

# The Orangeburg News

THE ORANGEBURG NEWS  
SATURDAY, MARCH 12, 1870.  
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GOD AND OUR COUNTRY

SATURDAY MORNING, MARCH 12, 1870.

ALWAYS IN ADVANCE

NUMBER 4

VOLUME 4

THE ORANGEBURG NEWS

PUBLISHED AT ORANGEBURG, S. C.  
Every Saturday Morning.

HAS. H. HALL & CO.  
PUBLISHERS AND PROPRIETORS.

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MARRIAGE AND FUNERAL NOTICES, not exceeding one Square, inserted without charge.

Terms Cash in Advance.

F. M. WANNAMAKER,  
ATTORNEY AT LAW,  
Will be at ORANGEBURG, on Mondays, Wednesdays and Saturdays.  
At LEWISVILLE on the other days of the Week.  
Feb 12

Augustus B. Knowlton,  
Attorney & Counselor at Law,  
At LEWISVILLE, Wednesday and Saturday. Resides at "Oakland" near Fort Mifflin, S. C.  
Mar 18

LAW NOTICE.  
DeTreville & Sistrunk,  
ATTORNEYS AT LAW,  
ORANGEBURG, S. C.  
W. J. DeTreville, F. O. Sistrunk

GLOVER & GLOVER,  
ATTORNEYS  
AND  
COUNSELLORS AT LAW,  
ORANGEBURG, S. C.  
Tues. W. Glover. Mortimer Glover.  
Jan 2

HUTSONS & LEGARE,  
ATTORNEYS AND SOLICITORS.  
Will attend the Courts in Orangeburg, Barnwell and Beaufort, and the United States Courts.  
OFFICE AT ORANGEBURG, S. C.  
W. M. Hutson. W. F. Legare.  
Jan 23

IZLAR & DIBBLE,  
ATTORNEYS AND SOLICITORS,  
ORANGEBURG, S. C.  
James F. Izlar. Samuel Dibble.  
Feb 25

MALCOLM I. BROWNING,  
ATTORNEY AT LAW,  
ORANGEBURG, S. C.  
Aug 24

FRED. FERSNER,  
DENTIST.  
Will be in Orangeburg every Thursday, Friday and Saturday.  
Office in rear of BULL, SCOVILL & PIKE.  
Feb 20

DR. H. W. KENNERLY,  
ORANGEBURG,  
HAVING REMOVED TO HIS PLACE,  
Respectfully offers his Professional Services to the Citizens and Vicinity.  
Office on Russell Street, opposite Bull, Scovill & Pike's.  
Mar 13

A. J. SALINAS,  
FACTOR AND  
COMMISSION MERCHANT,  
CHARLESTON, S. C.  
Liberal advances made on Cotton.  
References—First National Bank, People's National Bank, Messrs. Jno. Fraser & Co., Charleston, S. C. July 31-17

CABINET MAKER AND UNDERTAKER.  
I respectfully solicit work in the above line, such as Coffins of all styles, repairing Old Furniture, putting New Case Bottoms in Chairs, and all other work in the above line done with neatness and dispatch. All work warranted. Give me a trial.  
B. J. LOYD, Market-St.,  
Dec 11-3m

SPECIAL NOTICE.  
To parties in want of DOORS, SASHES and BLINDS, we refer to the advertisement of P. P. Toale, the large manufacturer of these goods in Charleston. Price list furnished on application.  
July 17

G. D. KEITT,  
Lumber and Timber Factor, and General Commission Merchant.

Prepared to Advise Liberally on Commitments when in hand.  
Office West End Broad Street, CHARLESTON, S. C.  
Dec 11

E. S. BURNHAM,  
Successor to R. W. Barnham,  
401 King St., Sign Red Mortar, just below Calhoun St., Charleston, S. C.  
DEALER IN  
Drugs, Medicines, Chemicals, Alcohol, Pure Wines and Liquors for Medicinal Purposes, Perfumery, Soaps, Brushes, Fancy and Toilet Articles.  
Oct 2

GEORGE S. HACKER,  
SASH AND  
DOOR FACTORY.  
KING STREET, OPPOSITE CANNON,  
CHARLESTON, S. C.  
A large Stock of the above on hand. All orders for the same promptly filled.  
Sept 18

WM. C. BEE & CO.,  
Factors and  
COMMISSION MERCHANTS,  
22 ADGER'S WHARF,  
CHARLESTON, S. C.  
Wm. C. Bee. Theodor D. Jarvik.  
LIBERAL ADVANCES made upon Commitments to the above House, for the Charleston, New York and Liverpool Markets.  
Apply to JAMES BROWNE, At D. Louis' Store.  
Sept 4-17

REEDER & DAVIS,  
COTTON FACTORS  
AND  
GENERAL COMMISSION  
MERCHANTS,  
ADGER'S NORTH WHARF,  
CHARLESTON, S. C.  
CONSIGNMENTS RESPECTFULLY SO-  
LICITED.  
OSWELL REEDER. ZIMMERMAN DAVIS.  
Aug 28

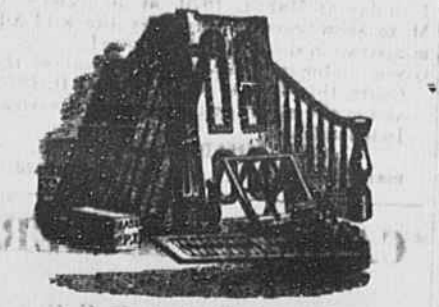
MARBLE WORKS,  
117 Meeting-Street, Charleston, So. Ca.  
MONUMENTS, HEAD STONES, MARBLE and Stone Tiles, Blue Flagging and Brown Stone Work, of every description. SCOTCH GRANITE MONUMENTS, Iron Railings.  
E. P. WHITE. A. D. WHITE.  
May 1

EDWARD PERRY,  
155 MEETING STREET,  
Opposite Charleston Hotel,  
CHARLESTON, S. C.  
DEALER IN SCHOOL, LAW and MEDICAL Books.  
LAW BLANKS, &c. BLANK BOOKS of all Styles on hand and made to order.  
STATIONERY of every description executed with promptness and at reasonable rates.  
PRINTING PAPERS and Wade & Co.'s Book and Job PRINTING INK.  
Oct 2

Campsen Mills Flour  
RECEIVED THE  
FIRST PREMIUM  
At So. Ca. State Fair, Columbia, S. C., 1869.  
The undersigned offer to their Country Friends and the Public in general a choice and pure article of Flour. They have on hand and Grinding Daily a full supply of Choice Family Extra and Super FLOUR. Also, Northern and Western Flour at lowest market price.  
CORN, OATS and HAY—5000 lbs. Prime White and Mixed Corn. 20000 lbs. Prime Oats and 500 bales Prime Eastern and North River Hay.  
JNO. CAMPSEN & CO.,  
Dec 4-17

MILL POND and CHANNEL  
MAYERS supplied in quantities for interior solicited. Address  
THOMAS MCGRADY, Agent,  
P. O. Box No. 339 Charleston, S. C.  
References—James Adger & Co., Hon. J. B. Campbell, Dr. B. J. Ravenel, David Jennings, McGrady & Son, W. G. Dingle, John S. Ryan.  
Nov 20-3m

P. P. TOALE,  
Manufacturer of Doors, Sash Blinds,  
Charleston, S. C.



HAVING THE LARGEST AND MOST COMPLETE FACTORY in the Southern States, and keeping always on hand a large and most complete stock of DOORS, SASHES, BLINDS, Sash Doors, Shutters, Mouldings, &c., &c., I am enabled to sell low and at manufacturers' prices.  
N. B.—Strict attention paid to shipping in good order.  
July 21

From the New York Ledger.  
How the End was Won.

"Oh, Charley, Charley, how could you do such a thing?"

Lilias Wayland's round cheeks were blanched to an unenvied whiteness, as she stood before her brother in the cramped room which constituted her side home.

Charley Wayland, a handsome, dissipated-looking youth of two or three and twenty, with bold black eyes, and a merry mouth that seemed made only to grin, stood opposite her, looking half-penitent, half-defiant, at the spoke.

"Lily, I couldn't help it. I tell you I was hard up. A fellow must have money, you wizen don't know anything about the temptations and necessities of the world!"

"But Charley," she faltered, "do you know how this same world as you phrase it, looks at the deed you have just committed? Oh, Charley, and her voice grew low and tremulous, "it is forgery!"

"Nonsense, Lill! It's only borrowing a part of old Glenecross' unused millions to aid my needs. I wrote and asked him for cash, and he, the unmanly lout, refused. Well, what could he expect after this, but that I should help myself?"

Lilias wadded her slender hands.

"How dared you Charley? That a Wayland should come to this!" she wailed.

"Dared!" he echoed recklessly; "it was but a stroke of the pen, after all, and old Glenecross would be a paltrier miser than I take him to be, if he makes a fuss about a matter of five hundred dollars!"

"It is the right and the justice of the thing," cried Lilias, almost frantically. "If we could pay him a any way; but I have sold everything that remains of our former wealth. See!" and she looked round the miserable apartment, "see how I live. Last night I sat up until midnight sewing, to have a little money to pay the rent. I have not a jewel left, nor a trinket!"

"Oh, bether, Lill! If old Glenecross cuts up rough, it is only taking a run across the water. I know lots of ship-captains that would stow me away under their holds, almost any moonlight night."

Lilias looked despairingly at him. Was it, then, impossible to make him comprehend the moral obliquity of the deed he had just committed?

"But I can't stay fooling here," observed the young man, with a toss of his black curls. "I must be off about my business. Good-bye, Lill. Give us a kiss, my girl! Except that you're uncommon fond of lecturing a fellow, you're not a bad sister in the main."

After he had gone, Lilias sat down to try and realize the new situation in which she and her brother were placed. All now depended upon the spirit in which Paulus Glenecross should receive this new encroachment upon his purse and patience.

Lily had never seen this distant relation, yet she had formed an opinion of him in her inmost mind, as we all are apt to do of unseen persons whom we hear a great deal about; and whenever she thought of Mr. Glenecross, the image of a hook-nosed old man, yellow-skinned and cadaverous, engaged in sorting over piles of mortgages, or counting bags of gold, suggested itself to her mental eye.

"But he must be human, at least," thought Lily, in the agony of her distress. "If I go to him myself, and tell him just what poor Charley's necessities were, and how good-hearted he really is, in spite of all his faults and thoughtlessness—if I say frankly to him that I have no money nor jewels to reimburse him, but that I will stay and work for him, as a servant girl might work in the kitchen, until I have discharged the horrible debt, surely, O surely he cannot have the heart to refuse. I can do a great many things. I can sew and embroider, and I could make good bread and biscuit, and poor mamma always said I was a good housekeeper, and if Mr. Glenecross is really so miserly as Charley thinks, he would look at the economy of the thing. At least, it is worth trying."

So favorably did Lilias Wayland regard this idea, broached in her sore extremity, that in two days from the evening in which she had bidden good-bye to her handsome, reckless brother, she stepped from the cars at the New York depot, dressed in a sober brown suit, that made her look like a shrinking little mouse, with her carpet-bag in her hands.

A little inquiry sufficed to bring her to the street where Mr. Glenecross resided, a stately avenue, on which stood a palatial mansion, the home of which Lily had never seen in the former city where she had been born and bred. Her heart sank within her, as she saw the broad brown-stone building leading up to a carved portico, over which a stately old English tower.

Then, coloring deeply in her own excited imagination, she saw the tall, dark, and somewhat stern-looking man, who she had seen in the picture of the colored servant who answered the summons.

"Yes, Mr. Glenecross, as at home," would be the young man's answer? And Lilias was shown into an apartment garnished with heavy folds of purple satin and carpeted with red. The same rich color—on the walls, on the dusky splendor made her think of all the stories she had read of enchanted palaces in the realms of fairy-land.

As Lilias sat on the velvet sofa, waiting with a throbbing heart for the appearance of her unknown cousin, she thought into her mind that he was not so much of a miser as she had all thought, and then came a sick sort of reviving that her mission was plain.

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"For surely," she thought, glancing tremulously round the great apartment, "the will be that my cousin is a miser, or look after the little expenditures I wish—oh, I wish that I was safe at home!"

The thought had scarcely framed itself in her mind, when a door at the farther end of the room was opened, and a tall handsome man, scarcely thirty years of age, entered.

"I beg your pardon, sir," faltered Lilias, all in a flutter, "but I wished to see Mr. Glenecross."

"I am Mr. Glenecross," he answered, and sat down again, coloring vivid scarlet. This then, was their "far-off" cousin, and how widely different from their dreams and fancies! Apparently the gentleman saw and pitied her painful confession, for he said politely:

"May I ask in what manner I can be useful to you?"

"I am Lilias Wayland," she answered, in a tone that was scarcely audible. "Wayland?" A shadow, faint, yet distinctly perceptible, overspread his face at that word, and Lilias saw it with a falling heart. She forgot the labored speech of palliation and excuse that she had prepared. She forgot that he was no silver-haired patriarch, but a handsome young man, surrounded with all the adjuncts of wealth and luxury. She remembered only poor Charley and her own sickening idea of debt, disgrace, and ruin; and sinking on her knees at his feet, she sobbed out her pitiful story.

"He is so young," she wailed, "so young, surely you will not refuse to give him another chance for shame and fame! I will work and toil for you until the five hundred dollars are every cent paid. I will be a servant, a seamstress—what you please, only promise me that you will not visit him with the penalties of the law!"

Her voice died into quivering silence, but her eyes still appealed.

"Rise, Miss Wayland," said the young man, after a moment's grave consideration. "I promise that this offence of your brother's shall be overlooked, for the sake of the sister who has pleaded so eloquently for him."

"And I—what can I do for you? What must I do? For if I cannot repay the money in some shape or other I shall die of shame and mortification!"

"I will take the matter into consideration," said Mr. Glenecross gravely, yet not without a certain gleam of amusement in the corners of his mouth at the idea of that pretty slender creature rendering up to him the equivalent of the five hundred dollars. "And now, cousin Lilias—for I believe we may claim relationship, although it is somewhat distant—I shall insist upon you as my guest for a while. Let me ring and send for my mother!"

Mrs. Glenecross, a stately old lady in black silk and Valenciennes lace, welcomed Lilias Wayland with a smiling hospitality which belonged to the ancient regime, and almost before she knew it the girl found herself chatting innocently away to her hostess, as if she had lived all her life in the sunshine of that pleasant smile; while Paulus Glenecross, buried among some papers, a table be-

hind, watched the sweet changing countenance with a new interest.

"I never saw such a lovely face in my life," he thought. "The profile is so purely Grecian, with the nose—there on my mother's nose, and the eyes—there on my mother's eyes, and the smile—there on my mother's smile, as a diamond?"

Upon my word, this new countenance is an acquisition!"

When Lilias wrote her happy letter home that night, Mr. Glenecross added a pleasant postscript, and Charley Wayland knew that his reason of "jeil" was over!

Lily had been nearly a month the guest of the stately old lady in black silk and Valenciennes lace, when one day Paulus, coming suddenly into the parlour twilight of the drawing-room, found her sitting all alone with her drops glittering on her peachy cheek.

"Why, Lily, what is the matter?"

"Nothing, Paulus—they had grown to be good friends by this time—only I have been dreaming very pleasantly, and the time of waking has come at last."

"You mysterious little sphinx, what on earth do you mean?"

She colored, and cast down her eyes.

"The five hundred dollars, Paulus—they are yet to be paid. No—don't interrupt me. I cannot consent to indulge your generous impulses. I must pay you; and there is no other way for me than to seek a situation as governess or instructor in some seminary. So, Paulus, I have written an advertisement, and if you will be so kind as to take it down to the office of some one of the daily papers—"

"Give it to me!" he interrupted.

She placed it confidently in his hand; he tore it deliberately in strips.

"Paulus! she cried, in amazement.

"Lily, this is all nonsense. If you want to pay me, you can."

"But, Paulus, you know I have nothing in all the world!"

"You have yourself—to me the most precious of the precious world contains."

"I don't understand you?"

"Must I speak plainer? Well, then, Lily, give me yourself. I love you, darling, and would fain make you my wife. Are you content to pay me in this coin?"

"Oh, Paulus!" she faltered. "I never dreamed of such happiness. And so Lilias Wayland's indebtedness was settled most satisfactorily."

of all pursuits, agriculture, and with practical counsel, can form such an association as will inspire hope for the future, and render success obvious.

I have the honor to tender my sincere respect for your society.

W. M. LAWTON,  
President South Carolina Institute.

Root Crops  
Extracts from the Records of the Topical Agricultural Association, February, 6th, 1870.

Statement of D. McMillan.—The land I planted in turnips was a clay subsoil which had been improved by previous manuring. It was sown in oats in Feb. 1869, which was harvested in June following. The stubble was turned in about four inches with a single plow during the latter part of July. I then had 300 loads of compost, made with mud and the cleanings of the stables, one-fifth of the compost being from the stables, spread broadcast on one and an eighth acres. Plowed it in nine inches deep. The ground was then harrowed, and the drills opened two feet apart. Two bags of Peruvian guano and two of Baugh's raw bone phosphate were then mixed, put into the drills, and covered ready for sowing. The drought prevented sowing until the 30th August. I planted the seed in hills eight inches apart, got a good stand, but the drought of September caused a slow growth until October. One-third of the acre was sown in English Norfolk, one-fourth of an acre in Winter turnips, and the remainder in Ruta. On the 16th November, 1869, took an average of the English Norfolk which was at the rate of 745 bushels per acre. On the 29th December took another average in the presence of J. B. McMillan and H. Pearson, and found it to be at the rate of 1312 bushels per acre. On the 27th December took an average of the Ruta. Bages which was 603 bushels per acre. On the 30th February took another average and found it 892 bushels per acre.

TURNIPS  
Statement of C. W. McClammy.—I applied 75 loads of mud to the acre, broke in shallow, then scattered broadcast 50 loads decayed pine straw, and broke with a double plow, then dragged the land and applied 30 bushels lime, laid off the rows 15 inches apart, and applied in the drills Peruvian guano at the rate of 400 pounds per acre, and then thinned to a stand 8 or 10 inches apart. An estimate was taken on the 16th November. The result was 646 4-5 bushels to the acre. They commenced rotting at that time and were dug.

POTATOES.  
Statement of D. F. McClammy.—I first cow-penned the half acre intended for sweet potatoes, then broadcasted 20 loads of stable manure on it. I then ran off the rows three and a half feet apart, and drilled stable manure in the rows. The half acre yielded 226 bushels.

HOME.—Home is a thing, a law, a life that has no necessary connection with abounding wealth.

In the absence of this it beautifies and ennobles a cottage, a room, a fireside, and plays the angel with the careworn face, the tired body, the decreed age. How many cry out give us money, wealth, influence, and we, too, would be happy!

Not so, certainly. The first desideratum is home; a place where all beautiful feelings and things—which are not born of any circumstance—abound; where the spirit of love, peace, virtue, contentment presides. A place of safety and of rest.

A retreat from the confused world, into whose sacred chambers the tumult and clamor of rivaling passions, and the race for riches never break where mother, father, wife, sister, brother, children are natural, true, confiding and good.

Think you such a place is the creation of wealth? Think you such a haven is the result of the wild conflict in the world's marts of barter and speculation? No!

If such a home is never secured before the heart goes hankering after gold, it comes not after.

So tedious is the amulet of home, and therefore, the bitter pill which straggling prosperity makes against established wealth, destroys the chance and hope of home. The distribution of wealth a glorious consummation. We rejoice that it is within every honest and industrious man's reach to possess a fitting position of this world's wealth; but let it be sought haphazard, and under the growing influence of a well established and thoroughly guarded home. No man is your rival.

The world is before each one, and no man is in your way; nor are you in any man's way who does his proper work. How happy is that freestone, poor and humble though it be, where this truth is understood. Where industry finds time to toy with quiet, and progress finds in the wings of peace, and where no bitter taste and envy of another's state and possessions find a foothold. We have seen such a picture.

It was long ago—long, long ago. There were the plain neat walls, the cheerfully lighted room, the clock that ticked for company in the corner, and the unsuspicious rosy sweetness of the housewife's charms, blended with the rosy harmony of children's voices, and the echoing footsteps of a father's coming!

Oh! so long ago—"XX Century" for March.

Hembold, the great medicine man of New York, occupied an entire page of the Sun with his announcements. At the published rates of that paper, this little one day's demonstration cost him exactly \$6300—a greater sum than some sleepy, old, busy business known in twenty years' time. But it pays. From a poor—a short time ago, Hembold is now a millionaire; and all from advertising.

A chap in the interior of New York is making money by committing suicide. He goes to a hotel, tells a pitiful story of loss of funds, and that he has no one to love or care for him, and finally goes to his room and takes poison. The news rush to his room, give him all the care he shows up the magnesia, a nurse is raised for him, and he goes to the next town and performs again. This is the sharpest practice yet, and if his act holds out he is good for a fortune.

A gentleman who was in New York last week states that trade is very dull there this winter, in all branches of mercantile business. While at the custom house, on Tuesday last, he was told that no vessel had arrived from a foreign port for the forty-eight hours preceding; a circumstance that had not occurred before for the past twenty years. There were at the time nearly one hundred government inspectors waiting employment in consequence of the small number of vessels arriving.

"Apropos of the franking privilege," Platt writes: "I am a most remarkable for my honesty." "I am a model, I may say, without fear of contradiction, that I am a dragon of virtue, and yet I write you this with a gold pen that Uncle Samuel paid for, on stationery intended for the use of the overworked and underpaid public agents, and when done, I will fold it in an envelope from the same source, and mail under the frank of an honorable member. Now, if this can be done by a dragon of virtue without pang of conscience, what must be the abuse on the part of this very wicked?"

CHARITY.—The best charity is not that which giveth alms, but that which prompts us to think and speak well of our fellowmen. It is a noble charity, if they be condemned, not to gull their wounds by multiplying knowledge of their offence.

We are all ashamed to confess that our quickest instincts are to think ill of others, or to magnify the ill of which we hear. There is a universal shrugging of the shoulders, as much as to say, "Well, I suspected as much." "It's just like him." "I have suspected her some time." "I could a tale unfold," and so on through an endless chapter, with which every person is more or less familiar.

He who says "I could a tale unfold," yet holds it back, leaving the hearer to infer any and every evil, stabs character with the meanest, deadliest blow. Yet who is there that carries not this ever-ready weapon, this poisoned dagger?

The charity that gives to help, and not to humiliate, is good, but the charity that makes us "think no evil," is better.

Let us seek to possess this charity and practice it, for it alone is the charity that covereth a multitude of sins.