

The Orangeburg News.

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

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District Democratic Ticket.

- FOR SHERIFF,**
J. WILLIAM H. DUKES.
- JUDGE OF PROBATE,**
JOSEPH H. MORGAN.
- CLERK OF COURT,**
JOSEPH F. ROBINSON.
- CORONER,**
LUTHER RANSDALE.
- COUNTY COMMISSIONERS,**
HENRY LIVINGSTON,
JAMES STOKES,
MORGAN J. KELLER.
- SCHOOL COMMISSIONER,**
T. ELLIOTT WANNAMAHER.

POETRY.

At Last.

BY MISS M'LOCH.

Down, down like a pale leaf dropping
Under an autumn sky.
My love dropped into my bosom
Quietly, quietly,
There was not a ray of sunshine
And not a sound in the air—
As she trembled into my bosom—
My love, no longer fair.

All year round in her beauty
She drest on the tree-top high;
She danced in the summer breeze,
She laughed to the summer sky.

I lay so low in the grass dews,
She sat so high above;
She never wist of my longing,
She never dreamed of my love.

But when winds laid bare her dwelling,
And her heart could find no rest,
I called—and she fluttered downward
Into my faithful breast.

I know that my love is fading;
I know I cannot fold
Her fragrance from the front blight,
Her beauty from the mould;

But a little, little longer
She shall contented lie,
And whither away in the sunshine
Silently, silently.

Come when thou wilt, grim winter,
My year is crowned and blest;
If when my love is dying
She die upon my breast.

SELECTED STORY.

The Man at the Door.

BY MARY KYLE DALLAS.

"No tramps here," said I; and shut the door in his face; I did. The wind blew so I could hardly do it, and the sleet was beating on the panes, and the bare trees were groaning and moaning as if they suffered in the storm. "No tramps here; I'm a lone woman, and I am a friend of 'em."

Then the man I hadn't seen yet, for the dark, went away from the door. Champ, champ, champ came the man back again, and knocked on the door—knocked not half as loud as he did before—and I opened it, hot and angry. This time I saw his face—a pale ghost of a face—with yellow brown hair, cropped close, and great staring blue eyes; and he put his hand against the door and held it open.

"How near is the next house, ma'am?" said he.

"Three miles or more," said I.

"And that is not a tavern?"

"No," said I; "no drink's to be got there; it's Miss Mitten's, and she's as set agin tramps as I am."

"I don't want drink," said the man, though I do want food. You needn't be afraid to let me in, ma'am. I've been wounded, and am not able to walk far, and my clothes are thin, and it's bitter cold. I've been trying to get to my parents at Greenbank, where I can rest till I'm better; and all my money was stolen from me three days ago. You needn't be afraid; let me just lie before the fire, and only give me a crust, the staliest crust, to keep me from starving, and the Lord will bless you for it."

And then he looked at me with his wild blue eyes in a way that would have made me do it if it hadn't been I'd seen so much of those impostors. The war was just over, and every beggar that came along said he was a soldier traveling home, and had been wounded and robbed. One that I had been fool enough to help, limped away out of sight, as he

thought, and then—for I was at the garret window—shouldered his crutches, and tramped it with the strongest.

"No doubt your pocket is full of money," said I, "and you only want a chance to rob and murder me. Go away with you!"

Drusilla, that's my niece, was baking cakes in the kitchen. Just then she came to the door, and motioned with her mouth to me: "Do let him stay, auntie," and if I hadn't had good sense I might, but I knew better than a chit of sixteen.

"Go away with you!" said I, louder than before. "I won't have this any longer."

And he gave a kind of a groan, and took his hand from the latch, and went champ, champ, champ, through the frozen snow again; and I thought him gone, when there he was once more, hardly with a knock at all—a faint touch, like a child's, now.

And when I opened the door again he came quite in, and stood leaning on his cane, pale as a ghost, his eyes bigger than ever.

"Well, of all impudence!" said I.

He looked at me, and he said:

"Madam, I have a mother at Greenbank. I want to live to see her. I shall not if I try to go any further to-night."

"They all want to see their mothers," and just then it came into my mind that I hoped my son, Charlie, who had been a real soldier, an officer he had come to be, mind you, wanted to see his, and would soon.

"I have been wounded, as you see," said he.

"Don't go a showing me your hurts," said I; "they buy 'em, so they told me, to go a begging with now." "Tread the papers, I tell ye, and I'm principled, and so's our clergyman, agin giving anything, unless it's through some well organized society. Tramps are my abomination. And as to keeping you all night, you can't expect that of decent folks—go!"

Drusilla came to the door and said:

"Let him stay, auntie," with her lips again, but I took no notice.

So he went, and this time did not come back; and I sat down by the fire, and smelt the baking cakes and the apples stewing; and the tea drawing on the kitchen stove; and I ought to have been very comfortable, but I wasn't. Something seemed tugging at my heart all the time.

I gave the fire a poke, and lit another candle to cheer myself up, and I went to my work-basket to get the sock I had been knitting for my Charlie; and as I went to get it I saw something lying on the floor. I picked it up. It was an old tobacco pouch, over so much like the one I gave Charlie, with fringe around it, and written on it in ink: "From C. F. to R. H.;" and inside was a bit of tobacco and an old pipe, and a letter, a rumbled old letter; and, when I spread it out I saw on the top, "My dear son."

I know the beggar must have dropped it, and my heart gave one big thump, as though it had been turned into a hammer.

Perhaps the story was true, and he had a mother. I shivered all over, and the fire and the candles and the nice comfortable smells might as well not have been at all. I was cold and wretched.

And over and over again had I to say to myself what I heard our pastor say often: "Never give anything to chance beggars, my dear friends; always bestow your alms on worthy persons, through well-organized societies," before I could get a bit of comfort. And what an old fool I was to cry, I thought, when I found my checks wet.

But I did not cry long, for, as I sat there, dash and crash and jingle came a sleigh over the road, and it stopped at our gate, and I heard my Charlie's voice crying: "Halloo, mother!" And out I went to the door, and had him in my arms, my great, tall, handsome, brown son. And there he was in his uniform, with his pretty shoulder-straps, and as hearty as if he never had been through any hardships. He had to leave me to put the horse up, and then I had by the fire my own boy. And Drusilla, who had been up stairs, and had been crying—why, I wonder?—came down all in a flutter—for they were like brother and sister—and he kissed her, and she kissed him, and then away she went to set the table, and the nice hot things smoked on a cloth as white as snow; and how Charlie enjoyed them! But once, in the midst of all, I felt a frightened feeling come over me, and I know I turned pale, for Drusilla said: "What is the matter, Aunt Fairfax?"

I said nothing; but it was this: Kind o' like the ghost of a step, going champ, champ, over the frozen snow; kind o' like the ghost of a voice saying: "Let me lie on the floor before your fire, and give me any kind of a crust;" kind o' like some one that had a mother or down on the wintry road, and freezing and starving to death there. That is what it was. But I put it away, and only thought of Charlie.

We drew up together by the fire when the tea was done, and he told us things about the war I'd never heard before—how the soldiers

suffered, and what weary marches and short rations they sometimes had. And then he told me how his life had been in danger; how he had been set upon by the foe and badly wounded; and how, at the risk of his own life, a fellow-soldier had saved him, and carried him away, fighting his path back to camp.

"I'd never seen you but for him," says my Charlie. "And if there's a man on earth I love it's Rob Hadaway—the dearest, best fellow! We've shared each other's rations, and drank from the same canteen many and many a time; and if I had a brother, I couldn't think more of him."

"Why didn't you bring him home to see your mother, Charlie," said I. "Why I'd love him too, and anything I could do for the man who saved my boy's life, couldn't be enough. Send for him Charlie."

But Charlie shook his head, and covered his face with his hands.

"Mother," said he, "I don't know whether Rob Hadaway is alive or dead to-day. While I was still in the ranks he was taken prisoner. And military prisons are poor places to live in, mother I'd give my right hand to be able to do him any good; but I can find no trace of him. And he has a mother too, and she is so fond of him! She lives at Greenbank—poor old lady. My dear, good, noble Rob, the preserver of my life."

And I saw Charlie was nearly crying.

Not to let us see the tears, he got up and went to the mantel-piece. I did not look around until I heard a cry:

"Great heaven! what is it?"

And I turned, and Charlie had the tobacco pouch the man had dropped, in his hand.

"Where did this come from?" said he. "I feel, as though I had seen a ghost. I gave this to Rob Hadaway the day he saved me. We soldiers, had not much to give, you know and he vowed never to part with it while he lived. How did it come here, mother?"

And I fell back in my chair, white and cold, and said I.

"A wandering tramp left it here. Never your Rob, my dear; never your Rob. He must have been an impostor. I wouldn't have turned away a person really in want. Oh, no; no; it's another pouch, child; or he stole it. A tall fellow, with blue eyes, and yellow-brown hair; wounded, he said, and going to his mother to Greenbank. Not your Rob."

And Charlie stood staring at me, with clenched hands; and said he

"It was my Rob! It was my dear old Rob, wounded and starving!—my dear old Rob, who saved my life, and you have driven him out in such a night as this, mother. My mother to use Rob so!"

Condemn me, Charlie, said I; condemn me if you like; I'm afraid God will. Three times he came back; three times he asked only for a crust and a place to lie, and I drove him away—I, I—and he's lying in the road now. Oh! if I had known! Oh! if I had known!

And Charlie caught up his hat.

"I'll find him if he's alive, said he. Oh! Rob, my dear friend."

And then—I never saw the girl in such taking. Down went Drusilla on her knees, as if she was saying her prayers, and says she:

Thank God I dared to do it!
And says she again to me:
Oh! aunt, I've been trembling with fright, not knowing what you'd say to me. I took him in the kitchen way. I couldn't see him go faint and hungry, and wounded, and I put him in the spare chamber over the parlor, and I've been so frightened all the while.

Lord bless you, Drusilla, said Charlie.
Amen, says I.

And she, getting bolder, went on:

And I took him up some hot short cakes and apple-sass and tea, says she, and I took him a candle, and a hot brick for his feet, and I told him to eat, and go to bed in the best chamber, aunt Fairfax, with the white counterpane and all, and I locked him in and put the key in my pocket; and I told him that he should have one night's rest, and that no one should turn him out unless they walked over my dead body.

And Drusilla said it like an actress in a tragedy, and went off into hysterics the moment the words were out of her mouth. She'd been expecting to be half murdered, you know, and the girl was but sixteen, and always before minded me as if I was her mother.

Never was there any old sinner so happy as I was that night, so thankful to the good Lord; and it would have done your heart good if you had gone to see the two meet in the morning—Charlie and his friend Rob. And Charlie, who got so well and had a mother who was not poor either, helped Rob into business! And he got over his wounds at last, and grew as handsome as a picture. And to-day week he is going to marry Drusilla.

I'd give you anything I have, said I, and I won't refuse you even Drusilla, when he asked me, telling me that he had loved her ever since she was so kind to him on the night I've told you of.

And Charlie is to stand up with him, and

I go to give Drusilla away, and Rob's sister Fritz Greenbank is to be bridesmaid, and I have a guess that some day Charlie will bring home to me in Drusilla's place.

I don't drive buggars from the door now as I used, and no doubt I'm often imposed upon; but this is what I say! Better be imposed upon always, than to be cruel to one who really needs help. And I've read my Bible better of late, and I know who says: Even as you have done it unto the least of these, ye have done it unto me.

VARIOUS.

Down on Grant.

Anna Dickinson, the eloquent, has poured out a few of the vials of her wrath on the devoted head of Gen. Grant. She doesn't believe in the leader-tongued General. She thinks he is not sound on the negro question, and that the smoke of his cigar should be mistaken for the halo of popularity. In this she is a little more than half right. Of his unmanly conduct and gross prevarication in relation to cabinet affairs the Dickinson-deponent saith not. Such trifles do not trouble her; but to be silent on the negro question—this is the great offense.

Hear Anna:
The Radical party cannot live upon the memory of its good deeds.
Your works in the past won't save you.
You Radicals shirk the unpopular necessity of putting the black race forward.

You want to cover up the negro with Grant.
Unless you give the Northern negro the ballot you won't get the support of the negroes South.
It is not sufficient that Grant was a soldier, McClellan was a soldier, Fitz John Porter was a soldier. It is not sufficient to write against any man's name—soldier.
By nominating Grant you show yourselves cowards and poltroons.
Grant is no standard-bearer when principles are at issue.
You want Grant without a platform for the sake of expediency and winning the next election.
I wouldn't have a personal quarrel with Gen. Grant. I dare to say what a great many are thinking.
I don't want Gen. Grant for President.
Speech is silver, silence is golden. Grant's silence is leaden.
He must speak before he gets the nomination.
You can't hurrah for Grant and win on that issue.
Shame, shame on those Republicans who say: I believe the black man should vote in Louisiana, but under no circumstances here in Elmirra.
Disintegration stares the Radicals in the face because they are ashamed to come out boldly and openly for negro suffrage.
Don't hide your principles, if you've got any, behind the smoke of one man's cigar."

Woman's Word Book.

Afford, to.—Not to spend more than double your income.
Age.—An indefinite article, added to as a minor, but never allowed to increase after thirty.
Agreeable.—Epithet for any one who carries flattery to its furthest limits.
Agriculture.—Something which produces strawberries and green peas during winter.
Air.—Haughty or otherwise—an element of success.
Allowance.—A paltry pittance made by a father or husband to compare one with slaves for hire.
Amusement.—The aim of life.
Angel, f. m.—To be found poetically, before marriage and after death.
Arithmetic.—A torture invented by tradespeople.
Avarice.—Any attempt to spend less than double our income.
Ackward.—Being brought to the point by two men at once, to each of whom she has promised encouragement.
Ball.—Hyemen's Market, where unmarried ladies are trotted out for inspection, and knocked down to the highest bidder.
Bank.—A gold-field somewhere in the city, where any man can find money when it is to be spent on himself.
Bargain.—Goods which cost 20 per cent. more than they are worth.
Bear.—A being impervious to the rays of beauty.
Beggary.—Reduced to keeping one manservant and a pony for the children.
Blush, to.—An art almost extinct. Can be had, however, on the payment of a large sum.
Break.—Used in connection with a heart; perhaps the only thing which was never known to break.

Bridal.—What every female neck bends to willingly, as long as there is no curb.

Bride.—A husband who uses the curb after the bridal.

Business.—Any one's but your own.

Butterfly.—A bachelor who looks before he leaps.

Conversation with Gen. Grant.

I found Mr. Grant in the patent office examining some patent cigar holders.

"Good morning, Mr. Grant."

"Good morning, Mr. Grant."

"Be you in the war office now?"

"No; I'm in the patent office now; smoke?"

"Yes; please give us a light; be you going to run for the next Presidency, Mr. Grant?"

"I slow seventy thousand men in the battle of the Wilderness, Mr. Grant."

"Yes, which side were the slewed men fighting on, Mr. Grant?"

Here he sat down so as to smoke easier. That's all he said.

Said I again, "Mr. Grant folks don't know where you stand; do you?"

He bit off the end of a cigar and replied.

"What loss did you bet on at the race the other day?"

"Said I, lookin' at him, not the loss you're tryin' to ride, old fal;" and there by hangs a tale!"

He lit another sheroet, and I says,

"Mr. Grant, we're sufferin' terribly down South; couldn't you and some other woman send us down some tracts?"

"I will speak to Mr. Stanton, and if he hasn't anything for me to do in the office this afternoon I'll get some segars and take you out to ride."

I was satisfied by the above conversation, that General Grant was a great man; I never had a man grate more on my feeling than he did: he is a man more qualified as a man than Anna Dickinson ever was.

NOT IN THE SAME BOAT.—It has generally been supposed that the original Abolitionists sailed in the same boat, but the following report of an episode, which occurred at the meeting of the Anti-Slavery Society in New York on Wednesday, shows that the boat and the captain were alike distasteful to at least one person:

"At the conclusion of Mr. Phillips' address Mrs. Stanton stepped forward to speak, but at this moment an oratorical lady in the audience, who gave her name as Mrs. Kemp claimed the floor, and insisted that she was 'up first' in such a determined manner that no one seemed to have the courage to contradict her. Addressing Mr. Phillips, she said: I observe that you are sailing down the gulf stream in a very small boat, in which there is room only for white and black men and no for us women; so I suppose we shall have to take another boat. You have no objection?"

"Mr. Phillips (bowing)—Not the slightest, madam.

"Mrs. Kemp—And to begin with, we don't want you for captain.

"Mr. Phillips bowed.

"Mrs. Kemp—We want a bigger man than you. We want a better and more righteous man than you.

"Mr. Phillips—Thank you, madam.

"Mrs. Kemp—There is another boat, sir—the Democratic boat—I suppose we shall have to take that. You have no objection?"

"Mr. Phillips—None whatever, madam.

"The lady seemed disposed to continue the colloquy, which however, was brought to an abrupt end by Mrs. E. Cady Stanton, who stepped forward and began an address."

THE WORST OF IT.—"Do you want any berries, ma'am?" said a poor little boy to a lady one day.

The little fellow was very shabbily clothed, and his feet were bare and travel-stained. In both hands he held up a tin pail full of ripe raspberries, which were prettily peeping out from amid the green leaves that lay lightly over them.

The lady told him she would like some; and taking the pail from him, she stepped into the house. He did not follow, but remained behind, whistling, to some caries hanging in their cage in the porch.

"Why do you not come in, and see if I measure your berries right?" said the lady, "how do you know but what I may cheat you?"

The boy looked archly up at her and smiled. "I'm not afraid," said he, "for you would get the worst of it, ma'am."

"Get the worst of it," said she, "what do you mean?"

"Why, ma'am, I should only lose my berries, and you would be stealing; don't you think you would get the worst of it?"

An exchange says, that Benj. F. Butler would spurn a one hundred thousand dollar bribe, as soon as he would a hoghead of silver spoons!

Items.

Be sure you're right then go ahead.

A young Indian girl, perfectly wild, was recently purchased in Terra del Fuogo, for a bag of biscuits.

A lady who was started out of sleep by some one trying to enter the house, cried out, "Who is there?" "Your fair husband," was the reply.

A conscience-stricken thief in 1858, recently returned a bolt of cloth, on which was written: "Rum took it, sober brought it back."

The Radicals objected to the testimony of Gen. Sherman being received, for they knew he would prove that Grant had advised the President to remove Stanton. The Northern papers condemn the managers for the treatment of Gen. Sherman.

Choosing a wife is like dipping the hand into a bag containing ninety-six snakes and one eel. Ninety-nine to one if you catch the eel.

If Adam had asked Eve for a kiss could the latter without profanely have replied: "I don't care, A-dam, if you do?"

The Radicals are getting afraid of Butler. They believe that the old cook-eyed Wendell has been paid to wreck their craft.

"Now that you are on my side, I hope you will stick to me," as the patient said to the plaster.

Reading only furnishes the mind with materials of knowledge. The thinking makes what we read ours.—Locke.

Dr. Franklin used to say, that rich widows are the only piece of second-hand goods that sell at prime cost.

A writer dwelling on the importance of small things, says that "he always takes note even of a straw, especially if there happens to be a sherry-cobbler at one end."

A sap-headed boy wrote to his sweetheart, who had slighted him, that his brain was on fire, and received the following reply: "Blow it out."

The lower house of the Ohio Legislature has passed a measure disfranchising all persons having a "visible admixture" of negro.

We return our thanks (not ironically) to several tom and other cats for a "serenade" last night. We presume it was in honor of the ratification of the Constitution.

The Prince of Wales is reported to be getting more in debt and out of funds.

A silver wedding has been celebrated in Indiana, much to the astonishment of the citizens of that State of divorcees.

Carlotta has not entirely recovered her mind. Her insanity now manifests itself in extreme talkativeness, and a disposition to tell family secrets and scandalous stories to every stranger she meets.

In Atlanta they have a negro who is gradually turning to a white man. In this District there are several white men who have rapidly turned to negroes.

If a Wisconsin farmer plants a row of trees along the road, he is exempted from working on the road.

The Nashville Gazette of the 6th instant says that a rumor reached that city on the day previous, that Governor Brown had been struck with palsy and was not expected to live many days.

A Western paper contains the following apology: "The editor is absent, the foreman had the toothache, the 'devil' is drunk, and trying to drink lager beer out of a boot-jack, the press is out of order, and we ain't well ourselves—so please excuse a poor paper this week."

It is said that a company of capitalists is at present being organized in New York with the object in view of selecting and bringing to this country from Spain and European capitals a magnificent ballet and opera combination troupe, selected with care and great expense for the purpose of introducing here the Spanish Zarzuela or Comie Opera.

"Papa, did a't you whip me once for biting little Tommy?"

"Yes, my dear, you hurt him very much."

"Well, then, papa, you ought to whip sister's music master, too; he bit sister yesterday afternoon right on the mouth, and I know it hurt her, because she put her arms around his neck, and tried to choke him."

An Irishman being asked at the dinner-table whether he would take some apple pie, said:

"Is it houlsons?"

"To be sure it is; why do you ask that question?"

"Because I once had an uncle that was killed with apple plexy, and sure I thought it something of the same sort of dish."