

LOCAL.

SATURDAY, MAR. 11, 1871.

PERSONAL.—During the temporary absence of Mr. Meyers, Augustus B. Knowlton, Esq., has the editorial management of this paper. The first page of the present issue, however, was in type before Mr. Knowlton's responsibility commenced. The article on the Porter-Gardner murder case is the one which was promised to our readers a fortnight ago, and is the production of a gentleman formerly connected with the News.

SATURDAY.—Happened round again last Monday. Also happened round the usual supply of plundered, fowled and spavined horse and mule flesh—"with here and there a traveler" of a little better quality—which, on such occasions, form the quadruped cynosures of so many eyes whose highest ambition is to jock, "once ere they die," upon something of their own which can stand on four legs (or say three sometimes) and assist in the consumption of a supply of meat that is generally insufficient for the wants of the biped proprietors.

But who can wonder, since the great Richard offered his kingdom for a marsh-tackey?—not we, certainly. Still, we must consider that Richard's kingdom was slipping through his fingers at the time, and he may have thought it not such an exorbitant price for horse-flesh, after all.

It actually isn't safe to pass an auctioneer's stand on saturday, save on the run. Last Monday we started to walk leisurely from the County Clerk's Office to Dr. Shuler's and, before making half the distance, had become, without any action, sign, gesture, or word of mouth on our part, the distracted proprietor of a fifty-acre water lot under the Eustis, (homestead waived, but exclusive fishing rights reserved by the seller)—two mules, with one good leg and several prime tarsies and distempers between them—a horse, the solemn asseverations of whose manifold excellencies (he is since dead of a complication of disorders) by the former owner, must have won that individual his and at least a buggy that fell to pieces while being carefully drawn to our house a hundred yards off—and kitchen furniture, carpets, crockery, &c., to an amount startling and terrible to dwell upon.

But enough—das! it is too much already.

Among the sales of real estate were the following:

The Ferrier place, 1200 acres, to Dr. J. A. Keller for \$3657.

21 acres in the Village to S. Dibble and T. K. Legare, for \$420.

490 acres, to Charles DaCosta, for \$1800.

59 acres to Dr. Thomas Thomson, for \$500.

Tract No. 3, of Thomson's land, 200 acres in swamp to W. J. DeTreville, for \$20.

154 acres to P. E. Cooke, for \$265.

286 acres to J. P. Mays, for \$450.

124 acres to J. P. Mays, for \$462.

185 acres to T. K. Sasportas, for \$400.

The Sheriff sold personal property to the amount of about \$1250.

SPRING.—Is upon us with her bursting buds, her fair wild-flowers, her dainty perfumes and her mystic voluptuous languor. Clusters of jessamine glitter upon the river side, and against the tender green of fresh young leaves, like flashes of bright stars upon an emerald sky. But taxes and whiskey are as high as ever, and there is "no hope for us." Something must be done—something ought to be done—and that quickly. But what?—there's the rub. Can't somebody suggest some way out of the "body of this death?" Taxes and whiskey both up, and at the same time! Oh, twins! (Saxo for Jimminy! but indicative of no relationship between the said T. and W.) Of course they won't both come down at once—that must be obvious to the most oblivious. But, certainly, one of them should be taken down—and straightway. We appeal to Shire and to Meroney—to Sasportas and to the Assessors. Let one of those gentlemen hear and favorably answer our prayers. But to which of them shall we prefer our more urgent petition? Shall we prostrate ourselves most profoundly before Shire, or before Sasportas?—before Meroney, or before

the Assessors? Speak, men of the County, or be thereafter ever silent—Shall TAXES fall, or shall WHISKEY?

WHEN WE WERE YOUNG ("not" as a waner-faced single lady of our acquaintance used to add to this introductory, "not so very long ago, by the way, however") when we were young, many terms were current as appropriate or disagreeable epithets which are now employed to designate persons or things, or degrees, of excellence. To particularize an individual as a "Dutchman," for instance, was, in those days, to intimate that the subject of such a remark was of an intense, innate and natural stupidity which it had been the peculiar and persevering tendency and design of the foreign government of which he had formerly been a citizen, to foster, encourage and render permanent for the rest of his natural life. And that said government had been eminently successful in its said plan regarding the aforesaid citizen, while stoutly communicating to any retreating waif that he was a "Prussian," or "Prush," was nothing more nor less than to inform him in a manner more boisterous than polite, that he was an unmilitated ass, of whom the home government had, fortunately, succeeded in ridding itself by the political eruption of 1848; and in both of these cases it was understood and recognized, that the life business of the unfortunate individuals, whose nationality thus straightened upon themselves the finger of scorn and sharpened the keen edge of insult, might be summed up in the swilling of sour-lager, the guzzling of rancid saur-kraut, and the gulping of fetid and fly-blown swiss cheese.

But time, have changed wonderfully, and we take a better and, of course, truer view of things. So that to-day, to say of one that he is Dutchman, is to honor him with the proud title of patriot, and to speak of one as a Prussian is to recognize him as one of the great and glorious family of the modern Caesars.

Thusly, and so, has it been with the use of that not over-harmonious monosyllabic "squint" concerning the orignity of which, Webster and Worcester are fortunately agreed.

For in the old days a "squint" was a milk and water dandy—a person whose claims to consideration were based on his breeches rather than upon his brain, (and very properly)—whose coat was of more importance than his cranium, and whose wig was always better ordered than his wit.

But now, to be a good "squint" is the highest ambition of some of the finest men in the world-to-wit, the Firemen; of whom the finest in all the world are to be found in the United States, the finest in all the United States are to be found in South Carolina, the finest in all South Carolina are to be found in Orangeburg, and the finest in all Orangeburg are to be found among the gallant young fellows who make up the company rolls of the Young Americas and the Knights.

Signs of the ZODIAC.—A philosopher in the West, grown into admiration of the Cherry Pectoral, writes Dr. Ayer for instructions under which sign he shall be bled, which blistered, and which vomited, and under which he shall take Ayer's Pill for an affection of the liver; also ayer, which sign his wife should commence to take the sarsaparilla for her ailment. He adds that he already knows enough to wear his cap under Taurus, change his pigs in Scorpio, cut his hair in Aries, and seek his lost in Pisces or Aquarius as their condition requires.

schoolmasters, start for Wisconsin, and visit Mr. Ham when you get there [London Daily News]

Post Senator.

BY AUGUSTUS B. KNOWLTON.

Ah, for a planer in Lethe's stream!
That all that is, were not—
And all the Past forgot,
And dreamer than a dream!

Then might we hope to live once more,
And beneath the suns to shine,
Breathe yet a breath divine,
And—live the same life o'er!

The following are the cases disposed of at the Extra Term of Court:

State vs James Washington—Arson—Not Guilty.

State vs Capers Edwards—Assault and Battery with intent to kill—pleaded Guilty of Assault and Battery.

State vs Jerusha Holman—Larceny—Guilty.

State vs Jim Hucker—Burglary and Larceny—pleaded Guilty of Larceny.

State vs Samuel Dickson—two cases—not Guilty.

State vs Isaac Whittemore—Grand Larceny—pleaded Guilty of Petit Larceny.

State vs Moses Stroman—House Breaking and Grand Larceny—pleaded Guilty of Petit Larceny.

State vs Richard Oliver—Petit Larceny—pleaded Guilty.

State vs Jim Frazier—Larceny—pleaded Guilty.

TAXES.—See the County Treasurer's notice extending the time to pay taxes, and then don't forget to see the County Treasurer himself. You're a ruined man if this slips your memory.

PICTURES.—Houston & Graden give you four good ones for a dollar. Go and be taken. Have your wife taken. Have your babies taken. Have yourself taken. If you haven't a wife, take one—but not somebody else's) and then have her taken. If you haven't any babies, go and—borrow a few, and have them taken. Now is the time to be taken, or we are mistaken.

TREASURER.—Capt Frank Green has been appointed County Treasurer in the place of T. K. Sasportas, but taxes are, we are informed, to be paid to the latter gentleman, until the former has filed the usual papers.

MR. A. BURN.—Has opened a new Cabinet Shop, and will serve you from the cradle to the grave," with cradle, coffin, or anything else in his line.

May the demand for eradies be unprecedent, but any eradiest be dead stock, indeed.

FERTILIZERS.—Read John A. Hamilton's advertisement of them. Warranted to contain neither Orangeburg nor Columbia bricks.

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COMMERCIAL.

MAIL-LET FLINTS.

OFFICE OF THE ORANGEBURG NEWS,

March 10, 1871.

COTTON—Sales during the week 250 bales. We quote:

Ordinary.....10c-11c

Low Middling.....11c-12c

Bonnet Rice.....\$1.80 per bushel

Cotton.....\$1.20 per bushel

Cot. Tea.....\$1.70 per bushel

Fancy.....\$1.40 per bushel

Gold.....10c-11c

Silver.....15c

CHARLESTON MARKET,

CHARLESTON, FRIDAY MORNING,

February 17, 1871.

Ordinary.....11c-12c

Good ordinary.....12c-13c

Low middling.....13c-14c

Middling.....14c-15c

FOR SALE—ONE BUGGY AND

HARNES. ALSO TWO FINE HORSES AT

W. A. MERONEY & CO'S.

M. ALBRECHT,

BOOT AND SHOE MAKER,

ORANGEBURG, S. C.

RESPECTFULLY INFORM THE CITI-

ZENS OF ORANGEBURG AND VICINITY

that he has opened at his NEW STORE

on High Street, between Messrs. Briggmann &

Co. and McNamee & Jones, with a complete

Stock of LEATHER, &c., and that he has

sufficient Workmen to fill all Orders.

Signed, D. W. ALBRECHT,

Administrator.

Notice of Dismissal.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT ON

THE 13th day of March, next, I will

file my Final Account with the Hon. Thad

C. Andrews, Judge of Probate, and ask for

Letters of Dismissal as Administrator of

the Estate of E. W. Andrews, deceased.

A. O. ANDREWS,

Administrator.

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