

The Orangeburg News.

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ALWAYS IN ADVANCE

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July 5

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ALL BUSINESS ENTRUSTED will be
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July 25

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THE UNDERSIGNED HAS ON HAND
All the various sizes of the above Cases,
which can be furnished immediately on ap-
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REEDER & DAVIS,
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Adger's Wharf,
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Oct 16

BRODIE & CO.
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AND
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NORTH ATLANTIC WHARF,
CHARLESTON, S. C.
Liberal Advances made on Consignment.
Refer to Andrew Simonds, Esq., Pres-
ident National Bank, Charleston, S. C.
May 21

WASHINGTON HOUSE
BY
Mrs. M. W. Stratton,
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SERVAIS & ASSEMBLY STREETS
COLUMBIA, S. C.

Convenient to the Greenville and Charleston
Railroads and the Business portion of
the City. Rate of Transient
Board—Two Dollars
per Day.
Regular Boarders received at Reasonable
rates.
Dec 10

Measuring the Baby.

We measured the riotous baby
Against the wall
A lily grew at the threshold,
And the boy was just as tall!
A royal tiger lily,
With spots of purple and gold,
And a heart like a jeweled chalice,
The fragrant dew to hold.

Without the blue birds whistled
High up in the old roof-trees,
And to and fro at the window
The red rose rocked her bees;
And the wee pink fists of the baby
Were never a moment still!
Snatching at shine and shadow
That danced on the lattice still!

His eyes were wide as blue-bells,
His mouth like a flower unblown;
Two little bare feet, like funny white mice
Peeped out from his snowy gown!
And he thought, with a thrill of rapture,
That yet had a touch of pain,
When June rolls around with her roses,
We'll measure the boy again.

Ah, me! In darkened chamber
With the sunshine shut away,
Through tears that fell like a bitter rain,
We measured the boy to-day:
And the little bare feet, that were dimpled
And sweet as a budding rose,
Lay side by side together,
In the hush of a long repose!

Up from the dainty pillow,
With a smile as the risen dawn,
The fair little face lay smiling,
With the light of heaven thereon;
And the dear little hands, like rose-leaves,
Dropped from a rose, lay still,
Ever to snatch at the sunshine,
That crept to the shrouded still!

We measured the sleeping baby,
With ribbons as white as snow,
For the shining rosewood casket
That waited him below:
And out of the darkened chamber
We went with a childless moon—
To the height of the sinless angels
Our little one had grown!

WINNING A LOVER.

Five dollars! Oh, Bridget, I wish I
knew of any way by which I could earn
five dollars.

Our scene was no silk-lined boudoir,
no picturesque wooded ravine fringed
with ferns and musical with the ripple
of moss brown waters, but only an un-
derground city kitchen, with a gloomy
range of wash tubs on one side, and a
scantly furnished dresser on the other.
And Minnie Akerly, a beautiful young
girl of seventeen, sat perched on the
afraid tub, swinging her pretty little
feet to and fro, while a stout Irish-
woman, with a basket on her arm, stood
opposite.

'You, Miss, dear!' echoed Bridget
Malony. 'But sure that's different thing
altogether!'

'We need money so badly,' said Min-
nie soberly. 'And now that papa is ill,
and has lost his office, we have so little.
Mama mended point lace for Madame
Cheris last week, and got a little. And
Sara advertised for a place as nursery
governess, but no one answered the
advertisement. I could teach, I think,
but every place is filled, and Mr. Rus-
sell says there are ten applicants at least
to every vacancy.'

'The pity of it!' sighed sympathizing
Bridget, 'when the likes of me gets
more work than she can do. For there's
a jintleman sent a dozen shirts last nig-
to be done up, and its meself will have
to send 'em back.'

'How much do you have a piece?'
Minnie eagerly asked.

'A shilling, Miss.'

'That would be twelve shillings—a
dollar and a half,' said Minnie medita-
tively.

'Bridget, would you let me do them?'
'You, Miss Minnie?'

'Do,' coaxed the girl. 'I know I
could. I did papa's last week, and he
never knew that they were not ironed
by a regular laundress. I should so
like to earn a little money all of my
own. I could buy mama some wine,
and Sara a new winter dress, and—Oh,
with a long sigh, 'I could do so many
nice things if only I had a little mon-
ey.'

'Well, I declare,' said honest Bridget,
rubbing her nose. 'And you Judge
Akerly's daughter?'

'Won't you let me Bridget?'

Minnie had jumped off the wash tubs
and come close to the good natured
Irishwoman, with sparkling eyes and
cheeks deep dyed with the earnestness
of her pleading. 'Please, I could come
to your house this afternoon, and papa

would think I was walking in the Park.'
'Sure you'd be kindly welcome, Miss,'
said Bridget. 'Only—'

And away ran Minnie in great glee,
to make all necessary preparations for
the afternoon work.

'I won't tell Sara,' she thought, 'nor
mama, because they'd be sure to cry and
make a fuss over it. I'll just steal quiet-
ly away after I have made the omelette
for papa's lunch. Only, if Mr. Russell
should call—and the long face fall for
a second—but perhaps he won't. Any
way this is one of the opportunities to
help myself that I have sighed for so
long, and it will be throwing luck away
to neglect it.'

And so Minnie Akerly stole away at
two o'clock, much to the displeasure of
her elder sister Sara.

'I think she might have stayed to
read to papa,' said she, 'instead of leav-
ing it always to me.'

'My dear,' said conciliatory Mrs.
Akerly, you must remember that she is
very young, and needs more relaxation
than we do.'

'Relaxation?' If they could have
seen Minnie at that moment, with flush-
ed cheeks and sleeves rolled up to the
fair round shoulders, working as if her
life depended upon it, they might have
taken a different view of matters and
things in general.

And the next day she went again to
iron the shirts that she had washed so
daintily.

'Shure, Miss, you're making them look
like white satin,' cried the admiring
Bridget. 'And it's yerself would make
a decent livin' intirely, as a laundress
so you would! Only its make my heart
ache to see the little white heads of you
all blistered and burned with the irons,
purbled with the suds.'

'My hands,' said Minnie contemptu-
ously. 'A little glycerine and a week of
kid gloving and they'll be all right
again.'

archin, paddling in the gutter—does
Mrs. Bridget Maloney live here?'

Master Maloney pricked up his ears.
'It's my mother,' he said; 'an' its in
the basement you'll find her.'

Mr. Russell, with his sister standing
austerely by, tapped once at the door,
twice three times, before Mrs. Maloney's
fine contralto voice shouted out:

'Come in, whoever you may be, an'
do not stand there knockin' the door
down. Ooh, an' beg your pardon. I
didn't know it was the quality.'

But Eugene Russell stood still in the
doorway, his eyes glued to the scene
that met their gaze—Minnie Akerly, in
a buff calico dress and white apron, iron-
ing diligently away, with a pile of snowy
shirts on her left hand, and a basket of
sprinkled linen on the right. And Min-
nie herself colored like the 'red, red
rose,' for a minute.

'Why am I ashamed?' she resolutely
asked herself. 'Am I doing anything
wrong? I won't be such a fool!'

And with this doughty resolution in
her mind, she glanced calmly up, the
pink shadows still glowing on her cheek.

'Good-afternoon, Mr. Russell,' she
said calmly.

And Eugene stammeringly introduced
her to his sister, who had stood judi-
cially eyeing the whole scene.

'It's the gentleman a wantin' his
shirts, an' sure they are they'er not
done yet, cried blundering Bridget.

'But they will be soon,' said Minnie
quietly. 'I am on the last one now—if
Mr. Russell will sit down and wait a few
minutes.'

'You, Miss Akerly, ironing my shirts?'
'Even so,' Minnie answered. 'The
truth is, Mr. Russell, we are poor; and
although ironing shirts is not so genteel
an occupation as giving music lessons or
making wax-flowers, I am glad to earn
a little money in any way. I believe
those shirts will give satisfaction, and
she smilingly glanced at the completed
pile.

Miss Helena came forward with her
gray eyes fairly luminous with satisfac-
tion.

'My dear,' said she, 'I couldn't have
done them better myself, and that's say-
ing a good deal.'

And she nodded, in an approving way
at her brother.

Minnie Akerly went home with the
dollar and a half in her pocket, the most
triumphant little capitaine you ever be-
held.

'I don't think Mr. Russell was very
much shocked,' she said to herself; 'for
he said he would keep my secret from
papa, and promised to call this evening.'

And three months afterward, when
Eugene Russell was married to Minnie
Akerly, he wore one of the very shirts
that had been washed and ironed by the
bride's fair hands.

'I could not be half so proud of it,'
he said, 'if it were fashioned out of
cloth of gold.'

SAVED BY A DREAM.

'I do love you, dearest Olive!' ex-
claimed Eldred Thornton earnestly, and
he gazed with admiration on the beau-
tiful girl who sat, with pouting lips,
at the piano on which he was leaning.

'I doubt it not, but then—'

Here Olive Esty hesitated, and a
deep crimson suffused her cheeks and
brow.

'But then! what is it sweet Olive?'
exclaimed Eldred, quickly.

'Ah, Eldred, you know there is a
great barrier between us, which, if not
removed, shall ever keep us apart.'

'A barrier! What is it? I see none!'

'Dear Eldred, you do see it—you for-
get you indulge altogether too freely in
intoxicating drinks. This is the barrier
to which I allude, and one which must
be removed before I consent to be yours,'
said Olive, and the expression around
the ruby lips grew more determined.

Eldred Thornton bowed his head in
silence for fully five minutes; but when
he raised it again, he looked straight in-
to the beautiful blue eyes before him
and, in a voice husky with emotion,
said:

'Dearest Olive, I confess I have been
hitherto a toper, yet I sincerely hope
that in the future I will keep the
promise I am about to make you to-
night:

'Never will I again touch liquor or
frequent the tavern. From this day
forward I will do all I can to atone for
my past life.'

'So help me, God!'

'Thanks thanks, Eldred!' exclaimed
Olive, in delight: 'now I can be yours
without one cause for regret.'

All Eldred Thornton said was to
shower kisses on the pretty face held so
enticingly up to his. Then turning
over a leaf of the 'Home Companion,'
which lay before Olive on the piano, he
joined with her in singing Balfe's beau-
tiful strains:

'When other lips and other hearts
Their tales of love shall tell.'

'Get out, you little curse! Let—'
hiccup—me alone. I won't go home.
D'ye hear that now?'

'Oh, father, do come, poor ma is very
sick,' pleaded a little girl of about ten
years, as she looked imploringly up at
the inflexible face of the man who stood
before him.

'I tell you I will not. Enough—so
clear home with you, and don't bother
me any longer.'

Little Edna Thornton, for she it was,
with three convulsive sobs, turned slow-
ly from the door of the 'Beehatch Tavern,'
and walked towards her cheerless home,
while Eldred Thornton, staggeringly
entered the den of infamy.

Sitting down in the most quiet corner
of the tavern, he rested his head in
hand and fell asleep.

While in this state he had a dream—
one summer day's.

He thought he was once more stand-
ing at the piano, pleading with Olive
for her consent to their marriage.

He went through the same speech
which he had gone through on that
night, when promising to abstain from
intoxicating drinks.

Then he heard a loud voice saying:

'See, Eldred Thornton, how well you
have kept your promise—behold the
wreck!'

Then he saw the young and beautiful
Olive—the blue-eyed girl whom he had
promised to love and cherish lying cold
and dead in a cheerless room, and by
her side little Edna, crying as if her
little heart would break and murmur-
ing:

'Oh, mamma, mamma, I told him you
were sick, but he would not come. He
spoke so roughly to me, too, the papa
that used to be so kind to us. Oh, dear,
dear!' and the child's wail of anguish
rang out mournfully.

Suddenly Eldred Thornton awoke,
and found this terrible scene was but
a dream; and he murmured:

'My God, I thank thee!'

Then flashed upon him the words he
heard his little daughter speak about a
half an hour ago.

'Oh, father, do come, poor ma is very
sick,' and, perfectly terrified, he ex-
claimed:

'Heavens! has it really come to this!'

'What is it you say?' asked the bar-
tender, blandly.

'Nothing sir. What do I owe you?'

'Seventy cents.'

'Here you are sir. Good day.'

Leaving the 'Beehatch Tavern,' which
had become his general place of resort
only four short years after his marriage
with her to whom he had promised to
abstain from his previous bad habits, he
walked rapidly towards his residence.

A great change had come over Ed-
ward Thornton. 'He now felt how un-
just were his actions, and as he walked
along, he turned over in his mind many
a plan, which might enable him to re-
trieve his former standing in society.

Then again he thought how he would
endeavor to atone to Olive for the dis-
tress he had caused her. And poor
little Edna, his only child, how could he
meet her after the brutal language he
had used in addressing her?

At last he arrived at his home, and
with burning brow and heaving heart,
he entered the house, praying inwardly
that his neglected wife was not sick as
his child had informed him.

Finding no one in the small though
tidy parlor, he went into the kitchen—
no one there!

What! Where are his wife and
daughter?

Surely there cannot be anything
wrong?

Softly he approaches the bed-chamber
and taps lightly on the panel of the door.
In a few minutes he is admitted, and
all his fears vanish.

His wife is propped up in an arm-
chair with Edna, the only solace of her
life, kneeling beside her.

'Olive, oh, dearest, Olive!'
'Is that you, Eldred?'

'Yes; here I am craving pardon for
my past life!'

Eldred sank on his knees, while a
look of astonishment shined over Olive's
pale, sorrowful face.

To what was owing this sudden
change?

It was rarely the work of God.

Little Edna lifted her dark blue eyes
to her father's in blank dismay.

'Dearest Olive,' he murmured again,
'I have come to be forgiven, and renew
the promise I made you long ago!'

'Thank God!' said Olive fervently.

'Do you forgive?'

'With all my heart. Oh, Eldred, I
have prayed fervently for this hour!'

Eldred covered his face and sobbed
bitterly.

'Oh, my dear father, don't cry!'
pleaded little Edna, she laid her little
hand softly on his head.

In another moment, she was pressed
to her father's heart.

O, what a happy moment for these
three—one strayed sheep restored—a
husband and father saved from a drunk-
ard's fate.

Glady will we draw a veil over such
a scene as this; for, though one of hap-
piness, the heart is strangely moved at
such a flow of feeling which character-
izes one like this.

Eldred Thornton faithfully kept his
last promise, and was ever known, after-
wards, as a man of exemplary habits.

He soon regained the position he had
lost, and with Olive and his darling
little daughter, resided again with honor
in the house of his forefathers, which
he had the happiness of again calling
his own.

The First Cabinet.

**THE MEN WHO SURROUNDED WASH-
INGTON.**

Mr. Parson, in the January Atlantic,
thus describes Washington and his first
Cabinet:

Age had not quenched the vivacity
of either of the four Secretaries: Jef-
ferson, 47; Knox, 49; Randolph, 37;
Hamilton, 33. When in the world's
history, was so young a group charged
with a task so new, so difficult, so mo-
mentous?

Such were the gentlemen who were
gathered round the council table at the
President's house in New York in 1789;
at the head of the table General Wash-
ington, now fifty-eight, his frame as
erect as ever, but his face showing the
decrepitude of a thousand anxious hours
he had passed. Not versed in the lore
of schools, but gifted with a great sum
of intellect the eternal glory of this man
is that he used all the mind he had in
patient endeavors to find out the right
way, ever on the watch to keep out of
his decision everything like bias or pre-
judice; never deciding till he had ex-
hausted every source of elucidation
within his reach. Some questions he
could not decide with his own mind, and
he knew he could not. In such cases
he bent all his powers to ascertaining
how the subject appeared to minds fitted
to grapple with it, and getting them to
view it without prejudice.

I am delighted to learn that Mr. Car-
lyle can seldom hear the name of Wash-
ington pronounced without breaking
forth with an explosion of contempt,
especially, it is said, if there is an Amer-
ican within hearing. Washington is the
exact opposite of a fell Carlyle hero.
His glory is that he was not richly an-
dowed, not sufficient unto himself, nor
indifferent to human rights, opinions and
preferences; but feeling deeply his need
of help, sought it where it alone was to
be found, in minds fitted by nature and
training to supply his lack. It is this
heartfelt desire to be right which shines
so affectingly from the plain words of
Washington, and gives him rank so far
above the gorgeous bandits whom hero-
worshippers adore.

On the right of the President in the
place of honor, sat Jefferson; not forty-
seven, the senior of all his colleagues,
older in public service, too, than any
of them; tall, erect, ruddy; noticeably
quiet, and unobtrusive in his address and
demeanor; the least pugnacious of men.
Not a fanatic, not an enthusiast; but an
old fashioned whig; natured upon 'old
Coke,' enlightened by twenty five years
intense discussion—with pen, tongue
and sword—of Cokean principles. A crash
from the latest commentary upon Coke
—the ruins of the Bastille—still his red
Paris waistcoat and breeches, he was an

object of particular interest to all men,
and, doubtless, often relieved the severity
of business by some thrilling relation
out of his long foreign experience.

Opposite him, on the President's left,
has the place of Hamilton, Secretary of
the Treasury, in all the alertness and
vigor of thirty-three years. If this
had matured his talents, it had not less-
ened his self-sufficiency, because, as yet,
all his short life had been success, and
had associated chiefly with men who
possessed nothing either of his financy
or his arithmetic. A positive, reliant,
little gentleman, with as firm a
faith in the apparatus of finance as Gen-
eral Knox had in great guns. He was
now in the full tide of activity, lobbying
measures through Congress, and organ-
izing the Treasury Department—the most
conspicuous man in the administration,
except the President.

As usual, his unseen work was his
best. In organizing a system of collect-
ing, keeping and disbursing the revenue,
he employed so much fact, forethought
and fertility that his successors have
each, in turn, admired and retained his
most important devices. He arranged
the system so that the Secretary of the
Treasury, at any moment, could survey
the whole working of it; and he held at
command all the resources of the United
States subject to lawful use, without
being able to divert one dollar to a
purpose not specially authorized. He could
not draw his own pittance of salary
without the signature of the four chief
officers of the department—comptroller,
treasurer and register.

GRANBY COPPERS.—The first copper
coinage of the United States was made
in the year 1793, and Jeannett can
claim the distinction. These coppers
were made at Granby, by John Higley,
a blacksmith. At that time Granby
was almost a wilderness, and money was
to be had with great difficulty. The few
copper coins in circulation were British
half-pennies and farthings. Higley doubt-
less obtained the copper from the famous
old mine near Granby; and it would
seem to have been valued three times as
much as old King George's half-pennies.
The coin itself represents a bear, and
also bears the inscription: "Value as
you please," the reverse being, "I am
good copper, 1793," with three sledge
hammers crowned indicating that John
Higley thought that labor yet would be
king in America of the future. On the
other side, "I cut my way through" with
a broadaxe in the center, indicating
again that Aigley's idea was that the
axe would cut its way through the primi-
val forest of New England. Of the
Granby coins there are not a dozen gen-
uine ones in existence.

Gold is a specialty of California but
most people will be astonished to learn
that California gold exists in other de-
posits than those of the gulches and
poort hills on the Golden State. Re-
cently an inn keeper in Switzerland un-
dertook to carve a California ham and
discovered deep down in the porcine
strata a nugget of pure gold of the size
of a walnut. This discovery may give
a new direction to the effort of gold
hunters, and we may yet live to see pig
gold quoted from the bills of lading of
California ships. The mining of Cali-
fornia hams, if carried on to any great
extent, will, of course, greatly increase
the price of pork; but if it proves to be
as successful as the pearl fishery we shall
soon look upon the pig precisely as we
do upon the pearl oyster—as only the
worthless envelope covering the precious
deposit within. Probably those gentle-
men who formed a company to collect
the diamonds and rubies of Arizona will
lose no time in forming a pig mining
gold company and proceed to pre-empt
all the wild pigs of California.

The hestons ideas of the uses and
habits of deep sea telegraphic cables are
rather peculiar. Some of these innocent
Confucians make a living by fishing up
the wires, cutting them and selling the
pieces. Occasionally they bury their
dark ways by resetting the cable like a
verbena or a geranium, in order that it
may grow and serve for future provision.

The simplicity that believes the stars
are the innumerable buds of God's shin-
ing fingers piercing the heavens, is in-
finitely more blessed than the astute
skepticism that believes nothing.

You may glean knowledge by read-
ing, but you must separate the wheat
from the chaff by thinking.

THE MEN WHO SURROUNDED WASH-
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