

The Orangeburg News.

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

VOLUME 1.

SATURDAY MORNING, JUNE 29, 1867.

NUMBER 19

THE ORANGEBURG NEWS.

PUBLISHED AT ORANGEBURG, S. C.

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

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SAMUEL DIBBLE,
Editor ORANGEBURG NEWS,
St. Matthews Parish, S. C.
Feb 28

PUBLIC OFFICERS.

ORANGEBURG DISTRICT.

Judiciary—P. A. McMichael,
Commissioner in Equity—V. D. Y. Jamison,
Clerk of Court—Joseph E. Robinson,
Sheriff—J. W. H. Duke,
Coroner—C. B. Glaver,
Tax Collectors—Orange Parish—P. W. Fairly,
St. Matthews Parish—W. H. Dautler,
Assr. Assessor U. S. Revenue—George W. Sturgeon.

Justices of the Peace—P. V. Dibble,
Magistrates—Thomas P. Stokes, W. R. Treadwell, A. J. Gaskins, F. W. Fairly, David L. Connor, J. H. Volar, Levin Argos, E. V. Dannelly, E. A. Clark, W. H. Kinsey, J. D. Preket, Samuel H. Moore, C. W. Glover, E. C. Holman, P. C. Boyck, P. M. Wainman, D. O. Tindall.

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Commissioners of Public Buildings—Wm. M. Hutson, Harpiss Biggs, E. Ezekiel, Joseph P. Harley, P. M. W. Briggmann.

Commissioners of Roads—Orange Parish—Westley Houser, F. W. Fairly, Samuel M. Fairly, Samuel G. Fair, F. Livingston, W. S. Riley, Westley Culler, H. C. Wannamaker, N. E. W. Sittrunk, H. Livingston, James Stokes, J. D. Knotts, R. P. Antley, John S. Bowman, J. L. Moore, W. C. Moss, Lewis G. Aick, B. A. You, J. H. O'Callin, Ellison Connor, John Brodie, J. G. Guignard, Jacob Connor, George Byrd, J. T. Jamison, David Dannelly.

Commissioners of Free Schools—Orange Parish—David L. Connor, J. R. Milhous, Henry N. Snell, John Jordan, N. C. Whetstone, John Inabinet, Dr. O. N. Bowman, Samuel Dibble.

Commissioners of Free Schools—St. Matthews Parish—Peter Byock, J. H. Keller, Westley Houser, John Riley, J. H. Feller, Adam Holman.

Schedule South Carolina Rail Road.

Down Passenger.

Leave Columbia at.....	6.30 A. M.
Orangeburg at.....	10.39 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.....	1.30 P. M.
Arrive at Columbia at.....	5.20 P. M.

Down Freight.

Leave Orangeburg at.....	10 A. M.
Arrive at Charleston at.....	6.10 P. M.

Up Freight.

Leave Orangeburg at.....	1.38 P. M.
Arrive at Columbia at.....	6.30 P. M.

POETRY.

Hard Times.

No business stirring, all things at a stand,
People complain they have no cash in hand.
"Dull times," re-echoes nay from every quarter,
Even from father to the son and daughter.
Merchants cry out no money to be had,
Grocers say the times are very bad.
Mechanics work, but they can get no pay,
Beaux dress genteel, and ladies get no say,
Cash very scarce—dancing twice a week,
Business dull—amusement still we seek.
Some live awhile, and then perhaps they fall,
While many run in debt and go to jail.
The females must have ribbons, gauze and lace,
And paint besides, to smooth a wrinkled face;
The beaux will dress, go to the ball and play,
Sit up all night and lay in bed all day,
Brush up an empty plate, look smart and trim,
Follow each trifling fashion or odd whim.
Are those bad times when persons will profess
To follow fashions and delight in dress?
No! times are good, but people are to blame,
Who spend too much, and justify their shame.
[An Old Poem.]

LITERARY.

SELECTED.

MUSTAPHA.

THE PHILANTHROPIST.

A TALE OF ASIA MINOR.

[Continued.]

The summer was beautiful, and the Bey exulted in the success of his experiments. Wherever he had directed the husbandry, all seemed to be more luxuriant than in the whole range of the land beside. But, one evening, the sun plunged into a belt of clouds which mounted rapidly from the Mediterranean. The wind rose in wild gusts—night, sudden, dull and starless, covered the mountain forests with a pall, under which the work of death was to go on undisturbed. The peasants were jaded from their sleep by the roar of sudden torrents, the thunderstorms set their mosques in a blaze, the lightning riddled and scattered the ancient trees which for centuries had been the shelter of their cottages; all was ruin. When day rose, slow, sad, and imperfect, the landscape from the side was one scene of desolation. But if all were sufferers, the chief havoc fell upon the unlucky experiment, the lands of the Bey. A new process by which the land was to be prepared for a tenfold harvest in the ensuing year, had stripped the soil of its usual autumnal covering of shrubs, weeds and clover. The wind and rain had taken full vengeance on the attempt to disturb the old plan. The soil was torn up to the very bowels, and the Bey was to find his palace surrounded by the multitude in a state of insurrection, charging him with their calamities, denouncing his rashness as the cause of the sufferings which had fallen on the soil from angry heaven; and demanding bread. The Bey was overwhelmed. The cry of a multitude was not to be resisted. Yet how was he to remedy the sufferings of thousands? He gave them all that his palace contained. It fed a few for a day! he sold his jewels! all was but a drop in the sand. The popular cry was raised louder still, when it was discovered that the Bey's liberality was increased in proportion to the clamor. He was embarrassed and turned to the young Scribe in his anxiety. "Stop!" was the brief answer; but the spirit of Mustapha was not made to stop in anything. Liberal, eager and lofty, he determined to show himself superior to this emergency. He now proceeded to strip himself of all that could be turned into value. The populace lived a week in lazy luxury, and liked this style of life so well, that they determined to continue it as long as they were able. They at length used threats; those revolted the high mind of the Bey; he drove them from the palace gates. That night he was roused by a knocking at his chamber door. As he opened his eyes, a broad glare of light burst across them. He looked out from the easement; a wing of his palace was in flames; and some thousands of the peasantry were flinging torches and combustibles on the remaining wing; while a host of women with children in their arms, were exclaiming against the tyrant who had starved them. Mustapha grasped his scymetar, and would have rushed out among the ingrates. He was checked by a gentle but firm hand. It was the young Scribe's.

"Your time is not yet come to be torn to pieces by a rabble," said he; "follow me."

"And leave those heartless wretches unpunished?" was the quick exclamation of the Bey.

"Better leave anything, than leave your own head on their pikes," was the calm answer, as the Scribe led him, almost unconsciously, down a dark corridor which opened on the palace

POETRY.

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Beaux dress genteel, and ladies get no say,
Cash very scarce—dancing twice a week,
Business dull—amusement still we seek.
Some live awhile, and then perhaps they fall,
While many run in debt and go to jail.
The females must have ribbons, gauze and lace,
And paint besides, to smooth a wrinkled face;
The beaux will dress, go to the ball and play,
Sit up all night and lay in bed all day,
Brush up an empty plate, look smart and trim,
Follow each trifling fashion or odd whim.
Are those bad times when persons will profess
To follow fashions and delight in dress?
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MISCELLANEOUS.

The Holy Land in 1867.

The Chicago Journal has a correspondent who is strolling through the Holy Land and Palestine. He is not particularly impressed with its present state, whatever its past may have been. He says: "I have not seen a wagon-road in Palestine. Even the stones and timber for building the houses of Jerusalem must be brought in the city upon the backs of camels and donkeys; and the roads over which Abraham, David, Christ and the Apostles once traveled are but paths winding over rocks and around the base of sterile mountains. In fact this whole land, said to have been once so beautiful, is now but a rocky barren waste. I think I have seen more good land in one square mile in Iowa or Illinois than in all Palestine. Much of the country is occupied by the Bedouin Arabs, and for the privilege of visiting the river Jordan and Dead-Sea their Shiek requires \$250 from each person. For this amount he sends a guard of Arabs with you. The population of Jerusalem is now said to be but 14,000." The correspondent upon this fact, moralizes thus: "while looking at the city as it now stands, with the narrow streets filled with dogs, Arabs and filth, it is hard to realize that it was once the home of more than one million human beings, and the proud metropolis of a mighty nation. While looking out of the window at the Mosque of Omar, where the Turk bears rule, I can but ask myself the question: Is it possible that on that spot stood the temple of Solomon? Is it there that David held his court? The pages of history answer, Yes: That spot is Mount Moriah. Upon that ground stood that Temple whose glory filled the whole earth."

Cut This Out.

The Mercantile Times gives the following seasonable rules for young men commencing business:

The world estimates men by their success in life—and, by general consent, success is evidence of superiority.

Never, under any circumstances, assume a responsibility you can avoid consistently with your duty to yourself and others.

Base all your actions upon a principle of right; preserve your integrity of character, and in doing this, never reckon the cost.

Remember that self interest is more likely to warp your judgment than all other circumstances combined; therefore, look well to your duty, when your interest is concerned.

Never make money at the expense of your reputation.

Be neither lavish nor niggardly, of the two avoid the latter. A mean man is universally despised, but public favor is a stepping stone to preferment—therefore generous feelings should be cultivated.

Say but little—think much—and do more.

Let your expenses be such as to leave a balance in your pocket. Ready money is a friend in need.

Keep clear of the law; for even if you gain your case, you are generally loser of money.

Avoid borrowing and lending.

Wine drinking and cigar smoking are bad habits. They impair the mind and pocket, and lead to a waste of time.

Never relate your misfortunes, and never grieve over what you cannot prevent.

HUMOROUS.

Yours is a very hard case, as the monkey said to the oyster.

Indulge in humor just as much as you please, so it isn't ill-humor.

The only blusterer from whom a brave man will take a blow is the wind.

Present your wife with everything she wants, and perhaps she will be quiet for the present.

When is a wave like an army doctor? When it is a-surgin.

"Never was ruined but twice," said a wit; "once when I lost my law-suit, and once when I gained one."

The captain of a vessel is not governed by his mate, but a married husband generally is.

It is always excusable to "put the cart before the horse," if your horse travels backward.

The following list of refreshments includes many individual drinks not found on the wine lists of the popular hotels:

For Bankers—Current Wine.
For Stockbrokers—Share-y Wine.
For Shipmasters—The Old Port.
For Mining Operators—Mineral Water.
For Octogenarians—Elder Wine.
For Scoundrels—So-da Water.

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