The Orangeburg News.

TWO DOLLARS PER ANNUM.

GOD AND OUR COUNTRY

VOLUME 6. SATURDAY MORNING, APRIL 13, 1872. NUMBER 9

THE ORANGEBURG NEWS

ORANGEBURG

Every Saturday Morning.

BY THE

ORANGEBURG NEWS COMPANY

—:o:—

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

One Copy for one year..... $2.00

" " Six Months..... 1.00

Any one sending TEN DOLLARS, for a Club of New Subscribers, will receive an EXTRA COPY for ONE YEAR, free of charge. Any one sending FIVE DOLLARS, for a Club of New Subscribers, will receive an EXTRA COPY for SIX MONTHS, free of charge.

—:o:—

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

1 Square 1st Insertion..... $1.50

" " 2d " 1.00

A Square consists of 10 lines Brevier or one inch of Advertising space.

Administrator's Notices, ... $5 00

Notices of Dismissal of Guardians, Administrators, Executors, &c..... $9 00

Contract Advertisements inserted upon the most liberal terms.

—:o:—

MARRIAGE and FUNERAL NOTICES, not exceeding one Square, inserted without charge.

—:o:—

Terms Cash in Advance.

Browning & Browning,

ATTORNEYS AT LAW,

ORANGEBURG C. H., So. Ca.

MARCELLUS L. BROWNING. A. F. BROWNING.

nov 4

AUGUSTUS B. KNOWLTON

(Formerly of the New York Bar.)

ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW,

ORANGEBURG, S. C.

july 8

W. L. WRILEY

TRIAL JUSTICE,

Residence in Fork of Edisto,

ALL BUSINESS ENTRUSTED will be promptly and carefully attended to.

july 28 1y

DR. T. BERWICK LEGARE,

SURGEON DENTIST,

Graduate Baltimore College of Dental Surgery.

OFFICE MARKET ST. OVER STORE OF J. A. HAMILTON,

METALIC CASES.

THE UNDERSIGNED HAS ON HAND all of the various Sizes of the above Cases, which can be furnished immediately on application.

Also, manufactures WOOD COFFINS at shortest notice.

Apply to H. HIGGS,

mar 5—6m Carriage Manufacturer.

REEDER & DAVIS,

COTTON FACTORS AND General Commission Merchants,

Adger's Wharf,

CHARLESTON, S. C.

OWEN L. REEDER. ZIMMERMAN DAVIS.

Oct 15 6m

T. T. BRODIE. R. R. HUDGINS. H. C. HUDGINS.

BRODIE & CO.

COTTON FACTORS AND COMMISSION MERCHANTS,

NORTH ATLANTIC WHARF,

CHARESTON, S. C.

Liberal Advances made on Consignment.

Refer to Andrew Simonds, Esq., Pres't 1st National Bank, Charleston, S. C.

may 21 wee tf

WASHINGTON HOUSE

BY

Mrs. M. W. Stratton,

CORNER

GERVAIS & ASSEMBLY STREETS

COLUMBIA, S. C.

Convenient to the Greenville and Charleston Railroads and the Business portion of the City. Rate of Transient Board—Two Dollars per Day.

Regular Boarders received at Reasonable Rates.

Jan 10 tf

The Legend of Easter Eggs.

BY FITZ-JAMES O'BRIEN.

'Dearest papa,' says my boy to me,
As he merrily climbed on his father's knee,
'Why are those eggs that you see me hold
Colored so nicely with blue and gold?
And what is the beautiful bird that lays
Such beautiful eggs on Easter days?'

'You have heard, my boy, of the man who died,
Crowned with keen thorns and crucified;
And how Joseph, the wealthy—(them God rewarded—
Cared for the corpse of his martyr'd Lord)
And piously tombed it within the rock,
And closed the gate with a mighty block.

Now close by the tomb a fair tree grew,
Width pendulous leaves and blossoms of blue;
And deep in the green tree's shadowy breast
A beautiful singing bird sat on her nest,
Which was bordered with mosses like mali-chite,
And held four eggs of ivory white.

Now, when the bird from her dim recess
Beheld the Lord in his burial dress,
And looked on the heavenly face so pale,
And the dear feet pierced with the cruel nail,
Her heart nigh broke with a sudden pang,
And out of the depth of her sorrow she sang.

All night long, till the morn was up,
She sat and sang in her moss-wreathed cup,
A song of sorrow as wild and shrill
As the homeless wind when it roams the hill;
So full of tears, so loud and long,
That the grief of the world seemed turned to a song.

But soon there came, through the weeping night,
A glimmering angel clothed in white;
And he rolled the stone from the tomb away,
Where the Lord of the heavens and the earth lay,
And Christ arose in the cavern's gloom,
And in living lustre came from the tomb.

Now the bird that sat in the heart of the tree
Beheld the celestial mystery,
And its heart was filled with a sweet delight,
And it poured a song on the throbbing night,
Notes, climbing notes, still higher, higher,
They shoot to Heaven like spears of fire.

When the glittering white-robed angel heard
The sorrowing song of that grieving bird,
And heard the following chant of mirth
That hailed Christ risen from the earth,
He said: 'Sweet bird, be forever blest;
Thyself, thy eggs, and thy moss-wreathed nest.'

And ever, my child, since that blessed night,
Where death bowed down to the Lord of light,
The eggs of that sweet bird changed their hue,
And burn with red, and gold, and blue,
Reminding mankind, in their simple way,
Of the holy marvel of Easter day.

Alice.

BY MRS. M. A. DENISON.

'Yes,' said the girl passionately, 'my life is too narrow, too full of petty cares. Would it be any broader if I married you? You don't know what you ask; you don't know what an unhappy, dissatisfied girl I am; how tired of everything about me. From Monday morning till Saturday night, I must perform the same tiresome duties. Then there is always the rehearsal Saturday, and the singing on Sunday. My father reads his sermon to me in the middle of the week, so that is nothing new. Don't ask me to be your wife, Louis; you would be sorry in a year if I said yes.'

'I thought you loved me,' said the young man, sadly.

'So I do; at least I think I do,' she added with a curious ingenuousness. 'I am sure, Louis, I love no one better than you; but I tell you this kind of life don't suit me.'

'What would suit you, dear?'

'I hardly dare say; but I should like to be something great—to be looked up to, admired—spoken of with enthusiastic praise. I should prefer to live in a city where I could see great people and art galleries and go to concerts—yes, and to the theatre, though father thinks it so wicked.'

'Ah, Alice, dear, your head is turned, not your heart; pray God not your heart. Going to the great city has changed you; and yet, if I remember, you did not like your rich relatives.'

'No, nor they me; but they found me very handy. I could make over their dresses and embroider dainty little neckties, and serve them in a thousand ways; yet, slave-like though it was, in one sense, they have invited me, and I am going there again, to stay six weeks.'

'Oh Alice!'

'And then, when I come back—if I do'—she paused a moment, for Louis' face had changed, and, after all, she did love him better than she knew—'I will give you your answer.'

'If you come back. Good-bye, Alice.'

'Are you going?'

'Why should I stay? You will not come back, Alice. Good-night, and good-bye.'

'Good-bye, then,' she answered, proudly, and hurried into the porch of the parsonage, hot tears crowding up to her eyes.

'I don't care for him at all; why should I cry?' she asked herself angrily as she entered the house.

'Alice,' her father called, 'bring me my Church History. Thank you, child; but what makes you so pale, birdie?'

'Nothing, father, only I'm tired. Good-night,' and Alice sought her own room.

One week more and Alice was on her way, to the city, to live over again what had been before a life of torture—rendered endurable, however, by one cherished, underlying purpose. Her mind was made up. People told her she had talents. Her father, even, who seldom praised, had once said that he feard for his poor little motherless girl, because she had genius.

Madame Le Muir had just given audience to an importunate woman, whose story of wretchedness had drawn largely upon her sympathies. Indeed, she had several calls that morning, none of the pleasant; but she seldom permitted the poor to leave her empty-handed, and she was wont to say that such people were better worth studying than all books. From their voices, gesture, their pathos and their pleading, she learned much.

There was a knock at the door of her beautiful parlor, and Marie, her favorite maid, came in.

'Another applicant?' asked the madame.

'Yes, but perhaps it is not best that madame sees her, though she is very different from the rest.'

'What is she like, Marie?'

'Like a rose, madame—the daintiest flower of a country maid,' said the girl, 'with a face so sweet that I almost hope you will see her. After those sorrowful ones, I think it would do you good, madame.'

'Perhaps it would. Ask her up; I am rested now.'

Very beautiful was the slight young creature who entered the parlor a moment afterward. Her dress was of pure white, as fresh and delicate as it could well be. Upon her head was a pretty hat, edged with a single fall of lace. A cape as simple in its fashion as her face was pure and innocent, fell to her waist. Smooth, though well-worn, gloves fitted her hands, and she looked as the maid had said, a very rose for freshness and beauty.

For some moments the great artiste gazed delightedly upon this vision of natural grace—so pure, so refined, so artless.

'What did you wish of me, my dear?'

The girl started and trembled a little. Her cheeks were covered with blushes as she said, lifting her blue eyes reverently:

'I saw you last night.'

'Well, and what did you think of me?' asked the woman, smiling.

'I thought—oh, I thought that to be as gifted and as great as you, I would sacrifice almost—life itself.'

'And further, Marie?'

The woman's eyes glittered. Her voice was very low, and sounded as if it came from between closed teeth. 'Who are you?' she asked, a moment after.

'My name is Alice Grahame. I am only a country girl, but I feel there is that within me would raise me to greatness. I have a *talent* for the stage. I can recite for you if you wish it. Oh, madame, you have influence; your position is great; your name is written among the stars—will you let me come where you are? Will you find me some humble place where I can learn to be like you?'

'Like me—to be like me! Poor child, are you mad?'

Alice looked at her, startled by the hollow ring of her voice.

'Madame, what do you mean? Come, now, you want me to be your friend. I will be the best friend ever you had. Oh, you are so like what I was! Heaven keep you from becoming what I am! You shrink from me. That is as I would have it. Keep as far from me as you can—you are too pure to touch me. Listen: My father was a clergyman—a quiet, holy, devoted man. Perhaps he sometimes forgot he had a child; but he loved me. I was addicted to the habit of reading and memorising plays. Night after night I sat up, devouring the tragedies of Shakespeare, until at last the passion became so overpowering that I determined to seek the city and enter upon the theatrical profession. I had no mother to wound; she was dead. My beauty attracted instant attention. Success turned my head—flattery ruined me. To-day I am a mother and no wife; and well for me if my son does not curse the name of the mother who bore him.'

Alice was weeping.

'You are young and beautiful. When you ask to come here you cannot dream of the perils that may beset you. Like me, you may live to cry out, 'I am lost!' Like me, you may hear that your father has gone broken-hearted to the grave; that the man who loved you, and whom you loved—if there be such—is the husband of a happy wife. You may weep for the priceless love you threw from you, for a life of care, of hardly-won ease, of hateful splendor. There, child, I didn't mean to make you cry; but I do say, that willingly would I die to-morrow could I bring back my innocent youth. Go home, young girl; and when you are tempted to be great, think of the 'star' you saw last night, blazing with a false lustre; and remember how

[redacted]

bethrothal.—*Wood's Household Magazine.*

A Word With the Chivalry.

We have not, as is obvious, taken a lively interest in Mr. Sumner's Civil Rights project. Whatever its essential merits, we did not approve the policy of engrafting such a measure on general amnesty. We want universal amnesty unpurchased, unqualified, unbalanced by any set-off, just as we obtained impartial suffrage. We have supported each from the outset, not as a make-weight to something else, but because it was essentially and unchangeably right.

Now that the scheme of attaching civil rights to amnesty has resulted in the temporary defeat of both, we ask the sometime aristocracy of the South to look at civil (if you please social) rights in the light of these accomplished and undeniable facts.

It is a fact that the blacks are here—nearly five millions of them—and are not going away. A handful may go from time to time, but at least ninety-nine of every hundred will stay. It is a fact that they are free, and cannot be re-enslaved. You might as well attempt to recover the dew of last Fourth of July morning as to re-enslave these five millions.

It is a fact that they vote, as others do, and are eligible to office. Six or eight of them are now members of Congress, as more will be, since a majority of the voters are black in at least twenty districts.

Do you suppose, can you imagine, that these colored members of Congress are always to journey to and from Washington in smoking cars? Can you really afford to insist that they shall?

We saw a most respected minister of the Gospel driven out of a Philadelphia horse-car, compelled to stand on the front platform or get off altogether—about the time that Philadelphia gave several thousand majority for Lincoln's re-election. Of course, we knew that could'nt last, and it did'nt.

Hardly a year ago, Frederick Douglass—a Southerner born, of whom the South will yet have the sense to be proud—was returning from a most important mission to San Domingo in company with Senator Wade and other associates on that mission. Reaching a Virginia steamboat, almost in sight of a table, there was a call for dinner, and the commissioners went forward, when Douglass was rudely stopped at the door—he was a nigger and mustn't presume to eat with white folks! So the commissioners all lost their dinner, the company lost their pay for it, and Virginia had her revenge for Gettysburg and Appomattox.

Are we men or children who play such silly games as this?

Suppose the friendship of Hayti should become important to us—and the strong often have need of the weak, as a thousand examples would show. We telegraph Hayti to send a special envoy to Washington, and she sends one who lands at New Orleans or Savannah—shall we order him into a negro-car and refuse to let him eat till he reaches Washington? If not, why treat him better than the member from Florida or the Senator from Mississippi?

A few days since, a white family, having hired a private box at a theatre, went thither in due time, anticipating an evening of pleasure, but their child's nurse was yellow, and could not be admitted, so the family went home and sulked through the evening. Who profited by their loss?

Men of the South! you were once accounted shrewd politicians. Does this look like it? Are you not allowing your women to rule you? We entreat you to heed the Englishman's exhortation to his departing friend. "Be good to yourself, John." We need no civil rights bill if you will only evince a little homely common sense. But shoving your representatives in Congress and their wives into filthy smoking-cars, while you compel them to pay first class fare, is a folly which you will surely be ashamed of whenever your heads are cool. Is'nt it the wise way to do what you ultimately must while yet you gracefully may?—*New York Tribune 12th.*

A Sense of Humor.

If you tell a man that he has no poetical faculty, no talent for mathematics, no genius for oratory, or for natural science, or for metaphysics, he will very likely agree with you; he may even admit, though that is less common, that his logic is not remarkable for clearness or precision, and he will very often consent with surprising readiness to be pronounced deficient in any of the Christian virtues. But we have never known anybody who would frankly confess that he was without a sense of humor. We have been acquainted with senior wranglers, with professors of political economy, with members of Parliament possessed by a morbid appetite for useful information, even with contributors to comic newspapers, and we have never met any one candid enough or sufficiently acquainted with his own powers to admit what is at worst rather a misfortune than a fault. On the other hand, if we were to apply to people for their opinion of their neighbors, we should come to the conclusion that the faculty was more likely to be non-existent than omnipresent. No Frenchman, we are sometimes told, has a real sense of humor; the German article is of the humblest kind; a Scotchman can only be assailed by means of a surgical operation; and, in short, if we except a few Englishmen, Irishmen, and Americans, the whole world is in a state of utter darkness. The fact probably is that the word "humor," though we flatter ourselves that we attach a distinct meaning to it has as shifting and indefinite a signification as most other words which imply that our emotions have been accurately analyzed. In some meanings of the term, anybody who is capable of a horse-laugh may flatter himself that he has a sense of humor; in others, it implies a very rare and delicate faculty indeed. We may perhaps venture to assume that humor in all its senses implies a certain delight in strange contrasts of mood,—a pleasure in extracting laughter from tears, or *vice versa*; a more or less decided love of the bizarre and eccentric; and therefore, in its creative shapes, a power of blending together the most diverging lines of sentiment so as to produce harmonious or at least agreeable effects. That which is specially antipathetic to the humorous man is the prolonged harping upon one string, whether of statistics or sentiment, and he longs to introduce some variety, even at the cost of logic or of reverence. It naturally follows that a very large province of the humorous is absolutely interdicted to women. Many of the most amusing things that ever have been said in this world are, in one direction or another, such as would be totally incompatible with the feminine sense of delicacy. If anybody would take Rabelais, or Swift, or Sterne, or Voltaire, and endeavor to adapt them for general reading on the principles applied to Shakespeare by the notorous Bowdler, he would certainly find the shrinkage enormously great.

The Future of South Carolina.

Cicero said with respect to the doctrine of the immortality of the soul: "If it be a dream, let me dream on." Somehow or other we have got the notion in our head that South Carolina is a great place, and destined ultimately to be greater. It may that we are prejudiced in favor of the State. Be it so; there is a luxury in loving any thing. We know there are many things in South Carolina that are very undesirable. The State government, by the adherents of all political creeds, is acknowledged to be exceedingly blackguard. But what may be said of the government of South Carolina will apply, to a very great extent, to every State in the Union. Corruption is the order of the day. Far be it from us to offer any palliation for the general degradation of the times. We deplore it. Corrupt and partisan as is the government of South Carolina, it would be very difficult to find a spot on this globe which makes a more pleasant home. The soil in South Carolina is not so rich as is the soil of some other localities; but there are few spots in the State of South Carolina where an industrious man cannot make a good living. The simple fact that South Carolina has not been prostrated beyond hope of recovery by her own rulers, is an evidence of her powers of endurance. The recuperative power of the State of South Carolina is demonstrated by the fact that her people, as a general thing, commenced the world after the war poor, and many of them worse than poor—deeply in debt. Notwithstanding the continual pressure and drainage to which the inhabitants of South Carolina have, for the last six years, been subjected, the industrious portion of them have increased in wealth. If the State of South Carolina has been able to grow under the heavy burdens which have been imposed upon her, what would she do in the event these burdens were removed?

If we are asked for our reasons for believing that these onerous and crushing burdens will ultimately be removed, our simple reply is that night and darkness must be followed by day and light. When or how a change will take place in South Carolina, we do not pretend to know. We confidently expect a change sometime. When this change comes, we are greatly mistaken if South Carolina is not ranked as one of the first States in the Union. If all this is a dream, we desire to dream on. It is pleasant. It may be an air castle; if so, the fall will injure no one.—*Yorkville Enquirer.*

Dr. Beghie, an eminent surgeon of Edinburg, professes to have discovered a sovereign cure for the severe headache to which so many nervous women are subject, and as the class is numerous in all American cities, consider it obligatory to give circulation to the doctor's prescription, without vouching, however, for its efficiency. It is a very simple one, as follows:

Turpentiae, in doses of twenty or thirty drops, given at intervals of an hour or two, will not only remove the headache, but produce in a wonderful manner a soothing influence.

A San Francisco paper is put out of benevolence by a little fun at its expense, and says: 'We regard the atrocious correspondent as an infernal fiend, a false-tongued, midnight monster, a red-handed assassin, a thief, a he-schoolmarm, a fraud, a ghost, and an unpleasant person. We esteem him a pea-green demon of the steaming pit with a cottonwood tail, eyes in his sides, and a cork neck studded with hot door-knobs! If there is anything worse that this, we think him that.'

A story is told of a soldier who was frozen in Siberia. His last remark was, 'It is ex—' He then froze as stiff as marble. In the summer of 1860 some physicians found him, after having lain frozen for one hundred and fifteen years. They gradually thawed him, and upon animation being restored, he concluded his sentence with—'ceedingly cold.'

Tobacco—it is seldom that we see a good word in print for this much vituperated weed. Nearly all the world, mistaking abuse for use, has combined to set it down as a nuisance and a crime. Strange enough, though, despite the protests of moralists and the warnings of the medical profession, the use of tobacco, so far from abating, has increased year after year until it has become almost universal. The great Dr. Mott did not hesitate to championize a moderate use of the article, though we believe he stands alone in this respect among medical writers. Another and more recent author, whose name is unknown to us, thus descants upon its virtues, as practically illustrated by those who restrict their use of it within the bounds of moderation:

So much and often too much nonsence is prated about the evils of tobacco that its virtues rarely get a hearing; and yet the latter are many and great. To quiet nervous unrest, to soothe a ruffled temper, to favor calm and impartial thought, to clear and clear (not to cloud) a confused, overworked brain, to counteract the effects of physical exhaustion—these are just the things which tobacco does; and if it can effect these ends safely, why, then, denounce it?

An Illinois country paper ventures to think that as the warm weather advances the hope that the Illinois Legislature will adjourn must be strengthened, because when malaria begins to spring up from the miastic bogs of the Sangamon the members will feel that Springfield is no place for them. Ague loves a sunning mark, and fastens on no one so readily as on a legislator exhausted by his efforts to rival Demosthenes.

An exchange says: Cleveland has invented a patent bug buster. Worked with an air pump. All the apertures in a room are stopped but one, at which the deadly bug-buster is placed. By exhausting the receiver, a current of air is produced strong enough to draw the vermin out of the room, through the air pump into the hopper, where they are put under the influence of chloroform and stabbed in the back with a pitch-fork.

The people of Nashville are amazed at the performance of a boy who plays one tune on the piano with his left hand, another tune with his right, whistles a third and beats the bass drum with his toes. We are glad that this deplorable fiend lives as far away as Nashville. If he resided in our neighborhood a profound sense of duty would impel us to cram him full of percussion caps and then drop him off a French roof upon the pavement, so as to snap that prodigy off, as it were.

A young man died in Connecticut weighing four hundred and twenty-five pounds. The coffin proved too big to go into the house, or into the hearse—too heavy for the eight pall-bearers, and finally the grave was small for it. It was hardly fair for a person of those dimensions to die all at once. He should have died by inches.—*Boston Transcript.*

Smith and Jones were at the menagerie, and the conversation turned on Darwin's theory. 'Look at that monkey,' said Smith. 'Think of an undeveloped human!' 'Human!' said Jones, contemptuously, 'it's no more human than I am.'

A publisher sent to a Norristown editor the other day a new song, entitled 'What Shall My Love Wear?' The Norristown man regarded the question wholly in its moral aspects, and sat down and wrote a kind but firm article, recommending her to wear her clothes.

'Gentlemen of the jury,' said a blundering counsel, in a suit about a lot of hogs, 'there were just thirty-six hogs in the drove. Please to remember that fact—thirty-six hogs—just three times as many as in that jury box, gentlemen!' The counsel did'nt gain his case.

An English writer advises young ladies to look favorably upon those engaged in agricultural pursuits, giving as a reason that their mother Eve married a gardener. He forgot to add, however that the gardener lost his situation in consequence of the match.

Why is a hen a poor economist? Because she gives a peck for every grain.