

The Orangeburg News.

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

VOLUME 2.

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THE ORANGEBURG NEWS.

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FOR PRESIDENT,
HORATIO SEYMOUR,
OF NEW YORK.

FOR VICE-PRESIDENT,
FRANCIS P. BLAIR,
OF MISSOURI.

ORIGINAL STORY.
KATE RAYMOND,
A TRUE STORY OF
SHERMAN'S CAMPAIGN
IN
South Carolina.

BY RELTA.

CHAPTER I.
"When will this dreadful suspense end? When will we know our fate? Oh my—I do wish, if those wretched Yankees are really coming, they would come at once, so that we may know what to be prepared for."

"What are you saying, Kate?" said a lady looking up from her knitting.
"Nothing, mother, only grumbling out another against that old wretch Sherman. I have been reading the news, and I was only wishing our trial was over. Mother, did you know that Mrs. Woods had gone over to Georgia?"

"Yes, Kate, I heard a few weeks ago that he was going, and I am really sorry for it too. But what is the news to-day?"
"You can have the papers, mother; I came in after dinner and found them lying on the table. I suppose John sent them in by Dinah. I am so tired of rainy weather. I think it has not ceased raining all day—I have been sleeping, though, and it may not have rained then."

Kate gave her mother the papers, and said, "Well, mama, I have a few letters to write this afternoon. Excuse me, I will be with you again in a few hours."

Kate Raymond was the only daughter of Gen. and Mrs. Raymond. She was a lovely girl of eighteen. Her brother petted and spoiled his little sister; and if it were possible, her father and mother spoiled her dreadfully. Possessing a warm, loving heart, Kate took all the spoiling and petting admirably well. No one ever met her, and went away, feeling other than love for her.

The years of girlhood had been spent in fearful, trying scenes. Her father commanded a division in Lee's army; and for three years, Mrs. Raymond and Kate lived in Richmond. While there, all the horrid paraphernalia of war was daily seen. To watch beside the sick and wounded soldier was one of her greatest pleasures—a pleasure only thus far—she soothed the dying hours of the patriot hero, wrote home his last messages, comforted the sick, and cheered the convalescent by her bright smile and cheerful face. Only a pleasure, because she was doing her duty as a brave Confederate girl. The soul of Kate Raymond felt no fear; brave and courageous, she would do and dare anything for her country; and soon her spirit to be tested.

Disaster after disaster befell our cause. The routed army of the Tennessee had been almost annihilated in front of Nashville. Gen. Lee's army had been driven back. Sherman had entered Savannah, and only waited long enough to rest, before beginning his march

through the Carolinas. The death-heros of the nation shook every heart to its core. Nature seemed to weep over the misery soon to befall her children of the desolated South. For days an incessant rain had been falling, adding ten-fold to the gloom felt by every one. All seemed to look with feverish anxiety toward the approach of Sherman. 'Twas said that the remnant of Hood's army had turned their faces southward, and were slowly returning to offer resistance to the victory-flushed troops of the enemy. The struggle was a last effort of our dying nation to drive back our oppressors.

On the morning of February 2d, as Mrs. Raymond and Kate were sitting in gloomy silence, the quick gallop was heard of a horse coming up the avenue. Kate walked to the window, and in a moment uttering a scream of delight—"Oh, mama, it is Douglass!"—Kate ran to meet the long-absent brother. Mrs. Raymond's heart beat fast with joy, a song of gratitude was raised for the delivery and return of her son. He was on Gen. Lee's staff, and fought through the campaigns of the unfortunate army under Bragg, Johnson and Hood. It was true, that they had turned South, and were going to unite with Hardee's army from the coast of Georgia and the Carolinas, then to make one effort to crush Sherman.

Douglas Raymond's command had marched across the country from Augusta to Rocky River, about seventeen miles from L—, the town that Sherman would take in his march, and the home of Mrs. Raymond. Capt. Raymond had obtained a leave of absence for four days, and promised to return in that time.

His visit was one of unexpected joy and pleasure. He did not hope to find his mother and sister at home. So many persons had fled, he feared, that he had to go to some place of fancied security. His heart beat with joy, as he kissed his mother and sister again and again.

After he had been at home a few hours, and all questions had been asked and answered by both parties, he enquired who had gone off, who were at home, and who intended to remain when Sherman came?

Kate gave him satisfactory answers to all his questions, and said, "What do you think of mama's resolution in regard to staying here, Douglass?"

"Well, sister, it has ever been my wish to keep you away from such a sight,—I mean the Yankee army; but, since mother desires to stay at home, and you have decided to remain with her, I shall not raise one objection. There is the dinner bell; and now let us go, and comfort the inner man."

The days seemed to glide by as rapidly as before they dragged heavily along. The news came on the morning of the fourth of February, that the railroad was cut on the Augusta Branch, and that Sherman was advancing rapidly across the country to cut the other branch at L—. Troops were being concentrated there, and every hour the scream of the puffing locomotive announced a fresh arrival.

Mrs. Raymond's plantation was situated on a little stream about a mile from town, and immediately on the line of road. Every train that passed was greeted by a crowd of darkeys, who rushed to the side of the road, waving ragged caps and rimless hats, and displaying all manner of uncouth gestures. The fourth train had passed only a few moments, when a boy came in, puffing and panting, saying the train had run off the track. Douglass hurried off to see if it were true; and before reaching the scene of the disaster, he met two officers, with whom he was well acquainted.

"Why, hallo, Captain, do I see you?" asked the eldest.

"Yes, I am here, Colonel, and have just started out to hear if you needed assistance. I heard your train had run off."

"Yes, Captain, it has run off; but nothing serious has happened. We are not far from L—, I judge?" said the Colonel.

"No; you can see the depot and commissary buildings from where you stand. I think it is about a mile from here by rail. But, Colonel, I am here at home. Will you and Colonel Willis walk up with me?"

"Thank you, Captain, I will go up. What say you, Willis?" said Col. Austin, addressing the young man.

"I will avail myself of the invitation, if Captain Raymond will excuse my appearance." The three men went home without further delay.

Kate was standing in the door, and as she saw them coming, she called to her mother, who was busy getting a box made up for her son to carry away. "Mother, Douglass is coming back, and two soldiers are with him. Do come and see them." Mrs. Raymond came as Kate requested, and met them at the door.

When Douglass turned to introduce Colonel Austin he found it unnecessary. His mother and the Colonel were old friends. He presented his friend, Colonel Willis, to his sister and mother. Colonel Austin did not wait

to be formally introduced to Kate, saying, "I suppose, Mrs. Raymond, this is your daughter," and grasping Kate's hand, he shook it warmly. In a few moments, they were chatting pleasantly about the times. "And are you going away, Mrs. Raymond?" asked Col. Austin.

"Oh no, I expect to remain at home and take of our dwelling,—save it from fire if I can."

"Just what my wife said, when I urged her to come to South Carolina with me. I will stay at home; and if I am burnt out, I will have the satisfaction of seeing it done," was the invariable answer made to my entreaty."

Colonel Willis had walked into the house with Captain Raymond, while the two ladies and Colonel Austin were talking on the piazza. "Miss Raymond, you have met one of the most gallant men of Mississippi. In the field he is one of the coolest and most daring men I ever saw. In the last fight, we would have lost an entire brigade, but for his daring intrepidity. His name rings with praises in our army."

While he was speaking, the young men entered.

Kate looked up at Colonel Willis, and could scarcely realize that that sad, serious man could be so brave and daring. Colonel Willis' face had a grief-stricken, weary look. He was not handsome, but the true nobility of soul was stamped upon his large open brow, and seen in his fearless grey eyes. Tall and finely formed, with an easy, graceful manner, a casual observer would pronounce him handsome, but he was not—his voice was one that gave pleasure to listen to. He said but little during the afternoon. He seemed buried in his own sad thoughts.

Mrs. Raymond had supper prepared early that evening and when the soldiers entered the room and sat down, Col. Austin said it was the first he had sat down to eat such a meal in six months. Mrs. Raymond had both tea and genuine coffee, it was a rare luxury, then not often indulged in.

After tea, Kate was requested to favor the guests with music.

"Col. Willis has a fine voice, Miss Raymond, no doubt he will accompany you in singing," suggested Col. Austin.

"I know very little about music, Miss Raymond. In camp the boys had a glee club, and I became a member of it—more to hear them sing than to sing with them."

"You can certainly sing all that Douglass and myself do. I only sing a few songs—and those are Southern airs. Come brother, put that pipe away—and sing with us."

"Sing what, Katie?"

"Oh! any thing that I choose to play—'Captain with the Whiskers' will just suit you, won't it? Come, do stop smoking."

"Mean that for me, too, Miss Raymond?" queried the old Colonel, as he puffed out a great volume of smoke.

"Oh! no sir—I never disturb old people—I let papa smoke as much as he please, so I'll accord the same privilege to you, as you are his old friend."

"Thanks for the liberty—now give us the music."

Kate sang very sweetly, and when her brother and Col. Willis joined her, they made excellent music. They sang many songs to gather, and ended by singing a comic song—a medley of a dozen songs. As the evening wore away, Col. Austin and his friend took leave of the Raymonds, promising to call again. The soldiers had long before this reached camp in L—, and were sleeping soundly, when their officers came up to the camp.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

VARIOUS.

A Brace of Carpet-Beggars.—The Men who would Rule South Carolina.

The Charleston correspondent of the New York World sketches white man Lewis and black man Randolph with telling raciness:

Rev. T. W. Lewis is a white man. Rev. B. F. Randolph is a thick-lipped, lustful mulatto. Both are preachers; both are professors in the Baker Theological Institute, (colored), established here since the war; both are editors of an obscure, dirty, blasphemous, semi-Methodist semi-political, all radical, little weekly, published in this city, and called the Charleston Advocate; both are from States considerable North of this; Lewis hailing from Massachusetts, and Randolph from Ohio; both are preachers of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and leading men in what that church recognizes and supports as the South Carolina Mission Conference. Of course the membership is confined to the blacks, who have been allured by these "wolves in sheep's clothing" from the folds in which they were formerly nurtured.

Neither of these men could stand a successful examination in Webster's spelling-book, or write what I would consider a creditable note;

and yet both are duly registered as "professors" in high-sounding departments of a Theological institution, whose catalogue is circulated in New England, and embraces a course of study before which even the students of Princeton and Andover might well tremble.

The Advocate has but a handful of subscribers in this section, for the negroes are unable to read it, and very few of the white people even know of its existence. But with or without circulation, and however contemptibly diminutive and badly printed, it receives a *Molperston* dose of the public printing to the tune of \$5,000 per annum, as perhaps the only "truly loil" paper in the State.—With this, and such subscribers as the editors pick up in their summer visits and peregrinations among the New England saints, the radical organ in reconstructed South Carolina is maintained. The entire working force, when the office was visited not long since, consisted of one dirty white man and one black "devil," (i. e. negro apprentice.) The dirty white man has since been appointed by Gen. Canby an alderman of this city, with a number of negro *confederates* assigned to similar prominence and power, by the memorable *comp de grace* of the great satrap who now lords it over the two Carolinas. What has become of the black "devil" deponent knoweth not, nor need your readers care.

The mulatto Randolph is the congenial associate of Lewis in the editorial and sanctum chair professional. When the Radical Negro League Junta was arranging its machinery for the control of the State, it was ascertained that this city was overstocked with candidates, and that a distribution would be necessary. Accordingly, numerous carpet-baggers here were unceremoniously assigned to counties in the interior, and thus Randolph, professor in the Baker Theological Institute, and editor of the Charleston Advocate and living in this city, was duly returned, and officially recognized by General Canby as a delegate to the Convention from Orangeburg, eighty miles distant in the interior. And in like manner, the whole nest of adventurers, harbored here under the shadow of the citadel, was provided for in a Convention actually termed "constitutional." By this manoeuvre, Randolph added to his other income the eleven dollars per diem and mileage, as a member of that African assemblage.

While a party of Orangeburg negro burglars were on their way to the county jail in charge of the regular law officers, they were rescued by an armed band of freedmen. The officers obtained assistance and pursued the party, when a fight occurred, resulting in the capture of several of the rescuers, two of whom were seriously wounded, and have since died.—Their dying declarations, made unsolicited in the presence of their attending physician and two United States soldiers as witnesses, solemnly affirm that Rev. B. F. Randolph, Ohio negro, preacher, editor, burnt district performer, constitution-maker and Senator from Orangeburg, suggested, authorized and ordered them to attack the sheriff's party and release the burglars *vi et armis*. All this within a few weeks past, in Canby's District and under Canby's eye, for the papers here have published the facts, and yet there is no military commission ordered to try this reverend professor for the murder of these two men, of which he is clearly guilty, if there is any truth in the law maxim: *facit per alium, facit per se*.

But when the pestilential Dill was killed in Kershaw, doubtless by some of his own party whom he had outraged, some of the best citizens of that locality were dragged from their homes by a detachment of Canby's soldiers and imprisoned here where they are still confined, and it seems there is not a particle of evidence against them. But Randolph is a radical and instead of going to Castle Pinckney and thence via military commission to the State's prison, goes to Columbia and occupies a seat in the Senate of South Carolina. And the same Randolph was a delegate from South Carolina in the Chicago Convention, giving the radical nomination to Grant and Colfax.

Judge F. J. Moses.

The body now assembled in Janney's Hall, styling itself the Legislature of South Carolina, elected a Chief Justice on Wednesday. Speaking of the successful candidate, the *Sumter Watchman* says:

"When, in 1860, Judge Moses declared, in the presence of his fellowcitizens in the Court House, at this place, that if South Carolina did not secede, Sumter District must do so; and when, subsequently, as Commissioner of the State, he so aroused the dormant energies of North Carolina, and assisted her to execute the work of secession; and when, at a still later period, with the fire of Southern patriotism so burning in his bosom, to avenge the wrongs of his injured section, and drive back the invaders of his country, he buckled on the trappings of war and joined Governor Wise in the mountains of West Virginia; and when, at

a yet later day, he so urged his fellow-citizens on to the battle-field, and finally, in the excess of his ardor, became the dashing commander of a company of home cavalry, to assist in protecting the rebellion, it was but little believed, even with a knowledge of his antecedents, that he could ever cast himself into the position he now occupies. And this belief could have been but strengthened when, chiefly in consequence of his zeal in behalf of the war on the part of his State and the South, he was invested by a late Legislature of his State with the dignity of a position among her honored judiciary. But it has been reserved for him, at this vital crisis, to betray and forfeit every hope and claim of confidence, and to perform his crowning act of recreancy. As a politician, since '32, Judge Moses has ever trimmed his sails to catch the popular breeze—now upon one side, and now upon another—now halting to watch the tide, and now leaping forward abreast its foremost wave, when its direction was distinctly seen. This has been borne with quiet submission by the people of his District, since he has been regarded abroad as the exponent of their sentiments, until, at length, they may no longer remain silent and preserve their self-respect—their character for intelligence, honor and independent thought.

"We speak for Sumter District—the mass of her intelligent citizens, who, notwithstanding such examples and such influences in their midst, are unmoved from the path of principle and truth, and will, at all hazards, maintain their honor and their respectability.

"The above brief exhibit of this honorable gentleman's public antecedents and performances, and of his present position, has been submitted solely with the view of removing an impression, which outside the limits of our District may prevail, that his Honor reflects the political convictions and integrity of our people. The day for such influence on his part has long since been verging to its close—it has now set in the shadows of evening. The wand is no more in the magician's hand."

Effect of Paper Money on Laboring Men and Tax Payers.

The following are plain figures, which every day laborer and every tax-payer can understand. "A Laboring Man" writes the following to the Bangor (Me.) Democrat:

For four days' work, in 1859, I could buy a barrel of excellent flour. For an equally good barrel, now, I have to work eight days.

For one day's work, in 1859, I could buy five pounds of tea. For same day's work, I can now buy but two pounds.

For one day's work, then, I could buy, thirty pounds of sugar. For a days work now, I can get but fifteen pounds.

For a day's work, in 1859, I could buy eight pounds of tobacco. For a day's work, now, I can buy but three pounds.

For a day's work, in 1859, I could buy fifteen pounds of coffee. For a day's work, now, I can buy but five pounds.

For one month's work, in 1859, I could clothe myself and family for one year. To do the same, now, I am obliged to work two months and a half.

I might thus go through the whole list of articles that a laboring man and his family consume. The fact is, that we are permitted to enjoy but one-half of the fruits of our labor; the other half goes to the public treasury.

Is it not time for me and my fellow-laborers to look around us, ascertain the cause of this robbery of labor, and apply the remedy?

Indeed, it is time; but the cause of this robbery of labor is already ascertained, and the people will apply the remedy next November. The "Laboring Man" is right, when he says that the people are permitted to enjoy but one-half of the fruits of their labor, but he makes an error in stating that "the other half goes to the public treasury." If it did, the public debt would be paid. It goes to support the Southern negroes in idleness; to keep the whites under the bayonets of a huge standing army; and to enrich the plunderers. This is what is done with the people's money; and the cornorants who are sucking the life-blood of labor and industry in the country ask the people to sustain them in another four years' term of robbery. The country cannot afford it.—N. Y. World.

[From The New York Day Book.]
Rubbing it in:

The New York Tribune, a quarter of a century ago, boldly stated that it intended to "educate the generation then growing up to hate the South." This pestilential sheet inculcated a legion of other journals, and found ideas for a legion of brainless orators, with which to debauch the country; and the result is too well known to require detail. The marauding hordes of corrupt and worthless northern whites, who, poisoned by the Greeley virus, have fastened themselves upon the poor

South, constantly instilling lies, and aided by their shameless Congress, daily fastening more shackles upon her, (politically and morally), are boasting of their power, and glorying in the infamous epoch, the eight years of crime, that are now passing through. The power which ruined the South and crippled the North, was conducted upon principles which would shame a nation of Hottentots. These principles were declared, the language of the New York Tribune shows the fondness which still exists in the hearts of the leaders of this party, and falling in one of the most corrupt Congresses which ever disgraced a nation. Here is a sample out of a late editorial of that distasteful sheet, which not only upbraids the poor South, but fairly rubs it in:—"The people of the loyal States are not unforgotten,—it would be still bad policy for them to show themselves to be so—but at the same time they are not ashamed of anything that they did during the war; on the contrary, they are rather proud of much that they did." Thus left that gloomy the New York Tribune, of the infamous past, and the equally infamous present treatment of the South. This, too, is the language of the Congress that now has its feet upon the liberties of nine millions of whites, with discouraging a black pandemonium in their midst. Thank God, the Democratic party has its Cromwell. Relief is at hand.

Items.

Oliver Hill is made in Cincinnati from pork. The first house in San Francisco was built in 1845.

The elephant killed has been on the fair page again in Illinois.

Some silly woman has been displaying a bathing dress that cost \$50, at Natick.

There is a large Italian emigration to South America.

The salary of His Majesty of the Sandwich Islands is \$45,000.

Since the 1st of July, two hundred negroes have been murdered in New York.

Long Branch has over 250 houses, and two thousand of these live in cottages.

The Radical reverses the old motto, and seek the smallest good of the smallest number.

Plentico says: General Grant left for Mexico as Hector, but Colfax is as wise as Ulysses.

The best quality of hay is selling in Western Massachusetts at \$10 per ton.

Both Houses of Congress are adjourned until the third Monday in September.

Mr. John Plannagard announced that he had found gold on his land near the Great Falls of the Potomac.

Samtoga ladies are so obliging as to furnish reporters the size of their waists and the color of their dishonors.

The legislation of Congress, during the month of July, is worthy of the days, when dogs are apt to run mad.

The Mongrels are awfully mad at Seymour's nomination, but the Democrats, more polite, are delighted with Grant's nomination.

Grant's face is turned towards the setting sun and his sun will not once set on a Novomber.

Why are the Collectors at the Custom House the most excellent of officers? Because they never neglect their duties.

The Hon. Jefferson Davis will leave the rope as soon as his fetters sufficiently show the effects of his recent fall.

A bill has been passed by the House of Representatives to make Port Royal a Port of Entry, instead of Beaufort.

The report is again current that Frederick Hudson is to become the managing editor of the New York Herald once more.

San Francisco was visited by a severe shock of earthquake on Saturday, but no damage is yet reported.

It is singular that, in making up bouquets for dancettes, the florist has never suggested hyacinths.

A wretched old bacchlet says that a woman is always ready to confess a fault when she has committed a crime.

Hon. Roscoe Conkling, one of the New York United States senators from New York, married the youngest sister of Governor Seymour.

On the day of adjournment the New Hampshire Legislature met at 5 o'clock in the morning. Nothing like this has ever happened in any other State.

In New York, William S. Wyott, three years ago, was chewing some percussion caps he had got hold of, when they exploded and blew one side of his face out.