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

SATURDAY MORNING, MAY 18, 1867.

NUMBER 13

THE ORANGEBURG NEWS.

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This is the only Passenger Train for Charleston and Points below Branchville. For the Augusta

Read Passengers may take either Train, may 20

[FOR THE ORANGEBURG NEWS.]

ORIGNAL POETRY.

"To deck that lovely spot in the cold heart of

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 be-whose smile, Lights all creation over, Still wears, behind that shining mask A gloom he chanot cover?

Within though deeply bleeding,-Perhaps to teach care-troubled man, To give to grief no heeding? Then know, O Sun! that like to thee,

Or is it that he outward smiles.

We wear the shilling brow, While secret griefs invade the heart, Our looks will not avow. And though our smiles may chase away. The gloom of these 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 wrech. Branchville, S. C., April 4, 1867;

ORIGINAL NOUVELETTE

[Composed Expressly for the Orangeburg News.]

Woodland Heights.

A ROMANCE OF THE

DAYS OF '65.

BY PAYSAN.

In front of a large attic house in the county -, 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 r 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 8 la. being, whose countenance is a type of constant me ncholy. The war has ended, and nearly every living soldier has returned. But no tidings of Wallace have rinched her yet, notwithstanding her solicitous enquiries, save Poor girl! innocent creature, how little aux 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.

"Here is a letter for you, Miss Mary ! a soldier stopped at the gate and gave it to me." "Did you inquire his name, Caroline W asked

"No, Madam, but he said he was from away ap 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 thoses of an earthly torknown before what it was to drink of the cup you will call me cruel, heartless, wicked, and matter will be the secret of success."

upon my heart, and which prompts me to the succeeded in counterfeiting the hand so percourse that I compelled to pursue. I say com- feetly, that it would require the discerning eye pelled, for the truest longing of my soul, is to of an expert, to detect the difference. Stimuplace myself in the guardian care of a fate lated then by the evil audacity of his nature, so truly will change its respect into scorn, and the harbinger of ultimate success. * * 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 engraft so deeply upon the mind of her, whom above all others I would to God I could spare. paintings lined the walls-long white curtains Oh! it is hard indeed for me now to think that you will ever hate and detest me. But ble topped table, upon which were placed no-let it not be so. Since you must remain daguerrectypes of the family connections, occuin 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 Seylla, and been dashed upon the waters of a troubled sea? Yes! we must be parted, we must say farewell. Fate decress 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 merey shower upon you in all their fullness, the richest blessings of earth; may be raise up a companion trigue the hand without the heart. But he was who shall be worthy of your priceless de crier distinct his goal was reached, and he would and whose first and noblest aim shall be to marry her in spite of everything.

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.

"WALLACE TIMROD."

CHAP, VII.

Her head is bowed downwards; so pensive her air, As she looks on the ground with her pale, solemn t were hard to decide whether faith or despair,

Whether anguish or trust, in her heart holds

Had a dagger pierced the heart of Mary Adir, the shock could not have been more acute. A death-like paleness came over her, and an unmerciful nervousness shook her whole frame as she staggered to the bed, overcome by a sudden anguish. Stretching her trembling form upon it, she closed her eyes-her senses recoiled, and she lapsed into a death-like swoon For half an hour she lay motionless.

Her awakening from this rapt vision gradual, for the shock had been too great, the wound too deep for her woman's heart to submit passively to those decrees which, even if she could not avoid, she, at the same time,

At length she raised herself to a sitting po that when last heard of he was it the hospital, sicion, and attempted to divine the cause of this mysterious course on the part of one, whom she had lever had cause to doubt before. Could it be that he und deceived her? was it possible that the heart which had once pro fessed to beat in tenderness for her, that had woodd her in the name of sincerity and truth, had proved false, or had some untoward accireturn?

increased mystification in her attempts to solve

Little did she dream that this letter was a forgery, and the subtle production of one who had long coveted her charms. Still less would have suspected the evil and dissimulating genius of Tom Williland. Indeed it was an evil genius, which had paved the way for the consu amation of this design.

Fom Williland was a man of polished social att tinments, and possessed an effective manne. of ingratiating himself in the good opinion ment, I am now passing through the fearful or- of nearly every one he met. He had long deal. I say fearful, for, oh! I have never loved Mary Adir; but time had never afforded him an opportunity of telling her so. A plan of anguish and sorrow to its very bitterest presents itself to his conception at last. Waldrogs. To you, than whom I know I have no lace Timrod is wounded, and perhaps dead better and truer friend on earth, I do not, oh! This Mary does not know, and if he dies, per-I do not know, how I am to impart the fearful adventure she will never hear of it. "To win secret which weighs down and oppresses my her I must estrange her-I'll do the writing soul. I know, my kind and gentle friend, that and let her draw the inference-mystery in the

deep-scated cause which weighs like an incubus lace Timrod, and after a few days' practice, which I follow so assiduously fair to the sight which would be more merciful, not only to my in a few minutes he indited the preceding letown heart, but more especially to that of my ter, knowing that its reception would sink an most faithful friend. Will you hate and scorn innocent heart into an abyss of grief, yet hopme now? Yes! the heart which has loved me ing too, that its effect would be for himself, her cheeks, her slender form quivered with Two weeks elapsed, and Tom Williland resolved to see what effect his letter had pro-

duced upon Mary Adir.

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

Within the spacious hall, vases of deciduous flowers ornamented the mantle-piece-fine old hung down from their gilded cornices-a marpied the centre-sofetts of the most approved order rested on either side of the heart, while a puno 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. In this condition, Williland did not find it difficult matter to gain a tacit conquest over her subdued nature. Having prepared a declaration of love, he resolved to trysits virtue, and the result was, that, in two weeks from the reception of the forged letter, we find Tom Williland and Mary Adir engaged-an engage ment on the one side real-on the other merely passive. Like many other rivals have done, so did Williland-to subtlety and forgery, he owed his success-the engagement was nothing more than a theft-he had prosecuted his suit, when determination in the heart of Mary Adir was a blank-he had obtained by force and in-

(To be Continued.)

[FOR THE OBANGEBURG NEWS.]

LITERARY.

A Life Picture.

eyes lell upon a paragraph announcing the demusingly many ictures of days that are no in our impoverished land. more. Memory turns to a fair May morning in the long ago, when a bevy of school-girls met to elect a queen; and of the number one was chosen-my sweet Mabel! I seem to see her now, her fair face covered with blushes, as others, she laid a little hand like a rose leaf upon the cheeks of a rival candidate and whispered "Carrie, you will be crowner!" How beautiful she was! The soft eyes were full of liquid light,-the cheeks were alternately pale, then tinged with the faint rosy huc of sea-shells, and the words came soft and low from the parted of May and queen too of his heart whose pres-

. Poor child! over the heart, which then throbbed almost painfully with excess of happiness, has since swept thefull tide of sorrow. It is only the on, old story-hands which should have been united, clasped other hands and each vowed before God's altar to love and dent happened to preclude the propriety of his honor other names. You should have seen his white lips and nervous agitation, as the beauti-These, with similar queries, only produced girl who was his wife laid her hand upon his arm in trusting confidence. You should have seen how proudly Mabel bore herself; still queen of many hearts, sought after, petted, worshipped by seme, right regally she ruled. But her heart was steeled, and the beautiful confidence of her nature gave place to an artificial manner, and an utter want of faith in all. "Tell me not of love" she said to one who remarked upon the homage offered her, "there is but one word to express all the love this world can afford, and that one word is interest." Hear her words in an hour of confidence when old memories had melted her proud wordly heart, and the trammels of fashion fell like unholy robes away. Mabel, the pet of a social circle which would

have showered flowers upon her path, sitting at twilight in a darkened room, and bending over a small casket in which were only a few leaves and a withered rose. "Forgive this weakness, but 'tis only a year, one little year since then and now, one year between my happy everything that is unworthy; but still I know After concluding these soliloquies, he drew that it will be only because I cannot reveal the from his pocket an autograph letter of Wal. ples of Sodom are all the phantom pleasures \$1325.

but ashes at the core—and this rose is all that \$700. remains to me of the happiness then mine :--let me be a child once more-for one hour throw off this icy thrall. I am tired of acting, tired, of seeming gay, when I am not, tired of hiding \$200. from curious eyes the grave where my last happiness lies, tired of life." Tears stained emotion-but another hour sees her gayest of the gay, the centre of an enchanted throng, and her voice ringing in tones which mocked the pain within.

"Ah blame us women not, if some appear Too cold at times, and some too gay and light: Some griefs gnaw deep, some woes are hard to

Who knows the past? and who can judge us right ?"

Never were there words more true than those which declare that, while love is an episode in the life of man, it is woman's whole history. Outside of the circle of the affections, her life is either a giddy whirl of fashionable follies, or a lifeless and dreary routine of duties.

Mabel presides with dignity and grace over ier elegant home, her husband's friends are always greeted with quiet ease, and hospitably entertained. Those who note the air of luxurious ease which seems to pervade her home, -books, music, pictures, bijoutrie from foreign lands, which almost cumber the apartments-perhaps go away dissatisfied with their humble homes, and think how happy is the lot which has fallen to the wife of the Hon. ---; they can not see beneath the surface. She told him all; and resolutely took up the burden of wedder indifference. Her husband has ceased to hope ever to warm into gladness the smiles that now seem frozen on her lips. He is a successful man of the world, and she the elegant woman who is the ornament of his house, too proud and stately now for any to approach the inner shrine; on the bridal eve she gave to the flames the casket and the rose,-Ah! verily in the heart "it is not always May."

[From the Charleston Courier.) The Southern Relief Association.

This Association which has its headquarters in the City of New York, is laboring untiringly in the charitable work it has undertaken, While looking over the morning papers, my and through its instrumentality thousands of parture of a steamer, and a name in the list of There is no dimunition of interest displayed by passengers arrested my attention; Immediately its charitable founders and members, and, by thought was busy, and by the subtle power of the providence of God, we dare hope that the association, link after link, of a broken chain organization will be successful this summer in seemed to pass in review, and fancy paints relieving much of the distress which prevails

Below, is a list of Clergymen in this State, to whom, as its Agents, funds to the amount stated, have been sent to this date, to be used in relieving the wants of the poor. The system of distribution adopted, has been, to obtain half regretting that she had been preferred to the names of well known Clergymen in the destitute districts, and for the Treasurer of the Association to draw his cheeks on his bank in New York, for an amount designated by the Disbursing Committee, payable in the name of. and only to the order of the Clergyman, who was to distribute the fund, and these checks were sent by mail to the persons named therelips. On that festal eve she was crowned Queen in. Receipts and accounts have come to hand from nearly all of these gentlemen, and they ence gave the light to her eyes and the rose to have promptly and faithfully discharged the

This statement does not include the money expended in New York for the purchase and shipment of corn, by the Committee appointed for that purpose; that will appear in the final account to the members of the Association. Through Bishop T. F. Davis, Camden, S. C.

Through Rev. B. B. Sams, Barnwell C. H.,

Through Rev. Stiles Mellichampo, Orange-Through Rev. E. E. Bellinger, Walterboro',

Through Rev. W. Crider, Lancaster C. H. Through Rev. J. N. Craig, Lancaster C. H.

Through Rev. R. Harper, Cheraw, \$200. Through Rev. C. Hanckel, Charleston,

Through Rev. T. S. Arther, Greenville, Through Rev. J. Cornish, Aiken, \$200.

Through Rev. W. P. DuBose, Winnsboro', Through Rev. Dr. Turner, Abbeville, \$100.

Through Rev. O. A. Darley, Unionville, Through Rev. D. C.: Kollok, Cheraw, \$100.

Through Rev. J. B. Adger, Columbia,

Through Bishop P. N. Lynch, Charleston,

Through Rev., W. S. Plumer, Columbia,

Congress, town of March 2nd 12th the 1 . 10086 Through Rev. D. J. Simmonds, Columbianas Through Rev. C. Thomason, Camden, \$100:07 Through Rev. W. Carson, Lexington C. Horav.

\$100: a designation of helderentits we wind Through Rev. J. S. Reynolds, Columbia des \$100. many at the about premi to half .II

Through Rev. A. K. Durham, Doko. \$100, Through Rev. James Furman, Greenville, Through Rev. J. O. B. Dargan, Darlington, or

Through Rev. W. C. Dana, Charleston, et \$200/ some of he and controller when bee more Through Rev. Lucius Cuthbert, Charleston, 12

8250. d. to stillening a 7d meters Through Rev. Paul Trapier, Spartanburg Through Rev. P. Shand, Columbia \$100.

Through Rev. Thos. Smyth, Charleston, Through Rev. C. P. Gadsden, Charleston, Through Rov. W. G. Woodfin, Peafield,

Through Rev, Douglas Harrison, Liberty Through Rev. Hugh McLeer, Pendleton, no.

HUMOROUS de ade ato

FOR THE GRANGEBURG NEWS] E to The Days of "Old Miss Stallings," Revel vived. the brand off

MR. EDITOR.—In these "troublous times" of tyrannical dominations, when everybuily wo meet wears an elongated countemance, when smiles are rarely seen to light up the human phiz; it is actually incumbent upon us to attempt to dispel this melancholy, and the man who succeeds may be justly termed a public benefactor.

With this object in view, Mr. Editor, allow

us a column, please, to "narrate" a little inci-

dent which recently fell under our knowledge, and which reminded us iforcibly of the days of "Old Miss Stallings". Our hero being little Robert Lee, however, and not Henry Clay, This little prattler arrived at the usual age for cutting teeth, and undergoing that important natural process, was rendered fretful and feversh-consequently very cross. Not all the "babytwaddle" could silence the constant "keewee" 'kiah' "keewaa" not the tempting buscuit which rarely had failed)-no Rocky-by-baby in the tree top" &c. None of hese could quiet Master Robert. After an : exhibition of spice-tea, paregorie, mint-drops and the everlasting routine of domestic rome-on dies, our skill (as an humble disciple of Acser di lapius) was brought into requisition a Buton with all. did he squall Poor itty, sweety by sugar dumplin ," says Miss Ann, "did de dos tor give it nasty physic, yes he did and he did-and-he sant div it any more of that rold stinkin Hygrum Cretur (Hydrarg cum crets) so he sant." But Robert Lee kewuned and kiwaed right along. "Bess its 'jittle soul tunen't to its dran-mudder dats what he wants " says "old Miss Dalrymple," who was sifting near with a nigger-head pipe, chock full of hot ashes, with a long cane stem-one end in her I mouth-tum here it is so sick, sick as it taue be, so it is." Up flies little Robert's fists, striking the nigger-head and driving about six inches of the cane stem down the old lady at throat and upsetting the contents, which tooks our little horo exactly in the eyes. "Oht Mother, you've gone and burnt, its little eyes clean out with red hot ashes, mercy me! Get

a wet rag quick oh" - and a roug ode ni legoly "Old Miss, Dalrymple," in her hurriment, upset two chairs. Down came the water pail and "ittle Yoburt" is baptized-otherwise than by sprinkling. Our hero cooled down consider erably thinking these were penalties purposely inflicted for his misdemeanors, and was soon put to bod. Next morning, however, found him "all right" with the exception of a slight cold, and his eyes, (one in particular) bore resemblance very strikingly to a person who might have been to an Irish wooding, but it is our opinion nothing serious will result.

COUNTRY M. D. P. S .- We have seen the old lady since the fracas, and she says she was "mighty sorry for little Robert with one eye "shet" up a sightin' found next morning" but is of the opinion that it has done him a power of good he never strikes at her any more when she's smoking

The following remarkable hand hill was printed and stuck up in several parts of the city of Dublin: has antidapped at management

"This is to certify, that I Danie! O'Flant gan, am not the person that was tarred and feathered by the liberty med on Tuesday here; and I am ready to give twenty guineas to some man that will bet me fifty that I am the other man who goes by my name. Witness my hand this 30th Jaly.