

The Orangeburg News.

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

VOLUME 1.

SATURDAY MORNING, OCTOBER 12, 1867.

NUMBER 34.

THE ORANGEBURG NEWS.

PUBLISHED AT ORANGEBURG, C. S.
Every Saturday Morning.

SAMUEL DIBBLE, Editor.
Y. C. DIBBLE, Associate Editor.
CHARLES H. HALL, Publisher.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.
One Copy for one year..... \$2.00
Six Months..... 1.00
Three "..... 50
Any one making up a CLUB of FIVE ANNUAL SUBSCRIBERS will receive an extra copy FREE OF CHARGE.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.
1 Square 1st Insertion..... \$1.50
2d "..... 75
3d "..... 50
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SAMUEL DIBBLE,
EDITOR ORANGEBURG NEWS,
Orangeburg, S. C.
Feb 23 1867

CARDS.

IZLAR & DIBBLE,
Attorneys and Solicitors.

Will practice in Courts of the State, and also of the United States, especially in the Courts of

BANKRUPTCY.

ORANGEBURG, S. C.
JAMES F. IZLAR. SAMUEL DIBBLE.
Feb 23 1867

E. C. DENAUX,
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Work Neatly Repaired and Warranted.

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(OPPOSITE CORNELISON, KEAMER & CO.)
sept 28 1867

P. J. MALONE,
ATTORNEY AT LAW.

WALTERBORO, S. C.

Will practice in the Courts of Orangeburg and Colleton, and attend promptly to all business entrusted to his care.

may 11 1867

BULL & SCOVILL,
AGENTS FOR THE

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POLICIES NON-FORFEITABLE.

Dividend Declared Annually to Policy Holders.
Feb 23 1867

BULL & SCOVILL

ALL AGENTS FOR THE

Underwriters Fire Insurance Company OF NEW YORK.

ASSETS OVER \$3,000,000.

FOR THE

Security Fire Insurance Company OF NEW YORK.

ASSETS OVER \$1,000,000.

These stand in the first ranks of all good Insurance Companies.
Feb 23 1867

Frederick Fersner,

MECHANICAL DENTIST.

Will attend to those who wish his services at their residences, by being informed through the Postoffice or otherwise. TEETH on GOLD and SILVER PLATS; also the VULCANITE WORK.

All work done Warranted to give satisfaction.

Residence: at Mr JOSEPH FERSNER'S, Orangeburg District, S. C.

mar 30 1867

Medical Notice.

The Undersigned have this day formed a Copartnership for the PRACTICE OF MEDICINE in Orangeburg and its vicinity. The general abandonment of the Credit System, will compel them to present their bills QUARTERLY for Payment.

All persons indebted at the present time, to either of the undersigned individually, are requested to make payment at an early day.

THOS. A. ELLIOTT, M. D.
ALEXANDER S. SALLEY, M. D.

July 1st, 1867.

POETRY.

The following lines appeared a few weeks ago, in the *Londoner's Sentinel*. They breathe the heroic spirit of that noble land, which has always a heart to feel and a hand to revenge the wrongs of the oppressed:

Charlotte, Arch Duchess of Austria and Empress of Mexico.

Long heavy sighs come drearily on whids that northward blow
And beating, oh, so wearily, my ebbing life-tides flow;
Did forms around me gliding, amid a grave-like gloom,
And spectral horror hithing within the haunted room.

The shadows deeper falling from night's approaching wings,
While fearful voices calling, upon the dark air ring;
I close my eyes in horror beyond all power to name,
In wild and madd'ning terror I fly from fate in vain.

For now my soul of sadness is like a moonlit ball,
Filled up with scenes of madness, all painted on the wall,
As through this ghostly chamber I wander now alone,
Where I must still remember thy name, Napoleon!

Oh, fetch my love, my murdered love, across the billowy sea,
For spirits bear from realms above a fearful tale to me!
Not one—not one of Caesar's line has drawn the sword to save—
Now, burning suns will daily shine on Maximilian's grave!

The tides of March—the bloody tides—behind his wounds are red!
Yet not by Tiber's yellow tides they dug his narrow bed,
Nor yet by Danube's rolling wave, nor on Salowa's hill,
The Indian laid him in his grave beside the purple rill.

Arise, ye legions from the dead!—will no Octavian now
Avenge the blood Juarez shed, or raise his crownless brow?
Has Austria then no power—the Caesar no command—
That rebels dare the flower of his own "Fatherland"?

Wait, I wait, and anxious rove within this gloomy cell,
That would become a throne of love if he within could dwell;
Ten thousand years I'd gladly spend within the gloomiest shade,
With him again my soul to blend—with him from earth to fade.

But now my soul of sadness is like a moonlit ball,
Filled up with scenes of madness, all pictured on the wall
And fearful is my weary fate—a frenzy born of care—
Oh! God, behold my awful state, and pity my despair!
IRELAND

*Juarez was born in 1802 of poor parents, miserable Zapateck Indians. Yet Europe looks calmly on, though this wretch has injured his hands in the blood of the Caesars.
†Figurative.

SELECTED STORY.

The Captive's Flight.

A TEMPLAR STORY.

It was midday in Syria. The air was sultry and oppressive. Not a breath of wind moved along the sandy solitude, where no tree offered a welcome shade. The sterile and barren desert spread around on every side—all desolate, all burning in the hot rays of the sun. There were no fountains, no trees, nothing to be seen but the plain of sand, save where in the distance a long line of gloomy and rugged rocks arose.

Through this frightful desert traveled a Christian knight. All day he had gone on, the sun sending down fiercest rays upon his helmet and glittering and polished armor. Faint and weary he went on, and as he neared the gloomy but grateful rocks a thrill of joy passed through his bosom.

"Ha!" he exclaimed, as towards evening he entered the shadow of a lofty, precipitous height. "Here is a grateful place to rest. Here I may dismount and refresh myself and weary steed. But first let me find some spring where my horse and I may obtain a draught of water."

So saying, he went on more slowly than before. It was well that he had reached this place of rest. His horse trembled with utter fatigue, and seemed scarce able to walk.

The knight himself felt exhausted, and his iron frame was almost broken down by the labors of the day.

At length he found a spring which gushed musically from one of the rocks into a pool below. Here he dismounted, and rider and horse both rushed eagerly to the water. The knight drank long and heavily.

"Praised be the Holy Virgin!" he exclaimed brushing away the drops of water which clung

to his mustache, "Praised and forever blessed be St. —"

"Ho! Christian?" suddenly exclaimed a voice behind him in Arabic, "surrender!"

The knight turned swiftly around, drawing his sword as he did so.

Before him was a Saracen knight, dressed in chain armor, mounted on a light Arabic steed. "Surrender, Sir Christian!"

"Who art thou who darrest call on me to surrender?"

"I—I am Hamet, the Governor of Are, the well known in the camp of Saladin."

"And I Count Roland de Courcy, despite thee for an infidel and base heathen!" cried the Christian, lifting his sword; "so come on, thou on horse and I on foot. I will fight thee; God judge the right!"

"Fool!" cried the Saracen. "Dost thou think that I am alone as thou art? See!"

He blew a silver trumpet which hung by his side. At the sound a number of followers came riding one after another from the clefts and defiles of the surrounding rocks.

"Wilt thou fight now? Yield, Christian!" De Courcy stood for a moment and looked around. As many as a hundred men were there before him. How could he fight against such fearful odds!

"I am your prisoner; but, Hamet, if thou darst, I will fight you for my freedom."

The Saracen smiled sarcastically.

"No, no, Sir Christian. I wish not to kill thee. Soldiers, give him another horse, for his is weary. Form around and let us go."

His followers obeyed. With the captive knight in their midst they departed.

"Where art thou taking me?" said De Courcy to Hamet.

"Where?" To Are. That will thenceforth be thy home."

"Boast not thyself too greatly. I may be freed from thy hand."

The palace of Hamet lay a little way out of town, upon a gentle eminence, facing the sea. It was a magnificent edifice, built in the luxurious style of the Saracens. Among the many places around it was a tilting yard, built for the purpose of enjoying that chivalrous sport which the Moslem loved as well as a Christian.

De Courcy was made a slave. He was allowed the freedom of the house and grounds, but it was impossible for him to escape—for wherever he went he was watched. Yet his situation was not so miserable as might be conceived. Among the maidens who dwelt in Hamet's palace the most beautiful was his peerless daughter, Donnah. She it was who, on his arrival pitied him, and saved him from a dungeon. She it was whose dark eye would sometimes rest upon him with an expression which made his youthful heart throb with unaccustomed violence.

"Oh! had I but my freedom, and my gallant men behind me, how eagerly I would force my way even into the middle of Hamet's hold to win the lovely Donnah!"

A tournament! The proclamation went round and the tidings spread far and wide that Hamet was going to prepare a tournament, which for splendor and magnificence could not be surpassed.

"My father," said Donnah, "where will your knights come from?"

"Where? From my own brave troop, and from Are, where some of the bravest of all the faithful dwell."

"And will thou have Moslems only?"

"Yes. Would I venture to let the faithless Christian approach here? No, by Allah!"

"But there are Christian captives who were once soldiers."

"Well."

"They can wield the sword and take a part in the tournament."

VARIOUS.

What the Radicals Have Done.

The *Metropolitan Record* prefers the following bill of indictment against the Radical faction.

They have fastened upon the country a debt of three thousand millions, at least one-half of which was stolen by official harpies and cormorants of their own party.

They have ground to the earth with a crushing weight of taxes the industrial and producing classes of the country.

They have established a bond-ocracy which shares none of the burdens imposed upon the people, but which waxes rich and fat on their sweat and toil.

While they have increased the price of all the necessities of life by their infamous policy, official plundering and partisan legislation, there has been no corresponding increase in the wages of industry.

They have built up a thieving, swindling banking system, that picks out of the pockets of the people from twenty-five to thirty millions a year.

They have reduced ten States to the condition of subject provinces, where all the rights of the people are at the will of the infamous miscreants like Sickles and Pope, and where the nigger is politically the superior of the white man.

They have disfranchised ten millions of our own race and blood.

They have trampled under foot the great vital principle of free government; that taxation and representation should be inseparable.

They have deprived the President of his constitutional authority and power, and created in the place of the three departments an overshadowing usurpation in the form of a Congressional oligarchy.

They inflicted eternal disgrace upon the country by the murder of an innocent woman, through such devil's instruments as Holt and Stanton.

They have made a mockery of the ballot in Tennessee and Missouri, where innocent men are murdered through the connivance of Brownlow, Fletcher and their hell hounds.

They have broken every Congressional and other pledge which they made when they tricked the country into the adoption and prosecution of the war policy.

They have let loose a flood of spies and detectives over the land, and suborned perjurers to swear away the lives of innocent men and women.

They have provoked bloody collisions in the South, and then fabricated therefrom, through the instrumentality of paid agents and correspondents, infamous lies, with which to fire the Radical heart.

They have concocted, through such degraded wretches and black-hearted miscreants as Ashley and Butler, most devilish plots for the ruin of their political opponents.

They have reduced the agricultural and producing portion of the country to a state of tributary vassalage to the manufacturing monopolies of Puritans.

They are now engaged in a deep conspiracy to change the form of our government and reduce the North to the same condition as the South.

Such are the acts, such the designs of the Radical party.

BEAUTIFUL ALLEGORY.—Mr. Crittenden was engaged in defending a man who had been indicted for a capital offence. After an elaborate and powerful defence, he closed his effort by the following striking and beautiful allegory:

"When God in his eternal counsel conceived the thought of man's creation, he called to him the three ministers who wait constantly upon the throne—Justice, Truth and Mercy—and thus addressed them:

"Shall we make man?" Then said Justice, "O God make him not, for he will trample upon the laws." Truth made answer also, "O God, make him not, for he will pollute thy sanctuaries." But Mercy, dropping upon her knees and looking up through her tears, exclaimed, "O God, make him—I will watch over him with my care through all the dark paths which he may have to tread." Then God made man, and said to him, "O man, thou art the child of Mercy—go and deal with thy brother."

The jury, when he finished, were in tears, and against evidence, and what must have been their own convictions, brought in a verdict of not guilty.

"Sir" said a pompous personage who once undertook to bully the editor, "do you know that I take your paper?" "I've no doubt you do take it," replied the man of the quill; "for several of my honest subscribers have been complaining lately about their papers being missing in the morning."

HUMOROUS.

To curb a fast young man—Bridal him.

Why is a conceited fool like a rifle?—Because he has a vacant space under the cap.

"Now put that back where you took it from," as the young lady said, when her lover snatched a kiss.

I say Tom, have you ever seen a crawfish? No Bill, but I have read Gov. Orr's letter to Gen. Sickles.

One thousand girls with blue eyes, coral lips and golden-hair are gathering hops in Bethel, Maine. Who wouldn't be a hop?

At Staunton, Castello's hyena was called Beast Butler. He got so mad about it that he at once eat up the pewter spoons that his keeper was feeding him with.

How a Circus Was Broken Up.

We have laughed heartily over the following ludicrous story, and would not deprive our readers of the same enjoyment.

A number of years ago when Michigan was a new country, in Livingston county there lived a family by the name of Clayton, and one called Perkins also,—as well as a great many others.

P. to Clayton was a tall, fine looking fellow—noble specimen of our back-woodsmen—standing six feet two inches in his stockings.

Pete had taken a shine to Miss Sally Perkins, and it was known in fact they were engaged, but the day when the knot was to be tied had never yet been divulged.

In the month of August, 1849, June's circus came through their town for the first time, and in fact it was the first circus that had ever passed that way, and there were a great many people who had never seen one. When the important day arrived, the town was filled to overflow with a motley crowd, of course, and every young fellow had his gal. Now Pete wanted to get married on the coming Christmas, but Sally wished to have it put off till the next spring. When the ticket wagon was opened the tent was filled in a hurry. Pete and Sally had been looking in the side shows and they were late in getting in and the performance had already commenced. They walked around the entire ring, trying to find a seat, and although they could seat 2000 people, every seat was full.

"Never mind," said Sal, "I'd just as lieve stand up."

But the gallant Pete couldn't think of it and said, "Wait a min', I'll get you a chair," and off he started leaving Sal alone.

Just at this moment the clown came in, dressed in his usual costume, and dancing around the ring, stopped in front of Sal and began to sing:

"Oh Sally is the gal for me."

This caused Sal to blush, for she thought that the clown was looking at her. As she stood near the ring, of course she hid the views of those on the lower seats behind her and as usual on such occasions, the clown cracks his jokes at the offenders, until they take the hint and find a seat, but she said she would rather stand up. At this the clown commenced his jokes remarking to the ring master:

"There's a chance for me now."

"A chance for you?"

"Yes, don't you see that gal has lost her bean, and she is looking at me I know," and turning three or four somersaults, he stopped in front of Sal, and began to sing:

"Oh, Sally is the gal for me,
I would have no other,
And if Sal died to-morrow night,
I'd marry Sally's mother."

This was evidently meant for her and raised Sal's dander, and she burst out with—

"I'm the gal for you, am I? Marry my mother, will yer? You low-lived spotted seun of the earth. If my fellow was here he would wallop you for that. I wouldn't stay here another night—no neither would any decent people either." Saying which she rushed out of the tent amid roars of laughter.

The clown assuming a comical attitude, remarked to the ring master that his grandfather was a remarkable man, and so was his grandmother, too, but that gal beat all his forefathers.

At this juncture Pete rushed in closely followed by Sal, and jumping into the ring he squared off at the clown and said:

"I'll teach you to insult any female under my charge, and let fly at his opponent and taking him plump in the face, sent him to another earth, with which he jumped on him and commenced kicking him unmercifully, Sal standing on the outside of the ring clapped her hands, and sang out:

"That's it, Pete, give him jessie, and we'll git married on Christmas, sure."

At this moment the ring master and three or four others caught Pete and commenced to trash him when Pete's friends interfered, and a general fight ensued, which completely broke up the circus.