY
W. R. TREADWELL.
THIS HOUSE HAS BEEN NEWLY FITTED UP, and is now open for the accommodation of the public. Corner Russell and Broughton Streets.
May 9 1f

BULL & SCOVILL,
AGENTS FOR THE

Equitable Life Insurance Company
OF NEW YORK,
POLICIES NON-FORFEITABLE,
Dividend Declared Annually to Policy Holders
Feb 23 1d

V. D. V. Jamison & Son.
Offer their Services as

AUCTIONEERS
of the citizens of Orangeburg District.
Sole Sales attended to in any part of the District.
V. D. V. JAMISON. S. G. JAMISON.
Jan 4 1f

DENTAL NOTICE.

VARIOUS.

[BY REQUEST.]

A Southern Woman's Protest.

We publish by request, the following letter from the pen of a gifted lady of this State. In reproducing it from the Columbia Phoenix, in which it first appeared, we cannot do better than remark, as does that journal, that "any objections which may be entertained against her criticisms will be lost sight of, in admiration for the spirit displayed, and the Roman elevation of thought, which the writer evinces."

To Hon. B. H. Hill:

SIR:—I have read your eloquent appeal to patriots to rally to the rescue of their country from ruin and infamy. You appeal to the women of the South to arouse from their grief-stricken apathy, and toil for the South once more. You have not called in vain. In every womanly heart you have awakened a deep response; and being one with them in the great sisterhood of sorrow, in their name I speak. We have not been silent from unsensibility to the dishonor thrust upon us; but from a grief too deep for words.

Sir, we do not deem ourselves equal to the discussion of State-craft and questions of political import, but we do feel that on the subject of personal honor and State pride we are competent to give an opinion. In our country's cause we lost our all—friends, fortunes, homes; yet we felt that though—like Francis, at Pavia—"all was lost save honor," in that we had a priceless jewel still. To see denagogues, now in power, barter that jewel for a mess of pottage, is a grief beyond endurance, a humiliation hard to bear. We, the women of the South, now speak. We take advantage of your courteous appeal thus to make our protest—a protest against threatened dishonor, a protest against injustice done the dead, a protest against all conventions.

About ten months since, several articles appeared in the New York Herald, and were copied in the several State papers, purporting to show forth "public opinion in South Carolina." If the articles had been styled "the press of South Carolina," they would have been nearer the truth; for they were a truthful exposition of the weathercock politics then foisted upon public notice by the several Charleston dailies, and which were void of interest and represented nothing. To a paragraph in one of these articles I call attention. I have waited for able, manly pens to give it the lie, which simple justice to the dead demanded—but waited in vain. Defeated valor finds no champion now, and it is left to women to defend the brave "who died for us."

After an unjust attack upon men whose motives he could not penetrate, and whose ability he could neither emulate nor understand, this slanderer—safe with the cold bars of the grave between him and his victims—thus strikes the dead: "The leaders in politics, our Senators, members of Congress and Governors, goaded the people to secession and war; and when the war came, what did these gentlemen do,—rush to the front and lead forlorn hopes? A few perhaps, may be found by the diligent historian, but the vast majority in this, and other Southern States, went to Congress, held other civil offices, and became collectors of tax in kind."

This is not true. The statesmen and Governors did not goad the people to secession and war. The revolution was a great popular upheaval, a political and social necessity. It was the bloody result of mental and moral antagonism, and the statesmen could not have prevented it. It was, in truth, an irrepressible conflict—and secession was demanded alike by the laws of nature and the necessities of political economy. The statesmen of the South, like the priestess upon her tripod, but gave utterance to the mighty spirit that moved them; a spirit greater than, though consonant with, their own. Their prophecies and warnings, threats and appeals, emanated from no mere personal source, and had no selfish aim. Moved by inspired forebodings, as prophets they spoke to the people. Lay not to their charge the mighty woes that have befallen their country. As well might the Jews condemn the prophets of old for the downfall of Jerusalem; because when the hand of inspiration lifted the veil of the future, blasting their sight with a vision of the city's fell destruction, their quivering lips cried out his prophecy! Who is "Carolinian," that he should sit in judgment upon the patriotism of others? A man whose venality is so well known that men, having business of questionable legitimacy, invariably secure him as their pliant agent; and seldom does his eminent chicanery fail them. He is one of those creatures that often creep into the councils of kings and suggest vile craft, under the name of State policy. Of the secessionists that composed the rank and file of the Confederate army, "Carolinians" could know but little. By personal contact, he could not

know them; having secured a safe retreat, where bullets never whistled, nor cannon thundered. Neither could he know them all through public print, for many of the noblest did brave duty in common file, and their names were never placarded in capitals on the walls.

The representative secessionists from this State, in Confederate service, were Means, Keitt, Gregg, Marshall and Jamison, and where are they now? At their posts they fell—martyrs to the glorious cause they lived and battled for.

On the other hand, the men of Union proclivities—those who took counsel of their fears and preached discretion upon Falstaff principles; who, either as floating chaff or excited sediment, only muddled the current they could not stem—during the war, where were they? With a vocal allegiance, they paid tribute in their hearts to the flesh-pots of Egypt, yet sought personal safety in the friendly tents of Israel. While war's conflict raged, and brothers and countrymen battled for altar and home, they covered in Confederate capitals and quartermaster's ware-houses, and, under the refuge of some fortunate disability, enjoyed the warmth of hearth-stone. Where are they now? Whining at the doors of negro conventions, deploring past association with patriots and gentlemen, denouncing dead heroes as criminals, repudiating the white race of which they are degenerate off-shoots, and begging for the crumbs that fall from the negro's table. A thousand times better are our dead lions, than such living dogs as these.

As women of the South, we protest against all conventions. Since the war, they have, in every instance, been either abortive or productive of disaster. The first, composed of senile paterfamilias and demoralized home guards, did that in their fatuity that Congress would not do—bartered away the rights and property of a people without their consent, or making them compensation. The second was a ghastly farce enacted upon the boards at Philadelphia; and we marvel that no one has held up its deprecating servility and moral cowardice to the scorn of the world; that there has been from the South no indignant denunciation of its pitiful weakness, fraudulent expedients, political perjury, personal and representative humiliation. It is but an act of simple justice to the South to set the feet, patent to all the world, but as yet unacknowledged by our people, that these men, so forgetful of personal and State pride, so obsequious and acquiescent, who went over into a hostile country and shook in amity the bloody hands of our enemies, were not representative men. They were trading politicians merely. They had no right to wrong us. A small majority, mere tools of ambitious Governors then in power, sent them there. They could, in politic forgetfulness of the past, take New England Pharisees to board and hearth-stone, but they had no right to speak for the State. For them to do so was an act of usurpation, and shameless was their abuse of the passing power. In the name of their several States, they abandoned the precious right of sovereignty; they blackened the memories of their illustrious dead, by disclaiming the principles for which they died; they insulted the Lares and Penates of Southern homes, by cheering that flag whose wake through our land was illuminated by blazing roof-trees. Southern dignity, Southern pride, Southern honor, they trampled in the dust. With sacrilegious hands, they tore these jewels from the crown of our State, and as propitiatory offerings, laid them at the feet of a dastard foe. At a holocaust so ghastly, well might Carolina, like Agamemnon of old, veil her sight from the blasting sacrifice. Massachusetts and South Carolina clasping hands in fraternal love! Southern women looked in scorn on the unholy alliance, and regarded the actors with the feelings of Michael, Saul's daughter, when, looking through her window, she saw David, the King, leaping and dancing in scanty garments. (II Samuel, Chapter VI, Verse 16.) "Gentlemen of the Convention," what did you accomplish? The salvation of your country? Alas! no. Rome, it is true, was once saved by the enckling of geese, but success did not follow your imitation of that illustrious precedent. The South still bears her burdens and her chains. The Yankee, in all his characteristic abominations, prowls everywhere. They are frogs in our kneading troughs; they are maggots in our country's festering wounds. And here the Yankee will remain; all the proclivities of his nature impel him to it—"for is is not the generous rapacity of the princely eagle, who snatches away the living, struggling prey; he is a vulture, who feeds upon the prostrate, the dying and the dead." Laurence Keitt, the Patrick Henry of secession, in one of his impassioned appeals for timely resistance to encroaching tyranny, exclaimed, "O my countrymen! crush the serpent on your door-sill, before it coils on your hearth-stone." Alas for the women of the South! the serpent is coiled there, and spits his venom on our daily bread, and the hands that sought to crush it are folded and cold.

The third convention was a failure. It was composed of gentlemen quivering under a sense of coming disgrace—alive, but not equal to the necessity of action. Its president was a man more prone to sit in public judgment on the discretion and valor of others, than display similar merits of his own.

Of the last Convention, (so-called,) the unlawful assembly at the Club House, I cannot speak. When the Governor of a State addresses a caucus of negroes as "gentlemen of the Convention," there is for that State no lower infamy. Yes, there is one step further—its recognition and ratification by the people.

Sir, have we not cause to protest against conventions? Have they not been fruitful of disaster? Is it not time that their dread work should cease?

Where is the justice of the South's punishment? A punishment, to be just, should commensurate with the magnitude of the crime committed. The South was no criminal. The act of secession was but a manifestation of her right of sovereignty, and by the act she but sought to save her public chastity from the corruption of Yankee ideas, and her domestic honor from the pollution of Yankee morals. Did she sin, in that she sought with desperate devotion to save her altar and hearth-stone from desecration and defilement, and in drawing the sword of State when her crown of sovereignty was in danger, and giving her sons and her substance to uphold the cause of religious and civil liberty? And, too, the self-devotion of her daughters; and the valor of her sons; the heroism of soldier-boys, whose "jackets of grey" are vestures of renown; are these things to be ashamed of? acts to be repudiated? sins to be atoned for? We believe not. But if an inexorable Nemesis demands our punishment for sins such as these, we are willing to suffer and die. We have faith in the ultimate triumph of Confederate principles, and to their cause we devote our activities. We have the spirit for the work. Every want, privation and disaster we lay at the door of the Yankee and his pliant tool, the renegade Southerner. We feel that their battle with us is not over. "The bugle has sung truce, and no more call to arms," and Confederate valor no longer triumphs or sinks or is exposed on glorious battle-fields, but the war rages still. They once fought us with shot and shell, they now fight us with want and famine. As we did not yield to the former, we will not yield to the latter. They desire to break the spirit of the South, through the craving activity of the senses, to undermine the heroic citadel of the soul. Famine faces us, and it is a foe of the Yankee's evoking; therefore, in a spirit of defiance, meet it, fight it and defeat it. This thought gives strength. We will cheer our fathers, encourage the laborers, plant and hasten to maturity the bread-giving cereals; and, with trusting hearts, pray God have mercy on us all.

Sir, you appeal to the women of the South for aid. We have answered it, and we now pledge ourselves, with dignity, to submit to the enforced rule of the sword, and patiently endure want and famine, rather than our fathers and husbands should plead our distress to justify, on their part, an act of dishonor.

NOBE.

THE Charleston District Meeting OF THE M. E. CHURCH, SOUTH,

HELD AT ORANGEBURG, S. C. MAY 21st, 1868.

Bishop D. S. Doggett, of Virginia, presided at this meeting; and it was a very interesting assemblage of delegates from the various Circuits in this Church District.

We publish, by request, the Reports of the various Committees of the meeting:

REPORT ON MISSIONS.

The command of Christ to "preach the gospel, to every creature, in the world," will remain in full force until the work is accomplished. The declarations of the word of God are many, clear and strong that his kingdom shall encompass the earth. It is evident to the heart of faith that this will be done sooner or later. Human instrumentality has been appointed to the task, and this appointment will stand fast, for God is not man that He should change his plans. The church, as a lump of leaven, has been placed in the world, and under the warning influences of the Holy Ghost, is left to permeate the mass until the whole is leavened. When we reflect that near twenty centuries have passed away since the foundations of His kingdom were laid and three fourths of the work still remain undone, the lethargy of the church in alarming. The question is appropriate, why does this work progress so slowly? Is it because of the want of men or of means? An empty treasury says that it is not the former; for the tem-

poral necessities of the number whom God has called to devote their time and talents to the spreading of holiness, have kept its funds exhausted. But an empty treasury says it is the latter. Not that the arrangements or bounty of Gods providence has failed, but that the tithes are withheld from the storehouse. The Jew was required by the law of God to bestow the tenth part of all proceeds of his labor to sustain religion in his own circumscribed land, and the Christian is wont to confine his liberality to the same law, when his duties are enlarged even to the evangelization of the whole world. And yet we ask who gives the tenth? The church pleads its poverty as an excuse for its stinted contributions. But wherein is its poverty evinced? Do we see less of style, of extravagant living, of expensive fashion, of costly amusements, than in former and more plethoric years? Alas! alas! this comparative poverty begins, and ends its retrenchments at the house of God. And are we indeed poor? Let us remember our Lord and Master who though he was rich, yet for our sakes he became poor that we through his poverty might be rich. Rich in faith, rich in goodworks and rich in eternal glory. We have yet to learn that we are not our own, but have been bought with a price, and should glorify God in our bodies, and in our spirits which are his. We should learn that because he laid down his life for us we ought to lay down our lives for the brethren. We pray the church to awake to her duty toward the perishing nations, and send forth the heralds of the cross to every land to hasten the coming of our Redeemer's Kingdom, and cease not her labors till the whole earth shall be filled with his glory. We have two missions established in our own district where the gospel could not be preached, but for the aid of the church.

The Lexington Missions is located in the poor sandy regions of that county, inhabited by appreciative but indigent people. It is served by Rev. C. Sonn with acceptability. The St. Georges Mission located in Colleton County and served by Rev. A. J. Green is a promising field, and in a few years may become self sustaining.

Your committee offer the following resolution: Resolved, That we appreciate the importance of the missionary work, and that we will urge its interests upon the hearts and purses of the people everywhere.

REPORT ON CHURCH PROPERTY.

The Committee on Church Property of the District, after giving the subject that consideration which their limited time would allow of, would respectfully submit the following report:

The title to all the Church property in the District we believe to be indisputable and undisputed, except that of Old Bethel Church in the city of Charleston, and the property willed to the Methodist Church of Charleston Station by Mr. McKee, which is now in litigation between the Northern M. E. Church and the Trustee. The Property is all free from debt, except Trinity Church in Charleston over which there is a debt of about twelve hundred dollars. Several of the Churches on the different circuits, your committee are sorry to learn are in a dilapidated condition, but we are glad to hear that arrangements are in progress to have them repaired and some of them replaced by new houses. We find that by the reduction of several of the larger Circuits into smaller ones, some are without Parsonages and on account of the frequent changes, recently made in the boundaries of the circuits, they are afraid to build others; and that one circuit having some means has manifested some anxiety to build, would not for the reasons above stated. Your committee are of the opinion, that it would be well for this meeting to take such action as in its judgment may be thought best to arrest the frequent changes in the circuits; then no excuse remaining we think each circuit will soon be found with a comfortable Parsonage for the accommodation of its Minister and his family.

Your Committee are of the opinion that it would be well to have the proposed changes in Circuit Boundaries invariably introduced at the Third Quarterly Meetings unless such change meets with favors by all the circuits that would be effected thereby.

REPORT ON RELIGIOUS INTEREST OF THE COLORED POPULATION.

The Committee to whom was referred "the Religious interests of the colored population," respectfully report.

That notwithstanding the general separation from our church of the colored people, though the efforts of certain strangers, to alienate them from us, yet we are pleased to learn from the reports of several of our delegates, that a number in different parts of this Conference District still attend upon our ministry, patronize our Sabbath Schools and seem to realize our true feelings and sentiments towards them. We assure these and all such of our unalterable interest in their moral and religious wel-

fare, and as ministers and laymen pledge ourselves to continue with unabating assiduity our labors with them. As their real friends we will not cease to preach to, pray for, and instruct them in the religion of the Cross.

Therefore, Resolved, That as a District Conference, we feel it alike our duty and interest to encourage and promote the spiritual interest of the colored people in our midst.

Resolved, With a view to this end, we will continue to preach the Gospel and organize the Societies and Sunday Schools among them according to the letter and spirit of the Discipline.

All of which is respectfully submitted.

Items.

Open-air services—police duties. The hardships of the ocean—iron-clads. The spirit of the press—new rider. Motto for an evangelist—out and come again.

When does a man have to keep his word?—When no one will take it. What do you always do before you go to sleep?—Shut your eyes.

A good temper; a good health, and a good newspaper, are eloquent blessings.

When does a woman's tongue go quickest?—When it is on a fallow.

The way to get a good wife—Get a good girl and go to the parson.

A bride in New York, last week, received \$300,000 as a wedding present from her father.

Brigham Young has the contract to grade the Union Pacific Railroad from the head of Echo Canon to Salt Lake, and has begun work.

A girl in Chicago died on Wednesday from swallowing the point of a needle, which broke off while she was picking her teeth with it.

Two darkeys sued a street Railroad company for kicking them out of the cars—asked \$3000 damages, got One cent—depreciation of humanity surely!

A Mr. Day advertises the loss of his dog—We hope he will succeed in finding him; for if "every dog has his day," every Day ought to have his dog.

An island, 560 feet by 220, is being built in the lower bay of New York for the new Quarantine.

An exchange proposed the name of "Ad Interim" for the new territory about to be granted.

There are a couple of girls at Le Claire, Iowa, who row across the Mississippi to Port Byron, Illinois, every morning in a skiff, handling the oars in the most approved style, teach a school of ninety scholars all day, and row back again in the evening.

HUMOROUS.

The high distillery for which Butler is reserved—the gallow:

Josh Billing says—"When a man's dog deserts him on account of his poverty he can't get any lower in the world—dot by land."

What is the difference between editors and matrimonial experience? In the former the devil cries for "cop." In the latter the "copy" cries like the devil.

Are you near sighted, Miss?" said an impudent fellow to a young lady who did not choose to notice him. "Yes, at this distance I can hardly tell whether you ate a pig or a puppy."

Three and sixpence per gal," exclaimed Mrs. Partington, looking over the price current. "Why bless me; what is the world coming to when the gals are valued at only three and sixpence?"

At a collection lately made at a charity fair, a yolling lady offered the plate to a rich man who was noted for his stinginess. "I have nothing," was his curt answer. "Then take something, sir," she replied; "you know I am begging for the poor."

A very heavy fog once visited the State of Massachusetts, which probably surpassed the London fog. A young man was sent out into a field to haul on a few boards of shingles upon a barn, the roof of which was nearly finished. At about dinner time, continues the farmer, who is responsible for the story, the fellow came up, and says he, "That's an alarming long barn of yours."

"Not very long," said I.

"Well," says he, "I've been to work all this forenoon, and have not got one course laid yet."

"If that's the case," says I "you're a lazy fellow."

"So after dinner I went out to see what he had been about, and I'll be thundered if he had not shingled more than a hundred feet right out into the fog."