The Orangeburg News.

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

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THE ORANGEBURG NEWS.

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Every Saturday Morning.

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feb 28 1y

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Attorneys and Solicitors.
Will Practice in Courts of the State, and also of the United States, especially in the Courts of
BANKRUPTCY.
ORANGEBURG, S. C.
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WATCH MAKER AND JEWELLER,
Work Neatly Repaired and
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AGENTS FOR THE
Equitable Life Insurance Company
OF NEW YORK,
POLICIES NON-FORFEITABLE,
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AUCTIONEER.
OFFICE AT ROBINSON & CO.,
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dec 21 3m

V. D. V. Jamison & Son.
Offer their Services as
AUCTIONEERS
to the citizens of Orangeburg District.
Sales attended to in any part of the District.
V. D. V. JAMISON. S. G. JAMISON.
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FIRE! FIRE! FIRE!
INSURE YOUR LIFE
AND
PROPERTY.
Cornelson, Kramer & Co.,
ARE AGENTS FOR
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Chartered Capital $250,000.
JAMES' RIVER INSURANCE COMPANY.
Chartered Capital $1,500,000.
Piedmont Real Estate Insurance COMPANY,
FOR LIFE ONLY.
Chartered Capital $1,000,000.
ALL SOUTHERN COMPANIES.
oct 26 1y

POETRY.

"Marrow."

BY "GEORGIAC."—VIRGIL RE-VERSED.

Little to wear,
And less to eat!
Sum and substance and net receipt—
Southern side of the balance-sheet:
After the burthen,
And after the heat
Of a cotton year,
To the farmer, clear,
Little to wear and less to eat—
Picked and sifted, compressed,
COMPLETE!
That's the weight of *his* "elephant"—
"NEAT!"
Little to wear
And less to eat!
That's the paradox we meet
And at every corner of the street—
It isn't the land—
And it ain't the hand—
It isn't the sun
And it *wasn't* the stand—
Only a madness, with naught to match it:
Hurling the handle after the hatchet—
Chasing sorrow, and *sure*—to "catch it!"

Little to wear! From pole to pole
Not a civil or a savage soul
But hides his nakedness or his dirt,
More or less, in a Georgia shirt!
LESS TO EAT! When the "grass" we slay
Would bury New England knee-deep in hay,
And fatten the "shirted" (above) in mass,
Fatter than ever was flesh from grass!

Lord! Lord!
By the longest odds,
Of the fools abhorred
By men and gods,
The superfine
Is the folly which
Fights the world with a "single line,"
Without a ditch—
And "*breaks*" in credit, in cash and spine,
"A gittin' rich!"

"SALVATION!" "HOW!"
Sell an acre
And buy a—PLOW!
Borrow a sheep
And beg a sow!
Kill King Cotton
And crown your
Cow!
Another year, if we live to see't,
Shall make both ends and middle
"MEET!"
With enough to wear, and a
PLENTY TO EAT!

SELECTED STORY.

[From the Chamber's Journal, reprinted in the Eclectic Magazine.]

IN A CITY 'BUS.

—:o:—

[*Continued from our Last.*]

I hailed the first cab I could find, and we rattled off to my lodgings. No conversation took place while we were going over the stones; but in imagination I saw before me a certain sweet tearful face, and I felt more determined than ever to go through with the scheme, wild and preposterous as it might have seemed at any other time, which had suddenly flashed across my brain while I was following the rascal by my side up St. Martin's Lane.

Having instructed my landlady to put down another cutlet, and to send out for one or two extras, we ascended to my rooms.

"In the hope, my dear sir, that our friendship will be a long and flourishing one," said my unwelcome guest, "allow me, as a needful preliminary, to present you with my card."

He handed me, as he spoke, a very limp, and rather dirty piece of paste-board, which he had some difficulty in finding among his multifarious pockets, and on which was inscribed the name of "Mr. Reginald Tracy." "Of course, I could do no less than return the compliment.

Dinner was served a few minutes later; and while it was in progress, the conversation between Mr. Tracy and myself was of the most intermittent character. I gathered enough, however, to enable me to discover that he was a man of some education, and must at one time have mixed in superior society. By the exercise of what knavish arts he had contrived to forfeit the position he once held, I could not, of course, tell; therein no doubt, lay hidden the great secret of his life. Poor wretch! It was easy to see, from the style in which he got through his food, that a plentiful and wholesome meal was what he had not partaken of for some time. At length, he lay back in his chair in a state of happy repletion. "Not another morsel, my dear boy," he said with a benignant smile. "Positively, I could not. 'Let good digestion wait on apetite'—you know the rest. A bountiful meal! But 'Providence tempers the wind to the shorn lamb!' And now for the pipe and the tumbler.—Ha, ha! I have not forgotten."

As soon as we were fairly under way with our first tumbler, Mr. Tracy broke ground on the subject that was evidently uppermost in his thoughts. "If, sir," he said, "you would favor me with a hint as to the special class of investment in which you are desirous of laying out your capital, and would also furnish me with some idea as to the amount of the capital itself, I should then have some positive data to work upon, and could give you the benefit of my experience in that particular line of procedure which your inclinations may lead you to prefer."

"Capital three thousand; line of investment not decided on," I said. "Something light and genteel would be preferred."

"Such as an importer of wines and spirits, for instance said Mr. Tracy.

"That would do capitally, I daresay, only I happen to know nothing in the world about it."

"Quite unnecessary, my dear sir, that you should. Only find the money, and I will engage to find the brains, and make your fortune into the bargain." Mr. Tracy sighed deeply, took a long pull at his tumbler, and then proceeded to enlighten my ignorance as to the various methods by which extraordinary profits might be realized, without the slightest risk of failure, by any one who, combining capital with brains, might choose to appear before the world as an importer of wines and spirits. That some of the methods indicated by Mr. Tracy were several degrees on the shady side of honesty, might at once have been predicated from the character of the man; but he certainly had a very neat way of wrapping up and labelling his "tricks of trade," so as to make them look as much like a genuine article as possible.

His exhortation and his third tumbler came to an end together.

"Have you ever been in the United States?" I suddenly asked.

"Never, sir. As a patriotic Englishman, my love of travel never took me so far from home."

"Then you never tasted any of those delicious drinks which, under various strange names, are so popular among the Yankees?"

"Once more a negative must be my answer. But, my dear young friend, if you will only decide to lay out your capital in accordance with ——"

"A moment, if you please," I said. "Before going into any further business details, what do you say to a change of tipple? I think we have had enough of this stuff. Let me try whether I cannot brew you one of those delightful American drinks of which I spoke just now. I had the recipes for several of them from an uncle of mine who is captain of a liner."

"Just as you like, *cher ami*—just as you like," he said; though I don't think much improvement on this delicious toddy is possible."

"We can come back to it again, if the other does not prove to our liking," I said.

"And not be flouted for our incontancy," added Mr. Tracy, with a laugh. "So now for this Yankee nectar of yours. I grow thirsty by anticipation."

Two large tumblers and the various ingredients required for my purpose were quickly got together; last of all, I went into my study and after staying there about a couple of minutes, I went back, carrying with me a packet containing half-a-dozen powders done up in differently-colored papers. The degree of knowledge I had laid claim to as a concocter of American drinks was by no means fictitious; and I now proceeded to mix one after the most approved fashion, and ended by opening one of the colored papers and pouring the contents of it into the tumbler, and then offered the whole to Tracy.

But the putting in of the powder had evidently roused his suspicions, and with a polite wave of the hand, he refused the proffered tumbler. "After you, my dear sir," he said. "I must really insist on your imbibing the first tumbler yourself. The second one will do excellently well for me."

"As you please," I said, with a shrug. With that I proceeded to drain the first tumbler, expressing by pantomime, as I did so, my appreciation of its excellence. After this, I mixed a second tumblerful, into which, as before, I poured the contents of one of the colored papers, and then handed the whole to Tracy. His lips having once touched the glass, stuck there till it was empty.

He gave a sigh of intense satisfaction as he put down the glass. "Ambrosia, by Jupiter!" he exclaimed. "The man who invented that tipple ought to be immortalized by a statue of the whitest marble. I have no wish to be thought presumptuous, but I cannot resist asking you to mix me one more potation."

"One! half-a-dozen, if you like," I replied, "and all of them different. Unless your taste differs very much from mine, you will find No. 2 an improvement on No. 1."

He refilled his pipe while I was mixing the second tumbler, but still kept a watchful eye on my proceedings; not that he was any longer suspicious of my good faith, but because he was desirous of taking a lesson in the art of concocting such delicious drinks. When all the other ingredients were properly combined, I opened one of the packets, as before, and shook the contents into the tumbler; and then having well stirred the whole, I handed the glass to Tracy. But the powder, in this case, possessed properties very different from that of the innocent alkali of which I had made use previously.

As before, Tracy's lips seemed glued to the tumbler till he had drained the contents to the last drop.

"How does that suit your taste?" I said. "Is it equal to the first?"

"Such a question is hard to answer," he replied. "The beauties of both are so evenly balanced, that Bacchus himself would find it difficult to decide between the two. I have to thank you, my dear young friend, for having opened up a new vista of pleasure undreamed of by me before."

"I must give you one or two of my recipes, then you can mix for yourself. One more tumbler, and then to business."

Even while I was speaking, the pipe dropped from his lips, and his eyes began to wander. Slowly and deliberately, I proceeded with my preparations for another tumbler. Tracy, after glancing down reproachfully at his pipe, took no further heed of it, but planting both his elbows firmly on the table, and taking fast hold of his head between his hands, he tried his utmost to bring his weak, wavering gaze to bear on my manipulating fingers. But the effort was too much for him. His eyes closed, opened, closed again; and then, with a few incoherent words of apology, his head drooped forward on the table; his nerveless arms lost all powers of tension; and in twenty seconds he was faster asleep than he had ever been in his life before.

It was to this end that all my efforts had been directed. The powder put by me into his second tumbler was a powerful Indian narcotic, which I had latterly had occasion to use in some of my chemical experiments. Although successful so far, it was not without a more unequal beating of the heart than usual that I proceeded to carry out the remainder of my design. However honest one's intentions may be, there is something nefarious in the act of feeling a man's pocket—something that goes utterly against the grain; yet that was precisely what I had now got to do. Before proceeding any further however, I thought it advisable to have a third person by me to act as a witness of what might follow. So I went down-stairs to my landlady's room, with the intention of getting either the worthy dame herself or her husband to act the part of chorus in my forthcoming little drama. Fortunately, I found the old lady's son, who is a strapping sergeant in the Guards, and who made no difficulty about going back with me.

We found Tracy still soundly asleep, with his head on the table. From this posture I gently raised him, and laid him back in the easy-chair in which he was sitting. My next proceeding was to insinuate my hand into each of his pockets, one after the other, in search of the missing diamond. I found the young lady's purse, but the ring was not in it; I also found a number of pawnbroker's duplicates, but none of them having reference to the object of which I was in search. Here, too, was my pencil-case, which, together with the stolen purse, I did not fail to appropriate. One after the other, I searched all the pockets I could find, but still the ring was not forthcoming, and I began to fear that he had already disposed of it, in which case it was probably lost beyond recovery. My friend the sergeant, seeing my perplexity, suggested that the ring was perhaps sewn up inside the lining of his coat or waistcoat. Acting on this hint, I felt all over the lining of his coat, but without success; but on coming to his waistcoat, I found something hard, over which a patch of wash-leather had been carefully stiched. A few seconds sufficed to unrip the sewing, and there, wrapped up carefully in cotton-wool and tissue-paper, was a lady's diamond ring. In silent triumph, I held it up on the tip of my finger for the sergeant's inspection.

"Hurrah! that's jolly, and no mistake!" shouted the guardsman, with a wave of his pipe. "How will Mr. Slyboots feel when he wakes up?"

We were not left long in doubt on that point. Mr. Tracy began to yawn and stretch, and pull himself together. It was a peculiarity of the narcotic I had given him that its effect, when administered in small doses, was of very short duration, and I knew that Tracy's stupor would not last above half-an-hour at the most. To assist his recovery, I held a vial of strong-smelling salts under his nose. He opened his eyes, sat up, sneezed, and stared vacantly around.

"Good-evening, governor," said the sergeant. "You seem to have had quite a refreshing little snooze."

Mr. Tracy did not respond to this friendly greeting. His fingers were busy fumbling at his waistcoat, and next moment he started up with a tremendous oath, and declared that he had been robbed.

"Of what have you been robbed, Mr. Tracy?" I asked.

"Of a valuable diamond ring, which, for better security, I had stitched up in the folds of my waistcoat."

"Probably this purse also belongs to you?" I said, holding up the article in question.

He changed color at once, and all the defiance seemed to ooze out of him as I kept my eyes fixed steadily on his.

"That, too, is my property," he said, with a poor attempt at bravado; "and I must ask you at once to explain how it came into your possession."

"Let me first tell you how it came into yours," I said. "You took it, this morning, out of the pocket of a young lady who sat next you in an omnibus. At that time it contained, beside a small sum of money, a diamond ring, now in my custody, and which I mean to restore to its owner to-morrow. Are you satisfied?"

"A-he! an infernal lie!" he said, with an angry stamp of the foot.

"You are *not* satisfied," I said. "Such being the case, let us adjourn to the nearest police station, and each tell his own story to the inspector. For my part, I am quite willing to bear the brunt of such a proceeding. Are you ready to accompany me?"

"Sold! most damnably sold!" cried Tracy, flinging up his clenched hands. Then he turned, and picked up his hat and cane; then facing me, he said: "You villain! You have tricked me this time, but I'll be revenged on you yet. Next time it will be my turn, and I advise you to beware."

"If you are not out of this house in two minutes," I said, "I will give you in charge of the police."

He turned on me with a snarl, and made as though he would have struck me across the face with his cane. My friend, the sergeant, was on his feet in an instant.

"Now, governor, you just book it quietly, or it will be worse for you," he said. "I may as well light you to the street-door, or you might perhaps find your way by accident into one of the other rooms. Now just step out, will you?"

I called next morning at the office of the Secretary of the Omnibus Company, and found, as I had anticipated, that the young lady had left her address there. To this address, which was in a certain west-end square, I hurried as fast as a cab could take me. I found the young lady, and the old lady with whom she was living as companion, terribly put about by the loss of the ring, and therefore proportionately pleased at its recovery. That first visit was not the last, by any means; but all the rest merely concerns Minnie and myself, and may remain left unwritten.

VARIOUS.

Relief Order.

The following important order has been issued by General Canby:

General Orders No. 28.

Authority having been conferred upon Brevet Major-General R. K. Scott, Assistant Commissioner of the Bureau of Refugees, Freedmen and Abandoned Lands for the State of South Carolina, to make advances in behalf of the Government of the United States in aid of the depressed agriculture of the State; now, therefore, to the intent that proper securities may be afforded for the repayment of such advances, it is ordered:

1. That all advances made as aforesaid shall be and become a lien and charge upon the produce of the plantation toward and for the use of which the same may be advanced, prior to all liens and claims of any kind whatsoever, other than such as have or may be entitled to priority under any act of Congress; also upon all the property, real and personal, of the person or persons to whom or for whose benefit such advances may be made, subject to any right that may have existed prior to the date of the first advance made hereunder.

2. The said Brevet Major-General R. K. Scott shall have authority in behalf of the United States, at any time when in his judgment said personal property or said crop or produce is in danger of being destroyed, removed, wasted or in any other manner lost or injured, so as to impair the security of the United States therein, to take into custody and possession said personal property, crops and produce, and sell and dispose of the same for the best terms that can be obtained therefor, or so much thereof as shall be sufficient to satisfy the claim of the United States on account of such advance.

3. Any person who shall, in violation of the rights of the United States in the premises, and with intent to defeat or impair the claims of the United States in respect thereof, secrete, remove, carry away destroy or injure any property subject to such lien, shall be subject to the penalties provided by law in the case of larceny.

4. The Major-General Commanding deems this a proper occasion to advise all that the aid of the government will be extended to those only who exhibit, by industry and good conduct, an earnest disposition to help themselves. It must have the assurance that not only the advances now made will be repaid, but that the recipients of this aid will address themselves earnestly to the work of making such provision for the future as will relieve themselves from a state of dependency upon the government, private individuals, or charitable institutions. No gratuitous issues of food will be made, except to the infirm and helpless, as provided for by existing regulations, and then only when the local authorities are unable to provide for the objects of charity that come legitimately under their care. The issues authorized by the government are made with the sole view of enabling the labouring population to procure employment, and, by honest industry, to secure a maintenance for themselves and those who are dependent upon them, and while the agents of the Bureau will in all cases give their aid in procuring employment to those who are without it in securing the best wages that can be obtained, and in protecting their interests by the enforcement of such contracts as may be made, the government will look with favour upon those only who merit it by industry and orderly conduct.

5. The attention of all officers and agents of the Bureau is especially called to the circulars and instructions from the office of the Assistant Commissioner, and it is made their duty to examine carefully all applications for aid that may be made by persons residing within their districts, and to approve those only that are in conformity with the prescribed conditions.

HUMOROUS.

Mamma.—"Charles, I was very much surprised to hear you singing 'Pop goes the Weasel,' in church."

Charles.—"Well mamma, I saw everybody was singing—and it was the only tune I knew."

EXEMPLARY CHARITY.—"Well, neighbor, what's the most Christian news this morning?" said a pious gentleman to a friend.

"I have just bought a barrel of flour for a poor woman."

"Just like you," said the other; "who is it that you have made happy by your charity this time?"

"My wife."

Ways of Committing Suicide.

Wearing thin shoes on damp nights in rainy weather.

Building on the "air-tight" principle.

Leading a life of enfeebling stupid laziness, and keeping the mind in a round of unnatural excitement by reading trashy novels.

Going to balls in all sorts of weather in the thinnest possible dress. Dancing till in a complete perspiration, then going home through damp air.

Sleeping on feather beds in seven by nine bedrooms.

Surfeiting on hot and very highly stimulating suppers.

Marrying in haste, getting an uncongenial companion, and living the rest of life in mutual dissatisfaction.

Eating without time to masticate the food.

Allowing love of gain to so absorb our minds, as to leave no time to attend to our health.

Following an unhealthy occupation because money can be made by it.

Tempting the appetite with niceities when the stomach says no.

Contriving to keep in a continual worry about something or nothing.

Retiring in the small hours and rising at noon.

Neglecting to take proper care of ourselves when a simple disease first appears.

POLITENESS IN DUNNING.—An old gentleman had owed a firm for years; at last, after everybody's patience and temper were exhausted, a clerk named Frank, undertook to get the money.

Frank called upon the gentleman, and met with a polite reception and the usual answer with the addition:

"You need not trouble yourself young man about the matter; I will make it all right."

"Oh, no," replied Frank, "I could not think for a moment of compelling you to call at the store for a few dollars. It will not be the slightest inconvenience for me to step in, as I pass your place of business six times a day, to and from meals, and I can call every time I go by."

"Here," said the old fellow to his bookkeeper, alarmed at the prospect of being dunned six times a day for the next six months, "pay this impertinent rascal. He can beat me in politeness, and if he wants a situation I will give him two thousand dollars a year."