

# The Orangeburg News.

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

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**SAMUEL DIBBLE, Editor.**

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**EDITOR ORANGEBURG NEWS.**

Orangeburg, S. C.

Feb. 28 6 Orangeburg, S. C. 1y.

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**Schedule South Carolina Bail Road.**  
**Down Passenger.**  
 Leave Columbia at..... 6.30 A. M.  
 " Orangeburg at..... 10.30 A. M.  
 Arrive at Charleston..... 4 P. M.  
 " Augusta..... 5 P. M.  
**Up Passenger.**  
 Leave Augusta at..... 7 A. M.  
 " Charleston at..... 8 A. M.  
 " Orangeburg at..... 1.50 P. M.  
 Arrive at Columbia at..... 6.20 P. M.  
**Down Freight.**  
 Leave Orangeburg at..... 10 A. M.  
 Arrive at Charleston at..... 6.40 P. M.  
**Up Freight.**  
 Leave Orangeburg at..... 1.38 P. M.  
 Arrive at Columbia at..... 6.30 P. M.  
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## POETRY.

### The Unbolted Door.

An aged widow sat alone  
 Beside her narrow hearth;  
 Her silent cottage never heard  
 The ringing laugh of mirth  
 Six children once had sported there, but now the  
 churoyard snow  
 Fell softly on five little graves that were not long  
 ago.

She mourned them all with patient love,  
 But since her eyes had shed  
 Far bitter tears than those which dowed  
 The faces of the dead,  
 The child which had been spared to her, her darling  
 and her pride,  
 The weoful mother lived to wish she had also died!

Those little ones beneath the snow,  
 Not lost, but gone before;  
 Faith taught her all was well with them,  
 And then the pang was o'er;  
 But when she thought where Katie was, she saw  
 the city's glare,  
 The painted mask of bitter joy which Ned gives  
 Sin to wear.

Without the snow was thick and white,  
 No step had fallen there:  
 Within she sat beside her fire,  
 Each thought a silent prayer,  
 When suddenly, behind her seat, unwanted noise  
 she heard,  
 As though a hesitating hand the rustic latch had  
 stirred,

She turned, and there the wanderer stood,  
 With snow-stakes on her hair  
 A faded woman, wild and worn,  
 The ghost of something fair,  
 And then upon the mother's neck the withered  
 brow was laid,  
 "Can God and you forgive me all? for I have  
 sinned," she said.

The widow dropped upon her knees,  
 Before the falling life,  
 And thanked the Lord, whose loving hand  
 Had granted her desire,  
 The daughter knelt beside her too, tears stream-  
 ing from her eyes,  
 And prayed, "God help me to be good to mother  
 ere she dies!"

They did not talk about the sin,  
 The shame, the bitter woe;  
 They spoke about those little graves,  
 And things of long ago,  
 And then the daughter raised her eyes, and said  
 in tender tone,  
 "Why did you keep the door unbolted when you  
 were quite alone?"

"My child," the widow said, and smiled  
 A smile of love and pain:  
 "I kept it so lest you should come,  
 And turn away again:  
 I've waited for you all the while—a mother's love  
 is true;  
 Yet is it but the shadowy type of His who died for  
 you!"

## LITERARY.

### SELECTED.

## MUSTAPHA THE PHILANTHROPIST.

### A TALE OF ASIA MINOR.

Mustapha Ben Mustapha, Ben Ali, Ben Kaled, thou wast well-known, long-loved, and deeply-lamented. Tears are still shed upon the turban stone that marks the spot where thy remains sleep the sleep of the holy; the young men pray to be like thee, brave, beautiful, and beloved; the old men thank Allah, that thou wast the light of their infancy, and the glory of their land. Yet thy sun was long clouded by sorrow, thy name was long stained by calumny, and anguish long bowed to the earth the brow that was yet to wear the heron plume of power, and the diamond chelenek of the favor of the Sultan, king of kings.

The father of Mustapha was one of the beys of Karamania, the chief of a tribe, the lord of a hundred villages, and crowning all his honors with the glory of having made the pilgrimage to Mecca. This rich, powerful, and a Hadgi, he had obtained the highest rank of felicity allotted to mortal man; his name became a proverb throughout Anatolia for prosperity; and when the Mollah blessed the marriages of the Moslem, he always added, "May thy good fortune be as the good fortune of the Bey Mustapha, and may thy head be as firmly fixed on thy shoulders; may thy purse as long escape public robbery, and mayst thou, like him, sleep on the pillow of security, till thou goest to the world where men are neither plundered, be- headed, nor bowstringed, because they are richer, better, or longer-lived, than their neighbors."

But all have their troubles. There never was a sky which will not show a cloud now and then. There never was a lake without a ripple. Even the Bey Mustapha had his troubles. They came in the shape of a son; that son was

the finest youth in all Karamania, handsome, generous, brave, and beloved. The old Bey gazed on him with pride, the tribe, with veneration; he was the theme of the poet's song, of the story-teller's tale, and of the warriors' carousal. But in the midst of those bright prospects, there was a spot which looked full of storm, to the eye of the sagacious father. His son was genius; the Bey was a man of sense, his son was a speculator; the Bey was content with the world as he found it, his son was a philosopher; but the Bey pointed towards the distant towers of Constantinople, and asked whether philosophy could keep him out of their dungeons? At length his time was come, as it comes to all. "From his pillow, which overlooked one of the most smiling prospects of Asia Minor, he gave his gallant and sorrowing son charge over his inheritance; finally he put into his hands an emerald signet, wrought with a mysterious inscription. "This," said the old man; "is the talisman of our house; it has kept us safe even under the scymetar of the sultan, for a hundred and fifty years. Keep it, until you must give it up, like me, with all things human." His son took the talisman with tears and awe, pressed it to his lips, and then attempted to decipher the inscription. It was totally unintelligible to him. "The language," said the Bey; "in which those words are written, is not capable of being read by one in a thousand, of any time of life; nor by one in a million of yours. If you shall die without learning it, you shall die in a dungeon; therefore learn it, son of my heart, as soon as you can." The Bey's voice had already sunk to a whisper. His son clasped his hand in filial anguish, and knelt beside the couch of the dying chief. "Where," asked he, "is this sacred language to be learned, O my father?" They Bey was silent; speech had perished on his lips; but he pointed to heaven, and then, with his hand on the head of his son, gave his spirit to the angels.

Mustapha was proclaimed Bey by the acclamation of a thousand of the finest horsemen in Anatolia. The world spread around him a prospect of beauty. Gold and jewels were like sand before him. The morning rose on the prayers of his people for his prosperity, and the evening heard the cry of the Muzzeens returned by the songs of the Karamanian shepherds from the hills, in praise of Mustapha the flower of the land; but the acclamations of the thousand horsemen were more grateful to the ear of the young warrior. Their squadrons galloping on the plain before the palace, the flashing of their scymetars, their adroitness with the pistol and the spear, kindled the passion which finds a place in the bosom of every Anatolian youth. In his glowing temperance it blazed into a devouring flame. But the flame must wait for a vent. In the meantime, he set his vivid invention to work: his quick eye saw a hundred defects in the equipment, management, and manoeuvres, of his troops. He introduced remedies for them all. But the troops saw no necessity for their being wiser than their fathers. Like them, they could shoot an eagle on the wing, and cut through a turban at a stroke,—reun up a charger in full gallop, and slice a Persian or Curdistan skir- misher from the crown of the head to the chin. But their chieftain must be obeyed. He was obeyed, and his popularity instantly fell fifty degrees.

Mustapha keenly felt the difference between the faint cry with which he was welcomed in his next exercise of the squadrons, and the ardent acclamation that hailed his former presence. But his conviction of the true importance of the improvements was too strong to suffer him to go back. "They are my children," said he, as he returned dejectedly from one of those days in which his horsemen had manoeuvred incomparably on the new plan, yet had suffered him to depart from the field without the waving of a sword. "I must treat them as such, bear with their follies, and leave them to have more sense as they get more knowledge. But it is unfortunate that we have no war. A week's real work would teach them the use of those changes, and they would then know how to value them as they deserve."

As he was reaching his palace, in a gloomier mood than he had ever felt, before, he saw a horseman riding down the neighboring hill at full speed. As he approached, the yellow cap, and the imperial dragon on his breast showed that he was one of the Tartars of the Porte. He brought dispatches. They announced that the Muscovite dogs had dared to bark at the sublime Father of the faithful, and what was more, to bite; that the Sultan had already con- descended to retreat before the Infidel, for the mere purpose of destroying them within his own territory, and thus fertilizing his fields with their bones; that the Muscovite dogs being inspired by Satan, and not seeing the purpose of this discreet movement, had follow- ed his Mightiness the Vizier, had dared to at- tack him two several times,—for which might their souls be speedily given to the black angel Monkjar, and their bodies to the ditches of Bulgaria,—even had the additional insolence to seize his cannon and baggage, and actually

pushed their madness to the extent of threaten- ing to march on Constantinople. The dis- patch concluded with a command that the thousand cavalry under the orders of the Bey Mustapha, should instantly march to join the faithful army of the Padishah, in driving the Infidels into the Danube. The dark eyes of Mustapha flashed fire as he read the words. He was now in the path to honors unbounded; his quick imagination saw before him fame, commands, national homage. He ordered the trumpets instantly to sound, recalled his horse- men eagerly, and told them the tidings. The Karamanian is brave by nature. He loves plunder, victory, gold-hilted scymetars, and fine horses; and he expected to find them all on the west of the Propontis. The squadrons were weary of their days of discipline. They flourished their pikes and swords rejoicingly, and gave the young Bey the first shout that he had heard from them for a month. In spur- and-twenty hours he was in march, and the march never halted until he was in view of the bright waters of the Bosphorus.

All hitherto was exultation. The showy Bey and his Arab charger shared the praises of the whole Moslem populace, who thought it worth their while to leave their coffee cups, to see the handsomest soldier mounted on the handsomest horse in the Ottoman dominions. His cavalry won the next prize. Never had the idlers of Constantinople seen such dashing riders, so capably equipped, with turbans so rich, caftans so embroidered, and boots so worthy of the Sultan's body guard. The European Spahis looked on with envy; but the Delhiis, who always come from Anatolia, and go, fate only knows where, triumphed in so brilliant a body of comrades, and swore that they were worthy to fall into their rear. Nothing could be a higher compliment.

Their trial soon came. From the summit of a low range of barren hills in Bulgaria, Mustapha one day saw a mob of foot and horse rambling about the country, some quarrelling, some robbing, some cooking, and some with their dogs loose, looking for game. He in- quired of a peasant what this strange medley meant. To his utter astonishment he was told, that this was the Turkish army. This was caused by the cause of their defeats was evident. What could be done against the Muscovite bayonets and guns, with an army one half of whom were forced to rob for food, and the other to rob robbers? His genius was instantly on the alert. He conceived a plan for at once restoring their discipline, and supplying their food; and determined to take the first opportunity of earning immortal fame by enlightening the brains of the blundering Vizier. But what was to be done with a commander-in-chief who had been a slipper-maker, and had never known the use of steel but in his own awl? His highness listened to the plan of the young Bey with a smile; said that it was excellent, but im- practicable; that the Ottomans had been in the habit of conquering their enemies without these new inventions, and by the blessing of Mahomet, they would conquer them still. The Vizier having said thus much, made a sign to one of his attendants, and dropping his head on the sofa, fell asleep.

Mustapha indignantly returned to his tent. Some of his officers came round him on his entrance. "Comrades," said he, "I have failed. My infallible plan has been thrown away on the ears of that hog of a slipper-maker. He was drunk when I went, he was asleep when I came away. So, fight or fight not, we must be starved." He rushed into the tent, and un- buckling his scymetar, began to meditate on the first fruits of his glory. A slight noise roused him; and he saw one of the Capidgis, with the Vizier's order for his head in one hand, and the bowstring in the other. It was clear that he had not yet learned to read the language of the talisman. The Capidgi came forward, to teach him a lesson on the liberty of speech. A true Turk would have given his neck in return. But Mustapha was too new to life to have acquired its perfect courtesies. He was a mountaineer, and rude in proportion. His only answer to the respectful salutation of the Capidgi, was a blow with the hilt of his loosened scymetar which brought the Sultan's officer to the ground. He then tore the order, and kicked the unfortunate instrument of jus- tice out of the tent. He was on the point of mounting his charger, to lay the whole affair before the Divan, when a most flattering message arrived from the Vizier, apologizing for the misconduct of the officer, who was on the point of being bastinadoed for his error," and requesting the company of the Bey to take coffee, and receive the command of a brigade of cavalry. Mustapha was instantly appeased. He flew to the Vizier's tent, was welcomed with remarkable graciousness, and was in the act of smoking the pipe of honor, when he felt his hands bound, and was marched, with- out another word, to the rear of the tent, where, on looking for his accusers, he could see nothing but the same Capidgi, bowing with habitual grace, and half a dozen mutes, ready to perform that ceremony upon him which supersedes all others. "This comes," he murmured bit-

terly, "of attempting to put knowledge into the heads of asses. Let me escape but this once, and the world may fool itself after its own way for the rest of my existence." The reflection was tardy, for the mutes were in the act of fastening the string round his neck. Another moment would have extinguished the man of genius. But at that moment a shell whizzing through the air, dropped into the centre of the group. The applicant of the string was crushed into mummy. Three other were shat- tered into fragments by the explosion. Mustapha stood a free man again. The Vizier's tent was set in a blaze, and he rushed through it in the confusion and regained his own; in in- finite wrath with blunderers of all kinds; but not yet including the teacher of tactics to slip- per-makers.

[To be Continued.]

## MISCELLANEOUS.

### Pertinent Questions Answered.

The New Orleans Times contains the follow- ing pertinent bit of catechism, which will puzzle the Radicals to confute:

Did the Northern States ever have the in- stitution of slavery? Yes.  
 Did they free their slaves? No.  
 How did they get rid of the accursed things? They sold their slaves to the people of the South.

Why did they discontinue slavery in their midst? Because it paid better to sell their slaves than to keep them.

Did they make any provision for the future freedom of their slaves when they sold them? No.

What States were chiefly engaged in the slave trade? The Northern States.

Did they continue the trade after slavery was abolished in their midst? Yes—they con- tinued it until the commencement of the war.

Which of the Northern States had the great- est number of vessels engaged in this trade and made most money by kidnapping poor Africans and selling them into bondage? Massachusetts.

Could not Congress have passed a gradual emancipation and colonization act, allowing a moderate compensation for slaves? It could.

Would such an act have been accepted by the South? Undoubtedly.

What prompted the rebellion in the South? An assurance that the very men from whom originally the Southern people purchased their slaves, after they had been stolen from Africa; were determined to release them without a restitution of their own ill-gotten gains in the premises, and to make use of the Freed- men as tools, in order to perpetuate their own political supremacy.

Have the fears of the South been realized? Yes.

It is unnecessary to make further extracts from this suggestive and retrospective cate- chism. If order is to be brought forth from the existing chaos, the people of the whole country must forget their bickerings, and ex- hibit a spirit of mutual forbearance.

### A Heart-Rending Episode.

The Loudon Morning Herald's military cor- respondent gives the following story:

"A farmer, living in a hamlet near Possnitz, had a wife and two children, and was such that woman's terror of the Prussians, when she heard they were coming, that her husband, to satisfy her, placed her in an underground cellar, with her two little ones, and built up the doorway, leaving some food inside. The Prussians entered the place, and, among others, obliged this poor man to accompany them, with his horse and cart, for a day's journey, they said. But the man was brought on from place to place, and at last, when he was suf- fered to return, and reach his own house, several days had elapsed. On the way back he began to calculate how little food he had left with his wife and children; and horror stricken at the dreadful thought that their cries might not be heard, his hair is said to have turned white on his homeward journey. His fears were but too real. He tore down the masonry, searched for those so dear to him, but only found three life- less bodies half devoured by rats. Reason left him at the dreadful sight, and he is now in the hospital a lunatic."

THE GOOD WIFE.—She commandeth her husband in any equal matter, by constantly obeying him.

She never crosseth her husband in the spring-tide of his anger, but stays till it be eb- bing-water. Surely men contrary to iron, are worst to be wrought upon when they are hot.

Her clothes are rather comely than costly, and she makes plain cloth to be velvet by her handsome wearing it.

Her husband's secrets she will not divulge; especially she is careful to conceal his infirmi- ties.

deputy husband, which makes her double the files of her diligence. At his return he finds all things so well, that he wonders to see him- self at home when he was abroad.

Her children thought many in number, the noise in noise, steering them with a look, whether she listeth.

The heaviest work of her servants she maketh light, by orderly and seasonably enjoy- ing it.

In her husband's sickness, she feels more grief than she shows.—Dr. Fuller.

## HUMOROUS.

What's best to prevent old men from de- spairing? Echo: "Pairing."

The new india rubber cars for ladies are boxed every night.

It is well enough that men should be killed by love. Mat'rnal of woman should die of woman.

An exchange says that "bridal envelopes" are so extensively advertised for sale, many simply night gowns.

Give strict attention to your own affairs, and consider your wife one of them.

Those ladies who have a passion for ven parties should remember that tattle begins with a T.

A cake was given to a Baptist festival in Burlington, Vt., to be given by a vote at five cents each to the handsomest lady in the room. A "colored lady" got it.

"John, you seem to gain flesh every day; the printing business must agree with you. What did you last weigh?" "Well, Bob, I really don't know, but it strikes me it was a pound of type."

In Washington a woman shot a man because he did not marry her, in Cincinnati another shot one because he did. What can a ball- lor do to save his bacon?

A citizen of Montgomery County, Indiana, married recently for the sixth time. He has lost two wives by death, one by elopement, and two by divorce. He still thinks marri- mony a good institution, like the fellow who was so piously inclined that he joined the church four or five times.

AN UNFORTUNATE STRANGER.—"Can you tell me," said a stranger to a gentleman in a ball room, "who that lady is near the window—that plain-looking lady?"

"That is my sister, sis," replied the person addressed, with a very formidable look.

"No, no, I mean her," said the unfortunate interrogator, "I mean that ugly woman leaning against the piano; there's about as much ex- pression in her face as there is in a bowl of bonny-clabber."

"That, sir, is my wife!"

"No, no," gasped the miserable stranger, the perspiration starting from every pore. "Good gracious, I wish I could make you understand me! I mean that bear-eyed object in the pink silk, the one so awfully homely. I should be afraid she would splinter a looking-glass by looking in it. There she is looking at us now."

"That, sis," said the gentleman with fierce calmness, "is my eldest daughter."

The stranger darted from the room and cleared the premises, as though he had been struck with a presentiment that a powder magazine was going to explode in that room in less than three seconds.

### A Tail of Emoshun.

The nite wuz klar without a fog, Sall Bet's and I sat on a log. Her ize wuz kast upon the ski and her breast did heve with many a sigh. Her hair wuz az black az the blacken cat, and her lips, Jerusalem! hold my hat! ME arm wuz around her little waist, and I got ready her lips to taste; but whenever I do a thing so chaste, I never am in much av a haste.

"This side when you kiss the Nu York girls, with pretty blu ize, and hair, that curls, they ask you what you are about and give you a slap right on the smout. The western girls tha make no bother; if you kiss them on one cheek, tha turn to you the other. But give me a Virginia gurl fur kissin—tha beet av' uthers clean to nutthing. Whenever yu giv wan uv 'em a smack, tha pout up their lips and kiss you back.

But tu mi stori; mi deerest reeder, dont giv warrin; for if I dug it off my track, I've now with trouble, found mi way back; and my them again I'll never lose, as sure, az this is poetry or proze.

I pressed Sall Bet's form to ming, and look- ed down in her ize, and as I took her hand I mine I couldn't speak fur size. Nooer, nooer, mi lips to herze did sneek; I felt her warm breth on mi cheek; I giv her little hand a squeeze, when raising up her her head, she said

"Take care, Snooks, till I sneeze!"

In her husband's absence she is wife and