

# Orangeburg News & Times.

TWO DOLLARS PER ANNUM.

GOD AND OUR COUNTRY.

ALWAYS IN ADVANCE.

VOLUME 9.

SATURDAY MORNING, APRIL 17, 1875.

NUMBER 9.

### A CARD

Dr. J. G. WANNAMAKER is in possession of the Receipts and Prescription Books of the late Dr. E. J. Oliveros. All persons desiring to get any of the above Preparations or Renewal of Prescriptions can do so by calling on  
Dr. WANNAMAKER,  
mar 27—3m At his Drug Store.

### FOR SALE.

**ONE RESIDENCE** in the town of Orangeburg, containing six LARGE ROOMS, with all necessary OUTBUILDINGS—fine Well of water, Garden, Orchard, &c.  
Cheap and terms liberal to a responsible purchaser.  
ATSO  
A RESIDENCE of smaller dimensions. Cheap for cash.  
ATSO  
A splendid FARM on the edge of Corporation line. Will be sold cheap, and on liberal terms. A splendid Truck Farm.  
ATSO  
A very desirable LOT, with Small Dwelling. A bargain. Apply at  
apl 3—4f THIS OFFICE.

### NOTICE.

T. K. LEGARE Ex'r vs E. C. LEGARE and others.  
By order of the Court of Probate the creditors of the Rev. T. S. K. Legare will present and prove the demands against the said T. S. K. Legare before the said Court in Orangeburg, on or before the first day of June next or they will be barred.  
A. B. KNOWLTON, Judge.  
March 16th 1875.  
apl 10 1875

### FIRE INSURANCE AGENCY.

Having secured the AGENCY of the "City Insurance Company" of Providence, R. I.  
Capital, \$219,051.  
With that of participating Companies.  
The "Fireman's Fund," Capital \$500,000.  
And the "Atlantic," of New York.  
I am prepared to take RISKS of any amount, dividing them in several first class COMPANIES, to which I call the attention of property holders.  
**SPECIAL RISKS**  
Taken on GIN HOUSES, MILLS and BARNES.  
JOHN A. HAMILTON,  
Fire Insurance Agent.

A few tons of  
GUANAPE PERUVIAN GUANO.  
Also a supply of the  
MAPES STANDARD FERTILIZERS.  
J. A. HAMILTON,  
apl 3 1875

### MY STOCK IS COMPLETE

Consisting of DRY GOODS, HATS and fresh  
FAMILY GROCERIES  
At my LOWER STORE Major F. Pon will be glad to see his old friends and the public generally, and supply them with  
GROCERIES & LIQUORS  
of the BEST BRANDS.  
My prices is in the reach of all.  
jan 30 1875

### NOTICE

TO THE LADIES AND GENTLEMEN OF ORANGEBURG  
MOSES M. BROWN, the Barber pledges himself to keep up with the times in all the LATEST IMPROVEMENTS, as his business is sufficient to guarantee the above. He will be found at his old stand, ever ready to serve his customers at the shortest notice.  
apl 11 75

GLOVER & GLOVER, ATTORNEYS AT LAW,  
Office opposite Court House Square, Orangeburg, S. C.

E. W. GLOVER, MORTIMER GLOVER, JAMES GLOVER.  
Feb. 19

NOTICE is hereby given of the loss or destruction of Certificate of Deposit No. 231, Orangeburg Branch, Citizens Savings Bank of South Carolina, issued to the late E. J. Oliveros, and also of Deposit Book No. 20, of same Branch, in the name of the said Oliveros, in trust, and that I will apply in three months from date for a renewal of the same, and for such dividends as may accrue thereon, to the Trustee and Committee of the said Bank, at Columbia, S. C.  
E. ROSA C. OLIVEROS.  
mar 6—1 am 3m Qualified Executor.

The following excellent speech, delivered by Judge T. H. Cooke on the occasion of his visit to Newberry on last Tuesday, as one of the distinguished guests that accompanied Colonel Black on his inspection of the forces at that post is published at the request of the judge's many admirers who were present:

**SOLDIERS AND GENTLEMEN**—This invitation is an unexpected pleasure, and I scarcely know how to address you. The troops are here as conservators of the peace, supporting and assisting with the military arm of the government the civil authority of the State. Representing in part the civil power, I am yet here alone in my capacity as a citizen, and may speak to you as citizens as well as soldiers. The condition of the South, gentlemen, is extraordinary and anomalous. It is not in accord with the essential spirit of our great republic that the uniform of the soldier should confront and impeach the republican dignity of the citizen; and the most painful duty of the future historian will be to make a proper excuse for the continued presence in time of peace of a considerable federal force in any part of our country. He will have to admit and deplore the necessity. He will have to show that the necessity arose in the unbroken spirit of a heroic and devoted people, unable to control the passions that had been excited by an unparalleled war, and unable all at once to smother the dying embers of a flame that had consumed their dearest hopes and desolated their altars and firesides. Out of their ashes rose their wretched fire. And, gentlemen, when South Carolina lifted her armed crest against the National authority and rushed with high hope over the smoking cannon and through the leveled bayonets to vindicate a misguided faith, she remembered with sorrow the days, when, shoulder to shoulder and breast to breast with citizen soldiery of the North, with the fathers of the men before me, her sons carried the immortal flag of the union over the bleeding heights of Cerro Gordo, Chancellorsville and Gettysburg, and planted them in a common glory over the halls of the Montezumas. And while, gentlemen, the existence of the troops were necessary to assist our people in the return of peace and the re-establishment of right reason and public order, while it was to be expected that a people who had illustrated the gallantry of the Anglo-Saxon race with splendid virtue that even the lost cause must shed upon the military character of the American republic, it was to be expected that these people should not yield to such a radical change in every element of their lives without here and there a bloody challenge of the pions of the war.

Still, gentlemen, the day is not far distant—its light is now breaking all around us—when your presence will no longer be needed, when the civil authority of the State shall be supreme, and we of the South shall be able to hold up, with our heart of hearts, the flag of our common country, as it waves gracefully over our united and prosperous people. The day is not distant, gentlemen, when all men of every race, class and condition will recognize in the government of this State the hand of honesty, statesmanship and economy, and in the results of our great struggle a blessing in disguise. In the administration of Gov. Chamberlain, we can see the bridge builded between the races and bridled upon the enduring column of their mutual interests. In the cordial spirit so singularly and beautifully illustrated in the recent fair of the Washington light infantry at Charleston, we see the citizen soldiery of the North and South coming together in a generous rivalry over the honored graves of the past. The men who startled the world by the clash of a fratricidal conflict are now pressing forward to the front of civilization, and pouring out their treasure to sustain and support the widow and the orphan of the dead soldiers of the

South. Their ashes are commingled in a common dust, and over it all the great heart of the American people beats once more in unison and harmony, for on whatever line of battle the American soldier fell,  
"On his sacred camping ground  
Their silent tents were spread,  
And glory guards with solemn round  
The bivouac of the dead."  
I hope, then, gentlemen, that before long you will lay aside your glittering rifle, and have found in your stay in this State sufficient inducement to settle among us. Whenever you do, I offer you, one and all, officers and men, my hand, with my heart in it. With every wish for your future well fare, allow me to bid you farewell.

### The Fire That Old Nick Built.

We find in an exchange the following capital imitation of the style of the "house that Jack built," and wish it might become a household favorite:  
**Intemperance**—This is the fire that old Nick built.  
**Moderate Drinking**—This is the fuel that feeds the fire that old Nick built.  
**Rum Selling**—This is the ax that cuts the wood that feeds the fire that old Nick built.  
**Love of Money**—This is the stone that grinds the ax that cuts the wood that feeds the fire that old Nick built.  
**Public Opinion**—This is the sledge with its face of steel that batters the stone that grinds the ax that cuts the wood that feeds the fire that old Nick built.  
**A Temperance Meeting**—This is one of the blows that we quietly deal to fashion the sledge with its edge of steel that batters the stone that grinds the ax that cuts the wood that feeds the fire that old Nick built.

**Temperance Pledge**—This is the smith that works with a will to give force to the blow that we quietly deal to fashion the sledge with its face of steel that batters the stone that grinds the ax that cuts the wood that feeds the fire that old Nick built.  
**Eternal Truth**—This is the spirit so gentle and still that nerves the smith to work with a will to give force to the blows that we quietly deal to fashion the sledge with its face of steel that batters the stone that grinds the ax that cuts the wood that feeds the fire that old Nick built.

The following are the opening sentences of an address on this subject by Mrs. Skinner:  
Miss President, feller wimmin, and male trash generally—I am here to-day for the purpose of discussing woman's rights, recussing her wrongs and cussing the men.  
I believe the sexes were created perfectly equal, with the women a little more equal than the men.  
I also believe that the world would to-day be happier if man had never existed.

As a success man is a failure, and I bless my stars that my mother was a woman. [Applause.]  
I not only maintain their principles but maintain a shiftless husband besides.  
They say man was created first. Well, 'so he was. A't first experiments always failures?  
If I was a betting man, I would bet \$250 they are.  
The only decent thing about him was a rib, and that went to make something better. [Applause.]  
And then they throw in our faces about taking an apple. I'll bet five dollars that Adam helped her up the tree and only gave her the core.  
And what did he do when he was found out? True to his masculine instincts, he sneaked behind Eve's Grecian bend and said: "Twan't me; 'twas her," and woman has had to father everything and mother it too.  
What we want is the ballot, and the ballot we're bound to have, if we have to let down our back hair and swim in a sea of gore. [Sensation.]

### Woman's Rights.

The war of races—races for office

### A Toledo Ghost Story.

Last week a respected citizen died in this city, and was laid out in funeral robes preparatory to interment next day. That night two watchers sat in the room adjoining that in which the corpse was lying. The door between the two rooms was shut, but not latched. Along toward midnight the watchers began, as watchers will, to amuse themselves by telling ghost stories. If there is any place or time when a ghost story can be told with a popular, thrilling effect it is in the "dead waste and middle of the night," in the immediate proximity of a corpse which has just yielded up the ghost.

So it proved in this instance. As the narrator proceeded with the blood-curdling recital, he and his auditor instinctively turned their eyes toward the door of the room in which the dead man lay. Just then the relator said:  
"At that minute an awful groan was heard, the lights turned blue, and there was a smell of brimstone; the door opened of itself, and in walked

The knob of the door to the corpse's room turned slowly, and the door swung open open with a long "screech." The relator shrieked,  
"There it goes come!" and with a convulsive bound, threw his arms around his companion's neck. Every individual hair upon the latter's head became as rigid as a frozen knitting needle, his fingers worked like an impaled fish worm, and he gasped out:  
"Howly Mary! mother of—"

parties, not seeing any spiritual visitor, recovered in a measure their presence of mind, and then they discovered that the door had been opened by a draft of air.

### Rules for Teachers.

Never be late.  
A good governing too much.  
Make few rules for your scholars.  
Cultivate a pleasant countenance.  
Never be hasty in rule or action.  
Teach both by precept and example.  
Never let a known fault go unnoticed.  
Encourage parents to visit the schools.  
Labor diligently for self-improvement.  
Never compare one child with another.  
Never attempt to teach too many things.  
Never speak in a scolding fretful manner.  
Make the school room cheerful and attractive.  
Banish all books at recitation, except in reading.  
Never let your pupils see that they can vex you.  
Ask two questions out of the book for every one in it.  
Never trust to another what you should do yourself.

Apropos of the Tyndall-Darwin theories, comes in a of General Schenck's latest stories that he told to the wife of a British Cabinet officer, who assured him that "England made America all that she is." "Pardon me, madam," said the General; "you remind me of an answer of the Ohio lad in his teens, who, attending Sunday-school for the first time, was asked by his teacher, 'Who made you?' 'Made me?' 'Yes.' 'Why, God made me about so long—holding his hands about ten inches apart—but I grewed the rest.'"  
A man who was "bent on matrimony," straightened up again.  
No church is too weak to take up a collection.  
A circuit court—the longest way home from singing school.  
Broken China. A civil war is impending in the celestial Empire.

Here lies an old woman who always was tired,  
For she lived in a house where help wasn't hired.  
Her last words on earth were, "Dear friends, I am going  
Where sweeping ain't done, nor churning, nor sewing,  
And everything there will be just to my wishes,  
For where they don't eat there's no washing of dishes.  
I'll be where the loud anthems will always be ringing,  
But having no voice I'll get rid of the singing.  
Don't mourn for me now, and don't mourn for me never,  
For I'm going to do nothing forever and ever."

A grocer in a certain town keeps a little brown jug near his cider barrel, and when he wants to do the fair thing by a customer, he mingles some of the contents of the aforesaid jug with the cider. He made a mangle the other day for an old farmer, but got in a good deal of benzine and a little cider. About an hour after drinking, the farmer was observed leaning against a fence, and was heard to soliloquize: "It's too early for sunstroke, and too late to freeze to death, and I guess it's a touch of the shakin' ager."

What makes this life so poor and dry and barren is its insubstantiality, its vacuity, its vanity. We have everything and we are beggars. Not a breath of the east wind blows upon us, and yet we are parched and arid, and withered. We have all and have nothing. We bring home a lapful of treasure, only to put it in a bag with holes. We hew out for ourselves cistern after cistern, and cistern after cistern holds no water. The Bible is the minister to his emptiness.

Thousands have spent the prime of life in the vain hope of help from those whom they call friends, and thousands have starved because they had a rich father. Rely upon the good name which is made by your own exertions, and know that better than the best friends you can have is the unquestionable determination, united with decision of character.

In the month of June another English polar expedition will attempt to unveil the mystery of the Arctic regions. Three vessels, one of them fitted out in part by the indefatigable Lady Franklin, will constitute another fleet. They will proceed as far as possible before winter, and next year the party will leave on sleds for the pole. Perhaps it is as well that there should be tourists of different tastes.

Colonel Prall, of Lexington, Ky., says an old lady on his pension roll, now living in that city, was one hundred and one years old last October. But the old lady is killing herself smoking a pipe. She has been at it now for the last fifty years, and he thinks she can't stand it many years longer.

A broken backed chicken, with a false tail and a ring of turkey features glued around his neck, received the first premium at the Ohio State Agricultural Fair as a "Hungarian chicken of the Slavi-Magyar breed." The fraud was discovered, and the Committee are being pestered for eggs.

Patient to doctors after consultation  
"Tell me the worst gentlemen; am I going to die?" Doctors—"We are divided on that question, sir; but there is a majority of one that you will live."

Northern Iowa amusements—a sample from the Sioux City Journal, "That was a cold joke the girls at the Depot Hotel played on a young man the other night. They filled his pillow-slip with snow."  
A man had better have a millstone tied to his neck and be cast into the sea, than to promise to marry a Texas girl and then refuse. The whole country turns out to hunt him, and he is generally left to grow up with a tree

### Items.

"The Beautiful Blue Danub" is a maddy, yellow fraud.  
Jonah was a stranger among whales, and they took him in.  
The proper salutation when you meet a writing master is, "How do you flourish?"  
They don't bury colored people in Georgia. They form do jural obsequies, nah.  
John C. Calhoun has been arrested in Memphis for wearing somebody else's trousers.  
Before taking liberties with a strange dog, observe his tail and wait for the wag on.  
A Minnesota man makes the winter seem short by giving his note payable in the spring.  
Gov. Peck, of Vermont, is a batchelor. Marrying would make half a bushel of him.  
The meanest man in the world is the fellow who knows where Charley Ross is and will not tell.  
Mercy Co salutation Smith is Fort Wayne's handiwork girl. Mercy will no doubt to some fellow.  
There is an anti-profanity in Clarks ville, Tenn., which charges its members fifty cents for every oath indulged in.  
Monkeys never grow older in expression. A young monkey looks exactly like his grandpapa melted up and born over again.  
The Toledo Herald hopes, if Kalakaua sells his kingdom to the United States, he will buy a suit of clothes. He owns a shirt now.  
instance: "Most respected and revered father, I'll take another later."  
Colorado started a college a few weeks ago, and up to date its inmates consists of one woman, three indians, a buffalo calf and a Professor of Botany.  
A Rhode Island man carries \$200,000 life insurance, and if he ever takes cold in his head, the companies "rush down three or four doctors to feel his pulse.  
"What would you be, dearest, if I should press the stamp of love upon those scaling wax lips? "I," responded the fairy-like creature, "should be—stationary."  
There is this difference in the biography of James Watt and the legend of the pillar of salt. One is the story of Watt's life and the other is the story of Lot's wife.  
A Western poet who had expressed a wish to die "amid the grand solitude of the eternal mountain tops," was killed by the explosion of a pint of cheap kerosene.  
There is a balky horse on one of the Boston street railways, who has caused so much profanity that the churches talk of buying him and putting him into some other business.  
The young women in Liverpool disguised for months as a calman was at last detected by her unvarying civility proper language, and refusal to take or ask more than the legal fares.  
**NOTICE TO CONTRACTORS.**  
COUNTY COMMISSIONERS OFFICE  
April 9th 1875.  
Notice is hereby given that the Lake Bridge, between the Town of Orangeburg and the junction of Cannon Bridge ninety six Road, also the footway at said place, will be let out for repair on Friday April 16th 1875, at 10 o'clock A. M., at the said Lake Bridge, to the lowest responsible bidder. Particulars can be ascertained by application to the Board of County Commissioners.  
By Order of Board,  
J. P. MAYS,  
Chairman.  
apl 10 1875  
**DR. M. G. SALLEY.**  
Has moved his office to ROOMS over Mr. VOSE'S STORE.  
**OFFICE HOURS FROM**  
7 TO 9 A. M. and from 1 to 4 P. M.  
Calls for DR. A. S. SALLEY can be left at my office or at Mr. Vose's Store.  
apl 10 1875