

# The Orangeburg News.

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

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NUMBER 15

## THE ORANGEBURG NEWS.

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SAMUEL DIBBLE, Editor.

CHARLES H. HALL, Publisher.

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SAMUEL DIBBLE,  
EDITOR ORANGEBURG NEWS.

Orangeburg, S. C.  
Feb 23

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Vance's Ferry.....R. M. E. Avinger.  
Branchville.....Mrs. Amy Thompson.  
Fort Motte.....John Birchmore.

### Schedule South Carolina Rail Road.

Down Passenger.  
Leave Columbia at..... 6.30 A. M.  
" Orangeburg at..... 10.30 A. M.  
Arrive at Charleston..... 4 P. M.  
" " Augusta..... 5 P. M.  
Up Passenger.  
Leave Augusta at..... 7 A. M.  
" Charleston at..... 8 A. M.  
" Orangeburg at..... 1.30 P. M.  
Arrive at Columbia at..... 5.20 P. M.  
Down Freight.  
Leave Orangeburg at..... 10 A. M.  
Arrive at Charleston at..... 6.10 P. M.  
Up Freight.  
Leave Orangeburg at..... 1.38 P. M.  
Arrive at Columbia at..... 6.30 P. M.  
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## POETRY.

### The Little Robe of White.

BY MRS. S. T. PERRY.

In a rosewood cradle a baby lay;  
Its mother was stitching, stitching away  
On a little robe of white.  
One foot on the rocker, she hoped to keep  
Her frolicsome baby fast asleep,  
To finish her work that night.

In every stitch of the garment she wrought  
That loving mother fastened a thought—  
Hopes for that little one—  
And smiled on her babe with a happy pride  
As it slept in its cradle by her side,  
"Till that little robe was done.

Then she folded up the cambric and lace,  
And kissed her little one's chubby face,  
That smiled in its infant glee.  
She tossed it up and down in the air;  
How pretty you'll look little babe, when you wear,  
That new little robe, said she.

In a rosewood coffin the baby lay—  
Its mother had wept the night away,  
Watching its dying breath.  
With it clasped to her breast she prayed to keep  
Her darling baby from going to sleep  
In the cold, cold arms of death.

They buried the babe in the garment just wrought  
Whose every stitch held a hopeful thought—  
From that loving mother's sight.  
On the marble stone she wrote with a tear,  
"How many hopes lie buried here,  
In that little robe of white."

In the Saviour's arms a baby lay,  
From its rosewood coffin far away,  
In the realms of love and light.  
The angels a garment had folded about  
Its little form, which would never wear out—  
A seamless robe of white.

## LITERARY.

### SELECTED.

#### THE SECRET SIGN.

A SKETCH OF THE SOUTHERN CAMPAIGNS.

BY MRS. M. E. ROBINSON.

In a desolate, rugged valley, the American army were encamped for the winter. The distance from Philadelphia might be about twenty miles, in a north-westerly direction. The condition of the troops was lamentable in the extreme; and the only wonder is that they did not sink under their accumulated misfortunes. The winter was a most rigorous one; they were without shoes, blankets, or provisions; their course could be traced by the tracks of their bleeding feet, cruelly cut by the ice, while their only shelter from the cold and piercing blasts were rude log huts, constructed to accommodate twelve men each, within which, upon the damp ground, was scattered straw for their beds.

It is indeed surprising that hope did not give place to despair; but the intense desire for liberty, and an unshaken belief in the justice of their cause, enabled them to cheerfully endure hardship and privation.

During this time the British had possession of Philadelphia, and were rioting to excess; luxury and reveling were the order of the day, and the possessions of the brave men they were striving to subdue, wantonly appropriated to their use, while the rightful owners were struggling under the pressure of unequalled suffering for the love of country.

Paper currency was almost worthless, and but little specie being in circulation, farmers were disinclined to part with their produce, and those indeed were fortunate who obtained a sufficient supply for their daily wants.

Many of the whig families who remained in the city were robbed by the British soldiery, who left them but little or nothing to subsist upon. The ladies, however, with ears ever open to the calls of charity, carried food from their own tables to the American prisoners, and did all in their power to relieve the wants of the destitute. A few had friends without the city, who watched every opportunity to send a basket of provisions or a little money to their suffering relatives. These acts of kindness were attended with considerable risk, and numerous are the instances of life and liberty being hazarded for the sake of doing good.

A farmer by the name of Israel, who resided in Wilmington, had a mother remaining in Philadelphia. He feared her slender means were exhausted, and resolved, in some manner, to aid her.

"I cannot divest my mind of the idea that my mother needs assistance," he remarked, one morning to his wife.

"It is probable she does," she replied. "We have no reason to suppose that she has escaped the cowardly and brutal conduct of our common enemies."

"I must visit her in person," added the farmer, after a short pause. "My mother must not want for food when I am blessed with plenty."

"It will be a dangerous journey," said Mrs. Israel, anxiously.

"I am aware of that, but I can afford to risk something, as well as others of my countrymen. Think of the suffering at Valley Forge."

"I cannot discourage you, but I have many fears for the result," replied the wife, as she remembered the rumors that each day brought to her ears. "You cannot pass in the daytime," she added.

"No, I must go in the night; darkness is the best security."

"But you have not the countersign," said Mrs. Israel, quickly.

"I can obtain it from one of our tory neighbors."

"And we must not overlook the fact that by that very circumstance, you will place yourself in his power," rejoined the wife.

"Women are always anticipating evil," continued the farmer, with a smile. "Williams always has the pass-word, and you know we are as good friends as two men can well be whose sentiments differ so widely."

"He's a wolf in sheep's clothing!" exclaimed Mrs. Israel, warily. "A man that will desert the standard of his country and league with its enemies, is not to be trusted."

"We must hope in One who sways the destinies of nations, and eventually rights the wronged," was the earnest rejoinder of the brave farmer, as he set about the needful preparations.

Mrs. Israel said no more; she was a patriotic woman, and though she felt some anxiety respecting the fate of her husband, she thought it best not to dishearten him by unnecessary fears. As the farmer had anticipated, he found no difficulty in procuring the countersign from the neighbor mentioned, who granted the request without the least seeming reluctance.

Israel reached the ferry without the occurrence of anything worthy of note, and was allowed to pass, by the sentinel, upon reporting the pass-word. He proceeded immediately to his mother's residence. Upon entering, he was much surprised to find a younger brother there upon the same business as himself; the latter belonged to the American army, and had been prompted by filial affection to privately visit his mother, who was now left alone, with the exception of a black servant.

The unexpected meeting was a joyous and opportune one; for Israel soon discovered that his mother was really suffering for want of food and the customary comforts of life. While they were earnestly conversing together respecting the deplorable state of the country, the heavy tramp of horses and loud voices were heard at the door.

The two sons sprang up and unsheathed their swords, while the terrified mother could barely articulate.

"Save yourselves, my children! it is the Hessian officer, who, with his men, comes and goes when he pleases. You can escape by the roof."

And seizing the one next her, which happened to be the youngest son, she fairly forced him up stairs and through an aperture in the roof.

Meanwhile the knocking and uproar did not cease below, and Israel, followed by his mother, considered it the safest course to open the door.

"Be calm, mother!" he whispered, as she wildly besought him to attempt an escape.

"Show no fear, and act as though nothing unusual had occurred."

Israel opened the door. In rushed the Hessian officer and his men, the former of whom instantly seized him, exclaiming:

"We have caught the rebel!"

"You are wrong," said the farmer, with self-possession. "I am all right; it must be my brother whom you seek."

The officer looked at him intently, but did not relax his grasp.

"Judge for yourself," added Israel, seeing his incredulity, and the thought flashing across his mind that he had been mistaken for his brother. "Judge for yourself," he continued.

"Do I look much like a soldier?"

The Hessian sergeant looked at him still more attentively, and after a moment's pause, said:

"You don't wear uniform, as I expected."

"No, and here is a suit belonging to my brother, which he left. You see it is much too small for me." And Israel put on the uniform, with much coolness of manner, and quite convinced the officer that he had secured the wrong man.

"I perceive you are a loyalist," said the latter, shaking Israel warily by the hand, and pressing him to take a seat at the table which had been spread by the affectionate mother. He felt himself obliged to comply, and indicated to the latter, by a significant glance to do the same. She obeyed, and forced herself to listen quietly to the coarse and brutal remarks of the unwelcome guest, who repeatedly boasted of his success in dispatching "the cowardly

rebels," and in forcing the black to confess the fact of his young master's presence at home.

After he had protracted his stay to what seemed an interminable length of time, he remarked that he was on duty, and quitted the dwelling, much to the satisfaction of his hosts.

Israel congratulated himself on his fortunate escape, and soon after took leave of his mother and brother. He reached home safely, but an hour afterward was arrested and made a prisoner. The words of his wife had proved prophetic; his tory neighbor had indeed given him the counter-sign, but he had also betrayed him.

The royal frigate Roebuck was then lying in the Delaware, directly opposite his farm, and Israel and his wife's brother were instantly conveyed on board, to be tried as spies.

The farmer was one of the "Committee of Safety," and this fact being known, his position under the circumstances was a most dangerous one. Much severity and hardship were used toward him; his watch, a small sum of money, and even his clothes, were taken from him; his bed consisted of coils of ropes on sacks, with not the slightest covering to protect him from the cold night air.

Israel considered his case a hopeless one, and quietly resigned himself to his expected fate. His tory neighbors gave evidence against him, and repeated a remark which he remembered having made, implying that he "would sooner drive his cattle as a present to General Washington, than to receive thousands of dollars for them in British gold, to supply the royal ships of war."

This speech was full of treason, and speedily excited the ire of the British commander of the ship. He ordered a file of soldiers to proceed to the meadow, drive the cattle to the water's edge, in full view of the prisoner, and slaughter them without hesitation.

The farm was at the distance of a mile from the river, but as the ground from the meadow sloped gradually down to the water, there was nothing to obstruct the view, and Mrs. Israel who was watchful and anxious, saw every movement. She observed the soldiers leave the ship, go on shore and proceed in the direction of the meadow, where the cattle were quietly grazing. Instantly divining their intention, she determined to save the cattle, if she risked her life in the attempt. Ordering a small boy to follow her, she hurried to the spot, lowered the bars, and attempted to drive them through the opening. The soldiers shouted to her to desist, threatening to fire upon her if she did not. The undaunted woman heeded them not, and they put the threat into execution. The shots did not harm, save to make almost wild the already affrighted brutes, who bounded in every direction across the field, while Mrs. Israel, to the hazard of life and limb, succeeded in driving them into a yard adjoining the barn.

Not daring to venture farther among the farm-houses, the disappointed assailants returned to the ship, and related to the disgraced officer the failure of their mission. This incident happened, it should be remembered, in sight of the commander of the Roebuck and his two prisoners.

Israel was treated much more rigorously than his companion; daily was his situation becoming more critical, for the time was fast approaching for his trial. He knew the character of his judges well, and expected no mercy at their hands.

One night as he was reclining upon his hard bed, a friendly-looking sailor approached him.

"I wish to ask you a question," he said, in a low, but kind tone. "I am a friend, and wish you well, so you need not fear to answer me truthfully."

Israel signified his willingness to do so.

"Are you a free-mason?" resumed the sailor.

"I am," replied Israel, much astonished at the question.

"Then there is some hope for you," added the sailor quickly. "To-morrow night there is a lodge held on ship-board, the officers who belong will assemble, and in some way you may be able to alter their opinions respecting you. It is your last chance, for they will likely find you guilty of being a spy."

The countenance of Israel brightened up; he expressed his gratitude to the sailor in the warmest terms, and laid himself upon the coil of rope with a lighter heart.

The next day he was brought up for trial in the form; his tory neighbors were examined, and their depositions told fearfully against him. Contrary to the expectations of both, the prisoners were permitted to speak for themselves. Israel boldly but respectfully avowed the truth; candidly acknowledged his visit to the city, yet denied going as a spy; but on the contrary to afford relief to a beloved and suffering mother. His earnest and eloquent words had no observable effect; the faces of his judges were stern and inflexible. Soon after, the farmer watched his opportunity, and made, to the commanding officer, the sign of the secret order to which he belonged.

The change in the deportment of the officer was almost magical. The severity of his coun-

tenance relaxed, he manifested some confusion of manner, and presently communicated with his brother officers in a suppressed tone.

"Gentlemen," said the commander mildly, "it seems that we have labored under some misapprehension in regard to the character of this person. Instead of coming among us as a spy, it was to bring relief to a parent in need. I do not think it advisable to proceed further with the case."

In this opinion the others fully concurred, and Mr. Israel was acquitted. This was not all; he was treated with the greatest hospitality by the British officers, loaded with gifts for himself and wife, and, as an additional mark of distinction, was sent on shore in an elegant barge. For this remarkable escape he was indebted to the secret sign of the masonic brotherhood.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

### Danger of Delay.

People sometimes object that they cannot "afford" to assure. Such an argument should rather teach a man the imperative necessity for assuring at once. If he feel so much difficulty in withdrawing such a trifle of his income, let him reflect on the frightful condition into which his death would plunge his family. There are others who "intend" to assure, but postpone assuring because they can not spare enough to effect it at once for \$10,000 or \$20,000. But why should they be too proud to send in an application for a Thousand Dollar Policy, and not proud enough to rescue their family from soliciting of strangers the aid of a hundred cents? They should assure immediately for \$1000, or what they can afford; and there are few who do so one year who will not assure for double the amount in the next. By such people it should be remembered that delay is never more dangerous than in their case. Every year decreases the chance of being accepted. When the cold shiver runs through the frame—when the quickened pulse, the fevered tongue, the patchy complexion, the short cough, and the hectic flush appear—it is too late to rush to the assurance office yourself for a Life Policy. Imagine the situation of a man who, suffering under slow decline, feels his energies daily failing, and his resources, at the same time, day by day decreasing. With the prospect of a speedy dissolution, he knows that all who are dependent upon him—the victims of his neglect—must go forth to seek their bread amid the closed hands and stony hearts of the world. He will picture to himself that which will follow on his decease—which he has seen happen to others, and from which he can anticipate no immunity; the break-up of his home, his "household gods" roughly handled by strangers, his conduct harshly condemned by his friends, the love of his children failing before the rude shocks of poverty, and their respect, by continual and bitter suffering, dwindling down to censure on his memory. It is an awful thing for a man, on his death-bed to consider, that, ere his corpse grows cold, his widow may be haggling with the undertaker for the price of his coffin, and his family may hunger and thirst to provide him a decent sepulture.

## HUMOROUS.

### Conundrums.

What is the difference between a tailor and a siege-gun? One works the breeches, and the other breaches the work.

What is the difference between a New Zealander and an American mother? One loves tender babies, while the other prefers baby tenders.

What fruit does a newly married couple mostly resemble? A green pear.

Why is the second wife of a widower with a small family like a Roman king? Because she a Numa (new ma).

What kind of leather would a naked Moor remind you of? Undressed morocco.

Why was William the Conqueror of no sex? Because he was not a female Nor-man.

Which is the most wonderful animal in a farm-yard? A pig, because he is killed first and eared afterwards.

Why are all butchers thieves? Because they steal (steel) their knives.

Why are they different from all other thieves? Because they steal (steel) their knives.

### A Yankee Trade.

A certain farmer, who in the course of the year purchased several dollars worth of goods and always paid for them, called at a store of a village merchant, his regular place of dealing, with two dozen brooms, which he offered for sale. The merchant, who, by the way, is fond of a good bargain, examined his stock, and said: "Well, Cyrus, I will give you a shilling a piece for these brooms."

Cyrus seemed astonished at the offer, and quickly replied:

"Oh, no, John, I can't begin to take that for 'em, no how; but I'll let you have 'em for twenty cents a piece, and no a cent less."

"Cyrus you are crazy," replied John. "Why, see here," showing a fine lot of brooms, "is an article a great deal better than yours (which was true) which I am retelling at twelve and a half cents apiece" (which was not true by seven and half cents.)

"Don't e for that," answered Cyrus; "your brooms are cheap enough, but you can't have mine for less than twenty cents, anyhow," and pretending to be more than half angry, shouldered his brooms and started for the door.

The merchant, getting nervous over the loss of a good customer, and fearing that he might go to another store and never return, said:

"See here, Cyrus, hold on awhile. If I give you twenty cents for your brooms you will not object to take the price of them out in goods?"

"No, I don't care if do," replied Cyrus.

"Well, as you are an old customer, I will allow you twenty cents apiece for this lot. Let me see, twenty-four times twenty make just four hundred and eighty cents. What kind of goods will you have Cyrus?"

"Well now, John, I reckon it don't make any difference to you what sort of goods I take, does it?"

"Oh no, not at all,—not at all," said the merchant.

"Well, then, as it don't make any difference, I will take the amount in them brooms of yours at 12 1/2 cent apiece. Let me see, \$4.80 will get 38 brooms and 10 cents over; don't make much difference, John about the 10 cents, but as you are a right clever fellow, I believe I'll take the change in tinner."

When Cyrus went out of the door with his brooms and "tinner" John was seized with a serious breaking out at the mouth, during which time he was distinctly heard to violate the third commandment several times by the bystanders who all enjoyed the joke.

WHICH AND T'OTHER.—"Old Fritz," who raised pigs and cabbage in Napa county, California, appeared before Judge H—as a witness, says an exchange.

Question.—"What is your name?"

Answer.—"Vell, I calls myself Fred, but maybe so—I don't know—it is Yawcup. You see, Shudge, mine modder she have two lecture boys; one of 'em vas me and one vas my broder, or one vas my broder and t'other vas me, I don't know rich, and I vas shust so old as my broder vas young, or my broder vas shust so old as me, I don't know rich, and mine modder she don't; and one of us vas name Fred and t'oder Yawcup, or one named Yawcup and t'oder Fred, I don't know rich, and one of us got died,—but mine modder she never could tell whedder it was me or mine broder vat got died; so, Shudge, I does not know whedder I is Fred or Yawcup,—and mine modder she don't know."

A worthy old farmer, residing in the vicinity of Lake Mahopeck, was worried to death last summer by boaters. They found fault with his table and said he had nothing to eat.

"Dang it," said old Isaac, one day, "what a fuss you're making. I can eat anything."

"Can you eat a crow?" said one of the boarders.

"Yes, I ken eat a crow!"

"Bet you a hat," said the guest.

The bet was made, the crow caught and nicely roasted, but before serving up they contrived to season it with a good dose of Scotch snuff. Isaac sat down to the crow. He took a good bite, and began to chew away.

"Yes, I ken eat crow! (another bite, and an awful face.) I ken eat crow; but I'll be damned if I hanker arter it!"

VAT YOU CALL DEM.—"Vat you call dem tings vit long bills zat fly and make a noise, b-z-z-z?" said a Frenchman, the other day.

"Woodcock," we replied. "Eh bien! I kill zis morning, before mine breakfast, twenty-five woodcock." "The deuce you did! Where did you find them?" "In mine chamber bed."

"Twenty-five woodcock in your bed-chamber? You must mean musquitos." "Eh bien! Zea I kill twenty-five musquitos."

IN A HURRY.—A boy with post-office pantaloons and ventilated hat rushed into a drug store in Bellows Falls, the other day, with a dipper in his hand, and exclaimed:

"Doctor, mother sent me down to shotteary pop, quicker'n blazes, cos bub's sick as the dickens with the pipen-chox, and she wants a thimbleful of pollygollie in this dipper, cos we hadn't bot a gottle handy, and the kin pup's got the bine vittles in't. Got any?"

"I want to buy a sewing machine," said an old lady, entering a shop. "Do you wish for a machine with a feller?" inquired the clerk.

"Sakes, no! don't want any of your fellers about me."