

The Orangeburg News.

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

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

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Down Passenger.
Leave Columbia at..... 6:30 A. M.
"Orangeburg at..... 10:30 A. M.
Arrive at Charleston..... 4 P. M.
"Augusta..... 5 P. M.
Up Passenger.
Leave Augusta at..... 7 A. M.
"Charleston at..... 8 A. M.
"Orangeburg at..... 1:30 P. M.
Arrive at Columbia at..... 5:20 P. M.
Down Freight.
Leave Orangeburg at..... 10 A. M.
Arrive at Charleston at..... 6:10 P. M.
Up Freight.
Leave Orangeburg at..... 1:30 P. M.
Arrive at Columbia at..... 6:30 P. M.
Mar 23

ORIGINAL POETRY.

TO THOSE LITTLE BOYS JOHNNY AND CLARENCE.

D—Who Filled my Table with Wild Flowers.

Oh! youthful lads ye little think,
How much this wild-wood treasure,
Ye kindly on my table piled,
Has filled my heart with pleasure.
Know, little lads, my hands like yours,
Once plucked the fair field-flowers;
But many days have dawned since then,
With many saddened hours,
And Time and Grief have had their sway,
And borne my life-sands lighter;
And T, the flowers of sweet youth's time
Have plucked, to find their wither.

Ye say, "We care not if they fade,
We'll gather up the new,
And sweeter ones perchance we'll find,
All silvered o'er with dew."
And thus your expectation makes,
You careless of their doom,
Since bright to-morrow's dawn may bring,
A host with fresh perfume.

Yes, lads, and so to-morrow may,
And with it, joy, may come,
Instead of sunshine, angry clouds,
And storm, and dismal gloom,
Those buds, that boast to-morrow's dawn,
Will open us to the light,
May only find it heralds in
The hours of death and blight.

My lads, you'll find the joys of life,
Like flowers of the field,
To bloom on a sweet perfume
In bloom they fail to yield.
Then seize the joys to-day doth give,
With blithe and grateful heart;
Nor let it grieve thy mind to know
That bliss is thine in part.
For Oh! the joys of moments haste,
And with them go their glitter,
The portion of our Cup of life
Is mingled sweet and bitter.

VIENNA VEAL.

BRANFILL, S. C., June 1, 1867.

LITERARY.

SELECTED.

THE MINER OF THE HARTZ.

A TRADITION OF THE RHINE.

BY H. PELICAN.

Beyond all other mountains of the Black-berg range, the wild solitudes of the Hartz have been, from time immemorial, supposed to be the haunts of ghosts, elfins and spectres. The inhabitants of this neighborhood are, for the most part, miners and woodsmen, and are naturally imbued with the local superstition. On many occasions they have attributed to the power of the elfins, those natural phenomena which they have experienced during their subterranean labors. The belief also prevails, that a tutelary demon, of a most savage appearance, dwells in the gloomy forests of the Hartz, colossal in height, and his head appeared crowned with oak leaves, and his body there is bound a fiery belt, and in his hand he carries an up-rooted pine tree.
Long ago this demon used to hold frequent communications with the people in that district; he used often to meddle in their affairs, rather for the purpose of doing them good than of injuring them. But it was observed that his kindness generally turned unhappily to those who were the recipients of it. The clergymen, in long sermons, frequently exhorted their flocks to cease holding any communication with him. It happened that on one day, the preacher mounted the pulpit in the church of Margenbrodt, for the purpose of expatiating on the perversity of the inhabitants, in still continuing to communicate with fairies, and goblins and demons, but in particular with him of the Hartz. These superstitious people laughed at the zeal with which their venerable pastor held forth upon this point. At last the heat of his discourse augmented in proportion to the spirit of opposition which he met; but the congregation could not suffer that a demon, who had been so peaceable for hundreds of years, should be compared to Astorah and Beelzebub. The fear, also, of the demon punishing them for listening to such sermons, was added to the interest which they felt in him.
"A monkish babbler like him," they cried, "can say what he pleases with impunity; but we, the inhabitants of this country, who remain at the mercy of this insulted demon, will be the victims of his just indignation."
The peasants did not long restrain their resentment; pelting him with stones, they hunted the poor priest out of the parish, telling him to go and preach to others against demons.
As three young charcoal-burners—who had taken a part in the pursuit of the priest—were returning home to their cottage, the conversation naturally turned upon the demon of the

Hartz, and on their pastor's sermon. Max and George Waldeck, agreeing that the priest's language was indelicate, maintained, nevertheless, that it was very dangerous to have the slightest communication with the demon, because he was wicked, capricious and powerful, and all those who had any communication with him always experienced misfortune from it. Had he not given to the gallant Chevalier Sybert, the famous black steed, with which he conquered all his competitors at the grand tournament in Bremen? Yes, but that courser plunged with him down a frightful precipice, from which man or horse has never come out. Did he not impart to Dame Gertrude Trodden some curious secrets, which were soon after the cause of her being burned as a sorceress, by the command of the grand criminal judge of the electorate?
But these proofs and many others, which George and Max related of the evil consequences attendant on the gifts of the elfin, made no impression on Martin Waldeck. Martin was young, daring and rash, and smiled at the timidity of his brothers.
"Cease," he said, "all this folly; the demon is a good and kind one. He lives among us as a simple peasant; he frequents the rocks and solitudes of the mountains, sometimes as a hunter, and other times as a shepherd. But how can this demon be so malicious as you say? What power can he have over mortals, who make use of his gifts without submitting themselves to his will? The benefits and gifts of the spirit of the Hartz cannot injure us; it is the bad use which we make of them, that does."
Max replied, that riches, badly acquired, could never profit their possessor. Martin declared, positively, that the possession of all the treasures in the Hartz Mountains would not be capable of effecting the least change in his habit, manners or character.
This conversation lasted until the brothers reached their lowly hut, which was situated on a height, in the neighborhood of Brockenberg. They then, according to custom, arranged the watches for the night; for one of the brothers kept guard, while the two others slept. In fact, the burning of the charcoal required a continual attention.

Max, Waldeck, the eldest brother, had watched about an hour, when he saw, suddenly, upon the borders of the swamp opposite to the door of his cottage, an immense fire, around which numerous figures danced in the most grotesque attitudes. Max's first thought was to call George; but he could not awaken him without Martin hearing. So upon reflection, in spite of the terror with which this singular phantom filled him, he resolved to watch alone. Besides, the strange fire was gradually disappearing, and he was then quite free from fear.
George did not delay in relieving Max, who retired to bed without saying anything. The vast fire again filled the valley, and the same phantoms surrounded and danced through the flames. George was more courageous than Max, and resolved to cross the stream, which separated him from the marsh. Climbing up an eminence, he approached near to where the fire was burning. Among the elfins that bustled about the flames, he recognized the giant, covered with hair and armed with a pine tree; in a word, it was the demon of the Hartz, such as the old shepherds had described to him. Trembling with fear, he commenced reciting the psalm, commencing with "Let all the angels praise thee, O Lord," which was looked on, in that country, as a sovereign preservative against the influence of bad spirits. He turned his eyes again towards where the fire had been burning, but all had disappeared. The valley was no longer illuminated; but by the pale rays of the moon, George, in great terror, directed his course to the place of this extraordinary scene, but he found no trace of fire on the heath; neither the moss nor wild flowers were scorched or faded—the branches of the oak which had appeared enveloped in flames, were wet with the night dew. George returned to the hut, and reasoning the same way as Max, resolved to say nothing of what he had seen, as he feared to awaken the curiosity of Martin.
The night was far advanced when Martin's watch came on, and when well awake, his first care was to examine the furnace. He saw, to his great astonishment, that George had not attended to it, and that the fire was out—he knew already why. Very much annoyed, he set about lighting it, but it was useless. It became serious, for the poor fellows risked the loss of their market next day. Mortified by this accident, Martin had just decided to awaken his brothers, when a gleam of brilliant light suddenly crossed the windows of the cottage. His first idea was, that the Muhelhausers, his rivals in trade had encroached upon his boundaries, and had come to steal his wood. But a moment's observation was sufficient to convince him that the spectacle, which was presented to his view, was a supernatural phenomenon.
"Be these men or demons," said he, "I will go and ask a firebrand from them, to light my

fire." Saying these words, he took his wild board lance and advanced towards the phantoms.
He soon crossed the stream, climbed the hill, and approached sufficiently near this elfin gathering to discern all the peculiarities of the demon of the Hartz. For the first time in his life, he shuddered with fear; but summoning up immediately his wavering courage, he advanced firmly towards the fire. At each step he took, the figures became more wild and extravagant in their movements. In a moment he was in the midst of them. They received him with manifestations of applause, and their tumultuous laughter stung his very ears.
"Who are you?" cried the giant, in a voice of thunder, and frowning gloomily.
"Martin Waldeck, a charcoal burner," he replied; "and who are you yourself?"
"The king of chaos and of mines," replied the spectre; "but why have you dared to penetrate our mysteries?"
"I came here to get a fire-brand, in order to light my fire," Waldeck answered boldly.
"What are the mysteries which you celebrate here?"
"The marriage of Hernaes and the black dragon; but take the fire-brand if you wish, and depart, for no mortal can witness our festivities with impunity."
Martin then stuck the point of his lance in a large log, and regained his hut, amid the noise of the mocking laughter of the phantoms. In spite of his terror, his first step was to relight the furnace, by means of the burning log, which he carried. Strange to say, in spite of all the efforts which he made, this billet, at first all on fire, went out without kindling the other wood. Martin was excessively chagrined at this; the fire still burned on the hill, but those who had surrounded it had disappeared. Waldeck thought that the spectre was but trifling with him. He resolved to undertake a new adventure, and set out on his way to the hill. He arrived, and without encountering any opposition, he seized a second log of wood, and carried it off as he did the first; but still without being able to kindle his fire. The ease with which he obtained the first two brands, increased his boldness, and he returned for the third time and carried away a great flaming billet. He had not gone far, when he heard the voice of the elfin crying aloud to him, not, on any account, to have the temerity to venture back again. The efforts which Martin made to light his furnace with his last fire-brand, were just as useless as the preceding. Exhausted with fatigue, he threw himself on his bed of leaves, fully determined to inform his brothers, the next day, of his strange adventures.
Morning had scarcely appeared, when he was awakened from a profound sleep, by loud cries of joy and surprise. The first thing which Max and George did on rising, was to look at the condition of their furnace. While racking the cinders, they found three metallic lumps, which they knew to be pure gold. Their joy was a little diminished, however, when Martin told them by what means he had become master of it. The others could not resist the temptation of partaking in the prosperity of their brother.
Martin Waldeck soon took the title of head of the family. He bought lands and woods, and had a splendid mansion erected, and also he obtained letters of nobility, to the great scandal and disgust of the ancient nobles. His courage in war enabled him to brave, at all times, the jealousy which his sudden elevation, and the arrogance of his manners, excited. But the evil calculations which poverty had repressed, now developed themselves. In fine, Waldeck rendered himself odious, not only to the nobles, but also to his inferiors, who supported, with pain, the insolence of a man who had sprung from the very dregs of the people. The manner in which he had been enriched was heretofore a profound secret, but by some chance it had transpired, and already the clergy threatened him as a sorcerer. Surrounded by enemies, and tormented on all sides, Martin Waldeck, or rather Baron Waldeck, soon regretted his youthful poverty and contentment, for envy and hatred were around him everywhere. His courage never abandoned him at any time; in fact, on the contrary, he appeared to court danger. But an unforeseen event hastened his fall.
The reigning Duke of Brunswick having invited, by proclamation, all the German nobles to a solemn tournament, Martin Waldeck, clothed in brilliant armor, accompanied by his two brothers, and attended by a superb cortege, had the insolence to appear in the midst of the cavaliers of the province, and demanded permission to enter the lists. This was looked on as the height of presumption. A thousand voices cried out: "We will not let this charcoal burner into our ranks."
Enflamed with passion, Martin drew his sword, and overthrew the herald-at-arms, who endeavored to prevent his entering the lists. Swords were raised on all sides to avenge a crime at that time considered the most atrocious

except high treason. Waldeck defended himself to desperation, but he was made prisoner, and condemned, by the judge of the tourney, to have—according to custom—his right arm cut off, to lose his titles of nobility, and to be driven ignominiously from the city. They despoiled him of his armor, and having undergone his punishment, he was delivered up to the populace, who pursued him, heaping menaces, outrages and insults on his devoted head. It was with the greatest difficulty that the brothers could drag him forth from the hands of the mob; they had left him for dead. He lost so much blood, and was in such a miserable condition, that it was necessary to place him in a cart, and under him they put some straw. Thus the Waldecks fled.
Scarcely had they reached the frontiers of their native country, when they perceived in a hollow garter, situated between two mountains, an old man, who advanced to meet them. But shortly after, the limbs and size of this man increased in bulk; his cloak fell from his shoulders, and his pilgrim's staff was metamorphosed into an enormous pine. In a word, the Demon of the Hartz was presented to their eyes in all his frightful apparel. When he was opposite to the cart in which the sick man lay, he asked of him, with an atrocious grin, if his fire-brands had kindled his furnace. Martin was indignant at these words, but could scarcely raise himself. He pointed towards the spectre with a menacing gesture; but he disappeared, uttering a loud mocking laugh, leaving the unfortunate Waldeck to struggle with death. Max and George, being terrified, directed their course towards the towers of a neighboring convent, which elevated their tops above the dark pine forest by which they were surrounded. At that place they were charitably received by a monk with a long, venerable beard, and in naked feet. Martin lived just long enough to make a confession of his life, and to receive absolution from the hands of the very priest, whom long ago he had pelted with stones in the village of Margenbrodt. His three years of prosperity mysteriously corresponded with the three visits which he had made to the elfin's hill.
The body of Waldeck was interred within the convent, and his two brothers assumed the habit of the order. Both the miners and the woodsmen shun, even to this day, the ruins of the Chateau de Waldeck, for they suppose that it has become the resort of elfins and evil spirits.

MISCELLANEOUS.

CAPABILITIES OF THE SOUTH.—The New York Express says: The South have iron, coal, slate and marble beneath the soil, and a climate capable of every variety of production upon its surface. The Southern States are nearer the West, and one of them nearer Europe, than we are. Their present prospects are brighted by two causes—that of the war, and the radical supremacy in Congress, which has covered the land like a mildew. But there must be an end to all this, and the end will be seen just as soon as the question of reconstruction is settled. The less, for a time, the South has to do with politics, and the more it has to do with its material interests, the better. If the North will be content with a non-interference with Southern society—if it will let the people, white and black, act in their own interests—if it ceases all political proselyting, it will soon find labor more settled, education more diffused, agricultural prosperity more general, and the country more prosperous.
The capabilities of the South are immense, and ought at once to attract the attention of Northern capital. There is no reason why double last year's cotton crop should not be produced, and three times the corn and wheat and rice that was harvested in 1866. The South welcomes all capitalists, all kinds of labor, every means of thrift, wealth and industry. And it is impossible to help the South without helping ourselves, and especially the trade and commerce of this great city."
NEWSPAPER LAWS.—For the instruction and guidance of some who may possibly need information on the subject, we copy the following:
Postmasters are required to give advice by letter when a subscriber does not take his paper from the office; and give the reason for its not being taken. Neglecting to do so makes the postmaster responsible to the publisher for the payment.
Any person who takes a paper regularly from the post office, whether he has subscribed or not, is responsible for the payment for the subscription.
Any one ordering his paper discontinued must pay all arrearages, or the publisher may continue to send it until payment is made, and collect the whole amount, whether it is taken from the office or not.
The courts have decided that refusing to take newspapers and periodicals from the post office, or removing, and leaving them uncollected for, *prima facie* evidence of intentional fraud.

HUMOROUS.

How They Did It.

They were sitting side by side,
And she sighed, and then she sighed.
Said he, "My darling idol!"
And he fled, and then she fled.
"You are creation's belle, oh!"
And he bellowed, and she bellowed.
"Oh my soul there's such a weight,"
And he waited, and she waited.
"Your hand I ask, so bold I'm grown!"
And he groaned, and then she groaned.
"You shall have your private gig!"
And he giggled, and she giggled.
Said she, "My dearest Luke!"
And he looked, and then she looked.
"I'll have thee if thou wilt!"
And he wilted, and then she wilted.

How Sal Disgraced the Family.

A traveler in the State of Illinois, some years ago, came to a log hut on the prairies, near Cairo, and there halted. He went into the house of logs. It was a wretched affair, with an empty packing-box for a table, where two or three old chairs and disabled stools graced the reception room, the dark walls of which were further ornamented by a display of tinware, and broken delf article or two.
The woman was crying in one corner, and the man, with tears in his eyes and a pipe in his mouth, sat on a stool, with his dirty arms resting on his knees, and his sorrowful looking head supported by the palms of his hands.
"Well," he said, "you seem to be in awful trouble here. What's up?"
"Oh! we're most crazed, neighbor," said the woman; "and we ain't got no patience to see folks now."
"That's all right," said the visitor, not much taken aback by this polite rebuff; "but can't I be of any service to you in all this trouble?"
"Well, we've lost our gal. Our Sal's gone off and left us," said the man, in tones of despair.
"Ah, do you know what induced her to leave you?" remarked the new arrival.
"Well, we can't say, stranger, as how she's so far lost to us to be inquired; but, then, she's gone and disgraced us," remarked the afflicted father.
"Yes, neighbor—and as I should say it is as her mother, but there wasn't a poorier gal in the West than my Sal—she's gone and brought ruin on her own head now," followed the stricken mother.
"Who has she gone with?" asked the visitor.
"Well there's the trouble. The gal could have done well; and might have married Martin Kehoe, a capital shoemaker, who, although he's got but one eye, plays the flute in a lively manner, and earns a good living. Then look what a home and what a life she has deserted. She was surrounded by all the luxury in the country," said the father.
"Yes! who knows what poor Sal will have to eat, and drink, or wear now?" groaned the old woman.
"And who is the fellow that has taken her from you, to lead her into such misery?" quoth he.
"Why, she's gone off and got married to a critter called an editor, as lives in the village, and the devil knows how they are to earn a living."

A man stopping his paper wrote to the editor, "I think folks ottend spend their munny fur paper my daddy didn't and everybody sez he was the most intellygent man in the cuntry and got the smartest family ev buoys that ever dugged taters."
"There is a difference in time, you know, between this country and Europe," said a gentleman in New York to a newly-arrived Irishman. "For instance, your friends in Cork are in bed and fast asleep by this time, while we are enjoying ourselves in the early evening."
"That's always the way!" exclaimed Pat, "could Ireland never had justice yet."
An Irish footman having derived a basket of game from his master to a friend, waited a considerable time for the customary fee, not finding it likely to appear, scratched his head, and said, "Sir, if my master should say, 'Paddy, what did the gentleman give you?' what would your honor have me to tell him?"
A gentleman sent his Irish servant up to his room for a pair of boots, and at the same time told him to be sure and get mates, as there were two pairs together in the closet. Patrick returned with two boots but odd ones. "Why, dont you see that those are not nikes? One is a long top, and the other is a short one," said the gentleman out of patience with the fellow. "Bedad, your honor," said Pat, in apology, "and it's true for ye, but thin the other pair was just so too."