

RELIGIOUS.

Appointments.

Presbyterian. VILLAGE—REV. A. F. DICKSON, every Sabbath at 11 A. M. Episcopal. VILLAGE—REV. STYLES MELLICHAMP, every other Sabbath morning and afternoon. Lutheran. REV. W. A. HOUCK—At Trinity 1st and 3d Sundays. REV. P. DERRICK—At St. Matthews 1st and 3d Sundays. At Lebanon 2d and 4th Sundays. Baptist. VILLAGE—REV. DR. I. D. DURHAM, 1st Sunday of each month at 7 P. M. and 3d Sunday of each month, at 11 A. M. and 7 P. M. REV. DR. I. D. DURHAM—At Four Holes, 1st Sunday of each month. REV. R. J. EDWARDS—At Poke Swamp School House, 1st Sunday of each month. Branchville, 2d Sunday in each month. Santee, 4th Sunday of each month. REV. W. F. CHAPLIN—At Ebenezer, 1st Sunday of each month. Canaan, 3d Sunday of each month. Bull Swamp, 4th Sunday of each month. REV. D. F. SPOONER—At Antioch, 2d and 4th Sundays (mornings). Corinth, 2d and 4th Sundays (afternoon). REV. W. J. SNIDER—At Glegary School House, 1st and 3d Sundays. Santee, (colored Sunday School), 2d and 4th Sundays. Methodist—Appointments for Orangeburg District, S. C. Conference, 1st Quarter. Providence Circuit, at Gerizim, February 23d and 24th. Lexington Circuit, at Hebron, March 2d and 3d. Aiken and Graniteville, March 9th and 10th. Branchville Circuit, at Sardis, March 16th and 17th. St. Matthews' Circuit at Shady Grove, March 23d and 24th. Eastern Orange, at Shiloh, March 30th and 31st. A. M. CHRISTZBERG, P. E. VILLAGE—REV. W. G. CONNER, every Sabbath at 11 A. M. REV. W. G. CONNER—At Prospect, 1st and 3d Sundays (afternoon). Zion, 2d and 4th Sundays (afternoon). REV. JOHN INABINET—At Calvary, 1st Sunday in each month. Trinity, 2d Sunday in each month. We will be glad to complete this list, and respectfully invite the Clergymen of various denominations to send in their appointments, and they will be inserted with pleasure among the above.

The Soul's Flight.

When for eternal worlds we steer, And seas are calm and skies are clear, And faith in lively ecstasies, And distant hills of Canaan rise, The soul for joy then claps her wings, And loud her lovely sonnet sings, Vain world adieu.

With cheerful hope her eyes explore Each landmark on the distant shore, The trees of life, the pastures green, The crystal stream, delightful scene, Again for joy she claps her wings, And loud her lovely sonnet sings, Vain world adieu.

The nearer stills she draws to land, More eager all her powers expand, With steady helm and free bent sail, Her anchor drops within the veil, Again for joy she claps her wings, And her celestial sonnet sings, Glory to God.

She meets with those who've gone before On Canaan's high and blessed shore; Friends there each other meet Around their dear Redeemer's feet, There their ceaseless hallelujahs sing, I am safe at home.

The Harp in Heaven.

One of the sweetest recollections of my girlhood is a beautiful reply my mother once made me, when my heart was swelling with childish grief.

I had just returned from the house of a wealthy neighbor, who had kindly given me the use of their piano for a few hours every day, to gratify my extreme love for music. Our own cottage home looked so plain in contrast with the one I had just left, and no piano within its walls, I laid my head upon the table and gave vent to my overflowing heart. I felt grieved, and perhaps a little angry, that we were unable to afford the one thing I desired above all others—a piano—and expressed my feeling to my mother.

Never shall I forget her sweet, gentle tone, as she simply replied, "Never mind, daughter if you cannot have a piano on earth, you may have a harp in heaven." Instantly the whole current of my feelings was changed. Earthly things dwindled into insignificance, and the "harp in heaven," with its golden strings, became the object of my desire. I felt reprieved for my repining against the Providence that placed me in an humble home, and from that moment the enjoyment of heaven seemed far to outweigh all the pleasures of earth. The beautiful reply has followed me all my life, or rather has gone before me like a bright guiding star—lifting my thoughts above this transient life, and opening to my spirit's vision the glorious scenes in that "land of life and light." I have a "piano on earth" now, but its charm is gone. Its music no longer gladdens my heart as it once did, for the ears that loved best to listen to its sweet tones are now enraptured with the grand harmonies of heaven! The dear fingers that so often touched its keys, now sweep the golden harp strings. Oh, that "harp in heaven!" How my soul longs for one breath of its rich melody!

As I look upon the dear baby fingers in the cradle near me, I think it matters little whether my child be poor or rich—whether her path be strewn with thorns or flowers—if she may only have a "harp in heaven."—Child's Paper

HUMOROUS.

A leveller perceiving two crows flying side by side said, "Ay, that is just how it should be; I hate to see one crow over another."

For making ice cream: "Pick out the prettiest girl you can see, stir gently into the corner, and ask her to give you a kiss: you soon have a nice cream."

A surgical journal speaks of a man who lived five years with a ball in his head. Job Squires says he has known ladies to live twice as long with nothing but balls in their heads.

Domestic drama:—Scene 1. Mother in the cellar splitting wood; Scene 2. Daughter in the parlor singing to Clarence Fitz Noodle the pathetic ballad of "Who will care for Mother now?"

TRYING TO DECIDE.—A traveller stopped at a public house in Maine for the purpose of getting dinner, knocked but received no answer. Going in, he found a little white headed man in the embrace of his wife, who had his head under her arm, while with the other she was giving her little lord a pounding. Wishing to put an end to the fight, our traveller knocked on the table, and cried out in a loud voice, "Holloa here! who keeps this house?" The husband, though much out of breath, answered, "That's what we are trying to decide."

A QUAKER WOMAN'S SERMON.—My dear friends, there are three things that I very much wonder at. The first that children should be so foolish as to throw stones, clubs and brick-bats into fruit trees to knock down the fruit. If they would let it alone it falls itself. The second is that men should go to war and kill each other. If let alone they would die themselves. The third and last thing I wonder at is that young men should be so unwise as to go after young women. If they would stop at home the young women would come after them.

Put Him Through.

Some few weeks ago a brace of lovers entered a photograph saloon, and wanted their pictures taken. The lady gave precedence to her swain, who she said, "had to be tuck fast and rale natural."

He brushed up his tow hair, gave a twist or two to his handkerchief, and asked his girl if his collar was X, and placed himself in the operator's chair, where he soon assumed the physiognomical characteristics of a poor mortal in the dentist's hands, and about to part with one of his teeth.

"Now do look purty," begged the lady casting at him one of her most languishing glances.

The picture was taken, and when produced, it reminded the girl, as she expressed, "Just how Josh looked when he got over the measles; and as this was not an era in her lover's history particularly worthy of commemoration, she insisted "that he should stand it again." He obeyed, and she attended him to the chair.

"Josh," said she, "just look like smiling, and kinder don't."

The poor fellow tried to follow the indefinite injunction.

"La!" she said "you look puckered up."

One direction followed another but with a little success. At last, growing impatient and becoming desperate, she resolved to try an experiment which she considered infallible, and exclaimed,

"I don't keer if there is folks around."

She enjoined the operator to stand ready at his camera. She then set her in her fellow's lap, and throwing her arms around his neck, managed to cast a shadow of flaxen ringlets as a screen between the operator and the proceedings, which, however, were betrayed by a succession of amorous sounds, which revealed the experiment. When the billing and cooing had lasted a few minutes, the cunning girl, leaped from Josh's lap, clapped her hands, and cried to the astonished artist:

"Now you have got him! put him through!"

A Characteristic Letter From "Brick."

RETRACTION AND APOLOGY TO GENERAL BUTLER.

MEMPHIS, February 17, 1867.—Editors Bulletin—GENTLEMEN: Permit me space in your columns to thus publicly retract the libel and apologize for the deliberate forgery I was led in a moment of drunkenness to perpetrate on that high-toned gentleman and patriot, General B. F. Butler, L. L. D., of Massachusetts. I have done him injustice. I have lied about him—abused him—insulted him and forged his name to his own letters, all for political effect, because tempted of the Devil, Butler's illegitimate brother. Let me add in all contrition and lowliness of spirit that Butler never wrote a letter to me, nor the New York Tribune, concerning me. He never thought to frighten men to silence; he never sees my paper, that herald of treason, the La Crosse Democrat—he never was a Democrat—he never was an attorney for thieves on shares, nor voted for secession—he never blundered at Big Bethel—he never was in New Orleans—he never stole spoons—he never dug up the remains of General Johnston to rob the coffin of gold therein—he never stole watches—he never insulted the pure and virtuous ladies of the South—he never robbed banks—he never was sued for the gold he had stolen—he never blow up Fort Fisher—he never stole himself rich, and then murdered his brother to become his heir—he never was bottled by General Grant—he never had a father who was hung in chains for piracy—he never was the beast, brute,

thief, robber, villain, woman insulter he is charged with being—he never covered the fingers of beauty with stolen diamond rings—he never made an ass of himself, and wrote it over his own signature—he never is troubled by editors of obscure papers—but he is a good and pure Christian, of the order of New England Puritanism, and deserving this public retraction, as he will be of the kind notices he will receive in the La Crosse Democrat, as I publish from week to week accounts of his stealing in the South, to be written by his sacred admirer,

"BRICK" POMEROY.

MISCELLANEOUS.

The State Penitentiary at Columbia.

The work on this important Institution, says the South Carolinian, has reached that advanced stage which will render a description interesting to the public.

Situated at the foot of Plain-street, the locality itself is one of no ordinary attraction to the visitor and tourist.

Here, an arm of about twelve acres has been enclosed and appropriated to the uses of the Penitentiary; and to-day, resounds with the stroke of the mechanics, the creak of the derrick and the industrious hum that art ever mingles with the voice of nature.

First and foremost, there has been laid a broad and deep foundation of granite, commensurate with the strength and magnitude of the proposed building. Upon this already rests the massive floor of a portion of the first story, upon which is to be erected the cells immediately required. The side walls of the latter are likewise going up, and heavy iron plates which are to constitute both the ceiling of the first floor, and the base on which is to be laid the second, stands by in readiness to enclose the future residence of the unfortunate criminals. Everything is of iron or stone, and the measurement of walls is by feet—not inches. In six weeks, or two months, should the weather continue, there will be accommodations for at least forty prisoners; and the work will continue to progress with the same energy that has marked its erection and progress.

Next there is on the place, a storehouse where are deposited the heavy iron gratings or doors; the locks, castings, tools, implements, cement and other articles in demand.

In still another building, carpenter work is done; in a third are the blacksmiths; in a fourth is a supply of coal; and in a fifth is the office of Major T. B. Lee, the Architect and Engineer, and his accomplished assistants.

An evidence of the fine administrative ability of Major Lee, will strike the visitor on entering the enclosure. A hundred feet or more from the gate commences an abrupt descent to a narrow, ragged canal; down this incline runs a railway, seemingly, at an angle of about forty-five degrees up which a distance of forty-five feet are to be brought at the rate of one car-load every four minutes the immense masses of granite, which enter into the construction of the edifice. This stone is brought a distance of a mile, by means of peculiarly constructed canal boats which carry the rail cars. When loaded, they are brought to the foot of the inclined railway, a wire rope is attached to the cars, a water wheel gives the power, they ascend steadily to the plain above, are then rolled to the wood yard, where the iron fingers of derrick, seize and deposit the rough blocks, if necessary, at the feet of the mason.

These canal boats cost forty-five dollars each, and with four dollars per day for labor, this simple contrivance saves to the State an outlay of about twenty that would otherwise be necessarily expended in bringing the same amount from the same, or even more favorable localities, by the ordinary means. As soon as there are a number of convicts sufficient to work the granite quarry that has already been developed by Major Lee, at the base of this railway, even this expense will be curtailed, and the rock be taken directly from its bed to its "dressing room."

Among other practical evidences of ingenuity is a lock of peculiar yet simple construction, contrived by Major Lee, that is calculated to give the convict a greater sense of security than is enjoyed by any other member of the community.

The dimensions and details of construction of the Penitentiary are too various to admit of record in the present article, but it may be generally stated that when completed it will be the handsomest structure in South Carolina, if not in the entire South. It will contain accommodations for about three hundred and fifty "guests," male and female; will be fire proof; and with its adjoining workshops and factories, promises to become a fashionable and hospitable resort for a certain class of our people. Convict labor will be employed in the completion of the Penitentiary as soon as a sufficient number can be properly secured, which, as was before stated, will be completed in the course of a couple of months.

EFFECTS OF HABIT.—A letter from Paris of the 22d of January, says that a body of peasants, from the depth of Siberia, have come to Paris and put up wooden cabins like those of their own country, near the Paris Exposition. "They suffer horribly from the mildness of our climate. The other day, when it was freezing hard enough to split rocks, one of them cried out with a melancholy air: "Oh, my God, when will it get cold? "Another, thinking it mid-summer, arrayed himself in a calico gown. And a third thus wrote to his father: "The heat is excessive at Paris; would you believe it? For eight days that we have been here my nose has not been frozen a single time."

1867.

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PROSPECTUS.

"THE ORANGEBURG NEWS,"

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COMMISSIONER'S SALES.

Daniel Frederick, et al vs Lark O'Neal et al } Bill for partition and account, and to settle boundary.

By virtue of a Decretal Order in this case I will sell on Monday, the 11th day of March next, between the legal hours, at Orangeburg Court House, the following real estate, to wit:

1. Two tracts of Land, one consisting of 439 acres, more or less, and the other consisting of 65 acres, more or less, the whole bounded north by lands of Rebecca Shuler and Dr. O. N. Bowman, east by lands of Dr. O. N. Bowman, south by lands of John S. Bowman, John Whetstone and Mrs. S. M. Frederick, and west by lands of John Whetstone.

2. One tract of Swamp Land, consisting of 37 1/2 acres, more or less, bounded on the north by lands of Mrs. R. Shuler, east, south and west, by lands of John Whetstone.

3. One tract of Swamp Land, consisting of 24 1/2 acres, more or less, bounded north by lands of Mrs. R. Shuler, east by lands of Dr. O. N. Bowman, south by lands of M. Robinson, and west by North Edisto River.

The above tracts being the portions of the estate of Peter Frederick, Sr., laid off to his daughter the late Rachel Russell, afterwards Mrs. Rachel O'Neal.

4. One tract of Swamp Land, consisting of 231 acres, more or less, bounded north by lands of Mrs. R. Shuler, south by lands of John S. Bowman, and west by Edisto River. Being a tract conveyed to Mrs. Rachel O'Neal by the heirs of William D. Hill, deceased.

5. One tract of Land containing 137 acres, more or less, bounded north by lands of John Whetstone and Mrs. S. M. Frederick, east by lands of John S. Bowman, south by lands of Mrs. S. M. Frederick and west by lands of Rowe.

TERMS OF SALE. One-third cash; the balance on a credit of one and two years, the purchaser to give bond with approved sureties and mortgage of the premises to secure the payment of the purchase money, and to pay for papers and revenue stamps. Commissioner's Office, V. D. V. JAMISON, February 18, 1867. Commissioner. Feb 23

H. D. Stewart, et. ux. vs A. B. Millhouse, et al. } For Partition.

By virtue of a decretal order made in this cause, I will sell at Orangeburg Court House, on Monday, the 11th day of March next, the following plantation or parcel of land, lying and being in the District of Orangeburg, and belonging to the Estate of James Millhouse, deceased, containing on thousand acres, more or less, and bounded north by lands of Mrs. Bollen and Kennedy, east by lands of David Jamison, south by lands of John Pierson and west by lands of Mrs. Bollen.

CONDITIONS. Cash sufficient to defray the expenses of the proceedings, in specie or its equivalent in currency. The balance on a credit of one, two and three years, purchaser to give bond bearing interest from day of sale, with two good sufficient sureties, and a mortgage of the premises to secure the purchase money. Also, to pay cash for papers and revenue stamps. J. PATERSON, Commissioner. Commissioner's Office, Barnwell Court House, S. C., Feb. 12, 1867. Feb 23

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Terms: \$8 per year, in advance. H. W. RAVENEL, Editor: W. D. KIRKMAN, Publisher. Jan 23-1867