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## THE ORANGEBURG NEWS

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DEALER IN DRUGS, MEDICINES, PAINTS, AND OILS, AND PERFUMERY.

AN ACT TO PROVIDE FOR PURCHASERS OF LAND, AT SALES MADE FOR NON PAYMENT OF TAXES, BEING PUT INTO POSSESSION OF THE SAME.

Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives of the State of South Carolina, now met and sitting in General Assembly, and by the authority of the same, That whenever lands are sold on account of the non-payment of taxes the purchaser thereof, to whom a conveyance is made, shall have the right to immediate possession of the same; and it shall be the duty of the Sheriff of the County, where said lands are situated, after ten days' notice being given, upon complaint made, and exhibition of the deeds of conveyance, to eject persons unlawfully holding over, and to put said purchaser into possession; and a person or persons who will resist the Sheriff, or refuse to vacate, shall be deemed guilty of a misdemeanor, and punished by imprisonment not less than six (6) months, and no more than twelve (12) months: Provided, however, That if the person or persons holding over, and claiming possession, shall, within ten days from the execution by the Sheriff of the summary powers conferred by this Act, file in the office of the said Sheriff the tax receipt, or a certificate from the County Treasurer, certifying that the tax or taxes were paid on the property in question, and for the year or years for which sold, thereupon the action of the Sheriff shall be null and void: And provided, further, That in case of tenants holding under leases, they shall not be ejected until the expiration of the same, unless they refuse to attorn to said purchaser or purchasers. Approved February 22, 1873.

AN ACT TO RENEW AND EXTEND THE CHARTER OF THE ST. MATTHEW'S EVANGELICAL CHURCH, OF ORANGEBURG COUNTY.

SECTION 1. Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives of the State of South Carolina, now met and sitting in General Assembly, and by the authority of the same, That the charter heretofore granted to the St. Matthew's Evangelical Church, of Orangeburg County, and the same is hereby, renewed and extended, with all the rights, powers and privileges heretofore granted to said church.

SECTION 2. That all acts done, or authorized to be done, by the officers of said church, since the expiration of their former charter, be, and the same are hereby, declared valid and binding in all respects and to all intents.

SECTION 3. That this Act shall be deemed a public Act, and shall continue in force until repealed. Approved February 21, 1873.

AN ACT TO AMEND SECTION 6 OF CHAPTER LXII OF THE GENERAL STATUTES.

Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives of the State of South Carolina, now met and sitting in General Assembly, and by the authority of the same, That Section 6 of Chapter LXII of the General Statutes be amended so as to read as follows: "That it shall not be lawful for any agent of any insurance company in the United States, or any foreign State, not incorporated by the laws of this State, to take risks or transact any business of insurance in this State, without first obtaining a license from the Comptroller General, which license shall expire on the thirty-first day of March of each year; and, for every such license, the company or agent taking out the same shall pay, or cause to be paid, to the Comptroller General the sum of five dollars." Approved February 22, 1873.

AN ACT TO AMEND AN ACT ENTITLED "AN ACT FOR THE PROTECTION AND PRESERVATION OF USEFUL ANIMALS."

SECTION 1. Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives of the State of South Carolina, now met and sitting in General Assembly, and by the authority of the same, That Section 1 of an Act entitled "An Act for the protection and preservation of useful ani-

mals," approved March 12, 1872, be, and is hereby, amended as follows, to wit: by striking out the word "September," in the sixth line thereof, and inserting the word "August," in lieu of the same.

SECTION 2. That Section 4 of the same Act be, and is hereby, amended as follows, to wit: by striking out the words "15th day of February," in the second line thereof, and inserting the words "15th day of April," in lieu of the same.

SECTION 3. That Section 5 be also amended, by striking out the word "robins" where it occurs on the ninth line thereof.

Approved February 27, 1873.

AN ACT TO AMEND SECTION SEVENTH (7), CHAPTER ONE HUNDRED AND FOURTH (104), OF TITLE ONE (1), PART THIRD (3), OF THE GENERAL STATUTES.

Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives of the State of South Carolina, now met and sitting in General Assembly and by the authority of the same, That Section Seventh (7), Chapter One Hundred and Fourth (104), of Title One (1), of Part Third (3), of the General Statutes, be amended so as to read as follows: The Sheriff of Richland County shall attend every session of the Supreme Court, to perform such official services as by the said Court shall be required, and he shall be allowed, and paid therefor, at the rate of five dollars per day. The Clerk of the said Court shall give a bond, in the sum of three thousand dollars, to be approved by the Chief Justice thereof, for the faithful performance of the duties hereinafter devolving upon him. It shall be the duty of said Clerk to provide for said Court necessary furniture, printing, blank books, stationery, fuel and lights; and the accounts and vouchers for all aforesaid expenditures and service shall be certified to, under oath, by said Clerk, approved by the Chief Justice, audited by the Comptroller General, and paid by the Treasurer of the State out of any funds not otherwise appropriated. Approved February 27, 1873.

AN ACT TO ALTER AND AMEND SECTION FORTY FIVE (45), OF CHAPTER TWENTY-FIVE (25), OF TITLE SIX (6), OF PART FIRST (1), OF THE GENERAL STATUTES, RELATING TO TRIAL JUSTICES.

Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives of the State of South Carolina, now met and sitting in General Assembly, and by the authority of the same, That Section Forty-five (45), of Chapter Twenty-five (25), of Title Six (6), of Part First (1), of the General Statutes, be, and the same is hereby, altered and amended, by striking out all of said Section after the word "office." Approved February 27, 1873.

AN ACT TO AMEND SECTION 2, CHAPTER CXI OF THE GENERAL STATUTES.

Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives of the State of South Carolina, now met and sitting in General Assembly, and by the authority of the same, That Section three, of Chapter CXI, of the General Statutes, which requires that the Board of Jury Commissioners shall prepare a jury list in each County in the month of January of each year, be so amended as to make it lawful for the said Board to prepare the jury list for the Counties of Lexington, Spartanburg and Edgefield, during the year 1873, before the tenth of March of said year. Approved February 26, 1873.

AN ACT TO FIX THE TIME FOR CERTAIN STATE AND COUNTY OFFICERS TO REPORT.

SECTION 1. Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives of the State of South Carolina, now met and sitting in General Assembly, and by the authority of the same, That all reports which are now required by law to be made annually to the General Assembly, be, and they are hereby, required to be made such report on or before the first

day of December of each and every successive year.

SECTION 2. That all County officers who are now required by law to report to any superior County or State officer, be, and they are hereby, required to make such report on or before the first day of November in each and every successive year.

SECTION 3. Any of the officers above enumerated who shall fail to comply with the provisions of this Act, shall be deemed guilty of a misdemeanor in office, and, upon conviction, shall be punished by a fine of not less than five hundred, nor more than three thousand dollars, or be imprisoned for a term of not less than three months, nor more than two years, or either or both, at the discretion of the Court.

SECTION 4. The Attorney General is hereby specially charged with the prompt and rigorous enforcement of the provisions of this Act.

SECTION 5. All Acts or parts of Acts inconsistent with this Act are hereby repealed.

Approved February 27, 1873.

### The Boston Young Lady.

SHE COMES, SEES AND CONQUERS ELI PERKINS.

The Boston young lady has arrived at Saratoga. I mean the real literary young lady—the Siege of Troy girl. She grew up in Boston and graduated at Vassar College last year. She wears eye glasses, and full of wisdom. She scans Homer, rattles the verb "lipo" like the multi-plexion table sings Anacreon to the old melodies, and puts up her hair after the statue of the Venus of Milo. There is no end to her knowledge of the classical dictionary and when it comes to Charles Lamb or Sydney Smith—Southern literature—she never wrote but got the credit of every good joke in England—she can say their jokes as a Catholic says his beads, if you ask her how she likes babies, she answers: "How? Well, as Charles Lamb remarked, 'I like 'em b—b—boiled.'"

Ask her anything, and she will always lug in a quotation from some pedantic old fool like Dr. Johnson or Swift or Jack Bunsby, just to show you that she is up in literature, and that you are green. Not a single original idea, but one constant 'as Socrates said,' or 'as Plato remarked,' or 'as Diogenes observed.' Yesterday, some sharp, shrewd, original New York young ladies got hold of the pedantic business, and introduced a funny paraphrase on Miss Boston's language.

"Do you love music, Sallie?" "Well, 'yes,' as the poet observed."

"How many glasses did you drink this morning?"

"Six," as Mr. L. all pathetically remarked in his arithmetic.

"Dance the round dances?"

"No," as the Lord Mayor of London quietly observed as John Ruskin asked him for the loan of 4\$.

The Boston girl is so well posted that she wins triumph over you by a sort of literary "bluff" game. She attributes sharp quotations to distinguished men, and, conscious that you dare not question their authenticity, of course she "bluffs" you right down. When you go to your room, and read up, and find she has really "bluffed" you of course you are too gentle to mention it, and so this Boston girl goes on plugging herself at the expenses of New York gallantry.

Yesterday the Boston girl was at it again. Somebody asked her who was the oldest, Methuselah or Deuteronomy?

"Why, Barnas, the commentator says Deuteronomy came before Numbers"—of course he's too old to be computed.

Now, I know she lied, but still I had a doubt about it. I didn't want to break out and say Deuteronomy came after Numbers, and then have those miserable Boston fellows say with that terrible upward inflection, How are you, Eli Perkins! O! no. But when I did go up to my room I sent out to a gentleman in Saratoga who has several bibles to lend, and got the Pentateuch—and sure enough, just my luck, that miserable, pedantic, spectacled Boston girl was right.

If you sit down by this Boston girl and don't behave like a minister she don't get mad and pout. O! no. She says, Mr. Tompkins, shall I repeat a few lines from Scribner's? and then she goes on—

Why can't you be sensible Harry? I don't like men's arms on my chair. Be still! if you don't stop this nonsense. I'll get up and leave you—so there!

And when you take out a solitary ring, or try to "seal the vow," or some thing of that sort, as New York fellows always try to do with almost every Boston girl who comes here she looks up blushing, and in the language of Swinburne poetically remarks;

There! somebody's coming—don't look so—Get up on your own chair again—Can't you see some nothing had happened? I never saw such geese as you men!

### On The Shoemaker's Ponies.

BY EDWARD EGLESTON.

The Germans have a periphrase for walking—they "ride on the shoemaker's ponies." In the early West it by no means followed that a man who had feet had shoes so that the Hoosier equivalent for traveling afoot is "riding on shank's mares." Now these circumlocutions have an air of alighting the feet as means of locomotion, as if one would affect to have ridden when he had walked. It is like the device of the negro dandy who used to buckel a spur upon each heel, taking a riding whip in hand to walk to meeting.

We have no more legs. There is now going on an atrophy of the lower extremities. I once heard a witty lady, mocking at popular mock modesty speak of her pedestals. We are all coming to this. There will soon be nothing but pedestals, and those of the slenderest sort. Whether the next stage will see us developed into legless beings is a speculation more curious than practical.

There is no exercise so fine as walking if one knows how to take it. When a disease in one part of the body becomes curable a physician will sometimes at tack it by revulsion—that is, attacking some other part, and thus diverting the sickness from its stronghold. So a man uses his head until the brain is weary, needs to tire his legs.

You complain that you cannot walk. Because you do not observe the rules. Walk easily. Take time. Do not hurry yourself into exhaustion. Begin by walking as you can bear it. Every now and then I backslide, get nervous, think the sun hurts me and take to riding in street cars. Three months ago a mile worried me. The circulation tended to the brain. Sleep was difficult. I determined to seek relief as before in walking. By walking at first two miles, and afterward increasing the distance, I was soon able to trudge off ten miles in an afternoon without regard to heat. Sunstroke! It is not people who live right and exercise freely that suffer from the sun. Did you ever sit in a Turkish bath? The first three minutes you were ready to faint, to burst, to die, to blow up with the intolerable dry heat. But when once the perspiration had started and all the little safety valves were open you were able to take with pleasure thirty or forty degrees more of heat than you had when an explosion seemed imminent. To which you are nervous about walking, and the heat seems dangerous, you have only to start off in a steady, easy gait. At the end of a mile walking is delightful. You wouldn't ride if you could.—Heath and Home.

### Glimpses of Coming Prosperity.

Newspaper correspondents who are making tours of the Southern States reports that new manufacturing schemes of all sorts are much talked of, and that there is a fair prospect of a revival of industry. Revival is hardly the word, however. It is a rather a creation. The district which before the war were destitute of the slightest trace of manufacturing enterprise are those which are now indicated as the Lowells and Manchester of the future, and the only drawback to the accomplishment of the desired results is the want of capital. Yet the statistics of the experiments already made show that the promise of a good return for investments is not without foundation. One correspondent writes that "the past five years have witnessed a great revival of the old yearning after machinery, that the land is half secretly overrun with surveyors and speculators in mill property, who are prospecting for advantageous situations for future factories, and that those mills

which are ready at work, cotton mills especially, pay dividends which are almost beyond belief. Dividends of twenty five per cent, per annum are said to be common among the few mills now in operation, and in one instance a profit of fifty per cent has been obtained. The same correspondent dwells upon the advantages of Southern mills over those of the North, arising from the facts that they use the cotton fresh from the field, before its staple has been subjected to the pressure of baling, that the cost of bagging and hooping and transportation is saved and that the development of the new coal field of the South will make fuel cheap and so reduce the outlay for motive power. These strong points and if thoughtful and sensible Southerners can be brought to see that the use of their own resources and the application of their own hard labor are the real processes through which wholesome rehabilitation must come, the next census will exhibit a striking contrast to that of 1870.—N. Y. Com. Advertiser.

### The Squire's Visitors.

HOW RURAL RELATIVES ARE TREATED IN PEORIA.

Squire Blinks, a retired old gentleman, lives away down on Seventh street. The other morning three old ladies from Macon county came to his house on a visit. They used to know his wife before she was married. The Squire welcomed them to his mansion, and then went out to the barn and swore for half an hour. While he was soothing himself thus his wife called him into the house. She handed him an umbrella to keep off the sun, and said the ladies had walked up from the depot and left some things there for him to bring up. So he brought them up, making two round trips for the baskets, band boxes, and two black cloth traveling bags, all of which the Squire discourteously called "infernal old traps."

As he sat in the back kitchen wiping his brow, his wife brought out the market basket and said there was not a bit of sugar or tea in the house, and she remarked that while he was going down town he might as well get the molasses-jug filled. The Squire asked her how long those old migratory pelicans were going to stay. And she asked him if he thought she would be so rude as to ask them. Then the Squire went down and laid in the groceries. When he got back his wife said she had forgotten something and thought of it just when it was too late. She must have some corn-starch. The Squire asked her if any of the old scarce-crows had dropped the least hint as to the duration of their visit. She said not. The Squire looked sad and disheartened.

When he had the paper of corn-starch on the table, his wife said they must have a cod fish for dinner. One of the ladies said in the course of conversation, that she was fond of codfish. The Squire asked if the old buzzards had yet committed themselves on the extent of their present roost. She said he ought to be ashamed of himself.

When he slapped the cod fish down on the table with a whang his wife got him to bring in some water and wood; said Mr. Spoonaugr said she never dine without ale, and the Squire was asked if he would go down and bring up a bottle. He asked if he shouldn't go into the parlor and get those old cormorants to make out a list of what they did like, and furthermore asked if they were yet silent as to when they thought they could go away.

He got the ale, and for fear he would have to trot down again, he hired an express wagon and loaded it with all sorts of garden truck, a bottle of whiskey, a box of sardines, a pound of snuff, some eov oysters, dried apples, beans, smoked tongue, cut and dried tobacco, pickled walnuts, canned corn, mackerel, split peas, etc.

She next day the Squire was sent down town only eight times. Early the next morning he started out into the country to see a man. When he got home he asked his wife if any time had been set for the departure. On the evening of the following Monday one of the ladies said she thought they ought to start on the next Friday, so as to reach home before Sunday. Mrs. Blinks said they oughtn't to be in a hurry. The Squire groaned and said they ought to stay and make their visit out. On Friday morning the Squire had an

express wagon before the door. But the wife said the ladies had concluded to stay until after the Fourth. Then the Squire went out to saw wood and converse with himself.

### How Hans Got Even.

Once on a time there lived a jovial Dutchman, whose name was Hans Von Shrimptifiel. He had a wife. He had a little grocery, where beer and such personal property were sold. He gave credit to a parcel of day customers, and kept his book with a piece of white chalk on the head-board of the bedstead.

One day Mrs. Shrimptifiel, during a neat fit, took upon herself to clean the house and things. So she did, and she cleaned the head-board, and with soap and water settled the old man's accounts by wiping away every chalk mark.

Pretty soon, before long, the old vendor of things came into his house and saw what a ruin his frau had wrought. Then he said:

"Mein Gott, Fran Shrimptifiel, what for you make a ruined man of me? I guess not? You make wipe away all dem names and figures what I owe them feller's, what's going to pay before they get ready, and I loose mores zwie hundred dollars!"

His frau left the room in fear and disgust. When she returned he had recovered the head-board with chalk marks. Then she said:

"Hans, you have make them all right, don't it?"

"Well, mein teurer frau, I make the figures all right, but I put down some petter names as dem old feller's rot you wiped out, ven you rubed de head-board off de names."

THE DEACON'S DOG.—It was a great many years ago, at a camp meeting, that Brother Higgins, a good man but passionately fond of dogs, came in one day accompanied by a black and tan hound. Somebody asked him to address the congregation, and he mounted the stand for the purpose, while his dog sat down upon his haunches immediately in front, looking at his master. In the midst of the discourse, which entertained us much, another dog came up, and after a few social whiffs at Brother Higgins' dog, began to examine the hind leg of the latter with his teeth, apparently for the purpose of ascertaining if it was tender. An animated contest ensued, and one of the congregation came forward for the purpose of separating the animals. His efforts were not wholly successful. He would snatch at the leg of Higgins' dog, but before his hand got there the yellow dog would be on that side, and would probably take an incidental and cursory bite at the deacon's hand. Brother Higgins paused in his discourse and watched the deacon. Then he exclaimed, "Spit in his eye, Brother Thompson, spit in the hound's eye!" Brother Thompson did, and the fight ended. "But I just want to say," continued Mr. Higgins, "that outside of the sanctuary that dog of mine can eat up any salmon colored animal in the State, and then chew up the bones of its ancestors for four generations, without turning a hair! You understand me?" Then the services proceeded.

A SAD SITUATION.—A short time since a gentleman with long, fair whiskers, and dressed in the height of fashion, entered a hosiers in Vienna, and requested the shop-woman, who happened to be alone, to show him some colored shirts. Every variety was brought out, when he made his choice, and requested that a parcel might be made for him. This being done, "what an idiot I am," said he; "I have not seen how the shirts look when on. Would you oblige me, mademoiselle, by putting on one over your dress?" The shop-woman having complied with his request, "be so good," he continued, "as to button the collar and wristbands, that I may get a thoroughly good idea of the effect. And now," he added, taking up his parcel, "allow me to wish you a very good morning!" and in an instant he was outside the door and had disappeared, the unhappy girl apparently stupefied, not daring to follow him into the street on account of her singular costume.

If the pious old maid, who sits in her piazza, these hot nights, and sings from "Greenland's icy mountains," don't choose some less aggravating melody, she will be indicted as a nuisance.