Orangeburg News & Times.

TWO DOLLARS PER ANNUM. GOD AND OUR COUNTRY. ALWAYS IN ADVANCE.

VOLUME 9. SATURDAY MORNING, JUNE 12, 1875. NUMBER 17

DENTISTRY

B. F. MUCKENFUSS, Dentist

OF CHARLESTON, can be found at his OFFICE above Captain HAMILTON'S STORE, on Market Street

References—Drs. J. P. Patrick, B. A. Muckenfuss, A. P. Pelzer, M. D., and Messrs. Pelzer, Rodgers & Co.

NOTICE

TO THE

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN

OF ORANGEBURG,

MOSES M. BROWN, the Barber pledges himself to keep up with the times in all the LATE IMPROVEMENTS, as his business is sufficient to gurantee the above. He will be found at his old stand, ever ready to serve his customers at the shortest notice.

apl 11 30

Nine Years' Exprience

AN

DRUGS and MEDICIENS.

PAINTS,
OILS,
BRUSHES, AND
PATENT MEDICIENS,
TOILET ARTICLES,
CANDIES,
CUTLERY,
SEGARS,
TOBACCO,S
&c.

I have on hand also a suply of SEEDS AND ONION SETTS.

Percriptions carefuly compounded, orders from the country strickly attended to at the Poplar Drug Store of

DR. A. C. DUKES,

jan 23 1874 1y

Horses and Mules

AT

BAMBERG & SLATER'S STABLES

IN REAR OF

J. GEO. VONE'S STORE.

Where you will find a COMPLETE stock of the finest HORSES and MULES that can be procured from the BEST MARKETS in the United States.

Our prices range from $50 to $225. All orders filled at the shortest notice.

If our stock on hand do not please we will [illegible]

BAMBERG & SLATER.

dec 18 1874 6m

NOTICE is hereby given of the loss or destruction of Certificate of Deposit No. 331, Orangeburg Branch, Citizens Savings Bank of South Carolina, issued to the late E. J. Oliveros, deceased, and also of Deposit Book No. 96, of same branch, in the name of the said E. J. Oliveros, in trust, and that I will apply in three months from date for a renewal of the same, and for such dividends as may accrue thereon, to the Trustee and Committee of the said Bank, at Columbia, S. C.

E. ROSA C. OLIVEROS,

mar 6—1 am 3m Qualified Executrix.

DENTAL NOTICE

THE undersigned takes pleasure in announcing to his many friends and patrons that he has permanently located at Orangeburg, C. H., S. C., where he will devote his entire time, from every Monday till Saturday noon to the

PRACTICE OF DENTISTRY

in all its Departments. Perfect satisfaction guaranteed in all operations entrusted to his care. Charges very moderate.

Office at Dr Fersner's old stand over Willcock's Store.

A. M. SNIDER, D. S.
L. S. WOLFE.

THE

ORANGEBURG HIGH SCHOOL

IN THE

BASEMENT OF DUKES' HOTEL,

For TERMS apply to

S. R. MELLICHAMP,
Principal.

FIRE INSURANCE AGENCY.

Having secured the AGENCY of the

"City Insurance Company OF Providence, R. I."

Capital, $219,051.

With that of participating Companies,

The "Fireman's Fund," Capital $500,000.

And the

"Atlantic," of New York.

I am prepared to take RISKS of any amount, dividing them in several 1st Class COMPANIES, to which I call the attention of property holders.

SPECIAL RISKS

Taken on GIN HOUSES, MILLS and BARNS.

JOHN A. HAMILTON,
Fire Insurance Agent.

A few tons of

GUANAPE PERUVIAN GUANO.

Also a supply of the

MAPES STANDARD FERTILIZERS.

J. A. HAMILTON,

apl 3 1875 1y

The Manliest Man.

The manliest man of all the race,
Whose heart is open as his face,
Puts forth his hand to help another,
'Tis not the blood of kith and kin,
'Tis not the color of the skin;
'Tis the heart that beats within,
Which makes the man a man and a brother.

His words are warm upon his lips,
His heart beats to his finger tips,—
He is a friend and loyal neighbor;
Sweet children kiss him on the way,
And the women trust him for they may,
He owes no debts he cannot pay;
He earns his bread with honest labor.

He lifts the fallen from the ground,
And puts his feet upon the round
Of dreaming Jacob's ladder,
Which lifts him higher, day by day,
Towards the bright and heavenly way,
And farther from the tempter's sway,
Which singeth like the angry adder.

He strikes oppression to the dust,
He shares the blows aimed at the just,
He shrinks not from the post of danger,
And in the thickest of the fight,
He battles bravely for the right,
For that is mightier than might,
Though cradled in an humble manger.

Hail to the manliest man! he comes
Not with the sound of horns and drums,
Though grand as any duke, and grander;
He dawns upon the world and light,
Dispels the weary gloom of night
And ills, like bats and owls take flight;
He's greater than great Alexander.

The Farmers Friend.

'Farmer's Cultivator' richly deserves the appellatation which heads this article. The Patentee claims for this invention the following advantages:

1st. It can be used as a single plow, using either 'cotton or turn plow' castings. As a single plow it can be used as an ordinary cotton plow to 'side cotton,' 'split out middles' or do all work necessary for a plow to do, in the cultivation of cotton; by putting on the turnplow castings it can be used for all purposes, for which turnplows are used.

2nd. By attaching the second plow a double plow is formed with which a cotton row can be 'sided and the middles split out by going up and coming down' once.

By putting on the turn plow castings, a double turn plow is formed, which will do the work of 2 men and 2 horses, with one man and a single horse, with as much ease as with an ordinary turn plow.

3rd. By attaching the third plow, a tripple plow is formed with which a man a and 2 horses, can do as much work, either in 'breaking up' or 'plowing in' small grain, in a given time, as 3 men and 3 horses.

The declarations of the Inventor and Patentee, extravagant as they may appear to those who have not seen the cultivator at work, actually fall short of the truth.

We have no hesitation in pronouncing it one of the most valuable combination of plows ever devised, This judgment is not pronounced as our own, but is authorized and endorsed by many of the most successful and practical planters, of our section—by such men as Hon W D Johnson, Col E T Stackhouse, Hon A Q McDuffie, Gen W. Evans, W W. Sellers, Esq., J M Johnson, Esq., Col John G Blue, Col W W DuRant, Rev John L Smith, Messrs. E J Moody, L B Rogers D E Gilchrist, E T Lewis, A B Pagd, R P Ellerbee, T W Ayers, C S Moody, C J McColl, F C Tart, A B Rogers, E D Rogers, N Evans, R B Bradde, John McLellan, D McIntyre, T W Godbold, W J Brown, John Drew, D H Colemar, Thos Drew, Hon John Wilcox, T C Moody, W H Crawford, J E Foxworth, W B Gasque, W W Sellers, Jr., Jos A Baker, Capt W S Ellerbee, Maj J B White, C D Evans, Esq., W L Alford, D W McLaurin, Maj S E McMillan, W B McMillan, Esq., James H Manning, Esq., and others.

The above gentlemen have seen it working and have tested it personally.

It meets the great need of the Cotton States, in that it enables, the planter to reduce his animal force from one third to one half, or with the same animal force to cultivate from one third to one half more land, as well, or better, than it is now cultivated, It reduces the required help, or increases its productive capacity in the same proportion.

If it can accomplish all this, it is indeed the Poor Man's Friend. That it can do it we confidently assert, and in doing so, are only testifying to that which we have seen.

This Cultivator will soon be brought to the attention of the people of every section of the State. The exclusive right to manufacture and vend this Cultivator within the State of South Carolina has been purchased by gentlemen at Marion, S. C., and they propose to proceed with energy and without delay to place it within the reach of all. In the mean time any persons desiring further information or wishing to purchase plows are invited to address Messrs. J. Stackhouse & Co., Marion, S. C.

[From the Sunny South.]

"The Bravest are the Tenderest."

BY MRS. M. LOUISE CRESSLEY.

It is a singular but interesting study—the exquisite affinity which some emotions of our nature have with others of equal nobleness and purity. The commingling of the most delicate chemicals cannot surpass the synthetical combination of these priceless but immaterial substances of the soul. While I do not think that any effort of emotional synthesis could unite cowardice and tenderness into one indissoluble body, I have never known a man who was truly brave, in the best sense of the word, but his nature was tender and sympathetic.

When our beloved and immortal Lee—God bless him!—walked over the battle ground at Malvern Hill, it was told me by one of his men, who lay wounded himself upon that bloody field, that he never saw more sympathy manifested by a woman than was shown by his idolized chief towards the men who had fallen under his leadership that day and now [illegible] fore him, wounded, dead or dying. The great Southern champion, just from the flush of victory over the defeated foe, without one thought of the fresh laurels about his brow, left his suite, and, alone, went about among his fellow-men, to cheer and relieve them wherever he could. With the tears streaming from his eyes, he here bends over a poor wounded private in rags and tatters, and lifting his head tenderly, puts the cup of water to his lips; and while endeavoring to staunch the blood of an ugly wound, speaks words of hope and comfort to the sufferer, moaning so touchingly in his pain. Over there, he bows by some dead hero, fallen "with his face to the foe," and smoothing back the matted and gory locks from the pallid face, reverently folds the icy hands upon the pulseless breast and straightens the stiffening limbs in the cold embrace of death; then sadly passing on, now kneels beside one who fell in close encounter with his last enemy. The soldier lifts his eyes to the pitying face of his beloved General, who, with tears still dropping down his bearded checks tenderly presses the clammy hand in his, and says in a low quiver-voice: "My friend, this is one of the heart rending but inevitable results of war. You have done your duty nobly and bravely; lift your heart now to Him who can save, and He will soon receive your spirit where there is no more conflict and death."

"'Tis love, love, that makes the world go round."

Though the earth is sadder for the loss of Robert E. Lee, I thank God that we have known and loved him, and that his life with us is a precious and eternal memory! Though we may never look upon his like again, it is a sweet joy to know that he is now safe where

"No winds of war will ever blow;"

that his "tender crowned soul" is with God, who is love—where no envious enmity can ever again vent its cruelty and malice against him, and no Lost Cause break his great, loving heart.

That was a shrewd method which an Iowa girl recently adopted to induce all her friends to attend her wedding. She didn't let them know up to the last moment who the groom was to be.

A Patriotic Girl.

At the time General Green retreated before Lord Rawdon from Ninety-Six, when he had passed Broad river he was very desirous to send an order to General Sumter who was on the Wateree, to join him; that they might attack Rawdon, who had divided his force. But the general could find no man in that part of the State who was bold enough to undertake so dangerous a mission. The country to be passed through for many miles was full of blood-thirsty tories, who on every occasion that offered imbrued their hands in the blood of the whigs. At length Emily Geiger presented herself to General Green, and proposed to act as his messenger; and the general, both surprised and delighted, close with her proposal. He accordingly wrote a letter and delivered it, and at the same time communicated the contents of it verbally, to be told to Sumter in case of accidents, Emily was young, but as to her person or adventures on the way we have no further information, except that she was mounted on horseback upon a side saddle, and on the second day of her journey she was intercepted by Lord Rawdon's scouts. Coming from the direction of Greene's army, and not being able to tell an untruth without blushing, Emily was suspected and consigned to a room, and as the officer in command had the modesty not to search her at the time, he sent for an old tory matron as more fitting for that purpose. Emily was not wanting in expedient, and as soon as the door was closed and the bustle a little subsided, she ate up the letter, piece by piece. After awhile the matron arrived, and, upon searching carefully, nothing was to be found of a suspicious nature about the prisoner, and she would disdainfully [illegible] Suspicions [illegible] allayed, the officer commanding the scouts suffered Emily to depart whither she was bound; but she took a route somewhat circuitous to avoid further detention, and soon after struck into the road to Sumter's camp, where she arrived in safety. Emily told her adventure, and delivered Green's verbal message to Sumter, who, in consequence soon after joined the main army at Orangeburg. He had joined Greene at the Congaree some days before Greene's army reached Orangeburgh. A. S. Salley, Jr. 1907

A Mysterious Hand.

THE GROWTH OF THE GRAVE—ASTONISHING PHENOMENON—WHAT IS IT?

A short time since mention was made in the *Union and American* of a mysterious hand that had grown from a grave in Gibson County. We got our information from an article in the Jackson *Courier-Herald*. We extract from that article the following account of this wonderful phenomenon:

"Monday our city was unusually excited by the exhibition in the *Courier-Herald* office of a hand of wood which grew out of a grave near Yorkville, in Gibson County. It was brought into our office by Captain G. S. Andrews of that county, who gives us its history. A man named William Herron was out walking with his wife one Sunday evening not long since, and in passing an old neglected graveyard, near the public road, she saw a gum bush with a branch of misletoe on its top, and requested her husband to get it for her. He went and cut the top off the bush, and commenced breaking off the misletoe, when, to his surprise and terror, he discovered that the wood underneath presented the perfect form of a human hand. Capt. Andrews, hearing of the wonderful discovery, went to the house of Mr. Herron, who, feeling rather uncomfortable over the thought that he cut it from a grave, and perhaps having some theory as to its supernatural significance, very willingly let Capt. Andrews have it. There are citizens of this city to whom Capt. Andrews and Mr. Herron are known, and they are vouched for as truthful men, but the hand itself is proof enough of the truth of their statement, concerning its growth on a bush. The bush from which it was cut is six feet high, and the hand was on the top pointing upwards, presenting the position of the minister's hand when pronouncing a benediction. It is about the size of a six year old child's hand, with long slender fingers like those of a person very much emaciated by sickness. The wood has enlarged formations on each finger and the thumb, representing and corresponding with the joints of the human hand. The most remarkable feature about it is the natural appearance of the nails. They have a kind of flesh color, and the balance of the hand, where the bark has been entirely removed looks ghastly white. The first impression it makes upon you is the same experienced in handling a skeleton, and a large majority of those who see it, regard it with the same subdued, half superstitious awe, inspired by the presence of a corpse. Mr. Andrews says the grave from which it was cut is supposed to be the grave of a very devout Methodist minister by the name of Butcher, who was buried there many years ago."

Make it Two Dollars.

Col. Orzo J. Dodds, late member of Congress from the First District of Ohio, tells a good story about a call he recently received at his office of a man who claimed to be an editor from Arkansas. He was a very seedy-looking chap, and appeared as though he had but recently come off a six weeks' spree. Bowing profoundly, then striking an attitude, with one hand on his heart and the other extending a badly used plug hat, he exclaimed with a dramatic air:

"Have I the honor of addressing the Hon. Orzo J. Dodds?"

"My name is Dodds, but I am no longer an honorable," said the Colonel.

"Not an honorable! Dodds not an honorable! Now, by St. Paul, when I see that honorable face, on which the gods seem to have set their seal," ("Green seal," murmured Dodds to himself,) "I read nothing dishonorable."

"That's right," said Dodds. "Never read anything dishonorable. But to business."

"Yes, as you say, to business. I am a printer; I might say an editor. I am from the Sate of Arkansas—the only State, by the way, able and willing to support two Governors at the same time. But I have been unfortunate. Much have I been tossed about by the ire of cruel Juno, and ——"

"Juno how it is yourself," broke in the Colonel.

"Buffetted by the world's rude storms, you see me here a stranded wreck. Scarce three moons past I left my office in charge of my worthy foreman and sought the peaceful vales and calm rests of the Muskingdom Valley, where my childhood sported. Returning I stopped at Cincinnati. I fell into evil company and—but why dwell on details? Enough that I am—what I am—disheartened, ruined, broke. A mark for scorn to point her slow, unerring finger at. As I was about giving up in despair, having given up everything else that I had, I thought of you. Sir I am here. You did not send for me, but I have come. Your name is known and honored from one end of this great Republic to the other. It.

"Glows on the stars,
Refreshes the breeze,
Warms in the sun
And blossoms on the trees.

"When the National Treasury was threatened by a body of greedy Congressmen, you stood like a wall of adamant between the people and those infamous salary grabbers. Lend me a dollar!"

"My dear sir," the Colonel pretened to explain, "you mistake the case entirely. I was one of the grabbers."

"You were?" (grasping the Colonel's hand warmly.) "So much the better. Let me congratulate you that a parsimonious public could not frighten you out of what was but a fair remuneration for your invaluable services. I am glad that your pecuniary circumstances are so much better than I supposed. Make it two!"

And the Colonel did. It was the only clear thing for him to do.

Items.

The American team of riflemen left for Ireland on Saturday.

It is the high price of slate pencils that is driving the saloon keepers to the poor house.

Mrs. Gbbbins says her husband is like a tallow candle—he always will smoke when he goes out.

Prof. of Rhetoric; 'What important change came over Burns in the latter part of his life? Senior. 'He died.'

He provoked me into loving him,' was a Rochester girl's excuse for engaging herself to a man whom she had always professed to hate,

A certain Western editor, who was presented with a box of collars as pay for an advertisement, is waiting in daily expectation that some one will present him with a shirt.

A Brown County editor bought his ink by the jugfull, becadse he could get it cheaper, but his wife went to fill the inkstand one morning and found it wasn't ink by a jugfull.

The Martin boys of Iowa loved their father, and when he died two of the five were killed in the struggle to see which should have his old watch and chain to remember him by.

'So you take lessons in drawing, Sallie!' 'Yes; and the teacher says I'm an apt pupil, as I draw more inferences, insinuations, admirers and allowances than any girl in the academy,'

The average Gorilla of Central Africa now points to Stanley and his band of explorers, and pathetically reminds his grand children that 'that is what they may one day expect to come to.'

A man awoke his wife the other night, [illegible] startled tone of voice informed her that he had swallowed a dose of strychnine. 'Well, you old fool,' said she, 'lie still, or it may come up.'

A French paper says that not one American in a hundred has a handsome chin. This is due to the fact that so many of our fellow citizens give nearly all their time to the cultivation of check.

Augustus, dear,' said she tenderly pushing him from her as the moonlight flooded the bay-window, where they were standing, 'I think you had better try some other hair-dye; your moustache tastes like turpentine.'

If you love others, they will love you: If you speak kindly to them, they will speak kindly to you. Love is repaid with love, and hatred with hatred. Would you hear a sweet and pleasing echo, speak sweetly and pleasantly yourself.

A feature of the Decoration Day observance in Springfield, Mass., was the special attention paid to the grave of Sumner Brown, a supposed rebel soldier. The poem, 'The Blue and the Gray,' was read, and a great deal of pathos was elaborated by the orators. The next day Sumner Brown's father having heard of the matter, published a statement showing that his son had never been a rebel.

BEECHER-TILTON.—Judge Porter spoke five days in the Beecher trial. Only one of the jurors sickened under the nauseating trial. It speaks well for the stomachs of Gotham men. Christendom and Christianity, was never before disgraced by such a trial. As a general thing, the back-sliding brother like Beecher, elopes with the guilty woman, and goes to preaching out West. It were well for Christianity and the church, if Beecher had followed the usual custom. The saintly woman who ought to know, says Beecher is guilty. She would not have said so for the world, if the fact had not been so. It is true, she now says, her certificate charging guilt upon Beecher was untrue, but in this we believe she is false. Mr. Evarts will close the case, and by way of earning his $20,000 fee, he will no doubt imitate Judge Porter, and talk a week, and then Beecher will be acquitted.