

# The Orangeburg News.

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

VOLUME 1.

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## THE ORANGEBURG NEWS.

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SAMUEL DIBBLE, Editor.

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SAMUEL DIBBLE,  
EDITOR ORANGEBURG NEWS,  
Orangeburg, S. C.  
Feb 23

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### Schedule South Carolina Rail Road.

Down Passenger.  
Leave Columbia at..... 6.30 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..... 5.20 P. M. and 3.22 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.  
Mar 23

## POETRY.

### My Life is Like the Summer Rose.

BY HON. RICHARD HENRY WILDE.

My life is like the summer rose  
That opens to the morning sky,  
But ere the shades of evening close,  
Is scattered on the ground—to die!  
Yet on that rose's humble bed  
The sweetest dews of night are shed,  
As if she wept the waste to see—  
But none shall weep a tear for me.

My life is like the autumn leaf  
That trembles in the moon's pale ray;  
Its hold is frail—its date is brief,  
Restless and soon to pass away;  
Yet, ere that leaf shall fall and fade,  
The parent tree will mourn its shade,  
The winds bewail the leafless tree—  
But none shall breathe a sigh for me!

My life is like the prints, which feet  
Have left on Tampa's desert strand;  
Soon as the rising tide shall beat,  
All trace will vanish from the sand;  
Yet, as if grieving to efface  
All vestige of the human race,  
On that lone shore loud moans the sea—  
But none, alas! shall mourn for me!

### Death of Richard Henry Wilde.

BY HON. A. B. MEEK.

The harp that sang "the Summer Rose,"  
In strains so sweetly and so well,  
That, soft as dews at evening's close,  
The pure and liquid numbers fell,  
Is hushed and shattered! now no more  
Its silvery chords their music pour,  
But, crushed by an untimely blow,  
Both harp and flower in dust lie low!

The bard—alas! I knew him well—  
A noble, generous, gentle heart,  
Which, as his brave hand struck the shell,  
Poured feelings through the veins of art.  
What radiant beauty round his lyre,  
Pure as his loved Italian fire!  
He caught the sweetest beams of rhyme—  
The Tasso of our Western clime!

Nor this alone; a loftier power,  
That shone in halls of high degree,  
And swayed the feelings of the hour,  
As summer winds the ruffled sea—  
Bright eloquence! to him was given—  
That spark the prophet drew from heaven!  
It touched his lips with patriot flame,  
And shed a halo round his name.

Bard of the South! the "Summer Rose,"  
May perish with the "autumn leaf,"  
The "footprints left on Tampa's" shores  
May vanish with a date as brief;  
But thine shall be the "life" of fame—  
No winter winds can wreck the name;  
And future minstrels shall rehearse  
Thy virtues in memorial verse!

## ORIGINAL NOUVELETTE.

[Composed Expressly for the Orangeburg News.]

### Woodland Heights.

A ROMANCE OF THE  
DAYS OF '65.

BY PAYSAN.

(Concluded.)

### CHAP. VIII.

"Auspicious Hope, in thy sweet garden grow  
Wreaths for each toil, a charm for every woe."

Let us revert once more to Wallace Timrod. We find him at Dr. Thrasmas', still living; and sanguine hopes entertained of his final recovery. He has been well treated, both professionally and socially. His wound is beginning to heal, and he is about to prove the rare "one out of a thousand" cases of the kind, to survive and recover. His friends and relatives, however, have heard nothing of him since the war, and suppose him dead. All communications have been destroyed, and there is no possible chance for him to get a better home. Oh! that he could get just one line to Mary Adir, to let her know that he is still living—the same unchanged, devoted one as in days gone by.

Again we change the scene, and pass over a short interval of time. Spring and summer have passed away. Autumn too, has bestowed his treasures upon mankind, and doffed his russet garb. Winter with his bleak cloak holds sway. Instead of the bright sunshine, dark clouds envelope the skies, whose dropping flurries spreads a white covering over the valleys and plains. Mary Adir is standing on the door-step of her home at Woodland Heights, watching the falling snow-flakes, as they sweep through the air like white rose-leaves scattered in the wind. The ruddy glow of winter has crimsoned her cheeks; and again she looks like her former self. Three weeks from that hour, she and Tom Williland are to be married. The

thought fills her soul with dread. How cold—how unnatural will be the union! But she is plighted—not to love, reader—but to honor—and she would rather sacrifice happiness than this. Oh! that she could recall that insensate interview, in which she had given an involuntary assent to that, which she would give worlds if she had declined. But, alas! it is too late.

"She has set her life upon a cast,  
And must stand the hazard of the die."

It was her own fault, nobody to blame but herself. She had committed herself to a tacit engagement, and must yield to the weakness upon which it was based. Then away, ye fruitless wishes," she said mentally, as she turned and entered the door of the parlor, for the cold had begun to chill her.

A nice little fire, whose crackling figots seemed to try and cheer her pensiveness, greeted her presence. Taking a seat near, she fixed her eyes upon the yellow flames, and relapsed into sadness again.

In the midst of this solitude, a rap at the door announced the presence of some one; supposing it to be a servant, she exclaimed—"Come in."

A form rushed in—a glance, and then a startled gaze, whose wildness the presence of a ghost could not have heightened, indicated her amazement. Was it an astounding truth? or was it only a phantom? One inclination to embrace it—another to shrink back from it, kept her bound like an immovable statue, until the near approach of Wallace Timrod, with the frank and open manner of former days, proved to her the truth and reality of his presence, and that he was to her the same as her Wallace of old; and she fell into his outstretched arms, and wept.

Words cannot depict, with justice, that happy meeting. Suffice it to say, that, after mutual questions and explanations, the mystery was explained,—the author of her misery was now seen through the dark shades of his character—his persuasive eloquence and winning love-talk, never greatly admired, was now regarded with loathing, as the dissimulation of an impostor. She had been ensnared by the artful and cunning Tom Williland.

"Oh! Wallace," she exclaimed, in a subdued tone, "I have been deceived,—basely deceived. The dupe of my own weakness, the victim of a most cruel fate, the object of a most shameful design, I am plighted, Wallace, plighted to Tom Williland. But I am undecided now—three weeks from to-day we would have been married. Here is the cause, the once mysterious cause of my apparent unfaithfulness," she is claimed, as she handed him the forged letter.

As he read his face became paler, and his glance more fierce. As the end approached his paleness succeeded to a burning glow upon his cheek, which told, that indignation and vengeance were racking his brain. After he had finished, he tore the paper into a thousand pieces, and the play of passion over his features showed plainer than words could express, the yearning for revenge. Rising to leave, he said half fondly and passionately—"Mannie, darling, you are mine!"

"Oh! Wallace hear me just once!"—exclaimed Mary, excitedly reading from his countenance his purpose of vengeance.

"I have seen and heard too much already!"—he said wildly—"there is but one expiation that will satisfy this wounded pride—this impotence of a base spirit!"

"Oh! Wallace, be calm," said Mary, trying to subdue her own excitement—"you will act rashly and take the life of Tom Williland, and the law will,—will require yours in return."  
"Fear not for me, dearest," said Wallace, and tore himself away from her presence.

### CHAP. IX.

"I've arms, and friends, and vengeance near."

Hurrying at once to Mr. Craven's he sought Earnest Sinclair Craven, his most confidential friend, and brother of Kate, whom he had seen just before his interview with Mary Adir; explained to him the treachery of Williland; and asked his assistance in this extremity. He then wrote a challenge, alleging the causes which prompted such a course, and demanding an immediate choice of weapons and appointment of place; and Earnest bore it at once to Tom Williland.

A coward might have shown fear at this unexpected demand for revenge. But Tom Williland was no coward. Although his countenance grew somewhat livid upon the reading of the challenge, which was to him the first intimation of Wallace's return, and the failure of his own base designs, and his eyes quailed for an instant only; yet a second reading seemed to gain for him new courage, and he expressed his willingness to accept the challenge.

Pistols were the weapons chosen, and ten paces the interval. Ten o'clock the next day was the hour appointed, and Gemote Ferry the location.

Both parties lay down at the usual hour of retiring on the preceding night, and slept soundly until the next morning. At the appointed hour the principals with their seconds and physicians were at the scene, that was to test mental and physical courage. The distance was marked off, the pistols loaded, and the principals of this deadly experiment for dear life, stationed opposite each other. The seconds took their positions.

An imposing solemnity was only heightened by the stillness of the hour. Not a breath moved—not a breeze stirred. All was silence, solemn stillness, until the precautionary command "ready," was given. The principals turned upon their heels and were arrayed face to face in the avenging jaws of death. "Aim, fire—one, two"—and the simultaneous discharge of two pistols proclaimed the decision. Tom Williland fell.

"Shot?"  
"Yes!" the surgeon announced "through the lungs."

In twenty minutes he died.  
During the interim between his mortal wound and death, he requested Wallace Timrod's presence by his side, and in that contrite state, which the approach of death generally brings about, in the last moments of life, he confessed his error—the abuse he made of Wallace Timrod's absence, and prayed forgiveness.

"Tell Mary Adir," said he, "that I have met a just fate, but ask her in the name of God to forgive me." Tears trickled down the cheeks of Wallace Timrod, and in sobs of lamentation, he extended to the dying penitent his hand in token of forgiveness.

### CHAP. X.

"The wars are over,  
The spring is come,  
The bride and her lover  
Have sought their home:  
They are happy, we rejoice;  
Let their hearts have an echo in every voice."

How soon the world forgets! Only two months have passed, since the fatal affray between Wallace Timrod and Tom Williland. The latter is remembered, only as the recital of some incident connected with his life or death suggests him to the mind.

The shades of sadness caused by his premature death, have vanished. Anticipations of gaiety and pleasure have expelled the gloom; and Woodland Heights is undergoing a thorough reformation.

All within is hurry and bustle. Chairs are being set to their places, and tables arranged. Busy voices of persons passing and repassing indicate an unusual confusion in those once silent halls.

A busy troupe of bridesmaids in an ante-chamber are discussing and arranging their toilets. Festoons of evergreens, bedecked with artificial flowers are suspended in the parlor and over the door-facings, in token of the coming event.

One by one the invited guests are dropping in. Mary Adir, in her white silken robe is standing before a mirror arranging her raven hair as the last preliminary preparation for that exciting, yet longed-for event, that is to decide her fate for weal or for woe.

Twilight spreads its mantle o'er the scene. The minister has arrived, and Mary Adir with Wallace Timrod trips through the dense crowd to the sacred altar of matrimony. The solemn ceremony is performed, and they are pronounced man and wife.

Yes! the book is closed. Perhaps, hereafter the indifferent will never have interest enough to read, and to the envious it will never open.

The difficulties, the misfortunes and trying ordeals through which they have passed, are now forgotten; and the future, a smooth and brilliant future, whose vista opens to their contemplative gaze, prospects of unchanging love and earthly happiness, has eclipsed the sad reminiscences of the past, and heightened the beauty of the bud of promise, which, in the sunshine of love, is just now opening in perspective its bright petals before them.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

### A Parable for Business Men.

There was once upon a time a man who kept a store and sold goods wholesale and retail. And became melancholy, because customers were shy and times hard.  
And he said: Lo! I am ruined and the sensation is disagreeable.

And my ruin is the more painful to bear because it is slow in progress, even as water doth gradually become hotter in the pot wherein the lobster boileth, until the crustaceous creature shrieketh out his soul in anguish.  
Lo! It is better to be ruined quickly than to endure this slow torture.

I will give my money away to the poor man—even to the poorest, which is he who printeth newspapers, and I will shut up my shop and

wrap myself in sack-cloth of desolation, and pass my days in the perilous or broken banks, cursing the hardness of the times and rending my garments.

And the howling of Rome shall be as dulcet sounds of dulcimers, and they who blow the flutes and instruments of music, compared to the din, I will make in the ear of the wicked—even in the ears of the bank directors.

And even as he said, so he did; for he was not like other men's sons who are foolish and know it not, and say they will do so and so, performing that which is contrary.

For the sons of men are fickle, and he that is born of a woman doth spite his face by diminishing the length of the nose thereof.

And lo! the printer—even he who publisheth newspapers—was made glad by the bounty of him who sold wholesale and retail; and he did sound his praises and print them moreover; and did blow his trumpet of fame respecting that man's dealing from the rising of the sun even to the going down of the same.

And he—even the printer of papers—did magnify and enlarge upon the stock of goods which the trader had in store, and did publish the variety and the excellence, and the newness and the beauty, and the cheapness thereof, till the people—yes! all of them far and near, were amazed.

And they said lo! this man hath gathered from the east and west costly merchandise and wares of wondrous value—even the workmanship of cunning artificers—and we knew it not.

Go to, then. We will lay out our silver and gold in these things which the printer printed off, and that which he doth publish shall be ours. For this man's merchandise is better than the bank notes of those who promise to pay, and therein lie, even banks of deposit which beguile us of our money and swindle us like sin.

But the trader was still sad, and he said, the money that these people bring me for the goods in my store I will give to the printer, and thus will I ruin myself; I will do that which no man hath done in time or before. I will make the printer man, whom all men scorn for his poverty, rich, and he shall be clad in fine linen and rejoice.

And the sons of men shall meet him in the market place, and the sheriff shall slum him, and the scuffers shall be rebuked and shall take off their hats to him that was poor.

And he shall flash the dollars in the eyes of the foolish, and shall eat bank note sandwiches. "Yes, even shall he light his pipe with railroad scrip, and cast his spittle on the beards of other men.

For I shall ruin myself, and he who advertises me shall enjoy my substance.

But, lo! the trading man—even he who sold merchandise became rich; and even as the unclean beast lieth in the mire, so stirred he not by reason of much gold.

And the people flocked to his store from the North, and from the South, and from the East, and from the West.

And the printer rejoiced, and his "phat" did abound.

But the trader could not become poor, and his melancholy ceased, and the smiles of happiness were upon his face.

And his children did become mighty in the land by reason of the dollars which many of the people who read his advertisements had poured into the trader's money bags.

[Jewish Paper.]

FOR THE LADIES.—As the season for wearing light colored fabrics is approaching, the following method of preserving the colors in washing these materials will be of interest. It is from a lady correspondent of an exchange, who says she has never known it to fail:

"I herewith send you an excellent method for washing dresses of printed muslins, lawns, &c., so as to preserve colors, whether the pattern be printed in black or variegated hues. The dress should be washed in lather, and not by applying the soap in the usual way—direct upon the muslin. Make a lather by boiling some soap and water together; let it stand until it is sufficiently cool to use, and previously to putting the dress into it, throw in a handful of salt; rinse the dress without wringing it, in clear, cold water, into which a little salt has been thrown; remove it and rinse it in a fresh supply of clear water and salt. Then wring the dress in a cloth and hang it to dry immediately, spreading as open as possible, so as to prevent one part lying over another. Should there be any white in the pattern, mix a little blue in the water."

TIPS TO YOUNG MEN.—Have always a go. I book within your reach, which you may catch up at your odd minutes: a single thought made your own may be an invaluable treasure to you, and give color to your whole life. Fifteen minutes a day saved in this way will give you, in one year, a fund of valuable information, which no young man of enterprise can afford to spare; and how much may thus be accomplished in a lifetime who can tell?

## HUMOROUS.

### Conundrums.

Why is a lady of fashion like a successful sportsman? Because she bags the hair (hare).

Why is a husband like a Mississippi steamboat? Because he never knows when he may get a blowing up.

When is a lover like a tailor? When he presses his suit.

Why are hot buckwheat-cakes like a caterpillar? Because they are the "grub" that makes the butter fly.

Why is it that the moment of popping the question is so terrible to young fellows that they frequently cannot utter a word? Because just then they love the fair one beyond expression.

Why is an accepted suitor like a person guilty of crime? Because he ought to be transported.

Why is a man who beats his wife like an exquisitely formed dog? Because he is a perfect brute.

Why does a salmon die before it lives? Because its existence is *ora* before it comes to life.

What do cats have which no other animal has? Kittens.

What is worse than raining pitchforks? Hailing omnibuses.

Why is a man with a curved spine like a house with a rear piazza? Because he has a back stoop.

Shorge, why is the James River like a keg of lager beer? Because they both flow into Dutch Gap Canal.

GETTING MARRIED.—A loafer, who had been noisy, was up before the Mayor's court. His honor told him to pay over five dollars for his fine.

"C-c-c-can't do it," muttered he; "a-ain't got the p-p-pewter."

"Are you a married man?" inquired the Mayor.

"N-n-n-not exactly so f-f-far gone yet, sir."

"Well, I will have to send you to the work-house."

"T-t-t-tain't nothin' to g-g-go there," said Alick; "b-b-but when you t-t-talked about m-m-marriage, old fellow, you f-f-rightened me."

POLITICAL.—"I say, you Sam Johnson, does you know anything about dis woman, Polly Ticks, dat white folks talk so much about?"  
"Well, I doesn't. You are too hard' for dis child dis time."  
"Why, Sam, I tort you knowed every ting."  
"So I doz. I knows Polly Jones, what sells coffee in de vegetable market, and I knows Polly Tomson, what does gwyin out to day's work up in Canal Street; but when it comes to Polly Ticks, I'm bodered. Guess you'd better ax white folks, Pete; dey peer to know all about her."

A Doctor was summoned to a cottage at Harwood, in England, and found a boy in need of his services.

"Show your tongue," said the doctor.

The boy stared like an owl.

"My good boy, let me see your tongue," repeated the doctor.

"Talk English, doctor," said the mother, and then, turning to her son, said, "Hopen thy gobbler, and push out thy lollipop."

The mouth flew open, and the doctor was terribly "taken in."

FOR THE BENEFIT OF THE REUS.—When Dr. Franklin was agent in England, in 1774, one of the ministry inquired of him what would satisfy the Colonies. He answered that it might be comprised in a few *Res* (the latin for things.—Ed.), and sat down, and wrote as follows: *Re*-call your troops, *re*-store Castle William, *re*-pair the damage done to Boston, *re*-peal your unconstitutional acts, *re*-nounce your pretensions to taxation; and *re*-fund the duties you have extorted. Afterwards, *re*-quire and *re*-ceive pay for tea destroyed; and then *re*-joice in a happy *re*-conciliation.

A STRETCH YARN.—We were running down from Barbados, and the lady passengers were admiring the beautiful flying-fish, when one turned to Jack Lady, who had the wheel, and inquired,—

"Jack, do those beautiful fish ever grow any larger?"

"Why, yes, marm. Down there at the Cape Verds they grow as long as that mainmast."

"Indeed! And do they fly, like these?"

"Not 'zactly, marm. They flies longer and higher. Some of 'em fly just like eagles all day, and more'n two miles high. One day Bill Fawcett was sleepin' up in the foretop, with his dinner-port wide open, and one of 'em Cape Verds flew right slap down his throat."

"Why, Jack, that was singular! A fish as long as that mainmast flying down a man's throat?"

"Beg pardon, marm; can't talk much at the wheel. I 'speck Bill must ha' stretched like blazes, or else my yarn has"