

The Orangeburg News.

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

VOLUME I.

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Orangeburg, S. C.
Feb 23 1867

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Down Passenger.
Leave Columbia at..... 6.30 A. M.
" " Orangeburg at..... 10.39 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..... 6.20 P. M.

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

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

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POETRY.

[From the Carolina Spartan.]
The Blues.

She sat by the parlor window,
In brocade and ribbon and lace;
On one lily-hand she rested,
Her dimple, yet colorless face;
The other one held a novel,
Which she certainly did not peruse,
For her eyes were that restless languor,
Of one who is in the "Blues."

She dropped her book in impatience—
She sighed, as her arms she folded,
With a listless, woe-begone air.
"O dear," she exclaimed, "it is dreadful!
Can nothing my thoughts amuse?
Is there no specific, I wonder,
For the terrible, terrible "Blues"?"

"Now there's my splendid piano,
And several new pieces to learn,
But 'tis distraction itself to practice
With no one the pages to turn;
So I'll just walk down in the basement,
(And she glanced at her now "No Two's")
It can't be worse than enduring
Alone, these horrible Blues."

So out of the parlor she flattered,
In brocade and ribbon and lace;
At the pantry-door she encountered
Her mother's true womanly face;
It was thin and pale, and time worn,
But dignity sat on her brow,
And the jewel, patience, sparkled
From eyes once brighter than now.

"O, mother you look so cheerful,
And yet you are working so;
You always seem kind and pleasant,
Why is it, I'd like to know?
I'm restless, and weary, and lonely,
My patience I'm ready to lose,
For Fred will be gone for a fortnight,
And I'm literally dying of Blues."

"The Blues," my daughter, is only
The result of nothing to do;
The true woman makes herself useful
And never finds time to be blue;
Life is real and earnest and fleeting,
And the river of time floweth on—
To Eternity's ocean 'tis bearing
Each deed that each mortal hath done."

Each day its record is making;
Each moment is written above;
Each feeling, each thought, each purpose,
Each word of hatred or love,
O, then have we time to be idle?
Have we moments to throw away?
They're more precious than pearls, my daughter;
O, gather them, have them to-day."

"I see, mother dear, I've mistaken
The secret of life's happiness:
To be useful and make others happy,
Is the only way to be blest.
So mother, I'll doff these trappings,
And assist you now, if you choose;
And if young men will take my advice, they'll
Beware
OF GIRLS PRE-DISPOSED TO THE BLUES."

LITERARY.

HOW I LOST MY WHISKERS.

(SELECTED.)
CHAPTER I.

"Do you object to smoking, sir?"
This I asked in my blindest manner of an old gentleman who sat with his face hidden by a newspaper, opposite me in a railway carriage. All the seats in the carriage were filled; and four others were on our way from Cambridge to enjoy the Christmas vacation. Our spirits were high, for there is a delight in bantering, for a time, all thoughts of conic sections, Newton's "Principia," and the little go, and entertaining, in exchange, visions of "hops," skating parties, and all the orgies which every right-minded family hold at this season in honor of King Christmas.

But I must introduce you to my chums, for chums we were, although our tastes did not all lie in the same direction. Jack Stirrup, is (or rather was at that period) a riding and hunting man, and was not infrequently to be seen at Newmarket; Stretcher, on the other hand, loved boating, and preferred the sight of a well-developed biceps, to that of the best bred hunter, and would often remark to Jack, "How on earth can you say that you would rather see the 'Two Thousand' than the 'Time-race' in the 'Colquhoun Sculls.' I cannot, for the life of me, make out." Edwards was a poor and reading man, but whose wit and talents rendered him a universal favorite; whilst Davies was a rich, open-handed, good hearted fellow as ever lived. For my own part, I do not think I had any well defined peculiarity, but did a little of everything. I read a little, rowed a little, hunted a little, had a fair income—in short, if I had any characteristic at all, it was a love of laziness and practical jokes.

We congratulated ourselves in getting a carriage to ourselves, (with the exception of the old gentleman I have named,) for we intended to keep off the cold, and beguile our journey with sundry pipes and cigars. We had our case out, and were preparing to light up, as a matter of course, when we were astonished by my vis-a-vis dashing away the newspaper which had hidden his face.

"Do I object to smoking? Yes, sir, I do object! I object very strongly, sir! and I beg that you will instantly replace your cigars in your pockets. I insist on having no smoking in this carriage!"

We looked aghast at this sudden burst of old gentlemanly wrath.

"Might I ask if you intend travelling far on this line, sir?" inquired Edwards in his comically polite tone.

"What is that to you, sir? What business is it of yours where I am going to?"

"I merely wished to suggest, in case of your travelling far, that, pleasing and delightful as it would be for us to enjoy your agreeable society, yet nevertheless, we would try to bear the loss, should you prefer to change carriages at the next station."

"No doubt you would wish to get rid of me; but no sir! I do not move my seat, and the first one that smokes I report to the guard."

"In that case I fear we shall be obliged, painful though it be, to tear ourselves away," I said, as we drew at a small station.

Fortunately we found the next compartment empty, and as we started again we pulled out the cigar cases, this time to light their contents.

"The old boy has certainly got out of bed the wrong side this morning," said I puffing away.

"Or has made a mistake in his betting book," remarked my sporting friend. "We will give him a benefit now, at any rate; I vote we take it in turns to puff smoke through the lamp-hole. Let's look at him; ha! cooled down a little—is about to compose himself to sleep. I'll trouble you for his night cap; come and look at it, Fred."

I did so, and roared on seeing a red wove cap of conical shape, which added very considerably to the irascibility of the wearer's features.

With perseverance, which deserved a better case, we each made a tube of a paper, and putting the end through the lamp-hole, took our turn at "smoking him out;" and I blush as I now think how heartily we enjoyed the enraged state in which he paced up and down the empty carriage like a caged tiger.

The next time we stopped, however, the guard put his head into our carriage window and said with a wink—
"Gent'n in next compartment complains of your smoking, sir."
"Smoking!" we exclaimed, with a mock indignation. "Do we look as though we'd been smoking? What nonsense!" And added in a mysterious manner, "You see there's one vacant seat; of course we're not going to tell tales of the man who occupied that."

"All right!" said the guard laughing. "I was not born yesterday." And after a slightly confidential transaction of a pecuniary nature, left us in peace.

The snow, which had been falling heavily all day, now lay thick all around. Our eyes ached again, as we looked out of the window (which was itself all frosted over) on to the dazzling snow which covered all the landscape; and as we stamped our feet on the floor of the carriage, we began heartily to wish ourselves at our journey's end, and by the fireside.

"Halloo! what are we stopping for now? I wonder whether we're going to do an up-set, or anything exciting of that kind," said Davies, looking out of the window. "I don't see a train anywhere that we can have a friendly collision with."

"Get out here gentlemen," said the guard, passing the window; "the line is snowed up, and we shall have to wait till it is clear."

"But, sir," I said, "how on earth could they—"

"Might I request to know who spoke to you, sir? I consider your remark and interference excessive impertinence."

should have some songs; but as no one volunteered, I suggested that we should get on our way sooner if we all went out and helped to clear away the snow from the line: To this all agreed, (with the exception of our amiable friend, of course.)

We had worked away merrily for about an hour, and were congratulating ourselves on being able to start again, when Jack came running up with a very pleasant expression of countenance, and as he tapped me on the shoulder, I remembered that he had not been with us for the last half hour.

"Fred," he said, "I've an idea."
"Keep it, then," I replied; for it is so rare a commodity with you that I would not deprive you of it for the world."

"Don't chafe, and I'll tell you all about it. I went up into the room at the station just now, and found our friend, the old boy, fast asleep in his chair, completely collapsed under the soporific effects of the fire and a glass of brandy and water. I immediately ran into the village and bought these, he said, showing me a handful of screws, a gimlet and a screw-driver."

"What in the name of everything ridiculous do you want these for?" I asked.

"Don't you see! we shall be able to start again directly, now that the line is clear; we will, meanwhile, run up stairs and screw the old gentleman firmly into the room—the train goes on—we are revenged for his surly behavior to us, and he will then learn that 'old gentlemen should not be ill-tempered at Christmas time.'"

"Capital!" I said, always ready to fall in with a practical joke; "let us be off at once." We certainly found the old gentleman in as Morphean a torpor as we could wish. His feet were propped upon a chair, whilst his boots were drying, and he was breathing with his mouth wide open, in a rather apoplectic manner.

"Shall I put a snowball into each of his boots?" I said.

"No! that would be too much of a good thing, but I'll tell you what you shall do; you're a rather a swell at drawing, aren't you? I'll just burn the end of that beer bottle cork, and you shall artistically adorn his face."

"That's splendid," he whispered, as I finished off with giving him a moustache, which turned up in a facetious manner. "Just above that looking glass, and put it so that he may admire himself directly he wakes; and now let us be off."

We walked on tiptoe to the door. The hinges began to creak; and cold as the weather was, a faint perspiration began to develop itself on my forehead, as I noticed the old gentleman move in his chair; it was, however, only to turn his head on to the other shoulder, and we closed the door in safety.

"Give me the screws quick," I said, "and go to the bottom of the stairs and prevent any one coming up."

I bored hole after hole as noiselessly as I could, and having made the door as fast as eight screws would make it, I ran down stairs and whispered "All right!"

"Is there a gentleman up stairs, sir?" said the station master walking towards us. "He asked me to wake him up in time for the train, and it is just ready to go."

"Oh, he won't like to be disturbed till the last moment, you may be sure," said Jack. "By the by, I wished to talk to you of a plan by which I think your station might be much improved."

"I've set aside for a skating party. I have had the pond in the park swept, and invited all 'deu Jennes' (denizens) within reach, and as they have all accepted, it will give you a very fair idea of our 'native beauty.'"

Now, of all jolly things in the world, I think a skating party is the jolliest. Tom says that I am fond of showing my skating off; but I deny that this has anything to do with it. In the first place, the frosty weather (and the mullet claret) induce high spirits; then there are the tumbles to laugh at, and the ladies' skates to strap on, (which last, in my own mind, is not the least part of the entertainment.)

We had by this time reached the house, and, after accomplishing our toilets, Tom took me in the drawing room.

"The gov'nor isn't at home; let me introduce you to my sister Minnie."

Miss Minnie rose, and held out her hand as usual, but for my own part, I was too dumfounded to utter a single word. I am told that I am far from eloquent when describing female beauty, so I will not attempt it here; but I must say that I had never, and have never since, seen such a pretty and merry face. When dinner was announced, however, I had recovered my equanimity sufficiently to offer her my arm, and after a short time we got to know one another thoroughly.

The dinner (perhaps it may have been the port wine) had opened my heart, and when we removed to Tom's sanctum to smoke, (where by the way, Miss Minnie insisted on joining us, saying that she "liked to smell tobacco, and found it so dull by herself.") I began to relate my adventure with the old gentleman.

Peal after peal of laughter arose as I proceeded with my narrative. I warmed with my subject, quite outdoing myself in the description of the old gentleman's angry face and his irate behavior.

"Here," I said, in triumph, "is my trophy!" and I held out the night cap.

Never shall I forget that moment—brother and sister stared at it for one second, and then Tom looking vacantly at me, immediately went into a hysterical fit of laughter. His face began to grow quite black, and the tears rolled down his cheeks.

"My face presented anything but a menacing appearance, for I was struck with amazement at his behavior. At last, with what little breath he had left, he managed to get out the words:

"It's—the—guy'—nor's—night—cap!"
As he said that he pointed at a small label inside the cap, which I had not noticed before, and there, sure enough, were the words:
"To Grumblethorpe, Esq.,
"Grumblethorpe Hall."

Reader, have you ever wished the earth to open and swallow you up? How heartily did I wish it at that moment. I saw the whole affair at a glance; I had been playing a practical joke upon the gentleman in whose house I was sitting, and had been describing him in the most ridiculous light to his daughter. How I hated Tom for laughing, (his sister was nearly as bad, by the way,) whilst I sat turning alternately red and pale, considering what on earth was to be done. At this moment a servant entered the room.

"A telegram for Miss Grumblethorpe."
She hastily looked over it, and then read it aloud to us:
"Shall come by the 8.30 to-morrow morning. Some young jackanapes have played a practical joke, and caused me to miss the last train to-night."

At last I found words. "Tom," I said, "I must fly. Miss Grumblethorpe, I can not sufficiently apologize to you for—"

"Oh, you need not apologize to me, nor must you go either. Tom, you must devise some escape out of the dilemma."
"It would certainly never do for the governor to recognize you; he'd never forgive you, and would cut me off with a shilling. Oh! I have it; I sentence you, in punishment, to cut off those whiskers and moustaches—he'll never know you then."
"If they undo these screws, in one or even five minutes, I'll eat them."
We jumped into a carriage, the guard gave the final whistle, and the train moved slowly on. We anxiously watched the result of our plot, with our heads out of the window. After waiting one or two minutes, we noticed a figure gesticulating at the station window. The train then passed into a deep cutting, and we lost sight of it.

had not recognized me in the least. I just always tried to see Tom's friends; making old boys, in quite a cheerful sort. Thank goodness, he doesn't choose for companions such puppies as those who inhaled me every day. I wonder whether they could be themselves gentlemen?"

In this strain he continued to talk all breakfast time, whilst I answered with perfect gravity, not daring to look at Minnie, for I felt sure she was enjoying the joke.

My story is nearly over, for I spent most of the day in teaching Minnie. I had accompanied her the next evening to a ball where I found she could move more quickly and gracefully than on the ice.

I am now married, and though I have since grown my whiskers, my father-in-law has never suspected that I was "the young jackanapes that made him late for a train." (He has never mentioned that burnt cork business) and has been so kind to me that I have heartily repented of it.

HUMOROUS.

"Is there any person you would particularly wish me to marry?" said a widow expectant to her dying spouse, who had been about what of a tyrant in his day. "Marry the devil, if you like," was the gruff reply. "Oh, no, my dear, you know it is not lawful to marry two brothers."

An elderly gentleman, traveling in a stage coach, was amused by the constant list of words kept up between two ladies. One of them, at last, kindly inquired if their conversation did not make his head ache, when he answered, with a great deal of naïveté, "Not a whit, I have been married 28 years!"

Not many days ago a young lady from the country went into the store of a merchant not a thousand miles from Columbia, and asked if he wished to purchase a couple of chickens, at the same time throwing a pair of live ones on the counter.

"Why, yes," he replied; "but will they lay there," meaning would they remain on the counter for the moment.

"Lay there?" archly retorted the rustic beauty; "No sir! they won't lay nowhere. Them's roosters!"

Good.—It seems that we've a woman or two in the city who are capable of handling the reigns of government, as will be shown by what follows:
"Our reporter was around hunting a house for a friend, and called to see a family who were preparing to vacate a cosy dwelling.
As the door stood open, reporter walked in without knocking, and his eyes straightway lighted on the dame of the household who was making frantic lunges with a broomstick at some object under the bed.
"Good morning, madam! Ah! you have a troublesome cat under the bed?"
"Troublesome cat?—no sir! It is that sickening husband of mine; and I'll have him out of break every bone in his body!"
"You will, oh!" said a faint voice under the bed.
"Now, Susy, you may rave and rave, but I'll be dogged if I'll come out from under this bed while I've got the spirit of a man about me."—Waynaboro Times.

Drovers vs. Fops.

Dinner was spread in the cabin of that peerless steamer, the New World, and a splendid company were assembled about the table. Among the passengers thus prepared for gastronomic duty was a little creature of the genus, Fop, decked daintily as an early butterfly with kids of irreproachable whiteness, "miraculous" neck tie and spider like quizzing glass on his nose. The delicate animal turned his head affectedly aside with—

"Waitah?"
"Sah?"
"Bwing me a propellah of a frowstah woostah!"
"Yis sah?"
"And Waitah, tell the steward to wub my plate with a vegetable called onion, which will give a delicious flavay to my diinnah."

While the refined exquisite was giving his order, a jolly western drover had listened with open mouth and protruding eyes. When the diminutive creature paused, he brought his fist down upon the table with a force that made every dish bounce and then thundered out—

"Here! you gaul darned ace-of-spades!"
"Yis, sah."
"Bring me a thundering big plate of skunk's gizzards!"
"Sah!"

"And an old ink pot; tuck a horse blanket under my chin, and rub me down with brickbats while I feed!"
The poor dandy showed a pair of bright tails in answer, and the whole table joined in a tremendous roar.