

# The Orangeburg News.

FIRST OUR HOMES; THEN OUR STATE; FINALLY THE NATION; THESE CONSTITUTE OUR COUNTRY.

VOLUME 1.

SATURDAY MORNING, APRIL 27, 1867.

NUMBER 10.

## THE ORANGEBURG NEWS.

PUBLISHED AT ORANGEBURG, S. C.

Every Saturday Morning.

SAMUEL DIBBLE, Editor.  
CHARLES H. HALL, Publisher.

### TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

One Copy for one year..... \$2.00  
" " " Six Months..... 1.00  
" " " Three "..... 60  
Any one making up a CLUB of FIVE ANNUAL SUBSCRIBERS will receive an extra copy FREE OF CHARGE.

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" " " 2d "..... 75  
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SAMUEL DIBBLE,  
EDITOR ORANGEBURG NEWS,  
Orangeburg, S. C.

## CARDS.

### W. W. LEGARE,

Has resumed the PRACTICE OF LAW at Orangeburg Court House, and may be found at his Office over Cornelison, Kramer & Co.'s New Store, Russell Street, mar 23

### Frederick Fersner,

MECHANICAL DENTIST:  
Will attend to those who wish his services at their residences, by being informed through the Postoffice or otherwise. TETH on GOLD and SILVER PLATE; also the VULCANITE WORK.  
All work done Warranted to give satisfaction.  
Residence: at Mr. JOSEPH FERNER'S, Orangeburg District, S. C. mar 30

### BULL & SCOVILL,

AGENTS FOR THE  
Equitable Life Insurance Company  
OF NEW YORK,  
POLICIES NON-FORFEITABLE,  
Dividend Declared Annually to Policy Holders. feb 23

### J. W. H. DUKES,

LICENSED AUCTIONEER,  
Offers his Services  
FOR ALL SALES IN THIS DISTRICT.  
At Reasonable Rates. feb 23

### IZLAR & DIBBLE,

Attorneys and Solicitors.  
RUSSEL-STREET,  
ORANGEBURG, S. C.  
JAMES F. IZLAR. SAMUEL DIBBLE.  
feb 23

### E. C. DENAUX,

WATCH MAKER  
AND  
JEWELLER,  
Work Neatly Repaired and Warranted,  
RUSSELL-STREET,  
(Opposite Cornelison, Kramer & Co.,) feb 23

### BULL & SCOVILL

ARE AGENTS FOR THE  
Underwriters Fire Insurance Company  
OF NEW YORK,  
ASSETS OVER \$3,000,000.  
FOR THE  
Security Fire Insurance Company  
OF NEW YORK  
ASSETS OVER \$1,000,000.  
These stand in the first ranks of all good Insurance Companies. feb 23

## Medical Notice.

Dr. ARTEMAS J. WOLFE offers his Professional Services to the Citizens of Orangeburg District, Office near the Railroad, on Russell street, where he can be found at all hours.  
All calls upon him will be met with prompt attention. mar 30

## POETRY.

### Auction Extraordinary.

"I dreamed a dream in the midst of my slumbers,  
And as fast as I dreamed it was coined into numbers,  
I dreamed that a law had been recently made,  
That a tax on old bachelors' pates should be laid,  
And in order to make them all willing to marry,  
The tax was as heavy as men could well carry.  
The bachelors grumbled, and said 'twas no use,  
'Twas monstrous injustice and horrid abuse,  
And swore that to save their own hearts' blood from  
spilling,  
To the day of their death they would ne'er pay a  
shilling.  
The Legislature determined their plan to pursue,  
So they set all the bachelors up at vendue;  
A crier was sent through the town, to and fro,  
To rattle his bell, and his trumpet to blow,  
And to bawl out to all he met on his way,  
Ho! forty old bachelors to be sold here to-day!  
And presently all the old maids in the town,  
Each one in her very best bonnet and gown,  
From thirty to sixty, fair, plain, red and pale,  
Of every description, all flocked to the sale.  
The auctioneer then, in his service began,  
And called aloud as he held up a man.  
Here is an old bachelor—who wants to buy?  
In a twink the old maidens responded, I, I,  
In short, at a huge and extravagant price,  
The bachelors all were sold off at a trice:  
And forty bright maidens, some younger, some  
older,  
Each lugged an old bachelor home on her shoulder."

## LITERARY.

### SELECTED.

### Bank Notes.

#### AN ENGLISH STORY.

(Continued.)

He had become cheerful again, but she shook her head and covered her face with her hands. Poor mother! She had worked day and night unwearingly in that dull room, and when she looked at the children, she felt her strength and faith giving way.  
Kate and Archie tried to amuse little Rose at the other end of the room with what they would find in the old black trunk above mentioned, in which sundry stray articles were contained that had been gathered out from depositories in their former home, and had not been worth selling. Suddenly Archie exclaimed that he could hear the postman's knock in the distance. It was to him the little interest of the evening to watch him go by in his red coat, and to wonder at the speed and regularity with which he delivered his letters; and so the boy ran to the outer door, in spite of rain and fog, to maintain his usual post of observation.  
A moment after he came running in with a missive in his hand. "A letter for you, father," he exclaimed; "perhaps there's good news for us—perhaps it's to say you'll get rich again." The children, as they looked back, thought that their father had been a rich man before this last time of trial.  
Mrs. Neville looked up eagerly while her husband examined the letter, and the cover addressed to—  
Mr. William Neville,  
4 Glass Court,  
City.

"I don't know the handwriting," he observed, and then opening it, began to read. He folded it and gave it to his wife.  
"I can't see to read," she said; "my eyes are blinded so with work, and I can't fight my bad. Tell me what's inside."  
It's from a gentleman a hundred and fifty miles off, who's heard of my wanting a clerk's place from one of the partners in the firm—Maclean's firm that was. He says there'll be a place open in his business house with the same pay as I had before, but that I must apply myself not later than the day after to-morrow, or it will be filled, as there are so many after it. It's a kind letter—a gentleman's letter, and it's been kind of the directors to mention my name."  
Mrs. Neville's face had brightened suddenly. The cheerful voices of the children, who had strayed into the inner room, no longer sounded so sadly on her ears, as a hope of being enabled to provide for them found its way to her heart. Then her countenance fell once more. "A hundred and fifty miles! Oh, a hundred and fifty miles, William; and how are you to get there? My ring! but that wouldn't raise enough. To think of being so near good times again, and then just failing!"  
Her husband looked anxious. "I have only this cont," he said, "and one must look fairly respectable to apply. It'll take nearly two pounds altogether, there and back."  
Katie's voice outside filled up the silence that followed. She was singing over, as if to herself, the words which little Rose had repeated—  
"We'll praise Him for all that is past,  
And trust Him for all that's to come."  
"We must try Katie's plan," he rejoined,

gently. "Can't we trust, Sarah, to Him who will supply all our need? His arm isn't shortened, and we're His, and our children."

She did not answer, but stood up saying it was Rose's bed-time. The cloud was on her brow, settling amongst furrows that had become imprinted there of late.

The children re-entered, and Rose climbed her father's knee to say good-night.

"Was there good news in the letter, father?" inquired Archie.

"Yes, my boy," replied his father.

"Mother doesn't look like it," said Katie, anxiously.

"Mother's tired," he rejoined. "We must try and ask God to supply all our need, Katie. The letter came to give me a chance of a situation, but I haven't money now to get to the place where the gentleman lives."

"O father, take my work-box and sell it," said Katie; "or the brooch—no, that's gone already—or my books that are left—anything that I have."

"Take my Noah's ark," said Archie, not to be outdone by Katie; "or my Robinson Crusoe with gilt leaves, or—"

Little Rose was listening wonderingly, understanding only at last that her brother and sister seemed engaged in the bestowal on their father of all their remaining worldly goods; whereupon, holding up the article which she had been quietly playing with, she put it into his hands saying, "Take his too, father."

Katie and Archie laughed at the little mocking-bird, and her father playfully took it from her.

"Why, where did this come from?" he inquired. "It is like my poor mother's old pocket-book, which I used to play with when I was Archie's age."

"It came out of the old black trunk, father; Rose liked doing and undoing the fastening."

"It must have lain at the bottom amongst old rubbish ever since before we were married," rejoined his wife carelessly; "I don't ever remember clearing it well out, for I'd forgotten all about that trunk till our first move, and then I put the children's toys and clothes in it."

"My poor mother!" pursued her husband, as, still with his little one on his knee, he turned over the pages, and noticed the old-fashioned contrivance for keeping needles and thread, and told the children a story of how once he had lost that identical pocket-book, and though he had been then grown up and had bought his mother a fine leather one instead, she had not liked it half so well, and had never ceased mourning for the old one until it was found after many months in some out-of-the-way corner.

"Pretty picture!" said Rose, catching a thin piece of paper which suddenly fluttered down from an unexpected slit in the inner lining of the pocket-book.

Archie looked over her shoulder. "Such an odd little picture!" he exclaimed; "up in the corner—it has a crown at the top, and—"

"There's writing," interposed Katie; "writing in such funny letters. Listen: BANK OF ENGLAND. I promise to pay the Bearer on demand the sum of TEN POUNDS. 1801, Feb. 27. London, 27 Feb. 1801. For the Governor and Company of the BANK OF ENGLAND. And then there's a name signed down at the bottom, and a great big ugly TEX in funny white letters in the corner. Did you print it for grandmother, father?"

"Mrs. Neville laid down the candle quickly, whilst her father withdrew the paper from Rose's fingers. He read it carefully and silently, and then exchanged looks with his wife. It seemed too good, too strange to be true—yet it was true. She first realized it all.

"Will you go, William?" she inquired brightly, while the children looked wonderingly into her face.

"Yes, I think so," he replied gravely. "Katie, Archie, didn't little Rose tell us to 'trust Him for all that's to come,' and didn't God's word tell us that He'd 'supply all our need?' Well, dear children (don't mind poor mother's crying a little—she's been very anxious, and it'll do her good) He's been true to His word, and this that little Rose calls a picture is an old bank-note which my mother must have laid by in her pocket-book without telling any one, and which has just come to us when God saw our need was the sorest."

So it was. Katie and Archie were neither of them quite clear in their minds as to how that flimsy piece of paper was to turn into gold, silver, copper, bread, tea, meat, sugar, and clothing. Archie, who was not quite out of the fairy ages, said that some magic wand would transform it into those good things; and Katie wandered without arriving at any conclusion at all. Their father, however, promised that they should comprehend it on the morrow.

And then, when a few minutes had gone rapidly by in discussing the brighter prospects before them—when the children had realized the possibility of a railway journey, and of a

little house with a garden, perhaps, in a country town—a new place—when Rose had opened her blue eyes in wonderment at a shower of kisses which came upon her—because it seemed to every one the most natural way of showing their gladness, they knelt together and thanked Him who had heard their cry and had sent them help in time of need; and when father and mother looked together that night on their sleeping children, they joined in the words which Rose had taught them—

"We'll praise Him for all that is past,  
And trust Him for all that's to come."

The next day the brother and sister accompanied their father to the Bank of England, which was close to their gloomy abode, now brightened, however, by two sunshiny visitors named Hope and Thankfulness. It was such an old note, their father said, that he would bring it to the bank; the which remark neither of the children in the least understood. They watched with interest how, as he presented the precious paper, the clerk behind the counter examined it, and then made the inquiry, "Do you wish for gold sir?" to which their father replied, "If you please," to whereupon were delivered over to him ten bright new sovereigns, which looked more promising in their eyes than the crumpled note for which they were exchanged. Then they all went to a shop where one of these identical sovereigns was partially converted into bread, and into another where meat was purchased; and it was with strangely happy feelings that they arrived at home. Their father could not explain anything then, for after an hour or two he wished them all good-byes that were to last, he said, for two days, and departed in haste; and we must wish the children good-bye too, not to return until the evening when their father was expected back again.

Upon that evening Katie had no need to task her wits as to how to make some little variety for supper; for some nice broth with substantial meat-bones in it was simmering encouragingly by one side of the fire, and some hot potatoes steamed promisingly on the other; and a large loaf was on the table, and by its side was a small portion of butter which Mrs. Neville said was a piece of extravagance, but which Katie had begged her to buy for father as he was sure to come back with the promise of the new place, and he would not have dined on the way. And the cups and saucers reflected the light, and when he came, his face reflected the light too; whereupon Mrs. Neville's took to reflecting the light that was reflected in his face; whence it followed that the children's countenances all joined in reflecting the combined light which their parents reflected; the result being, finally, a compilation and combination of pleasant reflections which were positively delightful to behold.

Yes; it was all good news. He had obtained the place, and a good salary; and the sisters and brother were almost bewildered at the prospect which their father opened before them of a railway journey that was to come almost directly, and of a small cottage with a tiny garden, in which grew crocuses and snowdrops now, and wherein might be reasonably expected to grow roses and carnations in the summer; and of going to school where was a playground in which he had been credibly informed that there were a swing and a seesaw;—that was a tumultuous and a happy supper-tin-e. Plans were discussed, and questions innumerable asked and answered. The dull cross-looking old room in the city had probably never been accustomed to such gladness, and the smoky rafters and discoloured walls seemed to question the desirability of echoing the children's mirth; which, however, darkly as they looked on the matter, they were constrained to do at last.

The little clock did its duty steadily even under these unsteady circumstances. Mrs. Neville consulted it after some time, and found that Rose's hour for retirement had come, and led her into the inner room, while, as it was later than usual, she told the elder ones not to wait for her, but to begin their evening reading with their father.

They fetched their Bibles, but Katie paused ere opening hers. "Father," she said, "I've wanted to ask you, do you remember that evening that was so sad at first and then so happy, how you showed mother that promise, and said it was a bank-note?"

"Yes, Katie," replied her father; "I've thought of it often since. Find it in the fourth of Philipians."

They obeyed, and listened inquiringly. "What were the words on that bank-note which has done so much for us?" he inquired.

"It was like this, father: 'I promise to pay to the Bearer, on demand, the sum of Ten Pounds,' and then it was signed by a name at the bottom."

"Quite right, Katie. You see it did not need for me to earn that money, though the promise must once upon a time have belonged to some one who had a right to the money which he had earned; the bearer,—any one

who took that promise to the bank, and claimed its being paid to him—was sure of getting it. There are millions of money in the bank,—more than you could possibly count, and the person whose name is signed at the bottom of the promise, is what is called the cashier, the person who is supposed to be chosen to make all the payments."

"But," interposed Archie, "suppose there were so many promises brought to be paid at the bank, that though there are millions of pounds, still there would not be enough money to pay them?"

"Then it would prove that it was a dishonest bank," replied his father; "it would have sent out more promises or notes than it was able to fulfil. If it had not been for a dishonest bank which did this in a way I cannot explain to you, I should have been richer than I am."

"And now about the verse, father," resumed Katie; "what did you mean when you said that to mother?"

"Read it, Katie, the nineteenth verse."

She obeyed, reading slowly: "My God shall supply all your need according to his riches in glory by Christ Jesus."

"Now, dear children," said their father, "you must remember what you have often learned about our having fallen so deeply into sin that God was obliged for His world's sake to pass sentence of death on us all. Well, then, you know His dear Son came to die in order to take our punishment upon Himself. He bore every part of our punishment, and when he had suffered even unto death instead of us, He ascended again to His Father's throne, to wear the crown of glory which He had won. Then our heavenly Father, who had grieved so much over our sins, and our punishment to which He was obliged by His justice to condemn us, that He did not spare His own dear Son that he should take it all in our stead, rejoiced greatly that since all the penalty was paid for us, He could give us for Christ's sake all the great gifts which He could not justly have given us in our own right. God has a great treasure-house of heavenly riches and of gifts for men, which he could not in justice have given us, if our Saviour had not died for us. But now the Lord Jesus has gone up into heaven to receive those gifts for men, since he has bought the right of giving them by His blood, and it is just as if He had won the key of the treasury by His death, since everything we receive is for His sake.

"That's why we say 'for Jesus Christ's sake' at the end of our prayers, isn't it?" inquired Archie.

"Yes, Archie; and the treasures in that great treasury are told of over and over in the Bible. In one verse it says 'In whom we have forgiveness of sins, according to the riches of his grace,' and in another we are told that the Holy Spirit's strength in the inner man is given us from 'the riches of his glory,' and in that same chapter St. Paul speaks of 'the unsearchable riches of Christ,'—riches which can never fail, and from which we may always be drawing and yet never make them less."

"But about the bank-note," persisted Katie. Her father took her Bible and found a verse in the sixteenth of St. John. "Whoever ye shall ask the Father in my name, he will give it you." This is a bank-note, Katie, a promise signed by Jesus Christ, in his blood,—a royal promise which we must bring to the treasury of our knees; and just as you saw that my note of promise was turned into money at the bank, so that promise will be received when we plead it with the God who waits to be gracious, and who lets us fill up that 'whatsoever' with that which we most need, and then owns the promise, and gives us the blessings.

"And the verse you showed to mother," interposed Archie, again.

"Ah, that is a wonderful verse!" answered his father; "there'd be fewer anxious hearts if we used that bank-note right. It might be put like this: 'I promise to supply to the pleader of this promise, on demand, the sum of all that he may need from God the Father's treasury of riches in glory.' And this is made sure by the name of Christ Jesus, which signs and seals the promise."

"It says 'All the promises of God are Yea and Amen in Christ Jesus,'" pursued Katie, thoughtfully. "I wonder, father, we're not always quite sure about everything—I mean, I wonder we don't come to Him about all we want."

"It is a wonder," he added half sorrowfully; "we often let the promises lie by, making as little use of them as I did of the note in the pocket-book, till I found it and turned it into money. They're no good to us unless we bring them to the Lord and turn them into blessings."

"And they're of use over and over again," added Archie; "I've found another bank-note, father: 'Ask, and ye shall receive.'"  
"And here's another," exclaimed Katie; "come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." Rest's what's promised there, father. O Archie, we have hundreds of bank-notes if we look for them!"

"And mind you bring them to the treasury expecting to have them made good!" concluded their father. "Remember it says, 'What things soever ye desire, when ye pray, believe that ye receive them, and ye shall have them!'"

And now we must say good-bye to Katie and Archie, for this is to be but a little book, and the story of their journey to their new home, and of their setting down in it, and of their setting down in it, and of all the other now circumstances which befell them, would make quite a long recital. Bright days had come to the Neville family, and they prospered from the hour in which the old pocket-book had been discovered.

Perhaps we should tell you that on the Sunday evenings one of the children's favourite employments is that of finding Bible bank-notes. And when you are in need, or anxiety, or poverty, young reader, O do the same,—let them not lie unpleaded, unrepresented in your Bible. Remember that "He that spared not his own Son, but delivered him up for us, all will with him also freely give us all things" and that our unfailing treasury is that of "the unsearchable riches of Christ."

## HUMOROUS.

### Lady Couundrums.

What lady is good to eat?—Sall Ladd.  
What lady is good to eat with her?—Olive Oil.  
What lady is made to carry burdens?—Ella Fant.  
What lady preaches in the pulpit?—Minnie Str.  
What lady does everybody desire?—Ann U. Ity.  
What lady is acquainted with surgery?—Ann Atomy.  
What lady lived in Noah's time?—Ann T. Delavian.  
What lady is fond of debate?—Iolly Tishun.  
What lady paints portraits?—Minnie Ture.  
What lady paints comic ones?—Carrie K. Ture.  
What lady is fond of giving?—Jennie Rosity.  
What lady is much talked of?—Amelia Ration.  
What lady is most noble?—Mag Nanimous.  
What lady is most peculiar?—Fan'lastic.  
What lady is most rare?—Avery A. Bility.

### Stood Him up in the Corner to make More Room.

A woman who lived in a small snug cottage in a village, was unfortunate enough to lose her husband, and set about making preparations for the funeral obsequies. A neighboring Mrs. Gundy, with her cloak and umbrellas, called to see things, to condole and to speculate. On coming into the house she looked around, raised her spectacles and her hood, and said: "Why, Lor' me! how nicely you are fixed up for the funeral! well I do declare, Lor' say! Dear me! why, do you tell, you barried Mrs. Webster's cheeks, ain't you, and Mrs. Ston's roses on the mantlepiece, they look right smart, I declare—and there's a clock too,—why where on earth did you get that, I want to know?" "Oh! no, my dear, (with a solemn groan) that's not a clock, it is my poor, dear departed husband, I stood him up in one corner to make more room!"

### The Self-Examining Society has propounded the following queries about this financial period to every-body;

Does it cost anything to print a news paper?  
How long can a printer afford to furnish a paper without pay?  
Do printers eat, drink and wear anything?  
If so, how do they get it?  
Do I owe for my paper?  
Is not this particular time a first rate time to call and pay up?

"Charlie, my dear," said a loving mother to a hopeful son, just budded into breeches, "Charlie, my dear, come here and get some candy."

"I guess I won't mind it now, mother," replied Charlie. "I've got some tobacco."

"I love thee still," said the quiet husband to his chattering wife.

A marriage in New York was indefinitely postponed in consequence of the bride being too drunk to say "yes."

In Missouri the laws allow married women to make wills of their own. They have them ready made here.

"An old bachelor, seeing the words 'Families Supplied' over the door of a shop, stepped in and said he would take a wife and two children."