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Extracts from one of "Jones," Humorous Letters.

"Jones" of the *Union-Herald* took a trip up the country a short time ago. At the depot in Columbia, he says he "met a patriot."

"He was a fine specimen of the *decorum* tribe. Out at the elbow, so edgy, and unkempt, with a deliberate independence that amounted to impudence, he looked like that pusillanimous financial *casar*, 'an appropriation exhausted,' or like a public officer who has done his duty and proposes to do it again at the same price. There was something in the fellow. His threadbare black coat was buttoned up tight enough to keep it on, and, having a few moments before the patriot pursued its mad career, I approached him. He was too poor to do anybody reverence, as Shakspeare says, and did not seem to be the least alarmed at my advances. Indeed my advances to the vividly poor,

EXCEPT WIDOWS, had never alarmed them—a beautiful idiosyncrasy which has always stood out in bold relief—relief of nobody—in my character for centuries. He received me pleasantly. Sir, said I, your name, residence and business, if you please? Said he: Sir, I am a native by birth, a patriot by profession, but as a permanent boarder I am not a pecuniary success. What's that, said I; is it anything like a governor, or an attorney-general, or a state treasurer, or

EVEN A TRIAL JUSTICE? Oh, no, says he, a patriot is one who knows how sweet and honorable it is to die for one's country, and who so lives that when he dies everybody can see he does it for his country's good; a man, on the other hand, who pretends to public office in these radical days, but who prefers public office to anything else."

On the train "Jones" met Judge Cooke. He says:

Everybody in the up-country knows Judge Cooke, and all who know him like him. On the bench he is dignified, courteous, learned in the law, and entirely impartial in its administration. Off the bench he is simply Mr. Cooke, full of all the amenities of life and all the rich virtues of a nature overflowing with generosity and good humor. He never forgets a friend, and rarely forgives an enemy. Strong in all his purposes,

FEARLESS AND RESOLUTE,

he is recognized everywhere as an efficient public officer. He was then on his way to hold court at Anderson, little dreaming of the awful catastrophe that then and there overwhelmed his juries. Since the death of Judge Graham he is known as the big judge weighing in his stocking feet nearly 300 pounds, and worth to the public interests as much per pound as any man in the State. Just before parting his honor helped me to ten cents out of the car to a poor blind orphan of eighty summers, who had mistaken me for the president of the national grange. It was a noble sight to see us two doing that thing; and while we were doing it most of the passengers hung suspended between a smile and a tear, while the engine blew off steam in every possible way, to keep from bursting to pieces. Charity begins at home; but what is home to an orphan without a mother! And besides, when it comes down to cash, the grange and me

UNDERSTAND EACH OTHER.

A physician was on the train with him. "Jones" says:

"I left the doctor at Alston, and as it was a very cold day, an eager and a nipping air, suppose that in the four hours of waiting he must have frozen to the place, or fallen a victim to that felonious meal, in which, like the wedding feast in Hamlet, the funeral baked meats of the week before did coldly furnish forth the dinner table. Horace—I mean the protege of Mæcenas—would have called it *rudis indigestaque moles*. I will, however, take the papers, and

RESERVE MY DECISION

until I can see the proprietor, and I size

his pile before I tell the public what it ought to be called. As to Mr. Northrop, he had little to say, sitting alone with that awful Roman nose, like the Tarpean rock jutting its confounded base. It afterwards turned out that he was engrossed in the contemplation of the sublimity and inscrutability of human affairs, the ingratitude of republics, and the peculiar difference between the man in office and the fellow out of office."

"Jones" got off the train at Anderson looked at the place, kicked up the devil in Judge Cook's Court, didn't drink any whiskey, and wrote as follows of that place:

Anderson I found a live place, with an excellent hotel, kept by a son-in-law of Judge Reed. The man of all work, the chief cook and bottle washer of the house, is a colored man, named Pink Williams. That fellow is worth his weight in gold, provided he don't weigh himself. It was about week, and the house was crowded. The next morning there was an odd sight. The judge, it appears, has enforced the old habit and uniform, and requires the clerk to appear in a full suit of black, and the sheriff to come for him in the continental cock-hat, and the big sword at the shoulder. As he was crossing the square, several asked him if he did not belong to Wheeler's cavalry. The sheriff, who was a gallant soldier of the Confederacy, and lost his leg in the war, can't stand the parade, and sends his deputy. It is worth \$50 to any man of the remotest sensibility to cross a square full of people in that grotesque rig, and the judge ought to see that the man

IS PAID SOMETHING

for the wear and tear of his "phelinks." If his honor would order the county commissioners to furnish him with an educated hog, or monkey and a hand organ and send him through the country, he would pay the entire expense of holding court each term. The clerk had to be excused, because just before his dress suit was finished, the tailor shop was broken open and robbed, and his uniform was among the 'dear departed.' The lawyers all wear black coats in Judge Cooke's court, and things begin to wear a pre-Adamite look. His honor swears, if the worst comes to the worst, he will vote next time for George Washington for a third term.

"Jones" boarded the train again, and winds up thusly:

"We had another spartan dinner somewhere on the road to Greenville. De Castro and Miss Fannie sat at the head of the table, and went to work on the venerable fried rooster and inflexible cabbage. He tried first to mesmerize the stuff, but it would not take; then he called up all his favorite devils to make the meal palatable, but all the red hot spices and sulphuric sauces of hell could not mollify the obdurate biscuit or correct the morbid butter. There is

A SPECIAL PROVIDENCE

that shapes our ends, and it put a particular damnation on that dinner. The ragged edge of despair was "Hail, Columbia!" to that work, and we were all fortunate in having escaped with our lives. Sweet spirits of ammonia, hear my prayer! I eat at that booth no more forever!

At length we reached Greenville, and although my tale is not half told, yet must it close. "What is writ is writ, would it were worthier." I give it to you just for what it is worth, and beg leave to subscribe myself, yours, as *officio*."

"JONES."

"Jones" doesn't seem to have relished all he saw. Wonder if he had the head-ache when he arrived back to Columbia? Can our friend Thompson of the *Union-Herald* inform us?

Two young men who resolved to commit suicide, because their sweetheart married an undertaker, owes his life to the sober second thought that he might be furnishing his rival with a job.

Paying up—'Coming' down.'

Beecher's Trial.

SANGUINARY VATICINATIONS AS TO ITS RESULT.

[From the Chicago Tribune.]

I am perfectly serious when I prophesy that this trial between Tilton and Beecher will not be lawfully completed until the first of April, or thereabouts. Yet I do not contemplate so long and so depressing a continuation of these proceedings. I feel somehow or other, that a tragic conclusion will abruptly and terribly end this matter. As it progresses, the theatric mantle of heroism drops off, from its shoulders, and presently it will be wholly undraped, a lewd and hideous transfiguration of Priapus. To be the laureate of such recking annuals might gratify the hot ambition of Swinburne, but to impartial nostrils the whiffs and strenches of a wide-spread licentiousness are nothing else than sickening. Its tableaux are as vile as the encusties of Pompeii; its episodes fit only for the purulent contemplation of Messalina, and its actors seem to have lost their chastest opportunity in the suppression of Aphra Behn. The argument of the defense, on the moral question at issue, not between Beecher and Tilton, but between Beecher and the world, is no loftier plea than the grinning "tu quoque."

If Beecher be a libertine, Tilton is a free lover; and, if Beecher seduced Elizabeth Tilton, Theodore Tilton permitted and extenuated that seduction by his adulterous alliance with Woodhull. So far, it looks like a match at mud-throwing, with fouler ammunition, however, than the cheap ordure of the streets. All manner of beastly confidences are to be torn from the chair. A true Corinthian orgie is promised, in which every brutal appetite shall be nakedly represented. We are only on the threshold of the scandal. If it be necessary to save Mr. Beecher, an exhibition so monstrous may be made that the anger of his countrymen will rescue him by a preempt and wrathful extinction of the whole proceeding. Other adulteries, other seductions, other bestial incidents in this unwritten story of Plymouth, are to be paraded before the puzzled jurors and the stupefied world. At least

TWO DEAR WOMEN

Are to anticipate the last judgment by confessing through the mouth of their own kindred, that they were false to their marriage vows, and one of them, that her filthiness was beyond even the awful picturing of Juvenal. At last one incest will be dragged from under the protective shadow of Mr. Beecher's church, and stripped bare and putrid for the consideration of these Christian States. If Henry C. Bowen ever reaches the witness stand there will be squeezed from his lean person such a steam of poisonous, excrementitious knowledge that the whole country will stop its nostrils and its ears, and

CRY "ENOUGH!"

Testimony will be produced upon this trial, and may perhaps be spread upon its record to which the feculence of all extant literature will be as Sabaon odors. I know of one tomb which has already been ransacked to prove prior guilt on Beecher's part; and I know of another grave into which Beecher's lawyers will presently descend to grope for the shameful affections of Tilton. Human dust and ashes cited to demonstrate the wickedness it committed in the flesh is one of the certainties of this, our tedious Dies Ira. But, though the horrors which I have faintly outlined—and which are as well known to a score of persons as to myself—from an irrefragable chapter in the lewd record of this case, yet do I firmly believe, without being able to give a reason for my belief, that a

SUDDEN AND MORTAL STOPPAGE OF THIS TRIAL

Will be made by one or both of its principals. I dare not predict that Beecher will take flight from that terrible arena; I dare not predict that sudden death or dramatic confession will startle his worshippers, and silence

the process of his accusation. But though it would be something more than audacity to conjecture the form in which the end will come, yet do I verily and earnestly believe that some other verdict than the verdict of a jury will conclude this appalling religious tragedy.

Remember Me.

There are not two other words in the language that call back a more fruitful train of past remembrances of friendship, than these. Look through your library, and when you cast your eye upon a volume that contains the name of an old companion, it will say—remember me. Have you an ancient album, the repository of the mementoes of early affection? turn over its leaves, stained by the finger of time—sit down and ponder upon the names enrolled upon them, each says—remember me. Go into the crowded churchyard, among the marble tombs—read the simple and brief inscriptions that perpetuate the memory of departed ones; they, too, have a voice that speaks to the hearts of the living, and it says—remember me. Walk, in the hour of evening twilight, amid the scenes of your early rambles; the well-known paths, the winding streams, the over-spreading trees, the green gently-sloping banks, will recall the dreams of juvenile pleasure, and the recollections of youthful companions; they, too, bear the treasured injunction—remember me.

And this is all that is left at last of the wild circle of our early friends. Scattered by fortune, or called away by death, or thrown without our band by the changes of circumstance or of character, we find ourselves left alone with the recollection of what they were, and with our own consciousness that we won us by their favors; others were kind, and amiable, and affectionate, and for this we esteemed them, others, again, were models of virtue, and shared our praise and admiration. It was thus a little while and then the chances of the world broke in upon the delighted intercourse; it ceased. Yet still we do all we can to discharge the one sacred and honest, and honorable debt—remember them.

The tribute, too, of remembrance which we delight to pay to others we desire for ourselves. The wish for applause; the thirst for fame; the desire that our names should shine down to future posterity in the glory of recorded deeds, is a feverish unhappy passion, compared with the unambitious desire to retain, even beyond the span of life, the affections of the warm-hearted few who shared our joys and sorrows in the world. I once read the brief inscription "Remember me," on a tombstone, in a country graveyard, with a tear, that the grave of Bonaparte would not have called forth.

But whom do we always remember with affection? The virtuous, the kind, the warm-hearted; those who have endeared themselves to us by the amiableness of their characters. It is the mind, the disposition, the habits, the feeling of our friends which attach us to them most strongly; which form the only lasting bond of affection; which alone can secure our affectionate remembrances.

Then, if we would be remembered with the kindest feelings; if we would be embalmed in the memory of those we love; if we desire that, when fortune or fate, shall separate us from our friends they may long think of us; we must possess ourselves the same character we love in others. Never was a more noble line written in the history of man than this—"The first emotion of pain he ever caused was by his or her departure."

The Pittsburg Pa toy is a lightning rod wagon with an insurance agent perched on the rear of it.

A man who fears the Lord and who can carry home an intoxicated member is the kind of a Sergeant at arms that they want for the Minnesota Legislature.

Kalakaua has left Chicago, and the Journal cries out after him, 'Good bye, Kal!'

He Died Saying "Cuss."

A WANDERER FROM THE FRONTIER—WHAT WAS FOUND ON HIS BREAST.

He sat on the steps of the City Hall, head in his hands, and one could not help but notice him. He wore a coat of wolfskins, a bearskin cap, buckskin breeches, and his grizzly hair hung down on his shoulders in a tangled mass. He had drifted East from the wild frontier, and he had fallen sick. No one knew for a long time what ailed him, as he would not reply to inquiries, but finally, when a policeman shook his arm and repeated the inquiry, he slowly lifted his head and replied:

"I'm played!" His face was pale and haggard, and it was plain that he was going to have an attack of fever. He was sent to the hospital for treatment he was making no inquiries and answering no questions. This was a month ago. He had his personal effects in a sort of a sack. These were a breech loading rifle, a hatchet, a knife, and several other articles and when he had laid on the bed in one of the wards, he insisted that the bag be placed under his head. They offered him medicine, but he turned away his face and no argument could induce him to swallow any.

"But you are a sick man," said the doctor.

"Cuss sickness," replied the old gentleman.

"And you may die?"

"Cuss death."

He grew worse as the days went by, and was sometimes out of his head, and talking strange talk of Indian fights and buffalo hunts, but not once did he speak of family, friends or himself. He would not let them undress him, comb his hair or pay any attention to him beyond leaving his food on the stand. A raging fever was burning up his system, and when the doctors found that the old man would not take their medicine, they knew that death was only a matter of days.

He must have had an iron constitution and a heart like a warrior for he held death at arms length until the other day. When it was seen that he could last but a few hours longer, the nurse asked him if a clergyman should be called.

"Cuss clergyman?"

However, two hours afterwards his mind wandered, and he sat up in bed and called out:

"I tell ye, the Lord isn't going to be hard on a feller who has fit injuns!"

He was quiet again until an hour before his death, when the nurse made one more effort, and asked:

"Will you give me your name?"

"Cuss my name!"

"Haven't you any friends?"

"Cuss friends!"

"Do you wish us to send your things to any one?"

"Cuss any one!"

"Do you realize that you are very near the grave?"

"Cuss the grave," was the monotonous reply.

No further questions were asked, and during the next hour the strange old man dropped quietly asleep in death uttering no words and making no sign. When they came to remove the clothing and prepare the body for the grave, what do you suppose they found, carefully wrapped up in oilskin and lying on his breast? A daguerreotype picture of a little girl! It was taken years and years ago, when the child was five or six years old. The face of the little one was fair to look upon, and the case which held it has been scarred by bullets. There were a dozen scars on the old man's body to prove that he had lived a wild life, but there was not a line among his effects to reveal his name, or the name of the child whose picture he had worn on his breast for years and years. Who was she? His own darling perhaps. He would not have treasured the picture so carefully unless there was love in his heart.

No one would have believed that the wolf skin coat covered a heart which could feel love or tenderness but it did. He might have been returning home a

ter years of weary wandering, or he might have left the frontier to be sure of a Christian's burial, and hoping that no unsympathetic eye would fall upon the picture.

Some said keep it, hoping to make it identify the old man, but others laid it back on the battle scarred breast which had preserved it so long, and it was there yesterday when they buried him.

Mr. Beecher on Marriage.

Twenty years ago the writer of this was engaged in the diffusion of information about door springs; in point of fact, peddling from door to door. In the pursuit of this lawful, but not lucrative business, he entered the book-store of Roe Lockwood & Co, in Broadway, and requested permission to apply one of his inventions to the doors of the establishment.

As he entered, he saw Mr. Beecher sauntering about, clad in a loose sack coat, the pocket of which were apparently filled with sugared almonds, for from time to time he produced these delicacies, removing the sacharine shell with a vigorous bite and eating it away, retaining only the kern of his delectation. Having often heard Mr. Beecher lecture, meeting him face to face was an event; while the sale of a door spring was of the first importance Mr. Beecher was second in interest, and a careful watch was kept upon him. While negotiations were pending, Mr. Beecher stepped up, and at the close of the address remarked:

"Young man, are you married?"

"No, sir," was the respectful reply.

"Didn't you know you ought to be?"

"Yes, sir."

"Why don't you do it, then? Why don't you get married?"

"Well, sir, I will upon one condition, and the condition is—"

"What is it?"

"If you will buy a door spring, Mr. Beecher, I will get married."

"Ha, ha, ha," he shouted, while Mr. Lockwood joined the merriment in a subdued tone. "Very good, young man; very good." Then slapping him on the shoulder and reducing his voice to a confidential tone, he remarked, "But I can't buy a door spring. I have nothing to do with the house. You go over to Brooklyn and see my wife; she is the captain. If you can sell her a door spring that will be all right. I haven't anything to say about the house."

That ended the conference. Messrs. Roe Lockwood & Co., didn't buy one either, and save from the memorable incident, the writer left as poor as he went in.

Items.

Maternalized spirits—Frozen whiskey

A matchless maid—An ancient unmarried lady.

Plain sauce—An interview with a Saratoga hotel clerk.

Reticence may not be considered sound sense, but it is good sense.

To 'bone' a turkey—Take it when the poulterer is not looking.

How unjust it is to accuse a bald headed man of putting on false hairs.

John Henry wants to know if the Ohio lottery law prohibits marriages.

How to make good puffs—Send the publisher fifty cents a line for them.

What can't be cured must be sold fresh; is what they say in Porkopolis.

In some of the new styles there is no change. Poor relatives are cut the same as last year.

The financial pressure is loosening.—Even the days are not so short as they were.

Here's a view of the Christmas stocking. The boys says he 'set it, but he didn't catch anything.'

That's too bad. Boston is to have convention of bald headed men. For all, however, it may not be as fortunate as the great fire.

What station do you call this? said a man as he crawled out of the debris of a railroad smashed up. Devastation replied the conductor.