The Orangeburg News.

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

VOLUME 1. SATURDAY MORNING, MAY 11, 1867. NUMBER 12.

THE ORANGEBURG NEWS.

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PUBLISHED AT ORANGEBURG, S. C

Every Saturday Morning.

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SAMUEL DIBBLE, Editor.
CHARLES H. HALL, Publisher.

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TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

One Copy for one year..... $2.00
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SAMUEL DIBBLE,
EDITOR ORANGEBURG NEWS.
Orangeburg, S. C.

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" Charleston at.....8 A. M.
" Orangeburg at.....1.30 P. M. and 11.55 P. M.
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POETRY.

[From the Darlington Southerner.]

May.

BY C. G. POYAS.

Who is this that cometh
Tripping up this way?—
Glancing in the sunshine,
Flashing 'neath its ray,
Like a nymph of Faery—
Airy bright and gay?

Gaily dance her tresses
With the wavy air;
Gemmed with dew the roses
Holding them with care,
In their sweet embraces,
From her forehead fair!

Quivering in the sunlight,
Sparkling in the rill,
Glancing on the river
By the rustic mill;
Hie, sweet influences
Doth all nature fill.

When her sandaled foot-prints
Brush the dewy mead,
Song birds liquid music
Pour upon her head;
And fresh flowers leap upward
From their fragant bed!

Lo! her smile celestial
Brightens all the air;
Maketh this terrestrial
Beam an Eden fair;
Emblem of the regions
Where the Angels are!

Maidens! haste to meet her
Ere she flits away—
Youths!—with garlands greet her
For she will not stay;
Ye shall miss her presence
From your path some day.

Children! fill your aprons
With the flowers that spring
Where her sweet breath floateth
Zephyr on the wing—
And her perfumed darlings
Back upon her fling.

Wake the slumbering echoes
With your voices gay,
'Till they ring a chorus
Like sweet bells at play;
Or the merry laughter
Of some sylvan fay.

Who is this that cometh
In the silvery sheen
Of the dewy morning;
Clad in robe of green,
Crowned with budding blossoms
Like a Faery Queen?

'Tis the fairest daughter
Of the flowery Spring;
Loveliest of the Graces
That around her cling:
May—then haste to greet her
And her praises sing.

Ask of her a blessing
Ere she hies away;—
Heart forever keeping
Joyance of the May;
Bosom where her flowers
Bud and bloom for aye.

Quivering in the sunshine;
Sparkling in the spray
Of a silvery shower
Tripping up this way,
Through the arch of Iris
Comes the merry May.

ORIGINAL NOUVELETTE.

[Composed Expressly for the Orangeburg News.]

Woodland Heights.

—:o:—

A ROMANCE OF THE

DAYS OF '65.

—:o:—

BY PAYSAN.

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CHAP. III.

"Night wraps her sable mantle o'er the sky, and pins it with a star."

Yes! It is night, and Mary and Kate are seen wending their way back to their homes amid the continual chirping of the katydids, which throng the hedges on either side of their winding path. Arm in arm they walk slowly along, reiterating past scenes, and dwelling with enthusiasm upon the happy associations of their younger days. The stars, those "gems of evening, which were set forth in the firmament to be for signs and for seasons," are twinkling in countless numbers, while Luna rides in majestic grandeur, Queen of the ethereal vault. The busy hum and buzz of day have been hushed, and nature's objects shine in the silvery moonlight, while perfumes of sweet-scented woodland flowers are ever and anon wafted on the wings of gentle zephyrs, that stir among the leaves.

And here let us leave these fair ones and seek for Wallace. That little star that guides Mary and Kate along their winding path, at the same time, sheds its lustre upon the barren hills of the old North State, while a veteran hero and jaded traveller, wearied and worn, is seen jogging along his way southward; in the sweet hope of soon seeing her, whom above all others he loved most devotedly.

Twelve months had elapsed since he had beheld the idol of his heart. Yes! that night just twelve months before, Wallace Timrod, on the threshold of her father's house, pressed a lily-white hand to his lips, and breathed upon it in accents of love—"*farewell.*" The sigh that followed that parting, was drawn from the very depths of his sorrowing heart. Perhaps he might never see her again. The din of musketry and the cannon's roar were unpleasantly associated in the mind of Wallace Timrod with the sweet tones of Mary's voice in these parting moments. Never before did he view, with a feeling so akin to reluctance, everything that pertained to war. But the tocsin had sounded to summons him from his short respite of twenty days, and in obedience to its call, and the cause of honor and freedom, he left her, whose gentle voice above all others was most musical to his ear, and which it irked him sorely to hear speak that forced farewell.

But to-night, the sigh that rended his constant heart just twelve months ago, is lost sight of in the blessed liberty of soon returning to the presence of his fair betrothed. Though weak from his close confinement in the hospital, strong desire predominated over his physical debility, and he prosecuted his course onward, until the vertical position of the Pleiades, warned that the night was half spent. Silently he laid himself down in the leaves by the road side to rest till morning. An old oak log formed his pillow, while the canopy of heaven, bedecked with its starry gems, was his only covering. After resigning himself to the mercy of God, Wallace closed his eyes in slumber. Owing to the feeble condition of his health, and the complete exhaustion from his long march, he slept soundly until the sun came peeping in his wan face, when he awoke and commenced his journey again.

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CHAP. IV.

"He that has a house to pay, has a head-piece."

Three days more elapsed, and Wallace found himself in the city of Columbia, in South Carolina. Complete exhaustion had now overcome him, and he found himself reduced to the necessity of remaining here a few days, in order to be able to resume his journey.

It was here that he began to feel the mortifying result of the war. He had never been able before, to conceive fully the evil designs of the enemy. But here, the enormity of that spirit, which had invaded the South, with arson and all the appliances of destruction, loomed up before him in all its horrible proportions.

Columbia, once the capital and pride of South Carolina, now the wreck of its former beauty and prosperity, lay stretched out before him, a mass of smoked and tumbling walls. From one end of Main street to the other, on either side, waste and desolation proclaimed the inhumanity and vindictiveness of an insatiate enemy.

At length, folding his arms and taking a cursory view of all embraced within the circle of his vision, Wallace turned away from the prospect impressed to the fullest extent with the meaning of the sentence—*sic transit gloria mundi.*

His survey completed, he now sets out in pursuit of an habitable abode. A few rude domicils in the out-skirts of the city had escaped the ravages of the conflagration. Spying these, he directed his course thither. Soon he came in full view of a group of five or six. Selecting the best looking of the number, he approached the gate in front of it, and gave three raps. In a few moments, a respectable looking old mulatto woman made her appearance.

"Say, aunty, who lives here?" interrogated Wallace.

"Me, sir, Rebecca Johnson?" replied the old woman.

"Are there any white residents in your neighborhood?"

"No sir; all moved out of town," replied the old woman.

Debility and exhaustion had expelled from the mind of Wallace Timrod all ideas of fastidiousness; so he pressed upon the kindness of the old woman to admit him within her hospitable doors, for a few days, or until he could gain sufficient strength, to be able to resume his journey.

After making some apologies about the scarcity of provisions, &c., Mrs. Johnson yielded, and for the first time in his life, Wallace improved the opportunity of sharing the hospitalities of a negro cabin.

The old woman, unable to comprehend the novel relations, about to be established by the introduction of a white man in her house, and fearing too, that she would be committing a breach of propriety, by giving him choice of the kitchen, at length as they arrived at they arrived at the step of her cabin, with a great deal of embarrassment, she falteringly, said—"There's there's the kitchen sir, if you would rather be to yourself; it has a good room sir."

This announcement was only an anticipation of Wallace's wishes, for although at the gate, of the two alternatives, going in, or remaining out and subjecting himself to the discomforts of the streets,—he had chosen the former; yet when he found this opportunity, of enjoying at the same time, the hospitality of his hostess, and a desirable seclusion, he eagerly improved it, and expressed a wish to be alone.

He was then conducted to the kitchen, where he found a small, plain, neat looking room. Although its inside appearance, did not present a display of refined taste, being ornamented all round with comic pictures pasted on the wall, that had been selected as chance threw them in the way: yet he contented himself, and even looked with some pleasure at the opportunity to enjoyed of decent shelter and entire repose.

A bowl and pitcher rested upon the washstand, covered over with a clean linen towel. In one corner stood a large bureau, whose antiquated appearance seemed to denote an existence coeval with the Revolution. A varnished bedstead, upon which was placed a feather mattress, occupied the centre. Near the fireplace stood a mohair-bottomed chair, which completed the stock of furniture, provided in the small chamber of our hero.

Wallace, remained in his room nearly all the time, and never appeared at the table. His meals were sent to him; and consisted generally of warm toast and tea, for breakfast and supper, and of some nourishing soup for dinner. Aunt Becky visited him frequently to inquire after his health, and to know "if there was anything else she could do for him."

Three days of rest, so recuperated his health, that he concluded on the fourth to set out again. Accordingly, after thanking his hostess for her cordial entertainment, and offering her the munificent sum of three dollars in specie, which she declined, on the fourth morning after his arrival in Columbia, he resumed his journey.

CHAP. V.

"Alas, Mr. are you here? Things that love night,
Love not such nights as these; the wrathful skies
Gallow the very wanderers of the dark,
And make them keep their caves: Since I was man,
Such sheets of fire, such bursts of horrid thunder,
Such groans of roaring wind and rain, I never
Remember to have heard: Man's nature cannot carry
The affliction, nor the fear."

Arriving at the ferry on Congaree, Wallace, thought he had struck a streak of good luck, having overtaken a wagon train, which would travel in his direction some fifty miles. He was soon in treaty with the commander for permission to ride, which was granted, when he mounted the foremost wagon, and was "*flatted*" across the river. After all had crossed, the train moved on, and traveled until about nine o'clock, when, owing to the darkness of the night, it went into park a few rods from the road side.

The inability of man to penetrate the future, of course precludes the possibility of knowing what is always best to do; and his seeming good luck on this occasion, proved to be the prelude to a misfortune more lamentable than any that had yet befallen our hero.

The night began to grow darker and darker. The murky clouds of heaven were gathering in angry and ominous profusion, while rapid and vivid glares of lightning opened the dark space in terror. Then sudden peals of thunder broke in dreadful crashes, whose lingering lumberings seemed to forebode if possible even more terrible successions.

"Whoa, whoa!" exclaimed one of the attendants, whose last word was drowned in a crash equal to any of its antecedents.

"Catch, cat," and the word died upon his lips as one of the sumpter mules, frantic with fright, came bounding over wagon tongues, regardless of all obstacles. Another soon broke the limb to which it had been tethered, and followed in the same wild career.

Now the rain began to fall, and the teamsters, in their efforts to catch the loose animals, were drenched to the skin.

Blackness of darkness succeeded; the thunders had ceased their tumultuous roar, and the rains were descending in torrents. The animals were tied again, and the teamsters had returned under cover of the wagons. The rains poured for a half hour, and then with that suddenness of change so peculiar to our Southern clime, a clear azure sky studded with twinkling stars, proclaimed that all was over.

All had now prepared for a good night's rest. But as yet there was no "sleep for their eyes, nor slumber for their eyelids."

"Listen!" exclaimed Wallace, to his sleeping companion as a wild whoop rent the air, followed by the stentorian words—"Charge boys—charge!"

Like the eagle upon its prey, the onslaught of their midnight foes was made upon them

In a moment every wagon was vacated, and the little group of ten had collected; some with carbines, some with pistols, to confront whatever awaited them.

"Whose horse is that?" demanded the leader of the marauding party, with peremptory air, pointing to a large iron grey, standing near.

"Mine," answered Earnest M., "my own private property. The government has no claim upon that, sir."

"And that,"—he ejaculated stepping up to a beautiful black palfrey, that had been given in charge of Maj. Hanley, lately a Quartermaster in the Southern army, by a young lady on the coast of South Carolina, to avoid its capture by Sherman's army.

"That belongs to a cousin of mine, Miss Lizzie Price, of Beaufort, sir," answered Maj. Hanley.

"It belongs to cousin Sallie Ann, C. S. A.," muttered the leader in a contemptible pun. "Is there *any* government property in your charge?"—he demanded curtly and sarcastically, placing peculiar emphasis on the word any.

"None" replied Maj. H—: "I had four government mules and a wagon, all of which your party wrested from me in Columbia; all that you see here now is private property."

This comprehensive question was asked more to allow the Quartermaster an opportunity of purchasing non-interference, by the willing sacrifice of part of his animals, if he chose, than for real information, for the train had been attacked in Columbia, and all the property designated as belonging to the government, given up without resistance.

Voluntary submission to an unscrupulous demand always calls for new and more exacting concessions. Thus had it proven in this case. The booty gained not only tempted the cupidity of these marauders, but it also inspired them with new courage, by its easy capture and precipitated a second attack.

This band, consisted of about forty of the profligate and lawless deserters, who having taken to the swamps to evade their country's call, in the last days of the Confederacy, came out of their looking places, and formed bands to rob those who were coming from the [illegible] defeated armies of the South, on their way to their conquered homes. These miscreants, sometimes without disguise, sometimes under pretence of searching for government property, carried on a system of highway robbery, as long as there was a chance of pillaging with impunity.

"But to make a long matter short" resumed the leader "and to prove the fact, that you cannot circumvent my plans, upon the false plea of this being private property, I demand its surrender."

This insulting imputation against the veracity of Maj. Hanley, aroused within him all the resentment and indignation of his nature, and he promply and defiantly replied: "Not until the last vital spark of my nature is extinct sir, will I surrender unto you that upon which you have not the slightest claim."

"Then," replied the leader, as if to intimidate,—"We'll fight it out."

"It will only be by superior power, sir, that you will alter my determination"—answered the Quartermaster collectedly.

The discharge of a pistol, put an end to further parley, and a short, but hot contest followed.

"A short dilemma in a desperate case—
To act with infamy or quit the place."

Wallace, had remained a quiet spectator, during the controversy, contemplating the choice of the two alternatives, embraced in the above lines of Swift. He had escaped with his life through the war, and now dreaded the possibility of losing it in a midnight *melee*; then, thought he, to desert a party in time of danger, no matter how trivial the interest, which bound him to that party, was infamous. Accordingly, he resolved to risk his fortunes with his recent comrades. This resolve was made in fact, after the contest had already begun. Grasping his pistol, he took aim, and fired—a loud groan answered the discharge. The contest now began to wax more and more severe; and the click and jingling of various weapons told that hot work was going on. "A little longer, boys!" shouted the leader, "and there will not be one left."

Just then a fatal ball pierced his lungs, and he died in a few moments.

The death of its leader, caused the party to waver, and the fight after a half hour's duration, ended to the discomfiture of the assailants, but not without considerable loss to the attacked, the latter having had two men killed and one mortalty wounded, while the former suffered still more severely.

Yes! Wallace Timrod is mortally wounded, and his companions entertain no hopes of his living until morning. After the dead were buried, he was carried to the house of Dr. Thrasmas, three fourths of a mile distant, where he was left to die.

(*To be Continued.*)

LITERARY.

[FOR THE ORANGEBURG NEWS.]

"Come gentle SPRING! ethereal mildness, come!
And from the bosom of yon dropping cloud,
While music wakes around, veiled in a shower
Of shadowing roses, on our plains descend."

Was there ever a more beautiful invocation? Theme of praises from time immemorial, lovely Spring, thou hast heard the poet's entreaty, and veiled indeed, "in showers of shadowing roses" descended on our plains, and filled the earth with *wealth of beauty.* How fresh and fair is this balmy morning; the rain which fell last night like passionate tears, mingled with the sobs of wailing winds, only adds to dewy coolness to the air, while nature's tears, transformed to gems, fall in glittering drops, as the soft breezes whisper a welcome to the fairest of the sister months—"charming May." How pure is the sky! so blue that it seems to bend near us in love and gentle protection, so ethereal, that while we gaze afar into its depths of light, the idea of infinitude imbues the mind with awe. After all this earth is very beautiful, and while over every sense steals the delicious repose of nature, we forget life's busy cares, and the language of the full heart finds voice in a hymn of praise to Him who has given,

"This beautiful planet, the earth, as our home."

These flowers spring up on every side; every where about us they are glowing; in woods and fields, by streams, and on the dusty highway; blooming luxuriantly in stately gardens and marbled cemeteries, peeping into cottage windows, and clambering over lonely graves. Thank God for flowers! they come to us like thoughts of Heaven, and wile us from our cares with their pure petals, full of dewy fragrance. "They are themselves," says one, "but bright thoughts, syllabled to form and hue—"

"And still how oft their soft and starry eyes,
Now bent to earth, to Heaven now mutely pleading,
Their incense fainting as it seeks the skies,
Yet still from earth with freshening hope receding—
How often these to every heart declare
With all the silent eloquence of truth,
The language that they speak is Nature's prayer
To give her back those spotless days of youth."

How frail they are, and yet they bloom as brightly now, as when Eve tended them with gentlest care amid the bowers of Eden, nearly six thousand years ago. Man boasts his strength, and claims for many of his works indemnity from the ravages of time, yet frailer than the flowers is he; and the monuments of his skill crumble into ruins where the ivy twines, and star-eyed daisies look skyward where once the fretted dome of some fair temple rose. Oh world-weary heart, turn from the dust and turmoil of the busy world, and take to your love and care flowers and trees, birds and running brooks; love nature,—with all her variable woods, she is ever the same; *she* never turns in scorning where once she bent in tenderness, but is ever to her children the same *alma mater;* age cannot wither her, nor custom stale her infinite variety.

"Beauty still walketh in the earth and air,
Our present sunsets are as rich in gold,
As ere the Iliad's music was outrolled;
The roses of the spring are ever fair,
'Mong branches green still ring-doves coo and pair,
And the deep sea still foams its music old:
So if we are at all divinely souled,
This beauty will unloose our bonds of care."

The wind soughing through the pines recalls wandering thoughts; gentle reader, do you not love this wail of our Southern forests? truly Southern it is, for no where else do the "fingers of the air" produce sounds so sweetly musical. It is like the lowest and fullest notes of an Eolian harp, or the far-off sound of waves, now swelling into a rich diapason, now dying in faint murmurs along the shore. *It is not treason* to cherish ardently the *beauty* of our Southern clime, though we must hide in our hearts the sad ruins of the fair future we hoped to build for her. And though the conqueror forbid us to commemorate in marble the deeds of the fallen, and we must forever "*furl*" the starry banner we loved so well—let us still love our "Sunny South," 'tis all that can remain to us of what once thrilled every heart with pride, and patriotic devotion. War and ruin have desolated her, 'tis true; but we have still enough to bind us to our dear native home, and need not cross the ocean for balmy airs, and scenes of loveliness in nature, while the rosy morn dawns fair upon a land like ours, and our glowing sunsets are as rich in gold as those of far-famed Italy. "God save the South," and give her a future "fair as her clime, and sunny as her skies."

PSYCHE.

The cook of one of the colleges at Cambridge was lately ordered into the room to receive a lecture, for sending up a dish that appeared dirty, in which there was a calf's head. The cook denied the charge, and looking at the person who made the complaint, said, "I beg your pardon, sir; the dish is so clean that you may see *your face* in it."