

The Orangeburg News.

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

VOLUME 1.

SATURDAY MORNING, NOVEMBER 2, 1867.

NUMBER 37.

THE ORANGEBURG NEWS.

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

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V. C. DIBBLE, Associate Editor.
CHARLES H. HALL, Publisher.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.
One Copy for one year..... \$2.00
Six Months..... 1.00
Three..... .50
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may 11

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sept 28

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feb 22

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oct 25

STEVENS HOUSE,
21, 23, 25 & 27 Broadway, N. Y.
Opposite Bowling Green.

ON THE EUROPEAN PLAN.
THE STEVENS HOUSE is well and widely known to the travelling public. The location is especially suitable to merchants and business men; it is in close proximity to the business part of the city—is on the highway of Southern and Western travel—and adjacent to all the principal Railroad and Steamship depots.
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The rooms having been refurnished and remodelled, we are enabled to offer extra facilities for the comfort and pleasure of our guests.
GEO. K. CHASE & CO.,
Proprietors.
June 1—One

YOUTH'S AND CHILDREN'S
CLOTHING, for sale low at
oct 19
BARKER & ROE'S.

POETRY.

[From the Nashville Banner.]
"Jam-bo-ree"

BY JOHN HAPPY.

The boy held on to the greasy "Jock,"
Whence all but him had fled;
The lamp threw its light on his last red cheek
And he had'n' another "red."

Yet beautiful and bright he sat
As born to win or lose,
With the ace of trumps hid under his hat
And a "bowler" or two in his clothes.

The game went on—he would not go
Without his father's word;
That father drunk, on the floor below,
His voice no longer heard.

He called aloud—"Say the 'dy, say—
Hadi'n' I better 'go it alone?"
He knew not that the chief pain lay
Unconscious of his son.

"Speak, father!" once again he cried,
"I'm playing my best for ever."
"And"—but the man on the other side
"Ordered him up on the seven."

His countenance fell when his ear caught that,
But it wasn't a time to grieve;
So he played him the ace from under his hat
And the "right bowler" out of his sleeve.

And he shouted loud once more at last
"My Father! must I stay?"
While o'er the table thick and fast
The fluttering "pasteboards" play.

The tallow-dip burned fitfully still
And flickered up on high;
And gleamed in the face of the gallant child
And nearly blinded his eye.

It flickered up and flickered down,
And at last disappeared in the socket;
And the man at the table, who "hailed from the town,"
Stipped all of the stakes is his pocket.

And then with a burst of thunder sound,
He kicked over the table and chairs,
And cleared the door with a single bound,
And slid down the banister stairs.

SELECTED STORY.

[From Fraser's Magazine.]
Abdallah and Saida.

A TALE OF MESOPOTAMIA.

(Continued.)

"For several hours did Abdallah stride up and down, in the vain endeavor to still the tumult of passion within. He had undertaken a task which he felt to be beyond his struggle—that of dwelling alone with the lovely girl who had gained entire possession of his ardent and passionate heart. His high spirit, recoiled from the thought of taking any unfair advantage of the helpless situation of an unsuspecting maiden who had not yet seen fifteen summers. Yet he thought she loved him; and when, just before he left the hut, her soft hand had rested but for a moment on his arm, her touch had vibrated like an electric shock through his frame. He felt the fierce temptation was more than he could bear. Daylight had nearly dawned ere he had mastered his stormy passion; he threw himself on his straw pallet on the roof of the hut to snatch an hour's repose before carrying out the resolution that he had formed. Saida, too, who had wept through the night; she knew not the cause of his agitation; she thought of him only as her brave defender, her kind and gentle companion; she saw that he was unhappy, and her tears flowed fast and often until she heard him seek his couch above her head, when she fell into a tranquil sleep. Abdallah had already gone out when she awoke; and the day was far advanced when, he returned, bringing with him a middle-aged woman, of pleasing, matronly appearance, whom he presented to her, saying: 'Saida, this is my mother's sister; she is a widow, and has no children; she will be to you a mother and a companion.'

"Saida received her protector's aunt with a sweet smile of welcome and a kiss on the cheek, that inclined the matron's heart to her at once. They soon became intimate, and attached to each other; and Abdallah, having voluntarily made the presence of his aunt at once a check upon his own tumultuous passion and upon the scandal which busy tongues might whisper against Saida, recovered his spirits, and resumed the labors of the chase to provide dainties for the table of his beloved. For a short time all went smoothly and pleasantly in the hut; but this happiness was soon destined to interruption. One day the chief sheik of the tribe sent for Abdallah, and on his obeying the summons, said to him:
"My son, the agent of Monsour, the Basrah merchant, is arrived, and is charged to pay us the ransom of the women whom we took from his hand. That of the servants we have already fixed; his daughter is with you; and

as you shared not in the spoil, it is for you to name and receive her ransom."

"Sell Saida!" cried Abdallah, while the heaving of his breast and the swelling veins of his forehead attested the violence of the storm that raged within. "Never—never! not if—"
"Peace, my son," interrupted the old sheik. "Listen to the words of one who was your father's friend," and cast them not to the winds. Monsour the merchant is rich, and has the car of the Pasha of Basrah. We are not now, as our forefathers were, able to laugh at the beards of these Turks; for our fathers could plunder them, beat them, and yet, when occasion required, could retire into the desert, where no Turk dared to follow. We now have fields of rice and wheat; we have pastures with thousands of sheep and buffalo; we have palmgroves that bear many thousands loads of dates. If we refuse to ransom this maiden according to custom, all the forces of Pasha will be sent against us, and we must abandon our fruits and our crops—perhaps our flocks and herds; therefore be persuaded, my son; name the ransom of this maiden, to which you are well entitled—suffer her to depart, and avert these misfortunes from our tribe."

"Fierce was the struggle in Abdallah's breast, but it was not of long duration; pride, regard for his tribe, and habitual deference to his aged chief, triumphed over his passion. "It shall be as you desire," he said; "but I will not see this bargaining agent; I will write to the maiden's father myself. Be pleased to call you katib."

"Agreeably to this summons, the sheik's secretary no sooner appeared than Abdallah dictated the following letter:
"Abdallah ben Jaffer, ben Obeid, restores to Jadee Mansour, merchant of Basrah, a pearl without stain and without price, which all the gold in his coffers, if seven times told, were insufficient to ransom."

"Having affixed his silver seal to this letter, Abdallah saluted his chief, and returned with a heavy heart to the hut. We will pass briefly over the few days that elapsed ere the preparations for the return of Saida, accompanied by her female attendants, were completed. The morning arrived, and Abdallah, feeling that the adieu would remain long unused into the future, and disappeared, having left his aunt to give his farewell messages to Saida. The Basrah maiden's heart had whispered to her its secret, now that she was about to leave her protector's hut. She could not pronounce his name, but she wept in silence, with her face pressed against the matron's shoulder.

"Give him this," she said, as, with a broken voice, she detached a gold chain from her neck; "let him wear it, and believe that my prayers to Allah are for him, and—"

"Sobs choked the poor girl's utterance, as the matron gently placed her on the mat sent to bear to the boat which was to convey her to Basrah.

"Weeks and months have passed; Saida had recounted to her parents the story of the lion, and the gentleness, the courage, the devotion of her protector, whose proud and generous letter had moved the heart of her father; for, to do him justice, although a stern, imperious man, and ardent in pursuit of gain, he was not of a mean or niggard spirit, and loved his daughter even better than his money; but he had not penetrated the secret of her heart, though it had not escaped the quicker feminine perception of her mother. His word had been given to his friend in Bagdad, and, in fulfillment of his engagement, Saida was ere long sent up thither, accompanied by her mother, himself proposing to follow as soon as certain affairs which demanded his presence at Basrah should be terminated.

"Saida's voyage to Bagdad was performed without interruption or accident; and in spite of the deep sadness which had lately crept over her spirits, she was soon called upon to receive the visits of her affianced lover. He came attended by his father; and she sat by her mother's side, her face completely concealed by the long veil, through the upper gauze of which she was able to see the features of her intended. A shudder passed through her frame as she saw their mean and sinister expression, and his form emaciated by early debauchery and disease. His father soon took his leave, and the son remained, aiming dull and insipid compliments at Saida through her mother. The latter happened to go for a moment into the adjoining room to bring her handkerchief, and during her absence a large rat, which had missed its footing, fell to the ground between Saida and her admirer. The latter, frightened out of his wits, jumped up and ran out of the room. Saida laughed aloud, and her laugh astonished her mother, who had not seen a smile on her face for weeks; for it was a laugh strangely compounded of mirth, and scorn, and anguish.

"What are you laughing at, my child?" inquired her mother.
"By Jove," she replied, "you have taken me for a man who risked his own life to save mine from a lion, and you give me to that thing who runs away from a rat!"

"It was not long ere the merchant arrived at Bagdad, and learned how matters stood, Saida looked upon her intended with undisguised abhorrence; neither did he regard much higher in the opinion of her mother. Observation soon satisfied the merchant that his intended son-in-law was a worthless and disreputable scamp; and on his hinting at these failings to the youth's father, the latter answered with such insolent violence, that the merchant's pride took fire, and he scrupled not to break off the engagement. Having done this, and received Saida's grateful thanks for so doing, he assured her that now he would find for her the best and worthiest husband in Bagdad. But the smile came not back to her lip, nor the rose to her cheek; and the grieved father saw his once blooming child daily wasting before his eyes from some unknown and unexplained disease. One day, when talking on this subject with his wife, she found courage to say to him:
"O my husband, be not angry; but know you not that Saida is dying of love for Abdallah, who saved her life from the lion? If you refuse your consent, or give her to another, she will soon be in her grave."

"For some time the merchant's pride rebelled against this strange and unusual alliance; but at length his parental fondness gained the day, and adopting the Moslem consolation that it was *kismet* (destiny) and the will of Allah, he gave his consent. The arrangements for the marriage were soon completed; the roses speedily returned to Saida's blooming cheek and lip; and never was seen such a feast among the Montefik as on the day when the Pearl of Basrah became the bride of Abdallah, the lion-slayer of the Hyeh."

VARIOUS.

Boston paid \$50,000 for the entertainment of General Sheridan.

Nearly four thousand persons have died of the yellow fever at New Orleans.

Jay Cooke has only made twelve millions of our public debt.

The population of San Francisco is one hundred and thirty-one thousand.

Petroleum is now used as fuel by the steam fire engines of Boston.

The government printers are preparing the impeachment testimony and the work will be completed about the end of November. Great care is taken to avoid publicity and the workmen are sworn to secrecy.

An exchange which seems well informed about Mobile, says: "They have a precious man for Mayor in the Gulf City. He stands convicted, on the best authority, of conspiring to murder a man who had divulged the secrets of the Loyal League, besides sundry other offences, such as corruption in office, compounding felony and the like. They must have a sweet time with such a fellow."

BLACK MEN TAKE HEED.—Before you forever close the avenue to peace and friendship listen to the great voice of the American people.

Over three hundred thousand sons of Ohio have already pronounced their verdict, that you shall not rule this continent.

Desert the altars of your false gods! Spurn away with contempt your false prophets! Your leaders are cowards! they will run when the hour of danger strikes!

Return to your old friends—the friends of your youth—who had not enslaved you, but had inherited authority as you had inherited slavery—from ages long past.

It is yet time! Count your numbers! To day you are three against eight, in a few years you will be two against ten. Beware that you do not sow the wind, and gather the tempest! We are ready to receive you after having crushed the serpents who tempted you.—*Mobile Tribune.*

A Political Sermon.

"Beware of men that come to you in sheep's clothing, but within they are ravening wolves."

BELIEVED BRUDEREN:—I am gwine to do on dis de present 'easion, what I nebber done afore since I commenced spounding de gospel—I is gwine to preach a political sermon. I is a free American of African 'eent, and I's got jest as good a right to preach politics as brudder Beecher, or any odder man. De tex says: "Beware of men that come to you in sheep's clothing."—Now, brudders, de question axes itself, what is sheep's clothing? You all know dat it is wool; and you all likewise knows dat de black man got wool, 'eud of hair, on his craniology. So, widout stretchin de figger more'n a politician sometimes stretches his conscience, we may read de tex in dis wise: Beware of the white man dat comes to you in wool—that is, comes to you in de guise of de black man: dat make out dat dey lub de

black man—but within they be raven wolves seeking nigger votes. Dey comes to us in sheep's clothing; dey call you feller citizens; dey is laborin and sufferin persecution for de sake of de black man; dey respect der cullurd brudderin; dey lub der cullurd sisters—sometimes, my brudders, not wisely but too well. Dey come to you in sheep's clothing; dey is gwine to do great things for de black man; dey is gwine to gib ebry black man a farm and ebry woman a grand pinner and larn all de little nigs to cipher multiplication and talk Greek. Dey is gwine to give de black men franchise, and cibil right and buros and pluri-bus unms and de debil knows what; make Christmas come twice a year and ebry third year a jubilo. Beware of dem! dey like de black man and women like de wolf lub de sheeps, and dat you know, is for the sake of de sheep's meat.

Dey is raven wolves, my brudderin, seekin nigger votes. Dey is broken winded politicians, my brudder, dat decent white men won't vote for, and dey thinks dey can get de votes ob de black man by pullin wool ober der eyes. Dats why dey go in for nigger suffrage, when de Lord knows de niggers done suffered enough already with their foolishness. What's good is it gwine to do a nigger to vote? He ain't gwine to put meat in de barrel, meat in de pot, taters in de ashes, nor corn in de hoss troff.—What would you know about de laws my brudder? Which of you would know a tariff from a terrapin, if ye's to meet it by moonlight? Which way would you start to go to Congress, if anybody was fool enuff to elect you dar? Brudderin, sometimes der are more noses dan eyes. Has any ob you got sense enuff to tell how dat must be? If you don't know nuffin 'bout de laws, how you gwine to make de laws or mend de laws? I knowed a smart nigger once who undertook to mend his watch. He got it to peices in less dan no time, but arter he worked on it awhile de debil hessel couldn't put it togedder. Dats 'bout de fix you'll git de Government, if you go to tinkerin with it. Better be heerin come to make bread for de ole woman and chilluns. You all knows how to do dat, but you don't know how to make laws nor mend 'em, and you dont know what sort of men to choose to do it. You jest as apt to vote for a fool as for King Solomon, and you's a heap apter to vote for a rascal dan a good man, kase de tex says its de ravenin wolf dat comes in sheep's clothing, and black nunc cant tell sheep from wolf. Dats whot dese mean whites know, and dats de reason dey wants you to vote. Dey fraid spectable white folks won't vote for 'em, and dey think dey can fool de black men cause dey don't know nuffin, and is easy soft saywider. Dars chestnuts in de fire, my brudderin, and monkeys wants 'em; he rake 'em out wid de cat's paw; if it burn de cat, it don't burn de monkey. What de mean white people care how much de nigger suffer, so dey git and keep de offices? What dey care if a hundred sassy, foolish niggers gets killed, as dey did at Orleans, so as dey can get up a hellabaloo agin de "rebels," as dall clobber white men, and get an excuse to hab de handle ob de vice turned one more time, and dey get de rule of der letters?—Beware of dem by brudderin! When de monkeys see chestnuts in de fire, and begin to be mighty perlite to de cat let de cat take care ob her paws.

Dey is ravenin wolves, my brudderin seekin whom dey may devour. Dey show der lub for de black man by taxin his cotton three cents a pound, while his chilluns is crying for bread, his blankets a dollar a par, while he is shiberin with cold. Beware of dem belubbed brudderin, if you lets 'em fool you wid der soft saywider, you'll be wuss dan poor Esau, who sold his birf-right for a mess of potash; and he mought knowed fore he traded for it dat it want fit to eat, but only to make soap out of. Finally, in conclusion, my brudderin, beware of men dat comes to you in sheep's clothing, but within dey is ravenin wolves.—*Banner of Liberty.*

AGRICULTURAL, & C.

Farming Mules.

The mule is most emphatically a domestic animal. His eye shows docility, and his general appearance harmonizes. And this must be addressed by the trainer. He must treat the mule as a docile, intelligent animal. He can then lead him into tractability with ease; and he will become the patient beast of burden, which we so often see him, doing more service than any other animal. It is an easy matter to form an attachment for a mule—and he appreciates it at once, and serves you accordingly. But beware of the opposite propensity. He has a fund of stubbornness in him, that will, if excited, seemingly change his nature. And just the reverse of what is wanted of him will be the result. This he gets from his father, which is the by-word for stubbornness. Between these two extremes of disposition, the trainer of mules must take his stand, and never let the wild take the place of the gentle. Mild

treatment, even affectionate, will win a mule. That is the secret. The principle of anything must be understood (and we must work from that) if we wish success. The qualities of the mule must be understood, and then judiciously treated. An irritable person is not the fit person to train a mule. His is a pretty sure to spoil it.

Useful Recipes.

To PREPARE MACKEREL.—A lady gives the following method for preparing mackerel:—Take them from the brine and soak in fresh brine twenty minutes before cooking, when they will be found equal to fresh fish.

To KEEP BUTTER SWEET.—Before packing butter for winter use, incorporate with every fifty pounds of butter, two tablespoonfuls of pulverized white sugar and as much salt-petre as will lay on the point of a case knife.

SOFT SUGAR GINGERBREAD.—One cup of sour milk, one teaspoonful of salaragat, or one cup of sweet milk, and two teaspoonfuls of yeast powder, four eggs, nearly four cups of flour; ginger to taste.

CREAM PIE.—Quarter of a pound of butter, four eggs, sugar, salt, and nutmeg, 10, your taste, and two tablespoonfuls of cream, pour wet; pour on it a quart of boiling milk and stir the whole together. To be baked in deep dishes.

BRONCHITIS.—Three eggs, one cup and a half of white sugar, one cup of flour, beaten together; then take two-thirds of a teaspoonful of cream of tartar, and half a teaspoonful of soda, dissolved in half a cup of cold water; then add another cup of flour; add one teaspoonful of lemon.

CHEAP VINEGAR.—A first rate vinegar may be made by the following cheap and simple process. Boil a pint of corn till about half done for three gallons. Put it into jars or kegs, and then fill them up with hot water, sweetened with a pint of syrup, perhaps less would do. Set them in the sun, and in one or two weeks, it will be first rate vinegar. No one need buy a poor article when a good one can be made with so little trouble.—*Journal and Messenger.*

A RECIPE WORTH ONE THOUSAND DOLLARS.—Take one pound of soda and half a pound of unslacked lime, put them into a gallon of water, and let them boil twenty minutes; let it stand till cool; then drain off and put it in a stone jug or jar. Soak your dirty clothes over-night, or until they are wet through; then wring them out and rub on plenty of soda, and in one boiler of clothes well covered with water, add one teaspoonful of the washing liquid. Boil half an hour, briskly, then wash them as thoroughly through one soaps, and rinse well through two waters, and your clothes will look better than the old way of washing twice, but do fore boiling. This recipe is invaluable, and every poor tired woman should try it.

HUMOROUS.

Modern Dictionary.

Water—A clear fluid, once used as a drink.
Honesty—An excellent joke.
Rural Felicity—Potatoes and turnips.
Tongue—A little horse, that is continually and running away, especially when used by females.
Dentist—One who looks "down in the mouth," and only finds work for his own teeth by taking out those of other people.
My Dear—An expression used by man and wife at the commencement of a quarrel.
Policeman—A man employed by the corporation to sleep in the open air.
Bargain—A ludicrous transaction in which each party thinks he cheated the other.
Doctor—A man who kills you to-day to save you from dying to-morrow.
Author—A dealer in words, who often gets paid in his own coin.
Friend—A person who will not assist you before he knows you will love and excuse him.
Editor—A poor wretch who empties his brain to fill his stomach.
Wealth—The most respectable quality of men.
Bonnet—A purely imaginative skeleton buckwheat cake.
Esquire—Everybody, yet nobody—equal to Colonel.
Jury—Twelve prisoners in a box, to try one or more at the bar.
State's Evidence—A wretch who is pardoned for being baser than his comrades.
Public Abuse—The mud with which every traveler is spattered on the road, to distinction.
Modesty—A beautiful flower that flourishes in secret places.
Lawyer—A learned gentleman, who resides your estate from your citizen, and keeps it himself.
The Grave—An ugly hole in the ground, which lovers and poets wish they were in, but take unconform means to keep out of.
Money—The god of the nineteenth century.