

The Orangeburg News.

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

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POETRY.

A Tale.

Two maidens were walking in the grove,
(They both were growing old.)
The one to tell a tale of love,
The other to be told.
"He is not rich," the older said,
"Nor handsome, nor high born;
The man whom I propose to wed
Most other girls would scorn."
"What is he then? you make me fear?"
The maiden's tears fell fast,
"He was the first to offer, dear,
And he may be the last."

SELECTED STORY.

[From the Baltimore Episcopal Methodist.]

BROTHER HENRY'S Christmas Story.

(Concluded.)

In truth, the gentle, earnest German girl, with her fair face and hopeful ways that "were so like sister Lillie's," had made more than a passing impression upon the young traveller's heart, and even now he had strong hopes of some time "winning her to brighten his home across the ocean. Of this, however, the boys knew nothing; it was only sister Lillie who had divined it all, as she always did with her quick sympathy, and had already prepared a place in her heart for that other eldest sister from her quiet German home.
"I wish you could have seen," resumed Henry, "the eager, curious circle, when we entered the parlor; the good father had just been preparing for the ceremony of lighting up the Christmas tree in another room when I had caused the interruption, and now they must all wait until the mother and sister Nettie could be spared from their labor of love with their little wanderer."

The children were full of curiosity about the little "snow-maiden" who had laid at their door on Christmas eve, so like the little Gretchen in Hans, Anderson's beautiful tale, which the German children almost knew by heart. Perhaps they did not express their excitement quite as noisily as their American cousins would have done, but their little round cheeks glowed, and the big blue eyes danced just as eagerly as I have seen in some little faces not far off on other Christmas days.

It was a pretty enough picture as they gathered around their father; the sturdy baby boy, who had just learned to toddle along by a chair, grasping papa's knee and laying his rosy cheeks against it; the two demure little girls, Grata and Mina, looking so German, with their flaxen hair hanging in two smooth plaits on each side of the round, fair faces, their blue, wide open eyes, and bright cherry-colored bonnets, and short skirts; then the two boys, Herman and Fritz, jolly fellows enough even for Charley's liking; then the sober, student-like brother, Godfre, and over in the corner by the stove, keeping steadily on with her knitting, in the midst of all the bustle, a rather stern, sad-looking middle-aged lady, whom the children called Aunt Katarine, but whom Herr Kaufman introduced to me by the English-sounding name of Madame Lester.

"The good Christ-child has sent you a gift, my children," said the father; "He could not come to be with us Himself, to-night, so He has sent one of his dear little ones instead; He wishes to make the little snow-maiden welcome for His sake, this Christmas night. Let each one of us, my children, strive, what we can do for the little one the kind Christ-child has sent us, that she may learn what this happy Christmas means."

As the good father glanced from one to another of his own rosy, happy flock, staid German as he was, I could hear that his voice grew husky, and even fancied that his eye might have become a little dim, as I think you would, if you had seen the contrast between these children, in their bright, happy home, their hearts dancing with joyous expectations, and just on the other side of that cold stone wall, the poor little homeless girl, with that pitiful branch of Christmas green, the meaning of which she little understood, with the keen wind sweeping ever her, and the cold white snow the only shelter she could find; the Christmas beams shed such a chill, silvery light over her poor, snow-wet curls.

At length the mother's step was heard descending the stairs, and half-a-dozen little feet ran out to meet her, while the little tongues poured forth a list of excited questions.

Little Agnes—for thus she had given her name—had quite revived; a warm rest in a soft bed to-night would quite restore her. But alas! she had no home, she said, and seemed to have no friend to look for her coming back. Two days before, and I saw the tears glistening in the good mother's eyes; they had hidden her mother under the snow, and that morning

the harsh woman at whose house her mother had died, had sent the little orphan out with these Christmas greens to sell; the child had lost her way, and indeed, was afraid to go back with the branches in her poor little hands, and so had wandered on until she had fallen powerless with cold, hunger, and fatigue, where I had found her, and where she would soon have been beyond all consciousness of cold or weariness.

"And we will take care of her now, mother," said the children. "The fat" or said so; he told us that the good Christ-child sent her, and we are so glad she came."
"It is Christmas Eve, you know, mother," said the father, in a low tone, full of feeling, as he met his wife's grateful eyes, which said as plainly as words could have, said, how much her motherly heart had yearned over the little wanderer, and how much she had longed for permission to shelter it in her loving arms, so that winter blasts should never again drive the cold snow over the tiny, frozen form.

"Here comes sister Nettie. Now, for the Christmas tree, at last!"
I had seen many a bright Christmas tree before, and can look back on many a merry Christmas Eve, but the scene that night when the wide door was thrown back, was certainly the most beautiful I ever beheld; of course there was something in the novelty and interest of the occasion, and the unsuspected change from my loneliness; but apart from that it was a lovely sight. In the middle of the wide room, with its high carved ceiling, stood the Christmas tree, all a silver blize with hundreds of tiny candles, which shed a soft light on the pure white dress, and sweet, fair face of sister Nettie, who, with a beautiful silver wand, stood ready to disengage the gifts from the magical tree. But what made the effect so strange and beautiful was the figure of an angel, with white wings outspread, and garments reflecting the silver brightness of the myriad tiny tapers; who hovered softly over the tree, and really looked as if he were indeed a visitant from the bright angelic throng.

While we gazed in silence for a moment, the sister's soft voice raised the notes of a Christmas hymn, and the children's voices took up the chorus, in a burst of joyous melody, which sounded like a wafted melody from the angel choir.

The hymn soon died away, and after a moment's silence the merriment began. The tree yielded marvellous fruits; toys, skates, books, and trinkets; all imaginable gifts which could gratify the taste of German or American boys and girls. Some of the articles had a slip of paper attached, with some appropriate words: "With mother's love to her obedient boy;" "To the son who has learned to conquer idleness;" "For the little hands that love to help mother;" and on one "The Christ-child sends thee this from the poor old woman who had a strong arm to lean on over the slippery stones."

Even the strange guest was not forgotten. Several little tokens which Nettie's kind hand, obedient to her mother's thoughtful whisper, have hung amidst the branches, found their way to me, and are still treasured up in memory of that Christmas night. Each child, too, laid away from the store of treasures something for the little snow-child up stairs, and the pile of gifts, thus laid aside, contain many of the most valued possessions of each generous young heart. The fairy tapers at length began to burn low, and at a signal from the father, silence again succeeded the sound of merry voices; then again, the sweet carol was wafted up on the silver lighted air, and the brooding angel seemed to me to join in the heavenly melody.

Often as we stood around the tree, I had noticed the face of Madame Lester, and wondered that I could have called it harsh. Sad it certainly was, but as one little hand after another slipped within hers the Christmas token, the hard lines softened about the compressed lips, the rigid features quivered, and at last Aunt Katarine's face, fairly softened, and as she quietly brushed aside a tear after tear, a smile almost as gentle and loving as the mother's trembled on the care-worn lips.

As we returned to the parlor after the hymn had ceased, her hand was laid on Kerr Kaufman's arm, and with a voice trembling with emotion and long untouched feeling, she said, "Give me that child, brother. You have enough; let me take that stray lamb home; it will perchance make a spring-time once more in this withered old heart. Your children have taught me to-night that it is not all dead." "It is to you, sister," said the father, softly, "that the Christ-child has sent this messenger; let her comfort you for your lost Annie. She will light for you a Christmas taper which will never grow dim."

Too quickly the rest of the Christmas Eve passed. The children had all separated for their Christmas dreams, which, no doubt were full enough of the stockings they had hung up at the chimney place; but we older ones spent a happy hour before the striking of the clock, warmed me that my visit must come to a close.

"And did Madame Lester take the little

girl?" asked Willie. "And did she love her ever so much?" said Katie. "Yes, indeed," said brother Henry. "I saw her many a time afterwards with little Agnes, and she seemed to have grown young and handsome again." "But how did she get such an English name, Henry?" inquired Herbert. "That is a part I forgot to tell you," replied Henry. "Madame Lester had married an Englishman when she was very young, and went away to England to live. There for sometime she was very happy; but while she was still young her troubles began. Her husband was crippled by an accident, and after lingering helplessly for some years, left a widow. Trouble after trouble darkened her life. Two noble boys she had lost just as they were becoming old enough to divide her cares; and at length her only daughter and sole remaining joy, was taken from her. Thus the strong woman's heart failed. Desolate and broken-hearted she returned to the German home of her girlhood; that icy band of sorrow and disappointment frozen around her. The happy voices of the children seemed only to elude more firmly the harsh lips, and seal up the lonely heart into a more isolated grief. But to-night the icy bands had been melted. The loneliness of the friendless child touched the pity and love so long locked up, and Christmas had dawn, both for the desolate mother and the poor little orphan Agnes."

"That was a good Christmas, brother Henry," cried little Katie; and I am so glad that the poor lady got a little girl of her own to keep her from looking so cross."
Mother, who had come in quietly in the midst of the story, took her own little sunbeam in her arms, and stopped to imprint a kiss on the bright, loving face her son turned up towards her as she stood by his chair; and from that look the eyes of both, I am sure, he knew that she too had guessed the secret of that quiet German love.

HUMOROUS.

When Jimmy O'Reagan, of the Virginia regiment, was captured at Kernstown and conveyed with a few other prisoners, to Winchester, the provost marshal, thinking to have some fun out of him, began questioning him upon a variety of subjects, receiving witty answers, and winding up with—

"Now, Paddy, what was your father?"
"Me father was a farmer, barrin' he had no farm at all, at all."
"And what was your mother?"
"She was a woman, begorra?"
"That will do," said the officer; "you may stand aside."
"But I'd like to ask yer honour a question or two, if ye've no objections," said Jimmy.
"None at all," was the reply; "go on."
"Well then," began Jimmy, "beggin' yer pardon what's yer father?"
"My father? Why he's a merchant."
"Very good; an' what's yer mother?"
"My mother is a lady, sir," with a frown.
"An' then it was yer grandmother that was a monkey, an' that accounts for yer inquisitiveness?" retorted Jimmy.
The roar that followed shook the building.

Speech of Zachariah Spicer.

On the question, "Which enjoys the greatest amount of happiness, the bachelor or the married man?" the gentleman said:
MR. PRESIDENT AND GENTLEMEN—I rise to advocate the cause of the married man. And why should I not? I claim to know something about the institution. I do. Will any gentleman pretend to say I do not? Let him accompany me home. Let me confront him with my wife and 17 children and decide.

High as the Rocky mountains tower over the Mississippi Valley, does the character of the married man tower above that of the bachelor. What is a bachelor? What was Adam before he got acquainted with Eve? What, but a poor, shiftless, helpless, insignificant creature? No more to be compared to his after-self, than a mill dam to the great roaring cataract of Niagara. (Applause.)

Gentlemen, there was a time, I blush to say it, when I, too, was a bachelor; and a more miserable creature, you would hardly expect to find. Every day I toiled hard, and at night I came home to my comfortless garret—no carpet, no fire, no nothing. Everything was in a clutter, and in the words of the poet, "Confusion was monarch of all he surveyed."
Here lay a dirty pair of pants, there a dirty pair of boots, there a play bill, and here a pile of dirty clothes. What wonder that I took refuge at the gaming table and bar room. I found it would never do, gentlemen, and in a lucky moment I vowed to reform. Scarcely had the promise passed my lips when a knock was heard at the door, and in came Susan Simpkins after my dirty clothes.

Mr. Spicer says she, I've washed for you six months, and I haven't seen the first red cent in the way of payment. Now I'd like to

know what you are going to do about it? I felt in my pocket-book. There was nothing in it, and I knew it well enough. Miss Simpkins, said I, it's no use denying it. I haven't got the power. I wish for yourself I had. There, said she promptly. I don't wash another rag for you. Stop, said I, Susan, I will do what I can for you. Silver and gold I have none, but if my heart and hand will do, they are at your service.

Are you in earnest? says she, looking a little suspicious. Never more so, says I. Then, says she, as there seems to be no prospect of getting my pay any other way, I guess I'll take up with your proposition. Enough said. We were married in a week, and what's more, we haven't repented. No more attics for me, gentlemen. I live in a house, and have somebody to mend my clothes. Gentlemen, I used to be as thin as a weasel. Now I am as plump as a porker.

In conclusion, gentlemen, if you want to be poor ragged devils, without a coat to your back, or shoe to your foot; if you want to grow old before your time, and be uncomfortable, generally, as "a hedge hog rolled up the wrong way," I advise you to remain a bachelor; if you want to live decently, get married. I've got ten daughters, gentlemen (overpowering applause,) and you may have your pick.

Mr. Spicer sat down amid long and continued plaudits. The generous proposal with which he concluded, secured five son-in-laws.

VARIOUS.

THE NEGRO CONVENTION.

[From the Charleston Mercury.]

THURSDAY, 16th.
Several motions were made to alter the minutes, with a view of expanding that portion relating to the election of sergeant-at-arms, the object being tooust E. S. Conway, colored, the person elected to that office, many members having come to the conclusion, since his election, that he was not fit for the place.

A resolution was then offered by B. Odell Duane, white, delegate from Newberry, to instruct the doorkopers to admit no one who has not his credentials as a member, or is privileged as a reporter or invited guest.

The unfinished business, being the election of Messengers, was then taken up.

The result of the election for messengers was in favor of W. S. Elliott, a very black and very civil negro, apparently about twenty-one years of age, and J. D. Bricco, white.

A resolution was then offered by J. J. Wright, colored, from Beaufort, which created a lengthy discussion, as to the relative merits of the News, Courier, and Mercury, the two former being commended, and the latter abused roundly.

A resolution was offered by J. J. Wright that General Canby, General Scott, and Governor Orr, which was amended by inserting Provisional before the title of Governor Orr, adding the name of General Clitz.

The endeavor to further amend by adding the name of Mayor Gaillard produced considerable discussion, DeLoarre, Parker, and Langley favoring and Richmond opposing, on the ground that Mayor Gaillard not only was no great gun but was not in sympathy with the convention. The amendment was afterwards accepted by the mover of the resolution.

R. B. Elliott, black, from Edgefield, offered an amendment that the City Council be also invited. Lost.

E. W. Mackey, white, from Charleston, offered another amendment that the Chief of Police be invited. Lost.

F. J. Moses, Jr., offered a resolution inviting Governor Orr to address the convention. This created a very lively and lengthy discussion. Beverly Nash, large, burly, black delegate from Richland, said: I rise to say Mr. President that I am opposed to the resolution asking Governor Orr to address this convention, as I am opposed to giving him the right he refused to me—I mean the right of free speech. I have here now an order from the General Commanding, which was served on me, and compelled me last Tuesday to appear before a military board and give some account of a speech which I made at Brockman's Mills in behalf of the Republican party, and at which speech Governor Orr and his friends took umbrage. It makes me proud to know that the board of military officers decided that I had a right to say what I did. The Constitution of the United States guarantees free speech, and as Governor Orr has opposed it out of this hall, I am opposed to allow men of his stripe to exercise free speech inside of this hall. I would be willing to concede the right under any other circumstances, but am not willing to bow down and lick the boot of Governor Orr, because he occupies the position of Provisional Governor of South Carolina. I don't believe that his sentiments are the sentiments of the people of the State, or that he will honor us by addressing this body. The gentleman from Anderson has said that Governor Orr has indicated, re-

construction since last spring. So, indeed, as he understands it, but he and this convention don't understand it alike. He desires to draw this convention to his way of thinking. I don't think that what he can say will do us anything. And if he be invited to talk to us at all, let it be from the steps outside. We come here to provide a constitution for South Carolina—not to make converts. We did not assemble here to witness the governor make one of his elegant flights, like a squirrel, from one tree to another. [Laughter.] He said to me last Spring, "You better wait and see whether this is going to be a failure. Don't fine the Democrats, don't jinx the Republicans." He wanted me to sit straddle of the fence, till he got ready to make one of them flights, and then I was to follow him. No, gentlemen, I don't want Governor Orr to come in here to teach us any ground and lofty tumbling. We ain't a going to tumble. If he does come here, he will just come here to let us see one of the loftiest tumbles he has ever made yet. I come from a district where the people are Republicans; from a place where they would rather hear Governor Perry say anything, because we know he going to cuss us and abuse in every way he can. But Governor Orr tumbles so fast, he makes a man's head dizzle [tremendous laughter] to look at him.

On the way down here, I heard the Governor tell one of the delegates, that he very much favored the law for homesteads and he did not care whether they called him a nigger or not [much laughter.] Now, Governor Orr is in a fix, that puts me in mind of what an old man told me once about John Tyler. Tyler wanted to go from the Whigs to the Democrats. The Whigs was glad to get rid of him, and the Democrats would have him. The Governor Orr is hanging on a limb upside down, holding on by his legs. The Conservatives want to kick him off, and he would be glad to fall in the lap of this convention, but we don't intend to catch him. Let him hang there till the blood runs down into his brains, and then we will get rid of his body.

W. G. Whipper, delegate from Beaufort, but a negro lawyer from Detroit, Michigan, whom we have previously designated as doer of one of the ablest men in the State, ringed-streaked and striped, made a long and powerful speech in reply. His points were: 1st. That Nash was the last man to speak about tumbling, for if there was a man in the State who had made an extraordinary tumble that man was Beverly Nash. 2d. That if Orr tumbled in the right direction, he should be encouraged to do so. 3d. That the party driving off such much as Orr, isolated itself and prevented all additions to its strength.

4th. That Governor Orr was, from his position as a prominent officer and political leader of the State, well acquainted with its affairs, and could give the convention valuable information, and 5th and lastly, that it was extremely desirable that the convention and the existing provisional government of the State should, as far as possible, act in unison with each other.

Many other speeches were made on the same subject but these are enough to give an idea of the discussion.
The motion finally prevailed, and Governor Orr was invited to address the convention at the Club House Friday night.
A letter of resignation was received from Dr. J. Conway, the sergeant-at-arms, and the resignation was accepted.

The following committees were appointed to wait on General Canby and others: B. P. Whitmore, B. Odell Duane and F. E. Carter. To wait on Governor Orr: F. J. Moses, W. G. Whipper and James M. Rutland.

A committee was also appointed to arrange the hall with more comfort to the members, and another to decide what standing committees were necessary.

On motion of B. P. Randolph, saddle-colored preacher delegate, from Orangeburg, the resolution, inviting reporters to seats on the floor of the house, was taken up and passed.

It was resolved that when the convention adjourns, it adjourns to meet to-morrow at 10 A. M. Adjourned.

FRIDAY, 17th.
The first business after the reading of the minutes was the report of special committees.

F. J. Moses, Jr., from the committee appointed to wait upon his Excellency Governor James L. Orr, and to request that he would address the convention, reported that they had performed that pleasing duty, and that his Excellency had accepted the invitation. The committee recommended that, when this convention adjourns, it adjourns to meet this evening at half-past seven o'clock, and that the Governor be introduced to the convention at eight o'clock this evening.
I. S. Janyly, colored, of Beaufort, offered a resolution, that in the sense of this convention, the seal of the republic at large, and of the State of South Carolina, requires that the question of further confiscation of lands and franchises be forever abandoned.
A motion to lay this on the table was lost.