

The Orangeburg News.

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

VOLUME 1.

SATURDAY MORNING NOVEMBER 23, 1867.

NUMBER 70.

THE ORANGEBURG NEWS.

PUBLISHED AT ORANGEBURG, S. C.

Every Saturday Morning.

W. W. LEGARE, Editor.
Y. C. DIBBLE, Associate Editor.
CHARLES H. HALL, Publisher.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

One Copy for one year..... \$2.00
Six Months..... 1.00
Three..... .50
Any one sending TEN DOLLARS, for a Club of New Subscribers, will receive an EXTRA COPY FOR ONE YEAR, free of charge. Any one sending FIVE DOLLARS, for a Club of New Subscribers, will receive an EXTRA COPY FOR SIX MONTHS, free of charge.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

1 Square 1st Insertion..... \$1.50
" 2d..... .75
" 3d..... .50
A Square consists of 10 lines Brevier or one inch of Advertising space.
Administrators' Notices, if accompanied with the cash..... \$2.75
If not accompanied with the cash..... \$5.00
Contract Advertisements inserted upon the most liberal terms.

MARRIAGE and FUNERAL NOTICES, not exceeding one Square, inserted without charge.

Terms Cash in Advance.

CARDS.

IZLAR & DIBBLE,
Attorneys and Solicitors.

Will practice in Courts of the State, and also of the United States, especially in the Courts of BANKRUPTCY.

ORANGEBURG, S. C.
JAMES F. IZLAR. SAMUEL DIBBLE.
Feb 23 1y

W. W. LEGARE,
COUNSELLOR AT LAW.

Office (for the Present) in Rear of
Dr. B. H. SIJLER'S Drug Store,
ORANGEBURG C. H., So. Ca.
Feb 23 1y

P. J. MALONE,
ATTORNEY AT LAW.
WALTERBORO, S. C.

Will practice in the Courts of Orangeburg and Charleston, and attend promptly to all business entrusted to his care.
May 11 1y

E. C. DENAUX,
WATCH MAKER AND JEWELLER.
Work Neatly Repaired and WARRANTED.

RUSSELL STREET,
(OPPOSITE CORNELSON, KRAMER & CO.)
Sept 28 1y

BULL & SCOVILL,
AGENTS FOR THE

Equitable Life Insurance Company
OF NEW YORK.

POLICIES NON-FORFEITABLE.
Dividend Declared Annually to Policy Holders
Oct 25 1y

Cornelson, Kramer & Co.,
ARE AGENTS FOR
JEFFERSON FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY.

Chartered Capital \$250,000.

If any Parties wish to patronize this COMPANY and only hesitate upon the too general and fallacious idea that Southern Companies are not as good as Northern or Foreign. We only ask such to do the simple justice of applying to our Agents, or direct to the Home Office, and they will receive indubitable evidence on this point. With funds invested in Real Estate, Real Estate, and Good Securities, no Company can be more solvent, with simple means. None shall be more prompt.
Oct 25 1y

STEVENS HOUSE,
21, 23, 25 & 27 Broadway, N. Y.
Opposite Bowling Green.

ON THE EUROPEAN PLAN.

THE STEVENS HOUSE is well and widely known to the travelling public. The location is especially suitable to merchants and business men; it is in close proximity to the business part of the city—in the highway of Southern and Western travel—and adjacent to all the principal Railroad and Steamboat depots.
The STEVENS HOUSE has liberal accommodations for over 300 guests—it is well furnished, and possesses every modern improvement for the comfort of its inmates. The rooms are spacious and well ventilated—provided with gas and water—the attendance is prompt and respectful—and the table is generously provided with every delicacy of the season—at moderate rates.
The House having been refurbished and remodelled, we are enabled to offer extra facilities for the comfort and pleasure of our guests.
JEO. K. CHASE & CO., Proprietors.
June 1—67

POETRY.

"Black Loyalty."

LET THE TRUTH OF HISTORY BE PRESERVED.

Nigh a million of lives we have spent,
And three billions of dollars or more,
That our fetter in twain should be rent,
And the slave-born be heard never more;
Full six years we have given to the Black,
And the thing was undoubtedly right—
Now suppose, just to alter the track,
We devote half an hour to the White.

When the South, in its hour of mad pride,
At Fort Sumter let drive the first shot,
Nock and heels our poor Samba was tied;
And the North held one end of the knot;
But our hold we let go at the sound,
For both hands we required in the fight;
And the war for the Black was then found
Quite a tough job of work for the White.

Well, we fought; yea, for four years we fought,
Pouring out lavish treasure, and life—
Did the Black then arise as he ought,
Cleaving Northward with torch and with knife?
All his masters were far from his track,
Under Johnson and Lee in the fight;
There was nothing to hold the Black back
From assisting his champion, the White.

Did he aid us when bleeding we stood
To chase from him slavery's dreams?
Orr to Lee sent his clothing and food,
Hammers, powder, equipments and teams?
We all know that in one single State,
A revolt would have ended the fight—
So no more of their "loyal prate,"
For Black rebels were worse than the White.

The white rebels came with a cheer,
Their bayonets aslant and aglow,
While the Black rebels slunk in the rear,
Assisting (and freely) our foe.
Phillips, Sumner, and men of that school,
May elick-clatter from morning till night;
But if Black or White rebels must rule,
Then, by Heaven! count me in for the White!

It would sicken a dog, this vile cant
That we hear of "Black loyalty" now—
And I notice the twaddlers who rant
On the subject, were far from the row;
But since cold has been Lee's latest gun,
And since Johnson stacked arms after fight,
We are told "Black valor we own"
[This all hanging to laurel the white!]

To the Black Rebel glory and power,
To the White rebels shame and disgrace!
Oh, madness, and worse, wiles the hour—
We are false to faith, wisdom and race!
To my heart with you, Longstreet and Hill,
Johnson, Lee—every man in the fight,
You were rebels, and bad ones, but still,
You share my misfortune—you're White.
MILES O'REILLY, (Gen. Holford).
Late private 47th R., N. Y. V. Infantry.

ORIGINAL STORY.

A Fact, not a Fiction.

BY DAISY DALE.

(Concluded in our Next.)

At morn we know not what the eve may bring,
And sunset treasures take the earliest wing.
One week has gone; the cash clerk of
"Sterman and Joslyn" had absconded, with an
incredible sum; the entire amount of their
bank deposit. Search had been vainly made,
and as the news soon spread, one and another
creditor appeared. It was at the fifth applica-
tion for aid, that Mr. S. begged indulgence
for some days; and as an appeal was being
made to Mr. Joslyn, he fell to the floor, in a
violent spasm.

He was taken home speechless, and for some
days his mind failed. He wept in childish
tones, and vociferated, at intervals,—spoke of
"Edward—his darling child—the cheated or-
phan."

Edward Roland delayed not to obey the
summons, which recalled him again to his
loved ones. In a short time, with heartfelt
sorrow, he stood again at the threshold of a
home, which years before had been to him, an
asylum of love and luxury. He hid to them
now, while grief and approaching poverty
threatened. A meeting under usual circum-
stances, would have been "bliss below." Ed-
ward was stunned at his own impotency to
combat the emergency. He had learned of
their pecuniary strait; and on the route, his
busy brain and hotter heart, had proposed and
rejected plan after plan for their relief. He
felt that fulness of soul, which grateful love
begets but in the generous man. He was re-
solved, if his property was involved in the ruin,
it was no personal loss; for all his hopes and
interests were already absorbed in theirs. If,
without his knowledge, it had been invested in
the firm, which was irremediably bankrupt, he
would never allow a reproachful thought
to linger in his memory; being but a man, he
too owned to all the sympathies of manhood.

The stage stopped, and the son, the boy of
yesterday, trod softly, firmly up the steps; and
as he leaned over the sufferer's couch, there

met, the stare of the sick one, a moistened eye,
full of such gentle resolve, as gave the old
man, PEACE!

"For, from the lessons studied long,
Of pleasure bright, or fortune ill,
We gather courage, strength and will
To live, to suffer, and be strong."

And soon the truth, with all its sternness,
dawned upon the household. Mrs. Joslyn
gave her utmost efforts to revive hope and in-
tellect in the stricken frame. Now, he was
talking of extravagant schemes, and then, cry-
ing in the most childish tones. His strength
seemed for awhile to baffle the disease; yet, as
his recovery was slow, his business had to be
arranged and closed up. Edward had been
latterly so preoccupied, assisting Mr. Sterman,
as only to be at home a short time each day,
and this interval was usually passed in the sick
room. But the assignments and signatures
were finally all arranged through Edward and
Mr. Sterman.

The hour for thought had come; the hour
for action too. He had helpless parents; for
them, he would labor, and thus earn a right to
claim his beloved. Some friend, needing a
frisky and energetic agent, offered Edward a
liberal amount to undertake the business. It
might occupy him several months. No other
opening was as lucrative, and he went. First,
however, the sick man was removed to a small-
er house; and the inmates surrounded with
such comforts as they most needed, from their
recent luxurious apartments. Mr. S. promised
to look after their out-door business, and to
visit them often. Recently, he had been there
frequently, and the visits of Julia Burton oc-
curring simultaneously, led Edward to suppose
these might have been by previous arrange-
ment. He construed the attentions of Mr. S.
into an intimacy, which removed all anxiety
concerning the nature of his visits at Mr. Jos-
lyn's house.

The parting words were sad, but few,
For the hope of return takes the sting from Adieu.

Five years have passed since the farewell we
referred to. After his departure, letters sent,
all teemed with hope and improvement, dicta-
ted by unwavering affection.

Mr. Sterman was a true friend; Julia a
daily visitor, the only medium of constant
connection with their former *caleris*.
Then Ed. suffered for letters; the route was
circuitous, and mail carriers faulty; still, he
"hoped, against hope," and faced the withering
jar. Working with life, as an earnest, vital,
essential experiment, he took hold of business
with purpose, and determined to be faithful
and courageous.

"God gives patience, Love learns strength,
And faith remembers promise."

No day can be lived over twice, and there
are some days, which "add years rather than
hours to the experience," to the strength and
depth of a life time. The mail brought a let-
ter, for which he should have been prepared by
two others of early date, which came at the
same time.

"Darling Alice—my model, my only idol; I
loved her first and only her; this affection has
grown with my years, and absorbed my every
impulse, and now she bids me tell her, she
should wed another."

Her father's strength had failed; and he,
sinking, had longed,—oh, so earnestly,—for a
sight of his only staff, his son. He had wept,
because his wife and child were poor, and with-
out protector; and in his heart, seemed but
faintly to trust that God, who in his age, had
brought him to such trouble.

Then came that yearning of her own heart,
for the presence of her best and dearest Ed-
ward, through whose wisdom and generosity,
she had learned to appreciate "the God in
him."

Another letter, and her father had refused
to credit the earnestness of Edward's protesta-
tions. Ah, child, "when all was sunshine and
plenty, there was no reason, why he should not
prefer my Alice, but now, I'm a mendicant,
and were he to be trammelled with the support
of yourself and mother, it would be more than
he would voluntarily assume."

"Now, don't be selfish, child, and remind
him of his promise; he is your brother,—your
kindred friend.

(To be Continued.)

VARIOUS.

A Confirmed Grumbler.

The following sketch may be a caricature,
though we think there is a human likeness
about it so real as to be easily recognized:

Some time ago there lived in Edinburgh a
well known grumbler named Sandy Black,
whose often recurring fits of spleen or indiges-
tion produced some amusing scenes of sense-
less irritability, which were highly relished by
all except the brute's good, patient little wife.

One morning Sandy rose bent on a quarrel;
the kiddies and eggs were excellent, done to a
turn, and had been ordered by himself the pre-
vious evening; and breakfast passed without
the looked-for cause of complaint:
"What will you have for dinner, Sandy?"
said Mrs. Black.

"A chicken, madam," said the husband,
"boiled or broiled?" asked the wife.
"Madam, if you had been a good and con-
siderate wife, you'd have known before this
what I liked," Sandy growled out, and slam-
ming the door behind him left the house. It
was in the Spring, and a friend who was pres-
ent heard the little wife say, "Sandy's bent
on a disturbance to-day; I shall not please
him do what I can."

The dinner time came, and Sandy and his
friend sat down to dinner; the fish was eaten
in silence, and on raising the cover of the dish
before him, in a towering passion he called
out—

"Boiled chicken! I hate it, madam. A
chicken boiled is a chicken spoiled."

Immediately the cover was raised for another
chicken, roasted to a turn.

"Madam, I won't eat roast chicken," roared
Sandy; "you know how it should have been
cooked!"

At that instant a broiled chicken, with mush-
rooms was placed on the table.

"Without green peas?" roared the grum-
bler.

"Here they are, dear," said Mrs. Black.

"How dare you spend my money on that
way?"

Rising from his chair and rushing from the
room, amidst a roar of laughter from his friend,
he clenched his fist and shouted, "How dare
you receive a present without my leave?"

A CURIOUS LOVE STORY.—A very curious
story is told by several of the ancient writers
respecting Egrivard, a secretary to Charle-
magne, and a daughter of that Emperor. The
secretary fell in love with the princess, who at
length allowed him to visit her. One winter's
night he stayed with her very late, and in the
meantime a deep snow had fallen. If he left,
his footmarks would be observed, and yet to
stay would expose him to danger. "At length
the princess resolved to carry him on her back
to a neighboring house, which she did. It
happened however, that from the window of
his bed-room the emperor saw the whole affair.

In the assembly of his lords on the following
day, when Egrivard and his daughter were
present, he asked what ought to be done to the
man who compelled a king's daughter to carry
him on her shoulders, through frost and snow,
in the middle of a winter's night? The lever
was alarmed, but the emperor, addressing
Egrivard, said: "Hads't thou loved my daugh-
ter thou shouldst have come to me; thou art
worthy of death, but I will give thee two lines.
Take thy fair porter, in marriage; fear God
and love one another."

Two thousand men are said to be employed
by A. T. Stewart in his New York stores.

A newspaper—a sermon for the thoughtful,
a library for the poor, and a blessing to every-
body—except (sometimes) the printer.

A broker being asked the other day how his
child was, answered almost in tears "Very ill;
I would not give over two per cent. for his
life."

Grant has proved that Johnson's plan of
Reconstruction is precisely what Lincoln's was.
The difference: The Radicals defy the latter,
and curse the former.

In Siam they sow up a man's mouth
when he lies. Good gracious! suppose the
same punishment was inflicted in every case in
America. What silence would follow!

A man in Ohio, who was discharged from
service during the war of 1812 on account of
being over the age, is still alive, 108 years of
age.

The United States army has cost during the
first six months of 1867 no less than \$56,000-
000, which is not far from double the cost of
the English army.

The editor of the Fredericksburg (Va.)
News has received a letter from one of the
Burial Corps, threatening to set fire to his
office if he does not abstain from his vigorous
denunciations of the Radical party.

A week ago we argued that Sherman would
be a suitable man for the Democrats to run for
President against Gen. Grant. Yesterday's
National Intelligencer comes out in a long lead-
er setting forth Sherman's opinions as indica-
ted by his acts and his letters. It proves satis-
factorily that he entirely agrees with Mr.
Johnson as to the status of the Southern States,
and leaves the inference to be drawn that he
is hostile to the reconstruction measures of
Congress.—*Int. Index*.

The Charleston Mercury says: A private
letter received in this city from Walterboro
states that the term of the Mayor and Town

Council having expired General Canby has ap-
pointed a stranger from New England to succeed
the former, and four negroes to serve on the
latter. Verily, not negro equality, but negro
supremacy, seems to be the order of the day.

AN ANGRY TRICK.—A notorious burglar,
confined at Charleston, Massachusetts, re-
vealed to the warden and marshal the hiding-
place of a rich booty on the bank of the river,
and they took him to the spot in a tub. The
three dug deeply into the earth by turns, until
they had made a large pit; and burglar then
tumbled the warden in, upon the marshal, and
made his escape.

It appears to be admitted that Mr. Secord
offered to Garibaldi, the highest rank then
known in the Federal army, if he would ac-
cept a commission under the United States
Government, at an early period of the late
war. Garibaldi declined because the war was
then alleged to be waged to restore the Union
and not to abolish slavery.

OTTO IN CHARLESTON.—If the appear-
ance of the railroad depots can be taken as an
evidence of the amount of Cotton in the City,
we should say that there is much more of the
staple here than the shipping of the port is
able to take away. The depots of the South
Carolina Railroad and the Northeastern Rail-
road look like two great Cotton yards, and
lines of drays are kept running all day, trans-
porting the bales to the presses and wharves—
Charleston Mercury.

A LUCKY HATTER.—Some time since a hat-
ter in Brooklyn, for the fun of the thing,
promised his wife that he would make her a
skirt such as never was before known. He
took some felt, and adopting the beating pro-
cess by which felt hats are made, he streaked
the material over a frame and beat it in suc-
cessive layers till a thick, full sized seamless
skirt was made; impervious to rain or damp,
warm, and not heavy. It was regarded as a
wonder by the ladies of New York. More
were demanded. They became the rage, and
an immense factory has been opened, one hun-
dred hands employed, and the demand cannot
be supplied.

YOUR HOME PAPER.—The Cleveland Her-
ald very justly says: "It matters not how many
newspapers a man takes, his list is incomplete
without his home paper. Every citizen who
wishes well for his locality should give a gener-
ous support to his home paper. If the paper is
not just such as he would wish it, he should feel
that himself and neighbors are responsible in a
measure for its short comings. Give a paper a
liberal support, an active sympathy, and it at
once responds to such manifestations. Let an
Editor feel that his efforts are appreciated and
he is the most responsible being on earth; his
paper a part of himself, he is as sensitive to
censure or praise as a doing father."

DULL TIMES IN NEW YORK.—There is
much complaint in New York of dull times
among the merchants. A correspondent of the
Columbia Chronicle writes

"Nine out of every ten of them will tell you
there are not making money enough to pay
clerk hire or store rent, while the tenth will
declare that he can only effect sales by submit-
ting to enormous sacrifices. The fact is, buyers
and sellers alike seem disposed to hold off for a
while, to see what course Congressional legisla-
tion is going to take on the financial question,
and also see what is to come of the impachu-
ment talk. The future is considered uncer-
tain, and until the fog clears up, these com-
plaints of dullness are likely to prevail.

"The wholesale dry goods dealers of Brook-
lyn have been in consultation upon a propo-
sition to reduce the salaries of their clerks thirty
per cent. on and after the 1st of January,
owing to the ruinous decline in goods and con-
sequent heavy losses."

HUMOROUS.

In Search of a Retail Store.

A green appearing genius, on his first visit
to Boston, observed a sign over a store thus:
"Wholesale and Retail Store." He worked
his way through the crowd of ladies until he
faced one of the clerks who was exhibiting
some article to a young lady, when he broke
out:

"Say, Mister, who's boss here?"
"The proprietor has just stepped out, sir."
"Well, is this a retailing store?"
"Yes, Sir."
"Guess you understand your trade?"
"Oh, yes," replied the clerk, wrapping up a
pile for his lady customer, "what can I do
for you?"
"Well as the cold weather is coming on, I
thought I might as well come and give you a
job."
"I don't understand you, sir," replied the
clerk, who began to think the fellow had got
into the wrong box.
"Zactly so; well, I'll tell you."
"Explain what you mean, my friend," said

the clerk, as he saw him produce a bundle
from under his coat.
"Well, as I said before, the cold weather's
coming on, and I thought I might as well be
fixin' for it. Come mighty near takin' another
winter, tell you I did, but—

"I hope you will tell me what you want, so
I may serve you better."
"Certainly, Squire, but I can't do
business in a hurry; and just as quick as the
old master will let you I want you to retail
these old shirts—the cap can't do anything to
the knees, kids'll rot with brasses to rot."

The effect can be imagined, but, as the pro-
vost says, can't be described.
"The loud burst of laughter which ensued,
served to convince the poor fellow that he had
committed himself, and his long legs were soon
put in motion for the door."

A VERY WORTHY DEED.—The noble act of
Grizzle, was drowned sometime since, and all
search for his body proved unavailing. After
it had been in the water some months, how-
ever, it was discovered floating on the surface,
and taken to the shore, whereupon Mr. Smith
was despatched to convey the intelligence to
the much afflicted widow.

"Well, Mrs. Grizzle, we have found Mr.
Grizzle's body."

"You don't say so?"

"Yes, we have—the jury has to do, and
found it full of eels."
"You don't say Mr. Grizzle's body is full of
eels?"

"Yes, it is; and we want to know how you
will have done with it?"

"Why, how many eels do you think there is
in him?"

"Why, about a bushel, as a rule, you see."
"Well, then, I think you had better send
the eels up to the house and eat 'em up."

TEACHER.—I want you to explain the points
of the tropics (Bob) what is the highest
latitude known?"

"The highest latitude known is that which
Bill Jones allows to his feelings, when talking
with our Bets."

"Now, what is before you John?"
"The North, sir."
"And what behind you, Tommy?"
"My coat tail, sir."

"Joseph, where is Africa?"
"On the map, sir."
"I mean on what continent, the Eastern or
Western?"

"Well, the land of Africa is on the eastern
continent, but the people all of 'em, are down
South."

"How do the American people live?"
"By drawing."

"By drawing, what, water?"
"No, sir, by drawing their breath."

"Come here sonny and tell me what the four
seasons are?"
"Pepper, mustard, salt and vinegar, them
is what ma seasons with."

ARTEMUS WARD'S TOAST.—Artemus Ward
being present at a celebration and exhibition,
was called upon for a speech, when he replied
in a "toast to the phair sex."

Ladies, sex I turn to; the phair sex for
mills horse presents was perphuming the fair
ground, I hope you are enjoyin' yourselves on
this occasion, and that leminaid and water ov
which you are drinkin' will not go agin you.
May you allers be fair as the sun; bright as the
moon, and butifull as an army with onion
flags—also plenty of good close to wars.

Tu yuro sex—commonly called the phair
sex, we are indebted for, borings, as well as
many other blessings in these low times of
error. Sum poor spiffited fools blame yuro
sex for the difficulty in the garden, but I hev no
doubt but Adam would hev rigged at cyder
press, and like as not went into a big lust and
driven oaf unaware. Yuro 1st matter, was a
lady, and awl her dawters is ditto, and unu but
a lofin cuss will say a wurd agin yu. Hopin
that no waive of trouble will roll across yuro
peaceful breasts, I kindele these remarks with
the follerin' centymint;—

Women—she are a good egg.

An instance of conubial affection is narrated
as occurring lately in New Hampshire. A
couple had quarreled during the whole long
term of their married life. At last, the husband
was taken ill, and was evidently about to die.
His wife came to his bed-side, where, after she
had seen his condition, the following colloquy
ensued:
"W'y, daddy, your feet are cold, and your
hands are cold, and your nose is cold."
"W'll, let my be cold?"
"W'y, daddy, you'd goin' to die?"
"W'll I guess I know, wot I'm bound to."
"W'y, daddy, wot's to becum of me, if you
die?"

"Dunno, and don't care. Wot I want
to know is, wot's to becum of me?"

What kind of a ship has two mates, and no
captain? Courtship.