

# The Orangeburg News.

GOD AND OUR COUNTRY.

SATURDAY MORNING, NOVEMBER 27, 1869.

NUMBER 41

VOLUME 3.

THE ORANGEBURG NEWS

PUBLISHED AT ORANGEBURG, S. C. Every Saturday Morning.

THAS. J. HALL & CO. PUBLISHERS AND PROPRIETORS.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION: One Year, \$2.00; Six Months, \$1.00.

Any one sending TEN DOLLARS, for a Club of New Subscribers, will receive an EXTRA COPY FOR ONE YEAR, free of charge.

RATES OF ADVERTISING: One Square 1st Insertion, \$1.50.

MARRIAGE AND FUNERAL NOTICES, not exceeding one Square, inserted without charge.

Terms Cash in Advance.

LAW NOTICE.

DeTreville & Sistrunk, ATTORNEYS AT LAW, ORANGEBURG, S. C.

GLOVER & GLOVER, ATTORNEYS AND COUNSELLORS AT LAW, ORANGEBURG C. H., S. C.

HUTSONS & LEGARE, ATTORNEYS AND SOLICITORS.

IZLAR & DIBBLE, ATTORNEYS AND SOLICITORS, ORANGEBURG, S. C.

MALCOLM I. BROWNING, ATTORNEY AT LAW, ORANGEBURG C. H., So. Ca.

FRED. FERSNER, DENTIST.

DR. H. W. KENNERLY, ORANGEBURG.

DR. J. R. TOOMER, ORANGEBURG, S. C.

D. W. ROBINSON.

FASHIONABLE TAILOR.

I have the pleasure to announce to my numerous Customers and the Public generally, that having removed to a Central Position, handy and convenient to all, I am now prepared to make up a GENTLEMAN'S WARDROBE with Neatness and Dispatch.

CRACKERS AND CAKES. JOHN A. HAMILTON, Court House Store.

RECONSTRUCTION.

A STORY OF THE TIMES.

By THAS. J. HALL.

CHAPTER I.

She knelt by the crimson altar, and the light from the painted window fell like a glory radiantly upon her form; she knelt and prayed in the sunlit aisle like some sweet saint of story.

There in the grand Cathedral, in the midst of the city's war, while the world was rushing on with its dizzy hum, Lucille Avenel had stepped in from the street and knelt to pray.

She felt so sad and despairing that morning. She had just seen disappointed in getting an expected situation. Yes, a dozen times, had she read the short, cold note from her relative, to whom she had applied as the last—last resort. The story she had written had been refused by the publisher of the Magazine, the day previous. What was left, now, to be done?

Nothing. Nothing but to return to the haggard-looking old homestead, and suffer, and bear, and hear her father's—poor old man—fruitless and sad reprimands.

These were her thoughts, as she was returning to her uncle's residence in the city, from the post office, where she had just received that disheartening letter. Thus, she was thinking, bitterly, as she passed the Cathedral, and hearing the organist practising, and seeing the door open, and persons going in to repeat their prayers, an impulse of religion—of superstition, perhaps, turned her steps into the church, and she prayed. 'Twas a scene of expressive significance, yes, an historical emblem.

She, the daughter of a haughty house, the descendant of knightly men, and of noble women, after suffering the keen humiliations of poverty—aye, of hunger and cold, and seeing her aged father suffer and hearing him lament so plaintively his bitter, cruel fortune—after enduring this for a weary year, had resolved to come to the city, and try—try something for herself and for him.

After a week of trying and failure, this was the sad, despairing end.

Here she knelt in the Cathedral, and the light played upon her in its beauty, and the surging of the grand organ vibrated through the solemn stillness, anon reaching so sweetly on the ear, and then profoundly toning through the building, with its deep grand bass.

Methods, the organist, was another Tom Pinch, and the sorrows, and meanness of his own life would express themselves in his melody, while a note of human sympathy, from a warm heart, would repeat itself unbidden, as the burden of the music. It must have been so; for Lucille Avenel rose from her knees and felt happier.

How expressive the whole scene! How typical of the Southern land! Brave hearts are resting 'neath her turf, manly arms are prostrate, pale women kneel and weep. Graves are her shrines; her temples ruins, while a keelling refrain seems to pour its pæan music from its forests and its streams. Niobe!

Lucille Avenel returned to her saddened home and brought little comfort to her father.

"Papa," said Lucille, after telling of her disappointments, "uncle and everybody says, that things will soon be better. The States will soon be reconstructed and restored to their prosperity."

"Ah, daughter," said the old gentleman, sadly, "think of our losses, our ruins. I have been rich, and thought to see you happy. Will these things be restored? Will they reconstruct my fortune, my spirit, my hopes? No, Lucille," and the old man looked so sad, and his voice quivered as he added "they can never reconstruct me."

Lucille came and laid her beautiful head upon the old man's breast, and tried to cheer him, but he would repeat, and retired to his rest that night, repeating, "they will never reconstruct me."

Lucille resumed her pinched and hard life, sewing for her support, and suffered and bore up like a heroine. At length a better day did dawn for her and her father. Her uncle wrote that she could get employment to write in the government offices in the city. So she and her father moved down, and obtained rooms, and Lucille went every day and wrote in the government office. At first, it was very strange, and the polite young officer had to show her a great deal how to copy and fill up blanks. But after a while

she learned the routine of her business perfectly. She obtained a very good salary for her services, and she and her father were quite comfortable.

Of an evening they would go round to uncle Ralph Sinclair's and talk over these new times and phases in their history.

Clara Sinclair, Lucille's cousin, was highly delighted and amused at the "events of the day," as she called them, and declared that she would like nothing better than to write in the Yankee's offices. It was indeed amusing to hear her and her uncle Peyton, Avenel, Lucille's father, discussing the "issues of the past," and "the living present."

"Uncle Peyton, you will be obliged to accept the situation," and admit these things to be facts."

"Ah! my dear girl, I hate that expression, 'accept the situation,' and some things are facts which are not truths, a combination of accidental circumstances may produce very anomalous results. These results may seem to crush the truth to the earth, but believe me, its mighty principle will rise and be vindicated."

"Oh! my dear sir, please spare me your metaphysics, these things may be untruths but they are certainly facts. If I asked you whether you believed in negro suffrage as a principle, you would tell me, no, but my dear uncle, you must believe in it as a fact. And what, sir, is to change the fact? Nothing in the world but your metaphysics, and your hopes for some miraculous intervention, such as we Southerners looked for during the war."

"My girl, the negro is a doomed animal, and destined soon to leave only fossil relics of his race, if he insists upon his right to vote in this country."

"My Lord, uncle, any one is doomed that attempts to argue with you upon this question. Your ideas and yourself are fossil relics of the past."

"You never hear, you don't hear any more of an evening when I come here, for you are getting to be a complete Radical."

"Oh, that reminds me, Lucille, do you know that everybody says that Percy Waring, your old sweetheart, is a genuine Radical. What do you think of that?"

"I have heard, Clara, that Percy Waring differed in his political views from most of his set and his associates, but I do not think that so harsh a term as 'Radical' can be applied to him."

"Oh, my, there we have it again. There is no use to play upon words and banter names. You know Lucille, that anybody in the South now who differs with the secession party is called a Radical. I mean any body who is willing to abide by reconstruction, and who thinks that it will be permanent. In other words anybody who is reconstructed."

And so they would chat; Clara Sinclair in her rattling style, arguing with her uncle Peyton, and criticising the political situation; uncle Peyton, protesting against the "fate that had so vastly changed his circumstances, and those of his country. He would ignore the present unnatural state of things, as he called them, and adhering to the past, believed implicitly and with unswerving faith, that it would be vindicated and restored in the future.

"The glory of the South has departed," he would say, "but the evolution of issues, and the settling of the political and social equilibrium upon its level, would restore it."

One more scene, and all our characters will have been presented.

In the huge city, at his desk, in his law office, sat Percy Waring writing.

He was a man of about twenty-seven, of medium height, and slight figure, with an intellectual head, and fine distinguished features.

He had been practising law, little over one year, and his business was slowly increasing. He had served with gallantry in the Confederate army, and surrendered the sword of Captain, when Lee's skeleton army, by capitulation, grouped itself in the last historic tableau, ere the black curtain fell upon the dreadful drama. Ruined in fortune, Percy Waring, forced to the necessity of seeking a livelihood, had pursued the study of the law, amid disheartening difficulties, and was just beginning to realize the success of his efforts.

Possessed of a rare and commanding eloquence, and distinguished talent, the eyes of the politicians were turned to him. In several of his forensic ad-

dresses, an expression of conservatism of political opinion, which suggested a compromise by which the gentlemen of the South could bow with dignity and grace to the stroke that had impoverished them, and changed the entire fabric of their policies, and the condition of their laborers, and yet maintain the unaltered purity of their social economy, and even see a hope for the restoration of their ruined wealth—an expression of such conservatism and striking sentiments, had rather exposed him to the censure of his associates, while at the same time it had brought him in the notice of the more liberal of the *opinion* that ruled the Southern party.

At the moment of his introduction to you, reader, he is writing a reply to a communication, he had just received from a political organization, whose perfect discipline and adroit manipulation of the colored people by their secret societies, and sensation suggestions and promises, placed in their hands the supreme government of the State.

Percy Waring was ambitious. He had long differed with and objected to the supine policy of inactivity, that had characterized the Southern people since the shock of their defeat, and the stultifying effect of their unlooked for change.

He had often thought, and had even grown warm in conversation with friends, saying that he longed for an opportunity to utter his sentiments to his countrymen.

Suffice it to say, he accepted the invitation to address the political meeting to be called by and under the auspices of the hated party that ruled the country.

The time was appointed, and its announcement made to the public.

Percy Waring's friends generally cut his acquaintance, some without further formality, others after hearing from his own lips, that it was really his intention to deliver the address.

All of his friends did this except one friend from childhood. Ralph Rutledge called at his office the morning after the announcement appeared in print. He found Percy Waring sitting at his desk.

"Good morning, Percy," he saluted him as of yore, and the tones of frank and unaltered friendship, astonished, and to say the truth, almost unnamed Percy Waring. In the fever of his ambition, and the enthusiasm of his supposed sense of duty, he had been prepared for the coolness of his friends and had even anticipated them in their retreats."

But recovering himself he rose and greeted his friend warmly.

"Take a seat, Ralph."

"Yes, I wanted to see you a moment, Percy, about this political harangue you are to deliver to-morrow night to the Radical party."

"Not to the Radical party, Ralph, but to any of my fellow-citizens who will hear me."

"My dear fellow, are you demented? Is it a practical joke? Do you suppose that any of your *bona fide* fellow-citizens will come to hear you under such auspices. Look here, Percy, I have come to put a stop to this thing. Remember, Percy, your father sleeps in a soldier's grave, which he gained fighting for principles, against which you are about to raise your voice, and which you are about to recant. Remember, sir, you are a gentleman! Remember Lucille Avenel! You know you lose *caste* by this madness. Remember your profession, which is surely and steadily increasing your honors and rewards! Do you expect to practice law for the negroes and to settle their estates?"

"Really, Ralph, you are eloquent."

"I am in earnest Percy. For God's sake, tell me, what kind of speech do you intend to make?"

"I intend to express those sentiments which you have heard me utter so frequently in conversation."

"Look here, Percy Waring, I have done my duty. I cannot divine your motive nor your object in this madness. But if it is all in vain, my dear sir, I can but clear the gang-way and let you go. You know the consequences!"

"I suppose one of them will be the loss of your friendship and acquaintance."

"No, sir, I shall not cut you when we meet, but I never expect to meet you in society! You, of course, know this."

"Those, who caring not to understand my motives and my heart in this matter, are worthless friends. I feel that I am right, and I dread not these silly consequences."

"Well, sir, I have said what I intended to, you know the rest."

"And I shall say what I intend to, to-morrow night, and shall be happy to have you hear me."

"I shall not be there. Good morning."

And he left the office.

Another historic, emblematic scene! Oh! ho, this proud, brave, down-trodden people have clung to the brightness and glory of their past. Their glory forever departed, and they mourn so pathetically at its memorial.

Scorning the facts forced upon them, those facts subverting their entire civilization and forming the bases upon which a new and entirely different one is to be superstructure, they cling with wild, fond devotion to the memories of the irrevocable past, and hope, romantically, madly, that the future will restore them. History but repeats itself. Its course is not retrogressive. Perhaps in the widening circle of its cycles it may reach the correlative and parallel point, at which it stood before, but it widens, complicates progresses.

Percy Waring delivered his oration, and he was cut.

Instinct with eloquence, burying the glorious past, with stately eulogy, and gleaning from it lessons for the future, it pointed to that future, picturing the brightness of its new era, and pointing out the practical duties of the different classes at the South.

In his advice to the colored people, the eloquent speaker seriously disappointed those who had invited him to speak. He advised them to scorn their secret organizations, by which they mechanically obeyed the will of the *clique* into whose hands its springs were intrusted. He bade them think for themselves. Their rights were guaranteed now irrevocably. They should now consult only the common interest of the country—the interests of the employer, the land owners, as well as those of the laborer.

His attempt was made by the *clique* to interrupt him, but he had touched the right chord in the colored man's nature, and they would hear him.

The effect of his address was thrilling, irresistible. 'Twas the only way, to reach the colored people, and they felt the truth of the advice.

His address was published in all the city newspapers, and all classes inwardly felt that the position Percy Waring had assumed promised much good to all classes.

Still he lost *caste*. His friends cut his acquaintance, and he was denounced, "Radical."

'Twas an evening or two after the speech that Lucille Avenel and her father were at Ralph Sinclair's spending the evening as usual.

Clara Sinclair was, of course, brim full of chat for uncle Peyton and Lucille.

"Well, uncle Peyton," she said, "have you read Mr. Percy Waring's speech to the Radicals?"

"No, my girl, I can not certainly. My Heavens, what can that boy mean! His father's bones must have stirred in their grave. What would he say? What would he say?"

"Really, sir, you might have read his speech. But—Lucille, what do you think of your *beau idéal* now? Are you disenchanted?"

"The views of Mr. Waring are certainly very new and striking to us. I am not enough of a politician to know whether he is altogether right or not, but I do sympathize with him in the *ostracism* which appears to be the consequence of it. I do think that these questions ought to be discussed, calmly and seriously, and that one ought to have a right to differ with the majority in his opinion."

"Uncle Peyton, do you hear all that, Lucille is as much of a Radical as I am, and ought to be deprived of the boon of kissing you, as well as I. But I heard to-day that Percy Waring is the Radical candidate for Congress. That is his aim I suppose. Success shall be his criterion."

And so she rattled on.

Percy Waring was the candidate for Congress. The colored people broke through all the routine of their party organization, and would have him to be their candidate.

A large and respectable portion of the white voters rallied on him, appreciating his manly, independent and promising course, and he was elected.

The State was reconstructed, and represented in Congress by one of her own citizens, "to the manor born," and elect-

ed by the consent and aid of the colored people, who thus properly appealed to responded generously and well.

The State was reconstructed and restored to her sons!

Percy Waring distinguished himself in Congress by his bold and fearless defence of the rights of his State, as reconstructed. All classes felt that he was right. When he returned home, ovation after ovation awaited him. The colored people invited him to address them, and as he told them plainly and truthfully their rights and their duties, they gathered around him as around one whom they could trust.

Some of his friends were magnanimous enough to come forward and renew their acquaintance with him, frankly acknowledging their error and prejudice; others still kept him under the ban of social ostracism.

Among those who still treated him with coolness were Ralph Sinclair's family. None condemned him more violently than Peyton Avenel.

Years passed, and with their slow revolution, reconstruction upon a sure foundation, was gradually being accomplished. The gentlemen of the South were either passing away or their bitter antagonism to these changes was relenting.

While these changes were working out their fulfilment, and Percy was vindicating his sentiments by the criterion of their success and extension, let us for a moment look at the relations that existed between him and Lucille Avenel.

Born of kindred ancestry, both inheritors of goodly patrimony, reared on neighboring plantations in the country, and meeting often in the same social circles in the city, their intimacy had ripened into love.

Their love had been mutually confessed in the sunny hours of childhood, had ripened with their years, and been recognized and approved by their parents.

Lucille's father loved the boy, as he said like his own martyred son, who had fallen in an early stage of the war.

"He has lost a gallant father," he would say, "I will be his father, and he shall fill the place of my fallen son."

Their engagement thus hallowed by the golden memories of youth, thus continued and sanctioned by her father's blessing, had been interrupted in its consummation, only by the ruins and poverty, consequent to the war, and since by her father's disapproval and anger at his political course.

Percy Waring knew Lucille Avenel, too well, to fear that she would misunderstand or mistrust him, but he knew her father's allegiance to the "principles in abeyance," as he called those issues for which the South had so gloriously but so vainly struggled, and he knew Lucille's allegiance to her father. His prejudice or himself must pass away before he could claim his Lucille.

Years passed away, and Percy Waring had reaped high honors and rich reward. His sentiments had been adopted by a large and influential class of the South, and under their influence, peace, in its truest sense, and prosperity undreamed of at the South, were allaying all differences, settling all conflicts of classes, and pouring untold wealth into the country.

All opposition, all prejudice to him seemed giving away.

At this period he thought of his Lucille, thought of her girlish beauty and freshness, in the budding of her charms and the development of her disposition. He resolved to make an effort to win her. He had never called at her father's since they had been in the city, and it had been a long time since he had spent an evening at Ralph Sinclair's.

This evening he resolved to call at the house of the latter. They had determined to relent. He was invited in, Lucille Avenel and her father were there. At first the old man did not wish to recognize him, but his feelings gave way when he heard his manly voice, and saw his bold, high-toned manner and carriage.

"I forgive you, boy, I forgive you. For your father's sake and for Lucille's, I forgive you. Ah, boy, you are reconstructed I suppose. They could never have reconstructed your father, brave fellow, and they will never reconstruct me. I will have to go to the grave like him, 'unreconstructed.'"

We pass over the evening's chat. Percy Waring's high words speaking from a "mind conscious to itself of right." Clara's chatting and witticisms,

and Lucille Avenel's high and holy piety.

Their engagement was reconstructed. They are married and happy. So let our stricken country.

**Agricultural Items.**

Hammonton, N. J., sent a million quarts of strawberries to market this season.

The best corn crop on prairie soil yet reported is 724 bushels by weight from seven acres.

A Peabroke, (N. H.) farmer has a pig which has gained a pound and a half each day since he was big enough to weigh sixty-eight pounds.

John Johnson, the father of upland tile draining in this country, lives to see within the State of New York fifty-two factories of tile drains.

A dairyman informs the Maine Farmer that having tried various things for sore teats on cows, he finds lard best, the most healing and softening.

The Stock Journal advises a big hog for regular farm work, and one that does not, without great pushing, trot more than six miles an hour with a light buggy.

Cooked meal is nearly double the bulk of uncooked, yet quart for quart it goes as far. The difference is, that much of the food is undigested unless cooked.

Half a dozen eggs beat up with two ounces of salt, is recommended as a sure relief of cattle choked with a potato on an apple, by a correspondent of the Country Gentleman.

Every farmer should have a compost heap.—Collect every kind of fertilizer, and to prevent any from liberating the gasses, keep the whole covered with earth or straw.

The Journal of Agriculture recommends the application of a top dressing of manure to meadows immediately after haying, especially on dry patches where the grass roots are often parched and killed in wet weather.

From six stations on the Chicago and Northwestern railroad 577 eight gallon cans of milk are sent daily to the Chicago market. The largest amount sent from one station is 254 cans or 3,032 gallons from Dundee.

The Journal of Agriculture thinks present Western prices for wool will be maintained, but sees no reason for much advance, and doubts whether those who have their last clip on hand will gain much by keeping it over.

Mr. A. S. Fuller offers a prize of \$100 to any person who will furnish him a cheap and effectual plan of exterminating moles from his grounds. He will be satisfied with a trap or a poison, provided the required work is done.

Mr. J. Harris thinks steam threshing machines will soon take the place of the horse machines. This, he thinks, will be of great advantage in the way of allowing grain to be threshed as it is taken from the field, and the straw to be put in the barn.

Hiram Woodruff says in his book, about trotting horses, that a pull on both reins will not bring up a horse when he has broken from a trot. A firm, quick pull should be given on one rein, letting the other give a little, as much as you want the horse's head thrown out of line.

A very practical agricultural cast was given to the examinations at the close of the second year of the Massachusetts Agricultural College by a novel opening exercise. From the Sophomore class 16 students were selected by lot, and gave an exhibition of their skill in mowing with hand scythes.

Dr. McClure, of Philadelphia, a Veterinary surgeon who has the care of several hundred horses, informs the Practical Farmer that he has never known the following prescription to fail of curing colic in horses: "Aromat spirits of ammonia, half an ounce; Laudnum, one and a half ounces; mix with one pint of water, and administer. If not relieved, repeat the dose."

Dr. Randall says it is not expedient to feed valuable ewes unshelled corn, but says it is not usually thought to pay to grind corn for store sheep. He also recommends bran slops and roots to increase the milk of yearling ewes.

It is estimated that there are over 12,000,000 head of cattle in Texas alone, but prior to the war that State only contained 3,000,000 head. The demand ceased and the cattle thrived during the conflict, until they have increased enormously.