

The Orangeburg News.

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

VOLUME 1.

SATURDAY MORNING, NOVEMBER 30, 1867.

NUMBER 41.

THE ORANGEBURG NEWS.

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Feb 28 0 1y

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

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Feb 28 1y

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Carolina Times' Office same Place.
May 23 1y

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ATTORNEY AT LAW.
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May 11 1y

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Sept 28 0 1y

BULL & SCOVILL,
AGENTS FOR THE
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OF NEW YORK.

POLICIES NON-FORFEITABLE.
Dividends Declared Annually to Policy Holders
Feb 28 1y

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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 Best Stocks, Real Estate, and Good Securities, no Company can be more Solvent, with ample means. None shall be more prompt.
Oct 28 0 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 on 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 for 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 rooms having been refurbished and remodelled, we are enabled to offer extra facilities for the comfort and pleasure of our guests.

GEO. K. CHASE & CO.,
Proprietors.
June 1-6m

POETRY.

[From the New Orleans Sunday Times.]
Who Shall be Our Standard Bearer?

BY CHARLES DIMITRY.
Brothers! when our cannons rust are,
And our children's children dust are,
Who shall pierce the tears and laughter
Of the days to come hereafter
With the memory of his story—
Whose the triumph and the glory
Of the man who bore the standard,
Chiefest, in the struggling vanguard—
Who was greater, purer, rarer—
Who shall be our standard-bearer?

Who was he who, great as good,
In the breach supremely stood,
A simple man, a soldier true,
When, around his country's shrine,
Gather'd threatening war and drew
Against our waiting standard few
Half a hundred thousand men,
Southward pour'd from hill and glen
Rank on rank and line on line,
Till the cloud of havoc grew
Black in Heaven's sight, and burst
In a storm of guns accurst
Where the swarming hosts came down
'Gainst the fair beleaguered town?
Then our greatest soldier came
At the setting of the sun!
Pierced the doubtful battle's flame,
And with devastating blow
Struck the hostile standards low,
And each broken regiment
Back through midnight chaos sent,
Red with blood and pale with shame!
So the stubborn field was won!

Ye saw him, mountains of Luray,
When banded battles spent its pride
In one long week of dolorous fray
Against his slender ranks in vain,
Till like a lion, galled at bay,
Yea'd by the hunter's cries and stir,
He turned and poured the bloody charge
Of dauntless men at Winchester,
And as the temple lifts the main
Sweep Post Republic's flaming merge,
And Northward ever, and afar,
Roll'd back the wreck-remember'd tide
With storm of swift, disastrous war!

A day of rest—a time of pause!
And lo! once more the menaced cause
Called unto him, her chiefest son,
From warring Richmond, where the brunt
Of battle shook the city's front!
Then, answering, came our trusted one
From Shannandoah's rocky glen,
Articulate in roar of gun
And cheer of greatly daring men
And roll of fierce, avenging drums
And din of clamorous war that filled
With sudden fear the hostile rank,
Till higher, higher, higher thrill'd
The peal of battle on the flank,
And seaward swept the foemen down,
And jubilant grew the rescued town,
While all our soldiers with acclaim
Threw up their caps with fierce hurrah,
And cheered and blest his simple name,
Crying, "Behold! our greatest comes!
Our chiefest chief—our Joshua!"

And later—when Manassas' plain
The hurly-burly felt again,
And rush of charging squadrons knew
And saw once more the bleeding rout—
His loud defiant bugles blew,
And long victorious flags threw out,
Before the walls of Washington!

Again, O trusty chief! awake
Thy cannons for thy country's sake!
By Rappahannock's furrowed heath,
Above the bleak December snows,
Amid the countless standards rose
And charge-compelling trumpets' blare
From Falmouth fed the hungry air,
The while, on every windy slope,
Our guns gave greeting to the foe,
And swept the surging ranks with death!
Then rose in wrath our country's hope,
And bared his strong right arm to slay,
And where the battle's hottest breath
Gave fiercest warning of the fray,
Smote, with a sudden, desperate blow,
The circumventing ranks, and lo!
The storm of conflict passed away!

Who saw him at the last!
When Rappahannock's ruined fane
The loud artillery shook again!
Who saw him when he passed,
Grave and calm and resolute,
Through the tangled wilderness,
Forward, while the sullen roar
Of distant guns the May wind bore—
An hour within the jungle mute—
An hour of terrible pause! while he
Pray'd unto God for victory
And all his arms that day to bless—
Then gave the foeman to the sword!
And through the covert mazes swept
With battle's multitudinous clang,
And where the hostile columns crept
An avalanche of fire poured,
And shoreward hur'd the invading power!
And all that desperate, turbulent day
Rose with the greatness of the fray,
Until that dark, calamitous hour—
A bleeding country's doom and knell—
When ambush'd tongues of flames cut-leapt,
A sudden murderous volley rang—
And lo! in Victory's arms our standard-bearer fell!

Beat, funeral drums!
For our mighty Captain comes,
Dead, and lowly as the least he led!
Weep, beleaguered town
For thy tower shaken down
And thy steadfast, arm protector dead!
Good he was and great!
Well he loved his State
And in his heart did ever wear her!
Wherefore shall she pray
For his rest away—
Her leader and her great sword-bearer!

Brothers! when our cannons rust are,
And our children's children dust are,
He shall pierce the tears and laughter
Of the days to come hereafter
With the memory of his story
And the fullness of our glory!
He was greater, purer, rarer—
He shall be our standard-bearer!
NEW YORK, August, 1867.

ORIGINAL STORY.

A Fact, not a Fiction.

BY DAISY DALE.

(Concluded.)

"Mr. Sterman had invested the bulk of his property in a fund, which, a few days ago he could not touch. Now it is his, and may be yours. He is a noble-hearted man; and he has loved you from your earliest acquaintance; he thinks your affections are not pre-engaged; and becoming your husband, he will aid your mother and brother. Thus may your aged father fall quietly to rest, if you will consent." "Edward, I love you well, and only can I train myself to feel for you, only a sister's interest?"

"Your word is my law my own darling brother,
For you reign in my heart, as can never another."

The strong man writhed in agony; yet, ere the morning dawned, he framed a brother's reply. How many unwritten tragedies are locked up in memory's cabinet, pride only yielding up the keys to inexorable death!

"We never heard
Of any true affection, but 'twas nipt
With care, that like the caterpillar eats
The leaves of the Springs' sweetest book; the rose."

By a previous arrangement, in a few weeks, I met my employer in New York, to give a partial account of my stewardship. The business required an immediate return.

Mr. Sterman happened to be in the city. He gave some particulars of Uncle's death, and offered a kinsman's sympathy. Said he hoped to win my approval for a speedy marriage with "my dear little sister," who had promised herself with that condition. He was then purchasing an outfit for his home. I wished him due happiness, charged him to prize my treasure; and adding, good by, hastened to the Southern depot, to pass my ordeal.

I met my aunt and Alice, and our tears were mingled afresh, over the memories of our fallen head. My Alice and I, we walked to the grave, where first I had spoken of love; and there I shrouded my idol hope, and buried it deep in my heart. She, my gentle sister, told of the death-bed scene, where our father had blest his Edward, and given his Alice away; and ere the spirit departed, had thanked God, for His goodness to all.

Light sorrows will unloose the tongue, but agony is dumb! Here was his grave; he, who had blest my childhood with a father's care; he, who had leaned upon my integrity with all a parent's confidence; he it was, who unwittingly barred my soul from true companionship forever? I pictured his death-bed with its sound of stifled grief; the feeble, fluttering pressure of his hand, the fond look of his glazing eye, resting upon me from the threshold of eternity. I bowed over his grave and groaned out my forgiveness.

Assured and stronger, I withheld not my consent to an early marriage, and mindful of her comfort, I even advised it, rather than consign her to a partnership with my poverty. She heeded my counsel. I left the next morning, for I had not yet the courage to endure that mockery to my happiness—a wedding; but "bearing a life long hunger in my heart." We had loved one another more than all the world beside, and now the bond was broken for time, if not for eternity.

When Mr. Sterman next pressed his suit, she told him of her early preference; his reply was, "But, Alice, time and a truster arm, will make you wholly mine; I too have loved another, but whom first we love, we seldom wed." She placed her hand in his, and took the holy vows; while he promised to be a guide or support, a staff, or a rule. She thought this the path of duty; and God-reliant that merry-hearted girl muffled her sighs, and smiled in the hope of growing happier.

Not congeniality of disposition, but similar-

ty of taste, and adaptability presided at this match. True, they each had been trained in the fear of God, and each studied to win daily the others esteem. Time, that college of the soul, has harmonized their home, and blended their interests and pursuits. They hear the voices of childhood, and together do they kneel; and pray for wisdom to shield those tender ones, from the ills they have seen and felt! God heed that prayer.

Uncle Edward has seldom seen the little ones. He yet pursues some unremitting industry abroad, and loves "wee Alice" as himself, he says, "His life is quite isolated, and his manner reticent. His books are his constant recreation, nor has he ever formed another attachment."

"A love so vehement, so strong and pure
As neither age can chill, nor time can cure."

He ever loves the young and cheerful; he sits among their games, and sometimes joins in their sport. Courteous without deceit; brave, without vice; and generous without ostentation; he is a satisfaction to himself, and a blessing to society.

He sometimes wonders at his peculiar experience and disappointment; but that deed of silent love and magnanimity lights up in his heart, a conscious peace, which God bestows; and this makes Edward Roland—in our eyes—a true hero.

Self-forgetting,—and he had resigned his true love,
Though she loved him,—the tie he had given;
Another's was she—till they met up above,
And this pang—to his memory was given.

VARIOUS.

The Policy of the Republican Party.

We publish a portion of the speech of Hon. George H. Pendleton, delivered on the 30th ult. at Madison, Ohio. He puts the doings of the Republican party upon the record, in the following eloquent manner:

I had occasion not long since to arraign the Republican party, and its policy, as I have been doing to-night, and an able and influential Republican paper published in the neighborhood in which I live, said, "what remedy does Mr. Pendleton propose?" He exhorts us to stand by the Constitution of the United States; but we do not know exactly what he means by that. Gentlemen, there is exactly the difficulty. They do not now know, and they never did know what it was to "stand by the Constitution of the United States."

[Laughter and cheers.] They know what it is to be faithful to their prejudices—faithful to their whims—faithful to their party interests; but they never knew for one moment what it was to be faithful to the Constitution of the United States.

In 1820 they opposed the establishment of the Missouri Compromise line. In 1854 they opposed its abrogation. In 1860 they opposed its re-enactment.

In 1846 they refused the use of State jails and State magistrates to execute the Fugitive Slave law, on the ground that the return of fugitives was the duty of the Federal Government. In 1850 they refused to vote a more stringent Federal law, on the ground that the return of fugitives was the duty of the State governments. In 1856 they passed personal liberty bills, on the ground that the State should not assist the Federal Government; and in 1861 they repealed all laws on the subject, on the ground that neither State nor Federal Government should execute the constitution. [Cheers.]

In 1858 they had possession of the State governments; they magnified States' rights, adopted the resolution of '98 and '99 at their conventions, exalted the idea of confederation as against unity, and prepared to array the States in armed conflict with Federal authority. In 1862 they had possession of the Federal Government; they denounced State rights, called the Kentucky resolutions treason, and have, as far as is in their power, by mere brute force, as well as by legislation, reduced and degraded the State governments. [Applause.]

In 1854 they declared "that no war could be right, and no peace could be wrong;" that if the South desired to change their political relations and form of government, their right could not be denied. In 1862 they declared that the trinity of our salvation was "taxation, emancipation and war."

In 1856 they declared that the interest of the country required the restriction of suffrage and that the German, and Irish and Swede ought to be disfranchised. In 1867 they declared that the interest of the country requires its extension, and that it must be given even to the negroes.

In 1859 Mr. Chase, then Governor of Ohio asserted: "We have rights which the Federal Government must not invade; rights superior to its power, on which our sovereignty depends; and we mean to assert these rights against all tyrannical assumptions of authority." In 1867, Gen. Hayes who, I am sorry to say, is elected

to be Governor of Ohio; asserts that the States have no sovereignty whatever.

In 1864 they asserted that the President had power, by proclamation, to emancipate four millions of slaves; in 1867 they deny that he has power to remove a member of his Cabinet. [Cheers.]

In 1862 party purposes required them to consider the Union unbroken. In Louisiana the Federal Government had possession of New Orleans alone. They admitted Hahn and Flanders to their seats as Representatives from their State. In 1865 it had possession of every foot of the State; these same men presented themselves as Senators and they are rejected because the State of Louisiana had ceased to exist. [Cheers.]

In 1862 they desired to create West Virginia—they must have the consent of the old State—they elect Governor Pierpont and a legislature, and take their law as the solemn act of the State of Virginia assenting to its own dismemberment. In 1866 they set up a military government over Pierpont and his legislature, on the ground that, prior to his election, secession had destroyed the State. [Applause and cheers.]

In 1861 and 1862 and 1863 and 1864 and 1865 and 1866, during the war, and after the war, they admitted Representatives from Kentucky, and now they reject them until a committee can inquire whether Kentucky has a republican government. [Cheers.]

In 1863 they established military commissions in Ohio for the trial of citizens, and, by their judgment, sent them to death or exile. In 1866, the Supreme Court by an unanimous decision, declares these tribunals illegal and their sentences void. In 1863 they vexed us with many oaths, and in 1866 the Supreme Court refused to administer them. [Loud applause.]

For this they have threatened to impeach the judges, and they have actually reduced their numbers.

In 1861 they appealed to the patriotism of the people, and raised immense armies to maintain the constitution and the Union. In 1865 they preferred to continue the war rather than make peace on the basis of maintaining the constitution and Union. [Applause.]

And to-day, calling themselves, with ostentatious hypocrisy, the Union party, they would prefer to recognize the independence of the Confederate States, rather than restore the Union on the basis of the constitution. [Loud cheering.]

They have held and abandoned every theory of government and every political opinion.

"In the short space of one revolving moon
Was statesman, poet, fiddler and buffoon."
[Laughter.]

They proclaim loudly that the constitution does not exist either in theory or practice in ten States of the Union; and their most trusted and able leader, in the fulness of his contempt for that instrument and for the few Republicans who are willing to obey it, declares in his own choice language that "some fragments of the old and broken constitution stick in their gizzards and trouble them of nights." [Laughter.]

Gentlemen, this is the charge we have always made. They do not understand what it is to stand by the constitution; and it is for this very reason, as we assert, that they have clothed our land in the mourning of civil war, destroyed our form of government, broken down the guarantees of liberty, and loaded us with this enormous burden of debt and taxation.

And yet, my friends, standing before you tonight, believing that I love my country more than I love my party; that I would be willing to sacrifice for its interest every opinion, and prejudice and sentiment that I might have; I can only say to you again, as I said before, STAND BY THE CONSTITUTION. [Loud cheers.]

It is the present remedy for all our wrongs. It is the panacea for all the ills under which we labour. STAND BY THE CONSTITUTION. Do not seek to change it. Do not seek to amend it. Do not seek to evade it. Obey it. It was good enough for your fathers. It is good enough for you. And if you obey it it will be good enough for your children for a hundred years to come, (Applause and cheers.) One hour of just administration of the Federal Government, would restore the Union. One hour of just administration of the Federal Government, would reinvigorate our nation, and restore the harmony that we before enjoyed. [Cheers.]

"I'LL CALL AROUND AND PAY."—What a world of woe is contained in these few words, the poor artisan and mechanic. "I'll call round and pay," says the rich man, to avoid the trouble of going to his desk to get the necessary funds, and the poor mechanic is obliged to go home to disappoint his workmen, and all who depend upon him for their due. It is an easy matter to work; the only real glory in this life is an independent idea of being able to sustain yourself by the labor of your own hands, and it may be easily imagined what

crushing force there is in "I'll call around and pay," to the laboring man who depends on that pay for subsistence. If those who could would pay at once; it would place hundreds and thousands in a condition to do likewise, and would prevent much misery and distress.

A hardened Scottish soldier lay on his hospital bed and refused stubbornly to listen to a word of spiritual counsel from the "good minister" who visited him. He "knew how to die without the aid of a priest," he said. The most affectionate entreaty seemed lost upon him, and he turned his face to the wall, determined to close the interview.

The minister sat down by his bed, and began to sing a hymn well known in Scotland—"Oh mother dear, Jerusalem, when shall I come to thee?"

In a few moments the man turned himself upon his pillow, the hard look all gone, and the eye wet with a tear.

"Who taught you that?" he asked.
"My mother," said the minister.
"And so did mine," he replied; and with those memories surging back into his soul, he was ready and willing to listen to the words of heavenly counsel.

HUMOROUS.

Sombody says, "a wife should be like a roasted lamb—tender and nicely dressed." A scamp adds, "and without any sauce."

"My dear," said a smiling spouse to her other half, "I'm going shopping to-day and want a little change." "Pooh!" responded the savage, "that would be no change at all; you go shopping every day."

A man named Teaso has married a woman named Cross. That's a lucky tease. He teased her till she agreed she wouldn't be Cross any more.

Judge Buckner, of Kentucky, aged sixty-five, fell in love with a woman aged nineteen, and shot himself because he couldn't get her. Rash youth!

Tell me ye angelic hosts, ye messengers of love, shall swindled printers here below, have no redress above? The shining angel band replied; "To us is knowledge given; delinquents on the printer's book, can never enter heaven."

A young girl who has become tired of single blessedness, writes to her true swain as follows:

"Dear Jim—Cunt rite off of you, air, cummin at awl. Ed. Collins is insistin that I shall hev him, an he hugs and kisses me so continually that I can't hold out longer, but will hev to kave in."
BREVET.

Inside a Printing Office.

It is not alone compositors who will enjoy the illustration. It is a capital and very forcible illustration of a printing office dialogue.

Foreman of the office.—"Jones, what are you at now?"
Compositor.—"I'm setting a House on Fire, almost done."

Foreman.—"What is Smith about?"
Compositor.—"He's engaged on A Horrid Murder."

Foreman.—"Finish it as quickly as possible and help Morse through with his Telegraph, Bob, what are you trying to get up?"
Bob.—"Partic in the Money Market."

Foreman.—"Thomas what are you distributing?"
Thomas.—"Prizes in the Lottery."

Foreman.—"Stop that and take hold of A Runaway Horse. Slocum, what in creation have you been about this last half hour?"
Slocum.—"Justifying the Compromise Measure my sub set up."

Foreman.—"You chap on the stool there what are you on now?"
Chap on the stool.—"On the Table that you gave me."

Foreman.—"Lay it on the table for the present; no room for it."
Compositor.—"How about these Municipal Candidates?"

Foreman.—"Run 'em in. What do you say, Slocum?"
Slocum.—"Shall I lead these Men of Boston?"

Compositor.—"Do you want a full-faced head to Jenny Lind's Family?"
Foreman.—"No; put 'em in small caps. Joseph, haven't you got up that 'Capital Joke'?"

Joseph.—"No sir; I'm out of sorts."
Foreman.—"Well, throw in this Million of California Gold; and when you get through with it I'll give you some more."

Editor.—"What do you want now?"
Deviljee.—"More copy, sir."
Editor.—"Have you completed that 'Eloquent Thanksgiving Discourse'?"
Deviljee.—"Yes, sir, and I have just set up 'A Warm Winter.'"