o deration of the 37th section of

Josh Billings says; If a man haint go

Items.

MILER 8

GOD AND OUR COUNTRY at 1 and 1 and 1 SA"URDAY MORNING, APRIL 6, 1872.

CYOLUME 6. Our Little People. THE ORANGEBURG NEWS

PUBLISHED AT ORANGEBURG Every Saturday Morning.

BY THE JRANGEBURG NEWS COMPANY

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COLUMBIA, S. C. Railroads and the Business portion of

A dreary place would be this earth Were there no little people in it; The song of life would lose its mirth. Were there no children to begin it.

No little forms like buds to grow, And make the admiring heart surrender No little hands on breast and brow To keep the thrilling love-chords tender.

The sterner soul would grow more stern, Unfeeling nature more inhuman; and man to stoic coldness turn, And woman would be less than woman

Life's song, indeed, would lose its charm Were there no babies to begin it; doleful place this world would be. Were there no little people in it. JOHN G. WHITTIER.

A Night in a Dispensary.

The snow lay thickly over the ground nd upon the house-tops-would be a very nice way to commence my Christ mas story. But as oction must have a coloring of truth, it would be absurd of me to utter so false a statement as the above-at least as far as our town is concerned. We have seen very little of the article for some time past, and then only in diluted form, which would not oc pleasant to introduce into a story. It would seem as if old King Christmas had sold a large quantity to theater managers, and had but a small pile lett. which he must use economically. However, this subject of the snow is open to discussion. Meanwhile, I shall go on to state that on last Christmas day it fell to my lot to be on duty at the Northeast Dispensary, in the good old town of L- 1 was then surgeon to that institution, having two most agreeable gentlemen as my colleagues Christmas morning! The sky was blue, the sun was bright, air was keen, the gound was hard-in fact, the weather was beautiful for the time of year.

Just the morning, cried Dobbs, for a nice long walk, which will brace us up, and give us an appetite for the goose on Jack Doose's table."

'Yes,' said Buryhau, throwing himself into a military attitude, to which he was partial, and putting up his rimless eyeglass to look at me; and I hope Alf Adams won't have too much work while

Alf Adams, the reader's humble ser vant, smiled a smile seldom to be observ-Silently he watched his compenions muffle themselves in overcoats of alarming dimensions, and being ready, disappear for the remainder of the day and evening. I stood at the window watching the stream of human beings gaily trooping along. The bells of the various churches pealed forth: but their merry music, instead of making my he rt full of joy, only drove me half wild to think I was fastened up in that gloomy place, while my own family were living and making merry not quite half a mile from me, and I dare not go to see them ! No surgeon could be got for love or money to take my place for half an hour. One thing might have enlivened the hours: I had a present of a turkey, sent me from the Green Isle, which, with a small plum pudding, was to be my dinner. So I had invited Jack Byrden to help me to eat it. But. alas! my bosom friend and school-fellow could not muster courage to enter my den on such a day. So I sat down to my solitary meal, railing at the whole world, and particularly at that smart young man, Jack Bayden, I believe I was very ill-tempered over my dinner. The turkey was pretty good, but the servant had a look on her tace of pity for me and satisfaction for herself as to the good things in the kitchen

The pudding was brought in but what was my horror to find it smelt of brandy! Fully half a glass of brandy nad been put upon it! Now, I ask any one, had that girl any right to act thus to me, when she knew very well that I was a perfect teetotaller? Her reason was found out afterwards-I blamed the poor girl for half a glass-when in three days a bill for si glasses was presented from a neighboring public house! Of course the servant declared she had GERVAIS & ASSEMBLY STREETS put all the brandy on the pudding, which was about the size of my two fists; and I assure you, ladies, they are

I therefore concluded she had been

more sought the window. Here they go, the merry crowd, laughing and chattering, although every nose was in danger

of frostbite. Four wedding coaches dashed past, lest they be late for the church, but I also saw one which went slowly along, and it recalled the lines of a very sentimental friend, who once wrote an "Ode to Christmas:"

> "The wedding ceach was busy, And the hearse was busy, too."

I was about to moralize on this point, when the porter, dressed in his Sunday suit, Enocked, to say there was a case in the surgery I went down to find a nice young man in delivious tremens, who requested a draught, and glad I was to get him out, lest he might do me an injury; for persons in his state have a peculiar way of polishing one off if he chance presents itself.

There is never more drunkenness in than on Christmas day; not only because it is a day of rejoicing, but because so many take pledges not to drink from a given time 'till Christmas day.' So I expected to have plenty of cases about twelve o'clock that night, when friendship would have had time to merge into hostility, with broken heads as the result.

During the afternoon I had cases dropping in of various sorts. But I was called out to visit one person, whose state was most pitiable. A female lying on an old. dirty sack, weak and Il; two children playing about the floor of the squalid room. Where was your merry Christmas' for that poor mother? Her husband dead; she too ill to work;

will be sent to the industrial schools, and their mother, quietly reposing in her parish coffin, will have 'a happy New Year,' and hever feel sorrow more.

Once more in my sitting-room. The shades of evening have deepened; the ney-board was my father." wind begins to sigh round the house, down the chimney, and through the stirred up again, and order tea.

Just as I was beginning my evening meal the door opened soltly. then there was a pause, as if some one was examining me through the space formed by the

'Come in!' I cried.

A face appeared at the door, and the eyes having examined the room generally, and me particularly, the remainder of the body followed, and then I saw the form of a man I had twice met be-

Staring at me in a wild manner he said, How do? Don't you know me? Don't you remember me telling you that I should come to tea some evening? your man down stairs wasn't going to let me in; but I gave him a farthing rolled up in paper, and said I was a most particular friend of yours. He will think I gave him a sovereign.'

horrid chuckles, and rolled his eyes about in a most afarming manner.

The first time I met this person at an hotel, where he was capering about, singing and reciting, and then going round the room with his hat for coppers. was told by a gentleman that he was a harmless lunatic.

The second time I met him I was hurving along on business. With the most unfortanate want of forethought I nodsmartly with his forefinger, cried:

Do you know me, sit? me, he said :

'What's my name?

kept skipping about from one side of me | So I leaned back helplessly in the chair.

but small. After my lonery dinner I giving him a look which conveyed my over the chimney board! Hore's to him, drew the large arm chair to the fire, doubt, he quickly added. 'That is, I as the old year going out; and here's to

the picture of the grandfather of a late an emphasis. Now I knew what his Just then the portor called me down to surgeon to the institution, which had literary line was. If going about the a case. To him I mentioned that I had not been removed from over ther chim-ney-board. But the grim old patriarch shaw's Railway Guides, and offering pulled the bell rope he was to come up seemed to enjoy my discomfort so much them for sale, as belonging to the pre- at once—not that I feared danger, but that I started up in disgust, and once sent month, is anything in the literary, there was no knowing what might hapline, then he was in that business.

the eyes of the passers by were on me; my strange friend as quickly and quietly

ing off his bat, and hold herit toward his shoulders, hanging like a toga. His me, said. Will you toss me to see if I eyes were like blazing coals as he stole shall give you a penny, or you give me toward the door, turned the key, and one, for I want a glass of the 'Oh, here's a penny for you l'-I oried;

good-bye., with beharing 'Will you take me home to ten with

you?' he persisted. bal bal gors tron 'No.' I cried. 'Perhaps L'll see you o-morrow.' For I wishes to leave him, as quite a crowd of gigglieg persons had collected.

'No,' he murmured, it's melancholy manner, as if he had hen deceived in that way before; 'no, not in morrow; do not say 'to-morrow,' but I shall come to tea some evening-to tea some evening. And now, this Christmas evening, he came to fulfill his promise, which had never been exacted from him by me.

'Richey'-for this was the name ho went by-was below the middle height, but evidently very strong and active; indeed, it struck me tha I should not like to have a tussle with lim. He had the most extraordinary talent for imitation; indeed he appeared to be constantly imitating somebody. His general eccent was that of a 'heavy swell' to be een on a concert-room stage. But it would change, as the ideas passed through his mind, to im nons of Toole, Buckstone, and local As he spoke he threw himself

As he stood before as I hidded phthisis hurrying her away ere the year parcel under his arm. I could not went out. Two shillings a week, for understand what it is in the kept sooth, from the parish, and this a merry taking it from under his arm and putting

> short to ask me in a whisper, with mock ularm, if the gentlemen over the chim-

Then taking off his hat, in an assumed Leyholes; so I have the gas lit, the fire clasped hands, muttering his awe and respect for 'such a noble person—such a to amuse me; I felt rither glad he

So I pulled the bell rose for another cup, and when it came I asked him. rather pleasantly, to draw over his chair.

I may here remark that while the servant was in the room he sat down very quietly, his large, staring eyes itted on her face with a look of intense admiration for her beauty, always keening the mysterious package, however. vacillating between his arapit and hat. As soon as she left the room, he began imitating the 'Artfal Dodger,' when he gives his dislocating twist of the head. and glanced at the door.

Do vou know, I like girls. No matter what their station be. I fell in love with a nice young lady once. We met, At this the being uttered a series of twas in a bar; but the manager's eye was upon me. He discovered that I was trying to 'toss her' for a glass of ale. o-he! he! kicked up out! He did

He changed his subject so quickly that I soon was obliged to become dumb, with the exception of a monosyllable

now and then. Thus some hours passed merrily. At length he jumped up and skipped round the room. Suddenly storping at the sideboard, he opened it quickly to see if ed to him and passed on. In a second anything was inside. Immediately he he was by my side and, tapping me dived his hand in and skipped round the room with a bottle of Debbs' whisky in his hand. This had been a Christ-'Yes,' I answered, smiling, and at- mas present to Dobbs. What would tempting to walk away: but preventing Dobbs say? Of course be would say that I had broken the pledge with it! Oh, it must be rescued! But. no, I 'Richey,' I said, with a half frown; could not persuade my golatile visitor to but his antics made me smile, for he put it down-force would be dangerous.

'Now, sir,' cried he; knocking off the 'You're a medical man, I think,' then head of the bottle, and pouring out a said he; 'and I have seen you go into the Northeast Dispensive; now I am a sideboard, "I shall drink your health! A toast to my most noble friends, which are yourself and our noble grandfather

pen. I came up the stairs to my room 'I must go now,' said I feeling that with a full determination to get rid of I liave a most important case to attend. as possible. When I entered I found 'Very well,' he answered Then tak-him dressed with the table-cloth round removed it from the lock. 'Now,' criedhe, 'I shall tell you who I really am. [am the Evil Spirit of Chrismas; Long have I roamed the earth, and until now I have not had one victim. The time has at length arrived. This shall indeed be a 'merry Christmas' to me.'

I laughed, and said, 'Very well acted, indeed.

'Acted ? I am in earnest !'

Here he preduced, to my slarm, long dissecting knife, which he had taken from a case (for we kept those instruments up stairs.) I saw that the drink had carried away what little sense the wretched man ever had, but I thought a bold front would quiet him. So I laughed, and said, 'Now, my dear sir, do sit down, and-'Never! Blood I must have!'

The bell, I thought, and turning mickly. Good heavens ! the bell-rope

was out high up ! I felt faint; but with on effort I rallied; and snatching up the poker, I cried, 'Look here! if you don't stop this nonsense instantly I shall smash you with this !"

The maniae roared with fendish laughter as he cried, 'I am a spirit! your weapon will go through me as through nir!'

There he stood, glaring on me, a remorseless maniac.

Oh! how I prayed that the door bell might ring, and that the porter might aunounce a patient. How sweet would be the sound—like angel-melody to my heart! But uo; cases were but few at present. Oh, that I had told John to

'Prepare! Thy doom is come!' cried he madman, as he drew toward me. I stood behind a chair, with the poker firmly clutched in my left hand. ing me by the threat. Fortunateforehead-mouth-nose-such eyes, &c. | ly I caught the wrist of the arm Well, thought I this fellow begins that held the knife-that long, sharp instrument glittering in the gaslight. I raised my voice, and cried, 'Help! Help!' But the wind, which had now risen to a storm, drowned my voice : besides, in that long, rambling house I could only be heard outside the door The maniac at length got a firm hold of my throat; but just before he did so t gave one loud, piercing shrick of 'Murder !' Then my eyes seemed forced out of my head; my brain was on fire : the membranes of my cars seemed bursting; and-I remembered no more!

> When I revived I found myself bed, with Buryhan and Dobbs standing

'All right, old boy!' cried Dobbs; 'you are better now.'

At first I thought I had been dreaming; but as the remembrance came back in all its horrors, I shudderingly asked. How did I escape?"

'Dobbs and I came home earlier than usual.' Buryhan replied. 'When we came in the porter told us you had a queer fellow with you, and mentioned what you had said to him. We hurried up stairs, tried the door, but found it fastened. We then heard your cry of murder!' So, without more ado, we burst open the door-and, by Jove! we were only just in time, as the madman was turning you round to drive the knife into your heart! However, he is safe enough now. By this time he is lying in the padded chamber of the work-

I pressed both their hands, and the ears silently rolled down my cheeks. Since then I have been very select in my company t- and-whenever I see a man of eccentric character I feel a cold shudder creeping through my anatomy as I remember the horrors of that *Christmas in a Dispensary.'-Dr. Salucus in London Society.

Regular Boarders received at Reasonable ing my pipe (for I smoke, if I don't literary line, and I assure I am heartily he rambled off into a lot of nonsense. Sat down in one of the gorgeous gorges drink) I began gazing abstractedly at sick of it.' These last words given with the whisky soon began to fire his brain. mountains last fall, says he got as raven-

In individul life, it is patent to ordinary observation, that a bellicose disposition is usually the accompaniment of a raw and untrained youth. A boy with large inuscular development and small brain, cannot help being a bully unless restrained by education. He will be tyraunical to his inferiors, insolent to his superiors, and his chief delight will consist in standing at corners, hurling offensive epithets at his fellows, and, if they retort, punishing them with his fists for their temerity.

In journalism we think we discerraces of the same universal law- Edu cation, with all its chastening and refining tendencies, often fails to repress natural ferocity. A tyro, when he ascends the editorial tripod, feels an irresistible itching and inclination to "pitch into somebody," especially into his rival contemporary. When we find that one newspaper writer has published his neighbor as a "sneak," a "skunk," a "toad," a "pot-bellied bloat," we know that journal is yet in its adolescent period. We know that writer, though he may thrust with a rusty bodkin, cannot wield a flashing scimetar of Damas cus steel. We know the society that applauds such utterances is raw and primitive. We smell the prairie flowers, or rather we see prismatically, a phantasmagoria of miasmatic swamps, slimy alligators, and coatless men sitting of barrels in corner groceries attaking with the chills.

But notwithstanding the difficulties incident to the pursuit, men must not turn bees, and wound themselves or their fellows with their stings. Solomon says in substance that he who overcometh his own spirit is greater than a conqueror of walled cities. Moreover, reveals a man's antecedents and gives Porteidge a de sis reliberated by organization. Dr. Holines contends that any masters, and bound with the even such invocent expressions as It is the greatest work ever surring? "First rate," a "superior piece Von can't affect to be without of goods," a "gent in a flowered vest," drin ery for it. The price is only

are final. They blast the lineage of him dellars, Liwill put your wants down or her who utters them, for generations, and midw gatarous sidt soy blot I as up and down. Editors should never Balse woman! Lashticked, farmy ! forget they are the oracles of the people, You have decrived a people attristattitude of humility. he held out his Suddenly he rushed at me, catching and it will never do to let the people see ing man, Xou trais hask agent : Becommon clay.

Many of the abusive personalities that disgrace American journalism doubtless spring from a mistaken notion as to what constitutes wit and humor All Americans appreciate humor, but unfortunately all American writers are not humorous. Wit is a delicate light that plays around the moors of thought and surprises by unexpected flashes. Humor is wit, with kerosene thrown upon it to make a brighter light, that may be seen and comprehended by common understandings. Both contribute to pleasure, and through mirth lighten toil. Humor, however, in America, is more than an amusement, it is an effective political agent. A late writer in the London Spectator admits that he knows of no more striking difference between English and American society than the political power which, on our side of the Atlantic, Humor appears to exercise over

he masses of the people. Probably the most witty newspaper editor who ever wrote in the United States, was George D. Prentice, of the Louisville Journal, but while he often worried his contemporaries, he never, we believe, indulged in vulgar abuse. He fenced with a sharp rapier, but it was fencing, not stabbing. Taglioui pirouttening on the stage is a picture of seauty, but an awkward lout dancing on his pariner's corns, is quite another

We notice with gratification a grow ing disposition among the reputable members of the American Press to abandon personal vituperation, and we trust they will not forget it during the fever of the coming Presidential campaign. The editor of the Newell Times some time since proclaimed, "It is far more noble and begoming to try to build up the interests of our new and beautiful country, than to pick flaws with our contemporaries. Hence we bury the hatchet, and shall engage in no more newspaper controversies-our A tourist, who did the Colorado space can be used for a Letter purpose." At the recent Franklin statue banquet in New York, one of the toasts was, "The Press-while its conductors owe but demons in disguise I am yet a to each other the courtesy and charity of bachelor. an obtained e same of

Editorial Amenities, true gentlemen, they owe to the public the diffusion of knowledge founded upon truth. It is not enough that men mean well, it becomes their to do well." The President of the Pennstlvania State Editorial Convention congratulated his brethren on the marked improvement in their manuers of late years, and says: "There is no reason why editors abould engage in personal abuse of cabb other because they differ in polities ... They ought rather to cultivate the kindliest relations with each other." These are golden sentiments, worthy to be inscribed on every publisher's standard, and "Thus drifting sfar to the dim vaulted caves,

Where life and its ventures are laid, The dreamers who gaze while we battle the waves "

May see us in sunshine or shade; that Yet true to our course though our shadow grow dark
We'll trim our broad sail as before,

And stand by the rudder that governs the

Am. Journal de Ad. Inter.

Bluff Biffkins and the Agentess light the fire: I told her to make it

I was picking my teeth on the Wifth breune Hatel steps, after eating a wenty cent dinner over in Third Avcone, as is my custom of an afternoon. There came by a rakish craft, She scuded along under a closely reefed bustle and tolerably bare poles. The wind was a nor-nor-wester, and struck her aft, making fearful havoc with her canvas. She wore the new style of metal garters with gilt clasps. T. will take my oath, you observe, of that. She signaled me with her eye, and I bore down woof her. T had throwir about seven words when she interrapted tme by yanking a big book out of Her bustle. or somewhere. "Here I is something, the warbled, which i'd like to show you. editors who value reputation should It is called the history of Christianity remember that often a single utterance in the Fejee Islands, by the Revi Peter

> ware, woman, lakhough unmarried, I will defend myself to the death di lie

Then I fled.

But the creature, you comprehend, was like the itch, or a bad conscience, or a washer-woman's bill—not to be so easily got rid of. She dogged my footsteps like a divorce detective. She hovered over me like an avenging spirit. She laid for me when I went to my meals, interviewed me at my office, and bored me at every point. Life seemed a no spice to see if you treat nebrud

I disguised myself as a hackman, as au organ grinder, as a minister Da put myself in the most humiliating positions. you observe but it wasn't any use Be sure that female wickedness found me out. At last I meandered down by the sad sea waves, and was happy for a time. Days sped by-at fifteen or twenty dollars each-and I was beginning to forget the book agent.

One evening I wandered on the sand ed beach in the mellow moonlight, I suppose that is the correct Long Branch thing to do. I met a levely erentare in white tulle, or cotton sheeting, or something. I took her for a moonbeam at fire, you comprehend, and my heart bounded with admiration. I flirted with the ethereal apparition, and we sat on a damp rock very close together. My arm got around her waist, and we were having a nice, comfortable time. You possible know how it is yourself. 'Fair stranger,' I murmured dost love thus to squat on the primeval lock,

and commune with nature?' 'Couldst thou leave the alluraments of art, and live always amidst his flowers and trees of the moonbeams ? .. va

She said she could.
'Why so silent?' I asked, softly pressing her hand. 'Dost aught disturb the harmony of thy soul-is anything but admiration for this sound en the heart?

She said there was. 'Here is something,' she broke out. pulling out a ten-pound volume from somewhere, 'that I'd like to show you It is called the History of Christianity

I recognized her. She was that infernal book agent. With a wild shrick I tore myself away. A sudden horror overwhelmed my soul, and an ocean of disgust drowned out forever all admiration of female divinities, whe all seemed

described the files of the advice a lairth