

The Orangeburg News.

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

VOLUME 1.

SATURDAY MORNING, AUGUST 3, 1867.

NUMBER 24

THE ORANGEBURG NEWS.

POETRY.

Married.

Our beautiful Maggie was married to-day—
Beautiful Maggie, with soft, brown hair,
Whose shadows fall o'er a face as fair
As the snowy blooms of the early May;
We have kissed her lips and sent her away,
With many a blessing and many a prayer,
The pet of our house who was married to-day.

The sunshine is gone from the old South Room,
Where she sat through the long, bright summer
hours;
And the order is gone from the window flowers,
And something is lost of their delicate bloom.
And a shadow creeps over the house with its gloom;
A shadow that over our Paradise lowers,
For we see her no more in the old South Room.

I thought that the song of the robin, this eve,
As he sang to his mate on the sycamore tree,
Had minors of sadness to temper its glee,
As if he for the loss of our darling did grieve,
And asked, "Where is Maggie?" and, "Why did
she leave?"
"The maiden who caroled sweet duets with me?"
For she mocked not the song of the robin this eve.

The pictures seem dim where they hang on the wall,
Though they cost but a trifle they always looked
fair,
Whether lamplight or sunlight illumined them
there—
I think 'twas her presence that brightened them all;
Since Maggie no longer can come to our call,
With her eyes full of laughter, unshadowed by
care,
The pictures seem dim where they hang on the wall.

I lounge through the garden—I stand by the gate—
She stood there to greet me last eve, at this hour,
Every eve, through the summer, in sunshine or
shower,
Just stood by the postern my coming to wait,
Dear Maggie, her heart with its welcome elastic,
To give me a smile, and a kiss, and a flower—
Ah! when will she greet me again by the gate?

She loved us and left us—she loves, and is gone
With the one she loves best, as his beautiful bride,
How fondly he called her his joy and his pride,
Our joy and our pride, whom he claims as his own!
But can he, like us, prize the heart he has won—
The heart that now trustfully throbs by his side
God knows!—and we know that—she loves and is gone!

LITERARY.

[FOR THE ORANGEBURG NEWS.]

Whiffs and Whims.

Illusions—life abounds with them; they
dodge us daily amid our happiest hours. They
hover over our future, and beckon us on, alluring
to distant joys, which dimly seen, are all as
bright, as we can dare believe. Illusions fan
the brow of the sick man, and give promise of
coming health or stronger pulsations. They
glide before the weary student, and his languor
lingers not amid the vivid pictures of
future usefulness and public appreciation.
They come to the faint-hearted, the neglected
and the lonely,

"And Fancy's flash and Reason's ray,
Will gild and light their troubled way."

What a beautiful picture was Ella Gregory,
as she sat on the front gallery, watching the
clouds and "living o'er the past." Her hazel
eyes darkened by emotion, were dimmed with
unshed tears. Just eight years ago, when she
was seven years old, her father and mother had
removed from the beautiful cottage of her
baby days. They thought the change best for
the education and advantage of their children,
of whom, God had given them three, to live
far, and to love.

"The happy, happy hours of childhood
How soon, how soon they pass away!
Like flowers, like Powers in the wild wood
That bloom and fade away."

So thought Ella. They had just removed to
their new, but pretty home, when Papa had a
hemorrhage, and was sent to travel. Then his
absence seemed so long; but he returned,—
came back to die. She thought too, of her
anguish at his grave; where she prayed, "Oh
God, let me rest beside my darling father; let
me love him in the grave." How she clung
to his coffin when in that strange "God's acre,"
they left her hearts' best idol. Then how her
mother, faint at hope's departure, took a fever—
it can scarce be true, but she felt it all. In
three days she had neither father or mother.
With her brothers, aged ten and thirteen,—
she was bereft—unknowing, and adrift.

"The church-yard had an added stone
And heaven two spirits more,"
Had grieved those orphans sad and lone,
Love's brightest days were o'er.

The pathetic circumstances reached the ear
of her present protector, a wealthy lady, who

desired her childless home to be gladdened by
a youthful presence. She thought that the
sympathy which first moved her, would beget
affection, and that on the part of Ella, gratitude
would lead to love. Years had passed; and
Ella, (though bent on yielding implicitly
to the wishes of her friend,) failed in the one
point, that constituted the contrast in their
characters.

Mrs. G. was conservative and ambitious;
Ella, with more genial home friends, would
have been demonstrative and fond. She loved
to be loved. Her schoolmates felt the influ-
ence of her bland manner, and hailed her
coming with pleasure. Yet this unrestrained
intercourse was prejudicial to the growth of
affection in Mrs. G., who attributed it to plebe-
ian origin, or a lack of innate refinement,
whereby the initiated could select an eligible
coterie, and by the same instinct, viz: false
pride—could avoid any, who would not be ad-
vantageous companions.

Thus have I given the principle barrier to
that happy trust and love which had other-
wise existed between Ella and Mrs. G. Trifles,
lighter are lovers in the building up of charac-
ter. The influence of the above suggestions,
oft repeated to Ella, had warped her confidence
in Mrs. G.'s sincerity. She was thankful for
repeated kindness, and tried to respond to Mrs.
G.'s wishes; but it was with more of apprehen-
sion than confidence. Nature would assert its
sway, and the girls genial *amitie* repeatedly
prevailed. "O how great is human frailty
which is always prone to evil. Now thou art
purposed to look well unto thy ways, and with-
in awhile; thou so behavest thyself, as though
thou hadst never any such purpose at all."

Mrs. G.'s experiment was a failure. She had
hoped to gratify her ambition, while comforting
the orphan, but not succeeding in her plans,
she became capacious and blunt. "Why art
thou troubled when things succeed not as thou
desirest? For, who is he that hath all things
according to his mind? Neither I, nor thou,
nor any man on earth. Miserable thou art,
whoever thou be, or whithersoever thou turnest,
unless thou turn thyself to God." Life's hap-
piest phases, are brightest in perspective. Our
loves, our joys and hopes;

All, all like shooting stars,
Just gleam,—then dart from sight afar.

Thus, thought Ellie, people think me very
happy. They know not that I weary of the
mookest tones of parlor manners. I feel that there
is but little truth in the social compliments,
which to others' ears are harmonious! A few
friends and faithful servants lived about her,
but there was no longer one kindred spirit up-
on earth to whom she was life's first care—its
first object of affection. "All the world's a
stage," and she had seen the by-plays. How
much happier were earth, if young spirits were
taught, and older spirits trained themselves to
an unselfish participation in the feelings of
others: How few understand this work of un-
selfish charity, it may cost us but a moment's
thoughtfulness, but its effects are often of un-
measured duration. Did such mottoes bias so-
ciety,

This world were not a fleeting show,
For man's illusion given,
Then he who soothed the widow's woe
Or wiped the orphan's tear, would know
There's something here of heaven.

Daisy Dale.

FAIR VIEW.

SELECTED STORY.

The Tar's Revenge; OR THE HAUNTED SHIP.

"Come Ben, spin us a yarn to-night. The
ocean is thundering on the shore, and the wind
is howling over our heads as you must have
heard it through the sails of the ship when
your home was on the treacherous waters.
We are safe and snug to-night, and the wind
and rain cannot reach us. It is just the night
for a story, and I know you have one laid up
that will come in handy on this occasion."

Old Ben Hardy to whom I had addressed
these words, had been a sailor for many years;
but when he grew old, he left the sea which
had been his home for so many years, and with
the money that, unlike most sailors, he had
managed to save, bought him a cottage a little
way out of the village, and here with his old
woman he lived in peace and contentment, un-
til the time should come for him to be done

with the storms and breakers of this world,
and be ready to sail into the smooth harbor of
the next.

His cottage was quite near where I resided,
and many were the evenings I spent with him
listening to his wild, weird tales of the sea,
and I used to think he kept his best ones for
stormy nights; perhaps he told them better as
the howling of the wind stirred his blood, and
brought back vividly the days when his home
was on the waters.

To-night I had come over with the roar of
the sea in my ears, and my eyes filled with the
rain and blinding spray, and when comfortably
seated at his fireside I said what is recorded at
the head of this story.

Old Ben took a monstrous quid of tobacco
from his cheek, looked thoughtfully into the
fire for a few moments, as if he saw there some-
thing of the past, or else he was listening to
the wild tumult of the elements without, and
then he said without looking up:

"Yes, it does remind me of the time when I
hardly set foot upon the land from one year's
end to another; and the storm also brings to
mind the cruise I once made in a haunted
ship, and it was just such a night as this that
the ghost was laid, and we were free from the
worst tyrant that ever cursed a crew."

"Tell us the story, Ben. A haunted ship is
just the thing for to-night."

"Well, I may as well tell that as anything
else. Draw up closer to the cabin-fire; it is
cold to-night, and tell us what winter has in
store for us. Well, one time—it was nigh
thirty year ago, now—I was down sick with
the fever here on shore, and everybody said I
would die; and to me it seemed that my leg
had almost come to an end, and there would
need to be but one more entry made therein.
Davy Jones, who had been after my life for so
many years, seemed likely to be cheated after
all, and I he laid beside my father and mother
in the churchyard. But my time had not
come then, after awhile I began to mend and
was soon upon my feet again.

"Now my being sick has nothing to do with
my yarn, only my ship that I had sailed in so
long went away and left me, and I had now to
look for another. And I had little time to do
it in, for my money was all gone, and it would
not do for me to be particular. I must take
the first chance that offered, so that the old
women and the children might not want for
bread.

"It was past the season for vessels to go from
our port, so my only chance was that some one
would put in short of hands; and it was not
long before one did so, and Jack Folsom and
I shipped in her.

"We were the only two the captain could get
from our port though he was in want of at
least a dozen men. How he came to go to sea
so short-handed, we could not find out while
the ship remained in port, but we knew soon
enough after she left.

"The *Flying Mist* hailed from a northern
port, and was bound round the Horn on a trad-
ing trip to some of the South American ports.
We were to be gone ten months, and the cap-
tain promised that at the end of that time he
would leave us at home. Perhaps he would
had he lived, but when the *Flying Mist* came
north again, Davy Jones had him safe in his
locker, and he claimed him none too soon, either.

"Jack and I bade our friends good-bye, and
the ship stood down the harbor, and soon the
town and land faded from our view, and we be-
gan to see what sort of companions we had for
the voyage. Such a strange, mixed crew, I
never saw before. They were of all colors and
all nations, and spoke all languages under the
sun; in the whole crew of forty men, there was
not more than half a dozen of our countrymen;
and only one, old Sam Mauline by name, that
came from our country. He was almost the
first one we met on coming aboard, and I
imagined I saw a look of pity in his eye as he
saw us; we did not understand it then, but we
did afterwards.

"We had not been two days at sea, before
we found out that the captain was a tyrant of
the worst description. He would, without any
pretext, swear at the men, using the most ter-
rible oaths, and upon the slightest provocation
he would have the men tied up and flogged in
the most cruel manner. He seemed to delight
in cruelty, and I could also see that he drank
hard; yet drink as much as he would, it never
seemed to have the effect of rendering him
helpless, as it does some men; on the contrary,
it made him as strong as a fiend, with a
temper equal to Satan himself.

"We knew now why it was that he was short
of men, and those he had were of all descrip-
tion under the sun. No man that knew him
would ship with him; and I wondered how it
was that old Sam Mauline—as good a seaman
as ever spliced a rope—came to be with him,
and had stuck by the ship for three trips. He
told me afterwards that he thought it his duty;
and he did seem to have some little influence
with the captain—more than did his first mate,
who was a quiet, inoffensive man, completely
under the thumb of the captain, and who dared

not say or do anything without the captain's
permission. He was a good sailor, and the
captain knew this, and that the ship was safe
in his hands, when he himself was not in a
condition to superintend matters.

"Hardly a day passed over our heads that did
not witness some outrage on the part of the
monster who had command over us. It was
nothing strange for him to come on deck, and
without the slightest provocation strike down
the first man that did not move fast enough to
suit him in executing some order, perhaps of
little account. He would be so full of rage
and liquor, that he was almost a madman; and
many were the times that Jack and I wished
ourselves well out of the ship. As yet we had
been unmolested; but we expected our turn
would come soon.

"More than once, shipmate, my blood would
rise, and one day I said the crew ought to take
the management of the ship into their own
hands. It would be mutiny, I know, but I
thought that we should be justified in doing so.
I was saying this to Jack, and unperceived old
Sam Mauline had come up and overheard me.

"Shipmates," he said, laying a hand on each
of our shoulders, 'it is well for you that no-
body but me heard that remark of yours, or it
might have found its way to the captain's ears.
Capt. Sampson is master here, and we must
obey him. This makes four voyages that I
have been with him, and as yet he has never
laid his hand upon me, and I hope I have
saved many of the crew from his hands. But,
shipmate, this is the last voyage that I'll ever
make with him, and I ask you to bear with
him until we reach home again. Do not bring
yourself into danger. Your life would be
worth nothing if he knew the words you have
just spoken."

"We knew that old Sam was right, so we
gave him our hand on it; but I don't think he
would have required it, could he have foreseen
what a day would bring forth.

[Concluded in our Next.]

VARIOUS.

Loyal League Mummeries.

Mr. Wm. Driver, exposes in the Nashville
Banner, the foolish mummeries of the Loyal
Leagues now so numerous in the South. The
following extracts show the absurdity
of these money-making combinations:

At the first door you give two light taps and
whisper through a hole therein, "Loyal Men."
The door opens. You move on to a second
door and give two taps. A loop hole is opened.
You whisper "Must rule," and are then march-
ed around a darkened room and welcomed by
the "Good Chairman," in the following words—
"The good and true are always welcome,"
&c.

You have now marched round the room and
are placed before an altar on which is spread
the American flag. Here also lies open a Bi-
ble and a book with the old, original, unaltered
Constitution of the United States, gift of our
fathers, as it was, is and ever should be—un-
changed.

There, too, lie crossed two common swords
such as are worn by army surgeons. Between
the points a mysterious bronze chalice filled
with something, the smell of which reminds
you of "Old Robertson."

On your right, at a small altar, stands long,
lank, lean "Forty Acres;" behind you, at an-
other desk or alter, stands a once Provost
Marshal. Around this long, dark, dirty room,
the "Loyal Leaguers," some black and some
white, and among them some of our most worthy
citizens. There are also a few whose "coop-
ers" sticks out through the white wash given
by this "Loyal League."

The gas is now darkened, and "Forty Acres,"
with eyes upturned like a "duck in a thunder
storm," his lean hands opened out toward
Heaven, numbles out a prayer! This done,
the jolly, good natured, kind looking Miller,
not "of Mansfield," though quite as portly,
steps forward with book and watch in hand,
and fires the mysterious looking cup, which
darts up a flickering blue flame, such as is re-
presented as burning in the "Eternal Hades."

With your right hand on the book, and the
left in the air, you now take the "oath of alle-
giance," known to all, and are most particu-
larly required "to defend the Constitution of the
United States" (unaltered), on which your
hand rests, and the Constitution of the State of
Tennessee. What is the latter constitution?
Who can tell?

You are also sworn to keep the secrets of
the League, "to vote for none but loyal men,"
&c. In that long, dark, dirty room, on the
right side of which stood about one hun-
dred old rusty masks, in such presence, be-
fore the flickering blue flame which but made
"darkness visible," with the usual twang of
Forty Acres' voice in prayer still sounding in
my ears, I was, with others, made a Loyal
Leaguer. Surrounded with such parapherna-
lia of humbug, we were sworn also, as before
said, to do even unto death all in our power to

make liberty eternal, to "vote for none but
loyal men," &c.

We were next initiated into the signs and
pass-words, &c. Let one suffice; but if you
wish you can have them all. To pass yourself
as a Leaguer, when questioned give the "Four
L's"—as follows, right hand raised to Heaven,
thumb and third finger, touching their ends
over the palm, and pronounce, "Liberty."
Bringing the hand down on a line with the
shoulder, pronounce "Lincoln." Dropping
the hand open at your sides, pronounce
"Loyal." With your hand and fingers down-
ward in the chest, the thumb, thus into
the vest or waistband across the body, pro-
nounce "League."

There is a great deal of other "concocture"
of the same character, unworthy of place here.
Suffice it to say that such is the character of a
combination which bids fair to rebaptize our
unhappy Southern soil with blood—such are
the willing or duped instruments ready to en-
ter out the will of our modern Jeffries and Dal-
rymples, Masters of Stair Glenlyons and
Lindsleys—such are the Loyal Leaguers
which in darkened rooms, before blue
mysterious looking fires, cross swords and
palm singing humburs, have sworn in
"about forty-five thousand" simple freedmen,
and taken from each a miserable half-dollar fee
for initiation. These poor creatures have
stood before that blue flame and all the other
grim paraphernalia of this dark room humbug,
with a superstitious awe, mingled with fear. To
them it was the "Carlo Dithaa" of their native
jungles, the "Obi Man" with his poisonous
coconaut. They will never forget that blue flame,
those crossed swords, the wild upturned eye of
"Forty Acres," with ominously uplifted finger
of the worthy "Miller," as he pronounces the
"Anathema, Maranatha," on all who secede, or
break the terrible pledge. Poor, simple,
wronged creatures! In the wild storms of
midnight, when the blue lightning thrusts its
fingers through the storm tossed cloud, their
imagination will bring out, clothed with hor-
ror, that darkened room, that mysterious flame,
the upturned eye of "Forty Acres," and the
"so mote it be" of the mixed multitude.

Mexican Presidents.

We copy the following as a matter of inter-
est, and to give an idea of the number and
variety of dynasties which have followed one
another in rapid succession during the past
forty-five years, in Mexico, since the time of
its independence, the year 1821:

- 1821—Iturbide, General-in-Chief.
- 1822—Iturbide, Emperor.
- 1823—Generals Guerrero Bravo and Negrote, Dictators.
- 1824—General Victoria, President.
- 1827—Guerrera, President.
- 1829—Guerrero, Dictator.
- 1830—Bustamante, President.
- 1832—Pedraza, President.
- 1835—Santa Anna, President.
- 1837—Bustamante, President.
- 1840—General Farinos, President.
- 1841—Bustamante, President.
- 1841—Santa Anna, President.
- 1843—Retirement of Santa Anna, successor not known.
- 1844—Santa Anna, President.
- 1845—Gen. Cavalzo, President.
- 1847—Jose Justo Caro, President.
- 1847—Paredes, President.
- 1848—Santa Anna, President.
- 1850—Arista, President.
- 1852—Juan Coliallos, President.
- 1853—Manuel Lombardini, President.
- 1853—Santa Anna, President—April 20th.
- 1853—Santa Anna, Dictator—Dec. 25th.
- 1855—Alvarez, Dictator.
- 1856—Comonfort, President.
- 1858—Zuloaga, President.
- 1858—Miramon, Vice-President.
- 1859—Zuloaga, President.
- 1860—Miramon, President.
- 1861—Juarez, President.
- 1864—Maximilian, Emperor, and Juarez, President.
- 1867—Maximilian fallen and Juarez President.

Printers' Commandments.

Thou (especially the ladies) shalt love the
printer, for he loveth you muchly.
Thou shalt subscribe to his paper, for he
seeketh wealth to obtain the news, of which you
remain ignorant.
If a business man, thou shalt advertise, that
thou thy profits may enable thee not only to
pay for thy paper, but put money in thy purse.
Thou shalt not visit him regardless of his
office rules, that he may not hold thee guilty.
Thou shalt not read the manuscript in the
hands of the compositor, for he will not hold
thee blameless.
Thou shalt not read the news before it is
printed, for he will give it to thee in due
time.
Thou shalt not at any time send abusive or
threatening letters to the editor, nor cowhide
him more than five times a year.
Thou shalt not write communications on
both sides of the paper, for the editor needeth
the other side to write his editorials upon.

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CORONER—C. B. Glover.

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John Jordan, N. C. Whetstone, John Inabinet, Dr.
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Schedule South Carolina Rail Road.
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.....1.38 P. M.
Arrive at Columbia at.....6.30 P. M.