

# The Orangeburg News.

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

VOLUME 1.

SATURDAY MORNING, MAY 18, 1867.

NUMBER 13.

## THE ORANGEBURG NEWS.

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

SAMUEL DIBBLE, Editor.  
CHARLES H. HALL, Publisher.

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SAMUEL DIBBLE,  
EDITOR ORANGEBURG NEWS,  
Orangeburg, S. C.  
Feb 28

## PUBLIC OFFICERS.

### ORANGEBURG DISTRICT.

Ordinary—P. A. McMillan.  
Commissioner in Equity—V. D. Jamison.  
Clerk of Court—Joseph F. Robinson.  
Sheriff—J. W. H. Duke.  
Coroner—C. B. Glover.

Assessor—U. S. Reymann—George W. Sturgeon.

Justice of Peace—P. V. Dibble.

Magistrates—Thomas E. Stokes, W. R. Trendall, A. J. Gaskin, F. W. Fairly, David L. Conroy, J. M. Felder, Levin Argo, R. V. Dannelly, E. A. Feig, W. L. Ebney, J. D. Pickett, Samuel E. Moore, G. D. Glover, F. C. Holman, P. C. Duyck, P. M. Wannamaker, D. O. Tidall.

Commissioner to Approve Securities—J. G. Wannamaker, James Stokes, D. B. Barton, Adam Snicko, A. D. Frederick.

Commissioners of Public Buildings—Wm. M. Hinton, Harpiss Riggs, E. Eckiel, Joseph P. Hartley, W. H. W. Briggsmann.

Commissioners of Roads—Orange Parish—Westley Houser, F. W. Fairly, Samuel M. Fairly, Samuel G. Rair, E. Livingston, W. S. Biley, Westley Culler, H. C. Wannamaker, N. E. W. Sistrunk, H. Livingston, James Stokes, J. D. Knotts, R. P. Antley, John S. Bowman, J. L. Moore, W. C. Moss, Lewis G. A. Yon, J. H. O'Callin, Ellison Connor, John rick, J. C. Guillard, Jacob Cooner, George Beddie, J. C. Dannelly.

Commissioners of Roads—St. Matthews Parish—E. J. Parlier, E. T. Shuler, J. L. Parlier, Owen Shuler, T. G. Shuler, W. L. Pott, J. W. Seles, E. W. Bates, J. W. Bayhour, Augustus Aringer, P. W. Aringer, J. D. Zeigler, M. J. Kollar, J. O. Holman.

Commissioners of Free Schools—Orange Parish—David L. Connor, J. E. Millhouse, Henry N. Sack, John Jordan, N. C. Whetstone, John Inabinet, Dr. O. H. Bowman, Samuel Dibble.

Commissioners of Free Schools—St. Matthews Parish—Peter Duyck, J. H. Keller, Westley Houser, John Biley, J. H. Folder, Adam Holman.

Post Offices in Orangeburg District.

Orangeburg.....Thaddeus C. Hubbard.  
St. Matthews.....Mrs. Sally J. Wilos.  
Vance's Ferry.....R. M. E. Aringer.  
Branchville.....Mrs. Amy Thompson.  
Fort Motte.....John Birchmore.

### Schedule South Carolina Rail Road.

Down Passenger.

Leave Columbia at.....8.30 A. M.\* and 11.40 A. M.  
\* Orangeburg at.....10.30 A. M.\* and 3.08 P. M.  
Arrive at Charleston.....4 P. M.  
\* Augusta.....5 P. M. and 9 P. M.

Up Passenger.

Leave Augusta at.....7 A. M. and 6.30 P. M.  
\* Charleston at.....8 A. M.  
\* Orangeburg at.....1.30 P. M. and 11.55 P. M.  
Arrive at Columbia at.....6.20 P. M. and 8.22 A. M.

Down Freight.

Leave Orangeburg at.....10 A. M.  
Arrive at Charleston at.....6.10 P. M.

Up Freight.

Leave Orangeburg at.....1.38 P. M.  
Arrive at Columbia at.....6.30 P. M.

This is the only Passenger Train for Charleston and Points below Branchville. For the Augusta Road Passengers may take either Train.  
May 28

## ORIGINAL POETRY.

[FOR THE ORANGEBURG NEWS.]

Lines.

"To deck that lovely spot in the cold heart of science."

Astronomers have said, the sun  
Within its brilliant orb  
Has some dark spots, his strongest says  
Can't cover or absorb.

And can it be, that he whose smile,  
Lights all creation over,  
Still wears, behind that shining mask,  
A gloom he cannot cover?

Or is it that he outward smiles,  
Within though deeply bleeding,  
Perhaps to teach care-troubled man,  
To give to grief no heed?

Then know, O Sun! that like to thee,  
We wear the smiling brow,  
While secret griefs invade the heart,  
Our looks will not avow.

And though our smiles may chase away,  
The gloom of those around us,  
They have no power, whate'er to break  
These inward griefs that wound us.

Those lonely spots within thy heart,  
Seek not, vain man, to deck,  
But learn to live in outward smiles,  
Through all within's a wretch.

VIENNA VELL.

Branchville, S. C., April 4, 1867.

## ORIGINAL NOUVELETTE.

[Composed Expressly for the Orangeburg News.]

### Woodland Heights.

—O—

### A ROMANCE OF THE

### DAYS OF '65.

—O—

BY PAYSAN.

"This was love!"  
He was a William—ay—reproaches shayer  
On him—

In front of a large attic house in the county of —, stretches a green lawn, interspersed here and there with wild flowers of almost every hue. From the opposite parallel of this quadrilateral strip of land rises an inclined plane, whose highest point reaches to the distance of nearly a mile from Woodland Heights, the home of Mary Adir. On the left lies a meadow of about twenty acres, in which are grazing various animals of a domestic kind. It is a clear bright evening in May. The gilding rays of the evening sun are shining through the tree tops, and the waving branches stirred by a gentle breeze, are reflecting phantomatic pictures upon the countenance of one deep in solitude and thought. The little birds are singing their usual melodies before the shades of evening come on. Busy crowds of laborers from the harvest field are returning to their cottages, and twilight is about to spread her mantle over Woodland Heights.

In the veranda of this spacious building sits a young being, whose countenance is a type of constant melancholy. The war has ended, and nearly every living soldier has returned. But no tidings of Wallace have reached her yet, notwithstanding her solicitous enquiries, save that when last heard of, he was in the hospital.

Poor girl! innocent creature, how little does she dream in beholding the peeping stars that the star of her hope is well nigh set. Only a few moments more and the spell of suspense is broken—a few moments more and the hope that he is still living is realized, but the mystery of his absence doubly intensified.

"He is a letter for you, Miss Mary! a soldier stopped at the gate and gave it to me."

"Did you inquire his name, Caroline?" asked Mary.

"No, Madam, but he said he was from away up about Cactus."

Glancing at the back of the envelope, Mary recognized the writing, and repaired with eager haste to her room to read it. She lighted a candle, and after breaking open the envelope, read as follows:

"RUTHERFORD, May 5th, 18—

"MISS MARY—

"If ever the heart and mind of a mortal man, writhed in the throes of an earthly torment, I am now passing through the fearful ordeal. I say fearful, for, oh! I have never known before what it was to drink of the cup of anguish and sorrow to its very bitterest dregs. To you, than whom I know I have no better and truer friend on earth, I do not, oh! I do not know, how I am to impart the fearful secret which weighs down and oppresses my soul. I know, my kind and gentle friend, that you will call me cruel, heartless, wicked, and everything that is unworthy; but still I know that it will be truly, because I cannot reveal the

deep-seated cause which weighs like an incubus upon my heart, and which prompts me to the course that I am compelled to pursue. I say compelled, for the truest longing of my soul, is to place myself in the guardian care of a fate which would be more merciful, not only to my own heart, but more especially to that of my most faithful friend. Will you hate and scorn me now? Yes! the heart which has loved me so truly will change its respect into scorn, and its love into hatred; and yet the object of that scorn and that hatred, remaining forever innocent of a voluntary crime, must try to smother its own grief in secret, and await in silence for the turning of the wheels of time, to wear away the impressions which this act will engrave so deeply upon the mind of her, whom above all others I would to God I could spare. Oh! it is hard indeed for me now to think that you will ever hate and detest me. But no—let it not be so. Since you must remain in ignorance, and I in innocence of the cause, may I not beg you, my best friend, to evoke your characteristic spirit of forgiveness, and look upon me always as a friend, who not only cannot control his own destiny, but whom a cruel fate has cast into the crucible of its own immutable decrees. Oh! that I could make you believe that I am not the wretch, which you will ever perhaps regard me. How shall I tell you, that my little bark, which has, for a few years moved gently and sweetly by the side of yours, has encountered its Scylla, and been dashed upon the waters of a troubled sea? Yes! we must be parted, we must say farewell. Fate decrees that the bright dream of years must vanish forever. But, oh! may the gulf, which shall separate us now, be filled up by the collecting sands of life, until hereafter we may look upon it as only a little brook, beneath whose service our sorrows shall be forgotten and buried lie, and whose bright rolling crystals shall lure us onward down the stream of life to that haven of eternal happiness, where troubles and sorrows are unknown. May you never feel the deep weight of woe, which presses upon me—may God in mercy shower upon you in all their fullness, the richest blessings of earth; may he raise up a companion who shall be worthy of your priceless offerings, and whose first and noblest aim shall be to brighten and strew with roses the path-way of your life; and may you, my faithful friend, receive in all their plenitude, those glorious and eternal blessings, which are rewards of immortal souls in Heaven.

laced Timrod, and after a few days' practice, succeeded, in counterfeiting the hand so perfectly, that it would require the discerning eye of an expert, to detect the difference. Stimulated then by the evil audacity of his nature, in a few minutes he imitated the preceding letter, knowing that its reception would sink an innocent heart into an abyss of grief, yet hoping too, that its effect would be for himself, the harbinger of ultimate success. \* \* \*

Two weeks elapsed, and Tom Williland resolved to see what effect his letter had produced upon Mary Adir.

He found her in the neat and handsomely furnished parlor of Woodland Heights!

Within the spacious hall, vases of deciduous flowers ornamented the mantle-piece—fine old paintings lined the walls—long white curtains hung down from their gilded corices—a marble-topped table, upon which were placed daguerreotypes of the family connections, occupied the centre—sofas of the most approved order rested on either side of the hearth, while a piano stood on the left of the door.

During the interim between the reception of the forged letter and Williland's visit, Mary had remained the victim of abstraction. She talked, walked, and performed everything mechanically—opposed nothing—acquiesced in everything, and gave her assent to what was even diametrically contrary to her opinion. Her very soul was wrapt up in abstraction, and her every thought seemed to run in the wake of her absorbing misery.

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(To be Continued.)

laced Timrod, and after a few days' practice, succeeded, in counterfeiting the hand so perfectly, that it would require the discerning eye of an expert, to detect the difference. Stimulated then by the evil audacity of his nature, in a few minutes he imitated the preceding letter, knowing that its reception would sink an innocent heart into an abyss of grief, yet hoping too, that its effect would be for himself, the harbinger of ultimate success. \* \* \*

Two weeks elapsed, and Tom Williland resolved to see what effect his letter had produced upon Mary Adir.

He found her in the neat and handsomely furnished parlor of Woodland Heights!

Within the spacious hall, vases of deciduous flowers ornamented the mantle-piece—fine old paintings lined the walls—long white curtains hung down from their gilded corices—a marble-topped table, upon which were placed daguerreotypes of the family connections, occupied the centre—sofas of the most approved order rested on either side of the hearth, while a piano stood on the left of the door.

During the interim between the reception of the forged letter and Williland's visit, Mary had remained the victim of abstraction. She talked, walked, and performed everything mechanically