

# The Orangeburg News.

THE ORANGEBURG NEWS  
PUBLISHED WEEKLY  
SATURDAY MORNING, OCTOBER 31, 1868.

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

VOLUME 2.

SATURDAY MORNING, OCTOBER 31, 1868.

NUMBER 31.

## THE ORANGEBURG NEWS.

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SAMUEL DIBBLE, Editor.  
C. DIBBLE, Associate Editor.

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## DEMOCRATIC TICKET.

FOR PRESIDENT,  
**HORATIO SEYMOUR.**  
OF NEW YORK.

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

STATE ELECTORAL TICKET.  
FOR THE STATE AT LARGE,  
**GENERAL J. D. KENNEDY.**  
OF KENTUCKY.

**COLONEL J. T. THOMAS.**  
OF RICHLAND.

FIRST CONGRESSIONAL DISTRICT,  
**COLONEL R. F. GRAHAM,**  
OF MARION.

SECOND CONGRESSIONAL DISTRICT,  
**GENERAL B. H. RUTLEDGE,**  
OF CHARLESTON.

THIRD CONGRESSIONAL DISTRICT,  
**COLONEL A. C. HASKELL,**  
OF ABBEVILLE.

FOURTH CONGRESSIONAL DISTRICT,  
**COLONEL E. C. McLUCKIE,**  
OF CHESTER.

FOR CONGRESS,  
**COLONEL J. P. READ,**  
OF ANDERSON.

## SELECTED STORY.

### JESSIE'S DOLLAR.

"There's something to buy sugar-plums with," Uncle Mark said, with a good-bye to his little niece, Jessie.

She kissed him and gave him a good hard hug, by way of showing her gratitude. After he had gone, she opened her hand and smoothed out the crumpled note. It was a dollar.

Jessie Marsh was used to having considerable spending money. Uncles, aunts and cousins kept her pretty well supplied. She was one of those bright, merry girls who are always smiling and happy, and a great favorite with everybody—ready to do a favor, hold a skein of yarn for grandmother, look up her papa's slippers, and run up-stairs or down-stairs for a misplaced or forgotten article. Perhaps this was the reason why she received so many gifts of one kind and another; for even visitors at the house always went away with a pleasant remembrance of cheerful, obliging Jessie.

Mr. Marsh was in very comfortable circumstances, and extremely indulgent to his little daughter. She was the only girl, and there were four boys in the family. If Jessie expressed a wish for a book or a toy, he always brought it home to her. I am sorry to say that Jessie was rather careless and extravagant. To be sure she made glad many a child's heart by gifts of her playthings when she was done with them, but she tired of them very soon and wanted new ones. Pennies, quarters, and even half dollars, often went for some trifle that presently lost interest to her. Mrs. Marsh tried to check this fault in her daughter, but her father generally came to her rescue.

"Let her take her own pleasure with the money," he would say. "I dislike to see children mean and parsimonious."

But Mrs. Marsh took every occasion to direct Jessie, although her advice was not always followed.

Jessie was still holding the dollar in her hand as the mother re-entered the room.

"See what Uncle Mark gave me—to buy sugar-plums with she said," and a radiant smile illumined Jessie's face.

"And only yesterday you were wishing for a dollar," her mother replied.

The smile faded a little at that. Jessie had been listening to a poor woman's story the day before. Mrs. Marsh had given her some sewing, as she was very anxious to earn money enough to pay her rent. Counting up what she was likely to get from one and another, left her still a dollar or two short. Ordinarily Mrs. Marsh would have overpaid her, but now she had a mind to put Jessie's generosity to the test. The little girl had been quite thoughtful for some time after Mrs. Adams' departure, and at last had said:

"Oh, mamma! I wish I had a dollar; I would give it to Mrs. Adams. How hard it must be to earn money enough to take care of herself and those three little children!"

"Yes," her mother answered gravely. "We ought to be thankful that God has placed us above want."

Jessie went to her bank. It never had a very large surplus on hand. Twenty cents, that was not near a dollar! So she gave a little sigh.

This was what her mother's words recalled. She looked rather sober over it for several moments.

"A dollar is a good deal for a little girl to give away," she said slowly, as the result of her thoughts.

"It did not seem so yesterday. It is often easy to be charitable with that which we do not possess."

"One can't give when one hasn't anything," and the absurdity made her smile a little.

"And it is unfortunate not to have the heart and the money at the same time."

Jessie did not reply. It was nearly school time; so she hunted up her hood, her squirrel tipped and muff, and her good warm cloak. She had never suffered from any cold or neglect, and there was a sudden rush of gratitude in her heart, for it was a sweet, true and tender heart.

"Good-by, mamma," and she came to kiss her. Then she strapped her books together, hung them on her arm, and ran down the path.

Should she give Mrs. Adams her dollar? There were so many things that she wanted. She just halted at Warner's store window. There was a box of paints that were only a dollar—she had made two or three ineffectual attempts to save up her money and get them. And there was a crying baby, with the loveliest blue eyes. Her doll was past the crying stage—she would just go in and price this one—it was such fun to have the squeaking little thing! "Seventy-five cents." It was a beauty. And there was a lovely toy, in the shape of a pretty carved egg-cup, with an egg in it. When you touched a spring in the bottom of it, the upper half of the egg flew off, and the prettiest little fairy made you a bow. That was a dollar. And a drawing slate, with such a charming variety of landscapes, castles, birds, flowers, and nearly everything. Oh! what beautiful things one could buy with a dollar!

"Will you take this baby?" and the shop-keeper made it cry like a real live baby, and all the while there was such a roguish look in its eyes.

"Not just now," Jessie said, faintly, and turned away.

"Oh! you like this cup better?" and then the woman made the fairy spring up so suddenly that Jessie jumped too. How she could startle the boys with it!

"I won't take any of them now," Jessie said, with sudden determination, and then went out. She had to run to school to be there in time.

At recess Martha Lee displayed a beautiful rubber ring, with a pearl in it. It looked so pretty on her white slender fingers.

"It cost just a dollar," she said, "and I saved up all my pennies to buy it." Then she let Jessie try it on. The boys had made Jessie several rings, but they had not the smooth finish of this. And then the pearl!

"I mean to have one," exclaimed Bell Anders; "I've about seventy cents saved up."

Jessie looked at her finger, and decided that she wanted one also. To be sure there was her pretty birthday ring, with rubies, but that wasn't black. The pearl looked so lovely in its jettty setting.

Poor Jessie! By the time she had gone home to dinner and come back again, Warner's store seemed as full of treasures as the magic cove, and there were so many things that cost just a dollar. Her money was fast burning a hole in her pocket. It seems strange that it

should have this faculty, but it does appear to produce a curious kind of combustion. Did you never feel your fingers tingle and burn when you touched three or four pennies in your pocket, and could not almost taste the delightful taffy candy that the little old woman two doors from the school sold?

Mrs. Adams' pale face and troubled eyes interfered with Jessie's peace of mind. She certainly thought yesterday that if she had a dollar she would give it to her. Why did she not want to now?

"Clara Adams hasn't been to school to-day," Miss Trussell said. "Who goes near her house?"

Jessie swallowed a great lump that seemed to rush up from her heart.

"I'll call, Miss Trussell."

"Thank you, Jessie. Clara ought not to miss a day. I am afraid she is sick."

So Jessie went around by another path, almost afraid to pass Warner's again. It was a cold December day, cloudy now, and with the appearance of snow. The wind nipped Jessie's rosy cheeks, but she did not mind. Here was the little cottage—rather cold and forlorn looking, it must be confessed. Jamie answered her tap at the door.

"Oh! come in, Miss Jessie!" Mrs. Adams exclaimed; and Jamie shut the door quickly, so the bitter air would not rush in.

"I called to see why Clara wasn't at school to-day," Jessie said.

Clara blushed. Mrs. Adams looked rather troubled.

"You're not sick?"

"No, Miss Jessie, it wasn't that. But Clara hasn't any shoes. She would freeze her feet in those old ones; besides, they're out to the ground."

Jessie cast a furtive glance at them—old and shabby indeed. She thought of her own half-worn boots, but, although Clara was a smaller girl, her feet was larger than Jessie's. No, that would not do.

"I ordered her a pair at Mr. Gregg's, and they're done—only he will not let me have them until I pay down a little. And I've just money enough for my rent, which is due to-morrow. Mr. Dumas is a hard landlord."

"Then you have all the money?" Jessie said gladly.

"Yes, I am thankful for that; but Clara must wait until next week. I shall have to earn some more."

Jessie talked to Jamie and Charlie awhile, and listened to the praises of her own dear mammy, who was always doing a kind turn for everybody. And a plan came into her mind; but she could not have a crying doll, nor a paint box, nor any of those charming toys that she half coveted. She said good-by to them presently, and went straight to Mr. Gregg's.

A woman in a faded shawl was standing by the untidy counter. She had been binding some shoes, and brought them home.

"I can't give it to you, because I haven't a cent in the place," Mr. Gregg was saying. "People won't pay me, and I can't pay others."

"But we actually haven't anything in the house—not a mouthful of dinner even!" and here the poor woman's tremulous voice broke down.

Jessie felt like crying, too, but she winked away the tears with a great effort. Then she asked Mr. Gregg about Clara's shoes.

"There they are," he said rather brusquely, and nodded his head toward a stout pair standing on a little shelf. "Good, strong ones, too, and dirt cheap, and yet they can't pay for them. I'm done trusting; it's a poor plan, and it keeps me like a beggar."

Then he hammered spitefully upon his lapstone, and looked savage. He was a surly old fellow.

"Will you let her have them if I give you a dollar now, and promise to pay the rest if they can't?" Jessie asked bravely.

"Yes, Miss."

Out came Jessie's dollar. Spent for a pair of coarse shoes that had not a bit of beauty or grace, like the fairy or the doll, or twenty other things.

The poor woman approached again: "O, Mr. Gregg—"

"Well, take it," he said ungraciously.

The thin fingers clutched it nervously, and she almost stared at Jessie.

"Will you send them down to Mrs. Adams to-night? I'll ask papa for the rest of the money. How much is it?"

"Only a dollar. Cheap enough, I must say; but I do my work for about nothing."

When Jessie was in the fresh air, trying to breathe out the smell of wet leather and shoe-maker's wax, a hand was laid upon her shoulder.

"Heaven bless you, child," a faint voice said. "You have done a kind deed for a friend, and been the means of blessing a stranger. My poor old mother and I were absolutely at starvation point. God must have sent you hither."

Jessie's heart swelled too full for utterance.

The temptations in Warner's window were nothing to her then. She ran down the street with a light, happy heart.

"How late you are," Mrs. Marsh said, as Jessie entered. It was dusk in the cosy sitting room.

"Mamma," she said presently, "I must tell you; I have spent my dollar. And I've had such an odd time! I'm satisfied though."

Then Jessie told her mother the whole story. Mrs. Marsh kissed her tenderly.

But that was not the end of it. Jessie's dollar was likely to have quite a history of its own.

Some time after, on one Saturday, old Matt, who came up to the Marsh's to do chores and rough work, made his appearance in a good, warm, woolen jacket.

"How nice and comfortable you are, Matt," Mrs. Marsh said. "I was thinking a few days ago how much you needed such a garment."

"And it came to me most like a present, a queer sort of way that I wasn't counting on. There's a poor woman who does a little sewing, and binds shoes for Gregg. She came over to our house for loaves of bread, and she'd run up quite a bill when she stopped. For a while I didn't hear anything from her. We'll never ask the poor creature for it, I said to mother; but last Wednesday she brought a dollar to pay up the back and get some more bread. So says mother: 'Now, Matt, you must have a jacket right away, for I never expected to get this money at all. And I have fifty cents that I can put to it, and it will just do.' So now I shan't be so likely to get the rheumatism in my shoulders. The Lord sends everything round about right!"

Jessie glanced up at her mother. Her dollar had benefitted even Matt.

"Will you tell me where this poor woman lives?" Mrs. Marsh asked; and that afternoon she and Jessie set out to find her, and work in time to rescue two human beings from starvation.

"What a wonderful dollar!" Uncle Mark said, as Jessie, sitting on his knee, recounted its adventures. "I think I'll have to put some more out in the same fashion."

"It's sweeter than sugar-plums," Jessie returned with a winsome laugh. "The Methodist."

## VARIOUS.

### Speech of Gov. Seymour at Buffalo, New York.

Gov. Seymour, at Buffalo, arguing the failure of reconstruction, concludes:

Another great object and end was to lift up the African as far and fast as could be wisely done. Humanity dictated this; the interests of the white population of the South demanded it. As the two races were to live upon the same soil, their common interest called for harmony of purpose and of feelings. Under this state of facts wise men would seek aid of the most intelligent and influential men of that section of the country, taking care to guard against any influences springing from their prejudices. Have these obvious truths been regarded by the men in power? Has not reconstruction failed because they disregarded them? The first step towards restoring order and producing harmony between the races was always to minister to the prosperity of that section, which prosperity would be shared alike by the white man and the negro. The industry of the South should be made profitable.

Unless the employer made a profit upon his cotton crop he could not pay the laborer. Failing to do this the disaster brought not only poverty but confusion and discontent. True statesmanship would have stretched out a helping hand.

But what was the first act of the men in power. It was to put a monstrous export tax of six cents a pound upon the cotton raised by the labor of the negro upon the plantation of the white. Struggling with the evils of poverty, with the difficulties of the new positions and relationships, the first feeble efforts of these people to gain the means of livelihood were blasted by an unwise, selfish and vindictive act. I say unwise, because it has much to do with the future attempts of the Republicans to restore order at the South. The negro, exasperated by the failure of his ruined employer, became hostile to him. The employer, losing the little credit that he had before in the North, renewed his efforts under still greater difficulties than before. I say it was a selfish act, because it was done in the interest of the Eastern manufacturer, already wealthy from the war, protected, as he was, by enormous tariffs. This tax of six cents a pound upon all cotton exported was simply imposed so that he might buy it for a price six cents less than it was worth in the markets of the world. I say it was a vindictive act, for if you will read the debate in Congress, when this tax was levied to cover the selfish interests that prompted it, you will find that it was

urged upon the members from the Western States, who voted against the interests of their constituents, upon the ground that it was to be imposed upon the South as a penalty, and thus we find that the black and the white men of the South were alike stripped of the market value of their staple product under circumstances of such great difficulty that they were hindered and not helped on the road to prosperity by the men in power. [Applause.]

I might go on and show how in addition to this wrong they were trampled upon by military despotism and how they were placed under the unrestrained power of vagrant men who gained wealth and official position by ministering to the passions of the public and keeping alive disorder. These men who are now in the Senate of the United States, without constituents, vote down the Senatorial representatives of New York, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Illinois and Indiana, gained their power over the South and over us because they ministered to the passions in the North and stirred up disorder in the South. Who of the fair minded, thoughtful Republicans will calmly sit down and look over this action and not feel that the policy of his party has been unwise and hurtful.

QUESTIONS FOR RADICALS.—If reconstruction is a success, why isn't the army withdrawn?

If the Radicals want peace, why did they propose to arm the negroes?

If the Radicals mean equal rights, why do they advocate one currency for capital and another for labor?

If the negroes can vote for themselves, why pay the Bureau to teach them?

If the Radicals mean equal rights, what do they put the negro above the white man for?

If the Radicals want impartial suffrage why does their platform say one suffrage North and another South?

If the Radicals want peace, what are they running their candidate on his military merits for?

Is it impartial suffrage to enfranchise the black and disfranchise the white man?

The Radicals, now that they fancy they have elected General Grant, are throwing off the mask boldly. The Evening Post is already agitating for laws to deprive foreign citizens of the right to vote for a year after they shall have been naturalized: The Southern negroes, who have never been naturalized at all, may vote at once. The Irish and German emigrants, who belong to our own race, have been bred to freedom, and make up the great army of our Northern workers, are to be put on probation. If the Germans and the Irish object to this, of course they will be denounced as "rioters," and "put down," we suppose, by the black regiments of the regular army. Let us have peace.—World.

## Items.

The majority against Mr. Ashley in the Fifth (Toledo) Congressional District is 717.

It is estimated that the Republicans spent \$2,000,000 in Pennsylvania.

The St. Louis bridge across the Mississippi will cost four and a half million dollars.

Mississippi has, in some sections, raised three crops of hay this year.

The feeling in New York regarding the proposed change of candidates is said to be intense.

Despite the many unfavorable criticisms on the Grecian bend, this new fashion appears to be on the increase.

It is stated that the tobacco crop in Virginia has been seriously injured by the late frosts.

The radicals are trying to ascertain who is the "wickedest man" in their party. It is nipped and tuck between Butler, Forney and Logan.

Returns of the municipal elections in Connecticut indicate a 5,000 majority for the Democrats.

The fashion in New York this season is said to be to have no groomsmen at the weddings.

Boston has trouble with its gas works. The gas company won't make enough gas to supply the city.

New Jersey (along the coast) is said to be frightened because the sea is encroaching upon her.

Trains are running three hundred and twenty-five miles east of Sacramento on the Central Pacific road.

The Great Eastern steamer is now receiving on board the new telegraphic cable which is to be laid between France and America.

The largest shipment of shoes ever made from Boston at this season of the year was of this week, amounting to thirty thousand cases.

## Figaro's Dictionary.

Appetite—The most ungrateful of friends. The more you do for it, the sooner it forsakes you.

Candor—The effrontery of innocence.

Caprice—A semblance of love, on his side; a semblance of preference, on hers. Total semblance of happiness.

Caricature—Criticism dramatized.

Chance—The author of our disasters; ways; but never of our success.

Chocolate—A nutritious paste, constituting a little of everything—even the cocoa bean.

Cockade—A weather-cock that changes its color with the wind.

Common-place—Be absurd, shocking, paradoxical; but, for Heaven's sake, don't be common-place.

Common-place—The invalid soldier of truth.

Compatriot—At home a stranger; abroad a brother.

Condescension—A manner of raising one's self—by stooping.

Condolence—A little play of physiognomy. If you would really console a friend let him weep and weep with him.

Constancy—The indiscretion of love.

Consult—To ask some one else to be of your opinion.

Coquetry—The abstinence of love, it sharpens the appetite which it will not satisfy.

Couple—The union of two, who seldom make a pair.

Danger—A bath; freezing when you enter it, too warm when you are in it, delightful when you leave.

Decrepitude—A rag to which we are more attached than to a new garment.

Despair—The state of a lady whose dress is too large, or not low enough in the neck.

Distrust—A fruit that you never eat until you are mature.

Doctor—A demigod when you are ill, an empiric as soon as you are well again.

Egotism—A preference generally ill-placed.

Electoral Franchise—The ass's choice of his rider.

Euchantress—A woman who divines our best qualities.

Rary—An implicit confession of inferiority.

Faith—The humility of reason.

Falsehood—Imagination traveling incognito.

Fan—A little instrument used in giving one's self airs.

Flower—The butterfly's hotel.

Fork—The epicure's scepter.

Gallantry—The coquetry of men.

Gratitude—The digestion of a benefit, usually laborious.

Grisette—A working girl, who lives also by her needle.

Gauze—The prudery of modesty.

Habit—The best you can acquire is that of having none.

Hare—A little beast, renowned for bowdlerice. With his legs, and without a gun would you be braver?

Harmony—The grammar of melody.

Imitator—Plagiarist; a robber who takes the money but leaves the purse.

Imperfection—The faults of a pretty man.

Impudence—A little fault that begins by a smile and ends in a drama.

Inconstancy—The impartiality of the heart.

Independence—An idol in gynecology.

Indifference—The mitigation of disdain.

Indignation—The mace of honest folks.

Indispensable—All that one has not.

Individuality—Must drink out of its own glass, if only liquorice water.

Indolence—The energy of idleness.

Infidel—One who is not of our religion.

Influence—Credit; an instrument on which you begin to play a little for others so that you may afterwards be able to play on it much for yourself.

Innocence—Virtue unconscious of itself.

Inspiration—A lightning that does not shine for everybody.

Judgment, Reason, Good Sense, Fact—Rare qualities that every one thinks he possesses; of course, seeing that, in order to know he has not them, it would first be necessary that he should have them.

Laurel—A narcotic that prevents many from sleeping.

Law—The small change for liberty.

Majesty—The embonpoint for dignity.

Misanthrope—One who defeats mankind with all the love that he has borne it.

Peep's who are sweet on their patrons—confectioners.

The Massachusetts Homoeopathic Medical Society declare against the use of butter, which, they aver, "contains no element of food required by the human system."

The latest Fifth avenue novelty in New York is a "female barber shop;" that is a gentlemen's hair dressing establishment conducted by a lady with feminine assistants.