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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DEMOCRATIC TICKET.

FOR PRESIDENT,

HORATIO SEYMOUR.

OF NEW YORK.

FOR VICE-PRESIDENT.

FRANCIS P. BLAIR.

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COLONEL A. C. HASKELL,
OF ABBEVILLE.

FOURTH CONGRESSIONAL DISTRICT:

COLONEL E. C. McLURE,
OF CHESTER.

SELECTED STORY.

Stonewall Jackson's Star.

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AN INCIDENT OF THE WAR.

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In the fall of 1864, I was detached from field duty in General Lee's army, and entrusted by the Confederate Government with a mission to one of the Northern States, requiring great secrecy and dispatch; but with this, my story has nothing to do, save as an explanation of my presence at such a time in the enemy's territory. Having reason to remain a few days in Philadelphia, I was surprised and gratified to find sympathizers with our great struggle even in the most radical and loyal city. Carefully concealing my position and business there from my old friends, who so gladly threw open their doors and hearts for a traitor so-called to enter. I enjoyed some pleasant hours in the society of those who were compelled to speak with bated breath, but whose hearts throbbed and eyes kindled at the recital of Southern wrongs and Southern valor.

Upon descending to breakfast one fair October morning, my hostess Mrs. B., (a Virginian herself, but married to a Northern man,) met me, wreathed in smiles, and holding in her hand a highly embossed envelope, whose dainty ribbon knot, and beautifully engraved initial letters, although entirely different from anything of the kind I had seen for three years, savored to my mind strongly of matrimony. My thoughts went back to the halcyon days of the past, before heavy cares and disappointments had left their impression on my heart and brain, and the exposure of camp life added to the fatigue and privations of the march, had ploughed long, silvery tracks in my raven locks—the only silver by-the-way, then in my possession. When I "looked love into eyes that spake again," and the merry marriage bell was ready to chime for me; when just such bits of perfumed pasteboard covered my table, and my services were asked by friends, who joyfully entering the matrimonial bark, bid me god speed on a like cruise. The sequel of these thoughts, which flashed along the wires of memory, issued from my lips in the single word, "wedding?"

"You are a good guesser," said my fair friend. "Yes, it is an invitation to the marriage and reception of my lovely little pet, Minnie Norton, whom you met here the other evening and admired so much. She was born in the Old Dominion, and clings fondly to every recollection of our glorious old mother State. For two years she has devoted herself exclusively to relieving the necessities of the Confederate prisoners, and nursing the sick and wounded in the hospitals here. Listen to what she says in a note accompanying the invitation card:

"Bring your mysterious and agreeable friend, Mr. W., with you on the 12th; although he will not tell us the nature of his mission here, because he has the absurd idea that a woman cannot keep a secret, yet I know it is something connected with the welfare of my beloved South, the land of Jackson and Lee. His hearty cordial tones and dear old accent are music to my ear; will you not ask him to grace my wedding with his presence?"

"I shall be only too happy to accept," said I; that note falls like balm upon my heart; none but a dear little Virginia girl could have written such. I hope the man of her choice is worthy of the gem he has gained."

"Oh, he is a noble fellow?" returned my hostess; and the entrance of the breakfast put an end to the conversation.

The eventful day arrived, and, arrayed in the regulation dress on such an occasion—glossy black immaculate choker and irreproachable fitting kids—a costume in which I was somewhat puzzled to make my acquaintance, I took my seat in the carriage beside Mrs. B., and was rapidly whirled to the scene of enlivenment. We did not attend the ceremony which took place in the church; therefore upon our arrival, the bride of an hour had already received the congratulations of her friends upon her accession to new dignity. Entering the drawing room, from which the daylight had been carefully excluded, my Confederate eyes were completely dazzled by the splendid array of beauty, fashion and wealth gathered there, and, for some moments, I imagined that I had been transported to fairy land. I was, however, awakened from this trance, by an exclamation of delight from my companion, and found myself standing before an impersonation of grade and beauty, clad in white satin, orange blossoms, illusions, and a dozen other airy nothings, with which the fair sex arm themselves to stay their unsuspecting victims.

Collecting my scattered senses, I soon settled down to a "peace basis," and paying my devoirs with tolerable composure to the happy couple, gave place to the eager throng behind me. Refusing for various reasons, the entreaties of my friends to be introduced to sundry damsals of her acquaintance who were "pretty and so rich," I retired to a corner, from which observation I became an amused and interested "looker on in Vienna,"

> My eye roved over the brilliant scene,
> The flashing of jewels, the flutter of laces,
> And odors of tropical musk;
> Men and women, Most beautiful faces,
> And eyes of tropical dusk.

mingling with the witching blue of the Northern clime, until at last, like a weary bird, it returned to the figure of the bride and rested there. Something in her quiet, dignified bearing, and happy, trustful face was refreshing to me, and, almost unconsciously, I scanned her whole person. What struck me particularly, as I inwardly commented on the tasteful elegance of her attire, (for I am something of a connoisseur in such matters,) was the absence of all jewels. Instead of the bridal pearls, a single highly burnished star caught at her throat the light fall of lace that covered her neck and shoulders. My curiosity, for I plead guilty to the weakness—was aroused to fathom the origin, of a fancy, for wearing such an ornament on the most eventful day of a young woman's life, and musing upon it, my thoughts took another direction. The camp, the battle-field, the hope of promotion, and the dawn of a day when I too, might wear a star, engrossed me so entirely that I forgot time and place and was only aroused from my reverie by a light touch on my arm, and the sweet voice of the bride in my ear, saying:

"I shall not allow you to make statutes in the corner any longer, Mr. W., if you will not join the dancers, at least do the homage to me. I intend to throw aside etiquette for a few moments and sit down in this alcove with you, for I wish to ask some questions concerning my friends in Dixie."

Was ever mortal man deaf to such an appeal! It is needless to say that I complied, and, though the introduction of many mutual acquaintances soon regarded myself on a footing sufficiently intimate and friendly to inquire the history of the "lone star."

She hesitated upon hearing my question, then lowering her voice, said: "In this land of the free and home of the brave, to name one of the South's great chieftains in tones of praise is treason; but since you are a true son of her's I will venture to relate to you the story connected with this precious relic of Stonewall Jackson and how it came into my possession."

"Some months ago, while visiting the C. hospital, my attention was attracted towards one of the patients who had been brought in the day before. He was a young man, apparently about twenty years of age, and although almost wasted to a skeleton, his broad open brow, delicate, high-bred nose, and general air of refinement indicated that his was no mean lineage. The beautiful brown eye, followed all my motions with such a yearning, beseeching expression that I was irresistibly drawn to his bedside. Offering him an orange to cool his parched tongue, and seating myself beside him, I inquired into his condition. "Will you bathe my head, as my mother used to do," said he, "and then talk to me—it is so long since I have heard a sweet, low voice, like yours."

Taking out my cologne, I did as he bade me, talking in an encouraging, hopeful manner meanwhile, until by degrees he revived a little, and told me his history.

"I am a Virginian," said he, and his wan cheek flushed with pride; "my home is on the banks of the Shenandoah, and I was one of the first to answer the bugle note when our fair Valley was invaded. Jackson was my leader, and I belong to the Stonewall Brigade. Although only an humble lieutenant, I had rather be a private in the noble band than hold a general's commission in any other corps. Jackson was my hero; for him I would have scaled any height, undergone any hardship, and since his death I have scarcely cared to live, have by the faithful performance of my duty to assist in winning fresh laurels for the brigade he loved so well." He then went on to tell me he had been taken prisoner six months before, and, accustomed to an open air, the confinement of a prison had undermined his health, and the home sickness and despair of "hope deferred" preyed on his mind until a slow fever ensued, which was then draining the strength from his youthful veins. Of course all this was not told at once, but at intervals, in answer to my questions. Finally, fearing the excitement would prove injurious, I enjoined quiet and rest, bidding him good bye, with the promise to return the next day.

For a week, at the same time every morning I attended my "Virginia boy," and my entrance was the signal for a brightening of the sad, hopeless eyes. Sitting by his side, with his thin hand clasped in mine, he would relate many little incidents of his campaigns with Jackson, always dwelling on the famous exploits of his adored commander, or else pour fourth a tide of recollections of the mountain home, of the dear old father and mother whose pride he was, the fair haired sister who so fondly awaited his return—his horse and a dog, and a thousand minor details of the sweet home life so dearly treasured in his heart. But I shuddered to mark how fast his life was ebbing away, and wept at the thought of the sorrow that would fall with a crushing weight upon that absent household.

Upon the seventh day I was shocked by the distressing change which had taken place in his appearance, that peculiar pallor and contraction of features always the herald of death having settled upon his countenance. No glad smiles greeted me as I approached his cot, but only a faint pressure of the hand as I bent over him. "Will you not taste this cooling drink I have prepared for you?" I said.

"No, dear lady," replied he in a faint voice, and then continued, painfully laboring for breath, "Save it for some one else; I am dying. The surgeon would not tell me just now when I asked him, but I feel the death damp on my brow. I am not afraid, for I am a soldier, but it is so hard to die alone, never again to see my native mountains, and feel the cool air fan my cheek—never again to hear my father's blessing, or receive my mother's good night kiss. Will you not do me one more favor—write to my mother!"

I assented, and drawing forth paper pen and ink, wrote as well as my fast dropping tears and trembling hand would allow. After speaking of his situation and my kindness, he proceeded to send affectionate farewells to various members of his family, not forgetting the servants whom he mentioned by name. There was a pause, and he lay silent for some moments, the large tears gathered in his eyes, and rolled down the wan cheek. Then pointing to the worn uniform that hung from a peg on the opposite wall, he asked me to hand it to him. Fumbling in the pocket he took out a knife, and indicating a particular place in the waistbands of his pantaloons, directed me to rip it open. I did so and drew out a small roll of paper containing something hard which upon opening I found to be a military star, the wrapping paper being closely written over. After gazing upon them both for sometime he took up the star, and handing it to me, said: "When General Jackson fell, it was my painful task to assist in carrying him off the field to a place of safety. My command was forming in line of battle, and although my heart failed, and my right arm felt nerveless at the thought of charging the enemy unaided by his presence, stern duty called me to the front. Kneeling to take one last silent look at his pale heroic face, I spied the stars on the collar of his overcoat, which hung loosely over the litter. Quick as thought I took out my knife, and, cutting one away, concealing it in my bosom; with it on my heart, I hastened to the battle-field, and no sword did better service that day than mine. Here it is; will you not keep it for the sake of one, who, dying amongst strangers and enemies, has had his last moments soothed by your gentle care!" Completely overcome by grief, I took the precious gift and murmured my thanks. Then, holding out the paper, he asked me to enclose it in the one to his mother. "Tell her it is the last leave of absence I ever received from General Jackson, signed by his own hand—a happy furlough spent at home. I shall soon have another, endorsed by a Greater Captain than he, to go a dwelling where pleasures are endless."

Exhausted by the effort of speaking he sank back motionless, while I smoothed the damp curls, and moistened the dry lips. Riveted to the spot by my affection and sympathy for the sufferer, two long hours passed away, and I watched with sickening dread, the death film dimming the beautiful eyes, and bent to catch the first faint breath. Suddenly a glorious light shone in his face; partly rising and pointing upwards, he exclaimed, "I see it—the star, the; General, I am here;" and heaving one farewell sigh for earth and friends, the young hero rejoined his beloved commander.

Her voice faltered and she ceased speaking, while I was too much moved to make any comment. Regaining her self-possession, she said, "Can you wonder now, Mr. W., that I should prefer wearing the gem, hallowed by so many sacred memories, to the costly jewels that lie in my casket up stairs?"

"Indeed I do not," said I "and I hope it may be a beacon on your pathway through life, and then, when transplanted to the realms above, the owner may sparkle as the centre star in the Victor's Crown."

VARIOUS.

[From the Charleston News.]

Political Straws—How the Wind is Blowing.

Within two weeks two Radical papers in Wisconsin have hauled down Grant and put up Seymour.

So many Republican papers in all parts of the country are joining the Democracy that we cannot find room to print their names.

General Buell, who saved Grant and his army from utter destruction at Shiloh, supports Seymour and Blair.

Five hundred Republicans in Montana have renounced their adhesion to the Radical party and come out for the Democratic ticket.

The Illinois Post, a German Radical paper, has expired, in consequence of the defection of the respectable Germans of the city, who have heretofore acted with the Radicals.

There is a German Democratic club in New York, nearly 500 strong, nearly all of the members of whichare said to have heretofore voted the Republican ticket.

The Grant electors in Alabama have declined to serve, and have taken the stump for Seymour. A Radical paper in Montgomery has ceased publication for want of support.

The Pittsburg *Post* says it has the names of eighty-two Republicans of that city who have joined Seymour and Blair clubs, and will vote the entire Democratic ticket at the next election.

Two thousand Germans residing in the upper portions of Philadelphia have formed a Seymour and Blair club. These Germans have heretofore acted with the Radical party. Philadelphia will elect the Democratic ticket by at least ten thousand majority.

The Quincy (Illinois) *Herald* says that in that city there have not been less than fifty changes of German Radicals from Grant to Seymour in the course of the past month, and in Adams County not less than two hundred.

Ex-Governor William F. Johnston, of Allegheny County, Pennsylvania, formerly a Radical of the strongest kind, has come out strongly for Seymour and Blair. He made a Democratic speech in Pittsburg a few nights since.

Dr. Alonzo Garcelon, of Lewiston, Maine, has always been a radical till since the nomination of Grant. He is one of the leading physicians of that State and has held the office of Surgeon-General under the Radicals. He now comes out for Seymour and Blair.

The editor of the Danbury (Conn.) *Times*, until this year Radical, says the General of the Army and Radical candidate for the Presidency has "lived in smoke and will end in smoke," while his name in politics has not added one convert to the cause he has seen fit to shoulder.

Mrs. Elizabeth Cady Stanton, in an editorial article published in the *Revolution*, a New York paper, says: "In closing, we appeal to every patriot (including all the conservative elements; we especially mention them as their patriotism is doubtful, and excluding the Radicals, as theirs is certain) to forget all past differences, and unite with us in the great approaching struggle to elect Horatio Seymour and Frank Blair, that the war for the Union, the constitution and the laws may be commenced in earnest."

Read This, Colored Men.

A correspondent of the Macon *Journal and Messenger* gives the subjoined account of a speech delivered by a colored man, at a Democratic barbecue, in Pulaski County, a few days ago:

Next followed a colored man by the name of Sherman, who gave, in a conversational, style, a most interesting history of his trip to and his stay in Liberia. He was not at all complimentary to the agents of the Colonization Society, on account of the meagre supply of provisions on the voyage. He says they were compelled to subsist for days on rations consisting of a single cracker and a pint of water; but when they reached their destination, on account of the many deaths occurring in their party, their rations were increased to three crackers per day. He said he was told by the Colonization Society that, when he reached Liberia, he would find a species of fruit known as the bread fruit, growing in great abundance on the trees—all of which he found to be true, but neither he nor any of his party could eat it. He says the natives live on snakes, frogs, lizards, or any sort of animals they can capture and slay, but they prefer animals that have died, and are in a putrid state.

He said he determined to leave as soon as he could provide himself with money to pay his passage to New York, which he soon obtained, and took ship for New York, where he felt confident of meeting many friends. After arriving in the city, he made application to some men on the wharf for work, was told they did not employ negroes, and driven away; he made several other applications on the wharf, meeting in every instance unkind repulses. He then made application at two carpenter shops, from which he hardly escaped with his scalp. He returned to the wharf in despair, when he fortunately found a gentleman from Savannah, and after having to work for his food until he could get a situation, he proposed to work for him in the same way; he gave him his food, and afterwads paid the full price of his labor, which enabled him to reach Savannah, where he met with Southern friends, who furnished him means to reach his old home, where he hopes to live and die, for he says the black man has no friends only in the South. He advised the black man to be peaceable and industrious, and be governed by the advice of the people in this country. That slavery at the South, in its worst form, is better for the black man than freedom at the North.

Matrimony.

"Shall I get married?" is a question which a man often puts to himself in the present day. Nothing can be wiser than to make it a question; but when a man does he should examine and weigh the thing fairly and fully, and not consider that he has found a solution to it the moment he meets with an objection to contravene his wishes.

It is not for his father or his mother, his friends or his books, that he should yeild to, in a case that is really too great for their decision.

Hear them, or read them, he may to gather their opinions; but if his own conscience prove stronger than their arguments, and that his spirit still cries out "marry," why, marry he should, with due deference to many sapient advisers.

Is marriage a desirable state? This is the first question. Almost every man and woman will answer it in the affirmative. When should it be entered into; is the next question.

To this the reply is, as soon as a man having reached a proper age, say twenty-five, is able to support a wife. Then comes the question of children. A man, by pinching a little here, and a good deal there, can support a wife: but the poor fellow is afraid of having a family to feed, and clothe, and educate, without money enough to bear the additional expense.

This is the tug. We believe few young men would be such fools as to remain in a state of "single blessedness" if the image of coming children did not haunt and bewilder them. But this apprehension is quite as groundless as the other. Children have hands to work with, and may be rendered a source of profit to a prudent father who knows how to rear them up.

Do not listen, therefore, young men, to these frivolous objections. Do your friends advise you against marriage? Look at their own cases. You will find that most of them got married themselves, sooner or later, and that they did very well in spite of the burden. If you really do discover among them a few who have lost their position, and become poor since their having taken to themselves a wife, in nine cases out of ten you will find, by sifting the matter, that it was not the wife and children who brought down, but their own covetousness, vanty, and ambition. For if a man will risk upon a card or a die, or upon a speculation equally hazardous, all he possesses, in order to double his fortune, he must bear the consequences; and his example should serve to deter you against such ventures, but not against matrimony.

To the Colored People.

We publish below an extract from a speech made to the colored people of Georgia by an eminent gentleman of that State. It contains some excellent suggestions, and is worthy of a careful perusal. We commend it to the careful consideration of the colored people of this State:

What a glorious future there is for you in these Southern States. A mild winter, a fruitful spring and summer, and autumn, with its rich and abundant yield. Acclimatized, and accustomed to the culture of the soil; and in the midst of those who from infancy have looked upon you, with feelings of affection; and you, with gratitude, as the recipients of their kindness. What can prevent your advance in all the blessings of life?—Surrounded with all its comforts and assured of its safety. Nothing! nothing! but the evil advice of bad men; contemptible aspirants for political position, who have come amongst and are hurrying you to ruin and destruction, by arraying you in opposition to your friends and former owners. They tell you if the Democrats gain the elections you will be made slaves. This is false, and they tell it with the energy of truth and want you to believe it. Believe them not, fellow citizens. You are free; never, no never, to be slaves again; save to your own passion and their evil advice. Free as the white man, protected as the white man by the same laws of your country, in all that is right, just and honorable. But this Government is a white man's Government. The Indian never ruled; the negro will never rule, and it is madness to think otherwise. Do you think, that one million and a half of people, two thirds of whom cannot read, nor do they know the simplest letter in the alphabet, will govern thirty millions of [illegible] who have made laws for these States; lead armies to battle, and whose eloquence held in breathless suspense the Congress of our country. Are such men as these to be governed by you? Believe not their falsehoods. Listen not to them. Oh! that my voice could reach you from the sea-beach to the mountain of every Southern State, and convince you that your only friends are those who will give you employment and offer you the protection of life and property, under the same laws that guard their own, and that only a quiet submission to those laws, which we must all obey, will give peace and plenty where want and oppression now reigns triumphant. Now make your choice, and God direct you to make it wisely, for it will be want and exile, or life, peace and prosperity.

HOW TO FORETELL THE WEATHER.—A correspondent of the Augusta *Chronicle*, makes the following assertions relative to the weather:

A red sky (mind you, now, sky,) in the morning signifieth rain. Lightning in the North signifieth rain.

Snails crawling to and up trees, signifieth rain; the higher up the tree they crawl, the heavier will be the fall of rain.

Light cob-webs across the road, or bushes, etc., at early morn, signifieth fair weather.

A red sky (mind you, now, sky, not clouds,) at sun-set, signifieth fair weather.

A new moon, with its horns turned down, indicateth a rainy moon.

A new moon, with its horns turned up, indicateth a clear moon.

Ants working at early dawn indicateth a clear day.

Evening red and morning grey, will light the traveler on his way; but evening grey and morning red, will pour down rain on traveler's head.

In winter, a red sun-set indicateth wind and severe cold.

In his speech out in Colorado the other day Colfax declared himself *opposed* to *negro suffrage*—no doubt in order to catch the votes of his hearers.—*Exchange.*