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The Orangeburg Democrat.

Vol. I.

ORANGEBURG, S. C., FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 26, 1879.

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IS PREPARED TO DO ALL KINDS OF

Job Printing

ORANGEBURG NOW AND THEN.

THE FIRST SETTLER—HABITS AND CUSTOMS—EARLY NAMES, &c.
ARTICLE NO. 1.

We notice in the last issue of our cotemporary, the Times, an article with the above heading, which is exceedingly interesting. As we desire to keep our readers posted in the history of the county, and have no idea of being behind the times, we propose to publish in each issue until the subject is exhausted, an authentic account of the early settlement and progress of the county, derived from reliable sources. We rely upon them at all events. We have taken the sketch from an ancient paper called "Ye Journal of Commerce," edited ably and published in the days of yore. The writer, whose sources of information seem to have been unlimited and who gives his authorities, commences thus. We reproduce in his own language: "This sketch must necessarily be brief, but as there can be no question as to its accuracy it will, I trust, prove interesting to you, as well as useful and instructive. You will find it easier to commit to memory than you would the huge dry tomes from which it is taken. Therefore, be thankful. There appears to be no little confusion as to the derivation of

THE NAME OF THE COUNTY.

Some persons maintain that the earlier settlers planted large groves of orange trees, which, it is said, flourished in great luxuriance, and yielded a very respectable revenue. But as there are no stumps or sprouts or vestiges of such trees in the county, and as every attempt to cultivate them has invariably and signally failed, the "orange tree" hypothesis has lost ground, and has but few advocates at this day. Others hold, and this tradition is insisted on by the more ambitious and aristocratic of the people, and is the popular theory, that the name was derived from one William Prince Orange. He was the son of old Mrs. Prince, and his father was supposed to have been William Prince or William Orange, or somebody named William. It seems all of that family were named William more or less. This Bill Orange was a Dutchman. There is some plausibility in the theory, for there can be no doubt but that the county was settled by Dutchmen, and as W. P. Orange in due time married and was thereafter happily blessed with a large family of boys and girls, all of whom came over and settled in this county (then district) it is but natural to suppose that the tribe would have been anxious to name something after him, if only a horse or steamboat or telephone, and being so many and fancying the name for themselves, they consolidated and gave it to the county. Q. E. D.—No! they didn't take W. P.'s name for their people at all. They dropped that, but they took their old pastor's name for themselves and handed it down. This old pastor was sent over by W. P. O. to take care of his family A. D. 1735. Dr. Ramsay in his History of South Carolina says: "From the third year of their settlement they had the benefit of religious instruction from Rev. Gesesendanner. One of his children born in 1742 is still alive. The first child he christened was born in 1739, and is also alive." Without desiring to reflect upon the accuracy of the learned historian above quoted, I would beg to be allowed to pause one moment before swallowing these last two statements. Had the Doctor furnished some lubricating preparation with his assertions they would probably go down easier. We are expected in this era to take a great many rash statements. I regret that the Doctor should have asked me seriously to adopt the above as true. For my part I seriously believe those parties are dead. Dr. Ramsay being partly a Dutchman himself in all probability was anxious to show up the longevity of the inhabitants and the climate of a location in which he naturally took great interest. That the original settlers adopted the name of Rev. John Gesesendanner cannot admit of a single doubt. In the first place there is no more common name here than "John," and while a glance at the surname of the present inhabitants might lead the stranger and casual examiner to settle down in mind that the names have been somewhat mixed, tangled and altered in their pronunciation, allowance must

be made for the effect of time and the partial introduction of the English language. To the most superficial student of philology, however, the derivation of such of the present names as Eikenkorthler, Eikelberger, Funderbunker, Grousenheimer, &c., from that of the Reverend old Pastor must be instantly apparent and recognizable. (See Vergilipende Grammatik, Berlin, 1833—1852, Bopp. J. Grimm, Deutsche Grammatik, 1818—1837. Wm. Humboldt's philosophy of language. G. Hasse in Erch and Grubbon Ency., third sec., vol. 23d.) We have then the origin of the name of the county, and we have that of its people. Bill Orange seems to have been something of a man in his day. Besides giving his name to the county, it seems he gave it also to a sect or lodge, or something, the members of which were and are to this day called Orangemen. Their principal business as laid out was to catch and scalp on sight all the Catholics in the county. They don't appear to have come up much to the expectations of their fond parents, nor their duty to the public in any very surprising extent. These "Orangemen" continue to this day to blow out in spasmodic efforts at devilry in Ireland, New York and elsewhere, but don't seem to accomplish more than a show of a hearty admiration and respect for the memory of their Honored Patron and sponsor, the respected Billy P., by getting bloody drunk whenever they assemble. There are no "Orangemen" in this place now except Piers whose shop is painted green, and is nearly opposite the Presbyterian Church (you can't miss it), and who retails at five cents apiece, or six for a quarter for small ones, and our dear old friend Champy, who has just now on hand a first-rate stock and sells same at reasonable rates. Call and see for yourself. There are no Orangemen here at all, and never have been known.

CHARACTER OF EARLY SETTLERS.

The good old inhabitants of Orangeburg County were honest, industrious and hardworking, and quite friendly. Dr. Ramsay says: "An economical and industrious man with his wife possessed of the same qualities may in a short time procure a comfortable living though he possessed nothing on his arrival." It is worthy of remark that a large proportion of the present inhabitants worry into a comfortable living at this day though they possessed nothing a year back. They are not Dutchmen, nor their descendants, and they don't come into it by any industry and economy. Oh! no. It is done by pure marauding. "He may procure," continues the Dr., "a small tract of land on a credit (mark that now!) and in one winter he may cut down or lop off the trees on eight or ten acres of ground. His neighbors are ever ready to lend a helping hand, and when he has all in readiness, on signifying his intention thirty or forty able bodied men, white and black, assemble on the ground early in the day and lift into large piles the huge logs. When the light of day redies they kindle a blaze which soon enlightens the dark space around and reduces to cinders in a few hours what else might have been the labor of months." This neighborly custom is still kept up in a great measure by the black settlers—a little more so. They are very friendly in that way and carry the custom much further; for they don't wait for you to signify any intention whatever, or give notice that you are ready; and they don't wait for you to cut down your trees. Oh! no. If you've not got them cut handy, they'll cut them for you, and when night throws her mantle around her, they will quietly and unobtrusively, but with great zeal and activity, remove that wood for you, and kindle a blaze which soon enlightens the dark space; in their own stanzas, and which soon acts broiling and frying their pots and pans whence arises the savory odor of bacon or beef or chickens or any other obstructions which they have also kindly moved off out of the way for you. Yes, indeed!

Mr. Forbes, the enterprising journalist who receives \$10,000 for reporting the Zulu campaign for a London paper, on the conclusion of the last great battle rode 110 miles alone in the dead of night, through the hostile country, in order to reach telegraphic communication and transmit his account ahead of his competitors.

FORT MOTTE.

THE WAY THE TOWN IS GOVERNED—A FARCE THAT SHOULD BE CLOSED.

FORT MOTTE, S. C., Sept. 16, 1879.
Editor Orangeburg Democrat:

I was pleased to see that "Trevellin" has undertaken to show up this place in its true light. I notice also the Times gives its readers an inkling of our black government. Mr. Editor, we are indeed to be pitied, located as we are almost in the heart of swamps, mill ponds, mosquitoes, gnats, fleas, filth, fever and bad whiskey, and above all a black government. You may ask why "this is thus?" The answer is plain. There are only a few white men here. About one-fourth the voters are white, and we poor d—s have to fight the wolf from our doors so hard that we have no time to meet in de council. There's where our black neighbors holds the advantage of us; besides, the way things have been managed here in the past deters any body that has self-respect from "jining de ban." It is sometimes very hard to get up a ticket, but some ward of the nation who did not improve each golden hour in the halcyon days of Radical rule and profligacy rises to the front and is just awakening to see the murky clouds of Radicalism low in the horizon, fast disappearing never to rise again, while the silver lining of glorious Democracy skirts the heavens around, and thus he commences within himself: "Now dar dem times don go, and 'pears dat de dimiracks 'bout to take dis country, and I don't got no offis nor nuffin yet (40 acres and a mule idea being exploded) I b'leve I gwine for run for mare or warden ob dis town." Of course he is 'lected—no opposition, he then launches his little bark on the surging sea of town politics. So absorbed is he in the welfare of his subjects, and constituents, or to make a name, or at one great bound to mount and collar the pinnacle of fame, or to swell the town-treasury; that he at once rises to "de motion," that motion produces another motion, soon there is great commotion and the din that is raised somewhat resembles the Confederate long-role—this continues until one by one they drop away sadder—but nary a bit the wiser. He then imbibes a few gills (gill is a drink here) of "kill 'round the corner," and quietly or otherwise, sometimes slowly wends his way to his domestic domicile to know of Mariah Jane if she "is got dem greens done yet, (I speak of a night meeting;) after he has satisfied the demands of the inner man and fed his dorg, he lays him gently down to sleep. But no, there is no sleep for his weary body; he tosses from this to that, and swaps ends of the bed occasionally. His mind is wandering afar off. He is delving down the dark shades of the past in quest of knowledge of municipal economy; perplexed and bewildered he can't see the least glimmer of the coveted knowledge, he feels like a gill, but when he looks out—behold the gill place is closed and everything is as silent and dark as the shades of Hades, he comes at last to the conclusion that the road to fame is rugged and up-hill, and that he is no more now than he was a few weeks ago when he got 'lected, and thus night after night (when we his subjects are snugly wrapped in our little beds, with naught to mar our dreamy slumbers. All quiet without, all quiet within, except a stray flea now and then. Sometimes a timid mosquito presents his bill. We settle, or let him take his fill, (excuse our rhyme) the same. Time steals apace, and his friends see with sorrow that flattering tread, that unsteady gaze and down cast form. We know it is the dire of sleeplessness and the ill attendant on same; at last we miss him from his haunts; the crisis has come, no more his manly form is seen where once it was wont to stand a monument to his zeal; life has lost its charms for him, he feels that in the eternal fitness of things his race is well nigh run, he gets angry, then reconciled and passes in his check. Over you hill as slowly sinks the sun to rest, a solemn concourse wends its way to gaze for the last time on his devoted remains. Tears are shed copiously, while the clay falls with a melancholy thug and forever shut out the light of day between him and the living world, silently admonish us that our turn will come too. Here we leave him with the benediction—

"Ah! the saddest word from tongue or pen is that one word—what might have been."

Perchance in days to come some friend will furnish him a tomb to mark the spot and tell of his life and expectations that might have come out all right had he not in an hour of temptation got 'lected and bogged up in town politics, and admonishing the living that still have a hankering that way. Mr. Editor, it would do your soul good to witness the meeting of our council. They used to meet any where; mostly in front of some house and pass de acks and rise to de question and each go his way, if the proprietor of Bullery Wegner can be relied on. But now they have a neat council room and guard house, situated on a meandering little ditch whose waters flow limpidly down its little mite to swell that grand old Bull's Bay. This is now the place where they pass "de acks," and issues to "de question" for the government of the town of Fort Motte.

RUSTY CURS.

The Laugh of Woman.

A woman has no natural gift more bewitching than a sweet laugh. It is like the sound of lutes on the water. It leaps from her in a clear, sparkling rill, and the heart that hears it feels as if bathed in the cool, exhilarating spring. Have you ever pursued a fugitive through trees, led on by a fairy laugh—now there, now lost, now found? We have, and we are pursuing that wandering voice to this day. Sometimes, it comes to us in the midst of care and sorrow, or irksome business, and then we turn away the evil spirit of the mind. How much we owe to that sweet laugh! It turns prose to poetry; it brings sunshine to flowers, over the darkness of the wood in which we are traveling, it touches with light even our sleep, which is no more than the image of death, but is conjoined with streams that are shadows of immortality.

A Curious Habit.

It is a curious habit of human nature to look at a man through the transparent medium of a dollar bill. If a rich man is rude it is regarded as a quaint and laughable eccentricity; but if a poor man does or says the same thing, he is poor, and we are disgusted beyond measure. We are ready to find any excuse for an act that has money behind it, and equally ready to find fault with any act that is backed by poverty. This gold colored pigment which envious eyes secrete, is not the peculiarity of a class, but the characteristics of all. From the sexton who shoves a bundle of human rags into a back pew, and shows silk and velvet to the best seat, to the clergyman who smooths the rough edges of life for wealth, all men doff their hats to a pocket-book. This is a pleasant reflection for the few, but to the rest it comes a little hard.

A Good Work.

Whoever has written a single paragraph which has strengthened the weak or improved the ignorant, or encouraged the faint-hearted, given hope to the despairing, or softened the hard-hearted, or cleared the mists from the doubting mind, brought a happy smile into the eyes of the suffering, or turned a wanderer from the paths of destruction into the paths of life, has certainly done a good work, although his reward may not be here. His work may seem as nothing in the eyes of those who judge of work simply by the number of dollars and cents which it has earned, or at which it may be estimated. Not that it should be inferred that good work does deserve remuneration; but whether rewarded or not, our work should bear the test of our own scrutinizing conscience.

JAMES Dobbins' way home, at Kanes River Bottom, took him past Michael Barnes' house. Barnes emerged with a cocked revolver in his hand and said, "Jim, I want that \$80 you owe me." Dobbins replied, "I can't pay you, but I'll lick you if you'll throw down that shooter." Barnes would not disarm himself, so Dobbins hurriedly procured a revolver from a neighbor, and the duel was begun without delay. Seven bullets were quickly lodged in the two men, and then, although mortally wounded they fought with fists and clubs until they went to stir. Both died soon afterward.

REGULATIONS

FOR THE MANAGEMENT OF THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS FOR ORANGEBURG COUNTY AFTER NOVEMBER FIRST, 1879.

I. There shall be one school for white, and one for colored children, in each School District, and no more; provided, that whenever the teacher and as many as three of the patrons of each of two schools (both for white children, or both for colored children, as the case may be) agree with the Trustees in writing to maintain said schools for six months in the year, in such case the Trustees may issue Teachers' Pay Certificates to one of said schools one month, and to the other of said schools the next month, and so on alternately, so as to assist each school for the same length of time and according to the grade of the teachers; and provided further, that the Trustees of contiguous School Districts may unite in the establishment of a public school for the benefit of scholars of such Districts, when they deem it advantageous to do so, each District contributing to the support of such school according to the attendance of scholars from such District.

II. The Trustees of each School District, as soon as they employ a teacher, shall at once notify the School Commissioner, giving name and grade of teacher, name and location of school house, and salary of teacher; and the School Commissioner shall compare these reports with the records of his office, and then enter such as are in accordance with these regulations in a list to which he shall refer in acting upon Pay Certificates presented for his approval.

III. The School Commissioner will keep in his office, an Advertising Board, on which Teachers or School Trustees may post advertisements, when in need of Schools or Teachers, as the case may be. IV. The monthly salaries of teachers shall be agreed upon between the Trustees and teacher, with the following limits: First grade teachers, not less than \$28.00, nor more than \$40.00; Second grade teachers, not less than \$22.00, nor more than \$28.00; Third grade teachers, not less than \$15.00, nor more than \$20.00; provided, that whenever the number of scholars in attendance during any month shall be less than twenty in number, a deduction shall be made of one-twentieth of the salary agreed on, for every scholar short of twenty in the number attending.

V. A list of the poll taxes assessed for each School District, from the County Auditor's books, will be furnished by the School Commissioner to the Board of Trustees of such School District, who will at once correct the same by adding such polls as have not been assessed, and return the same to the School Commissioner within twenty days after the receipt thereof, keeping a copy thereof for the future use of the said Board.

VI. Whenever two School Districts shall unite in establishing a public school for their joint benefit, each Board of Trustees shall draw a separate order for Teacher's salary and other expenses, according to its share, estimated by the attendance of scholars; but whenever the children of any School District can best attend a school established by the Trustees of an adjoining School District, it shall be the duty of the Board of Trustees of the District where such children reside, to notify the School Commissioner forthwith of the transfer of such children, to the District where the school is located, and directing the share of the School Fund to which such children may be entitled, to be transferred to the District where such school is located; and the said notices shall always be in duplicate; and the School Commissioner shall file one of said notices with the County Treasurer, and retain one on file in his own office; and in approving the pay certificate of the teacher of such school, he shall endorse a direction to the Treasurer to pay so much thereof out of the school fund of the District where such children reside, as is the share of expense chargeable to such children on the basis of the number of children attending such school; and in every Monthly Report, each Teacher shall specify how many scholars have been in attendance from the District where the school is located, and how many from other Districts. VII. Trustees will see that school buildings and premises are kept in a cleanly and neat condition by the

scholars, under the direction of the Teachers; and that they are properly furnished with desks, benches, blackboards, and other necessary school furniture; and that fuel is provided in suitable quantities; and when furnished uncut, that implements for cutting the same be provided, so that such scholars as are able, may prepare it for use, as the teacher may direct. Trustees shall make an inventory of all school property, during the first week in November of each year, record the same in their Record Book, and send a report thereof to the School Commissioner to be filed in his office.

VIII. Trustees will visit the schools frequently, and shall record the date of each visit in their Record Book, at the next meeting of the Board thereafter.

By order of the County Board of School Examiners.
D. L. CONNOR,
School Commissioner Orangeburg Co.
September 15, 1879.

The Faded Bouquet.

The sunset sky shone rarely grand.
And around us hung the calm of spring;
She was the fairest in land—
Had piercing eyes, you understand,
And hair as black as the raven's wing.
She gave me, when I bade her adieu,
A bouquet, tiny and ever so sweet,
A sprig of green and flowers a few—
Flowers of a rare and purple hue,
That bloomed around her feet.
I said to myself, "I will lay it away
With the rest of my treasures rare,
Where, seeing it at some future day,
I shall think of the giver, fair and gay;
Of the girl with the raven hair."
Days and months and changeful years
Since then have taken flight;
I've had many hopes, perplexing fears—
Seen trials, cares and blinding tears,
In sorrow's rayless night.
As all alone I stood to-day
Looking over my treasures rare,
I found a withered and faded bouquet,
For out on the lonely plain,
The cold, melancholy rain,
Was falling on her tomb.

Hard Times.

"Times are hard, business is dull;
retrenchment is a duty—please stop my—whiskey? Oh, no, times are not hard enough for that yet. But there is something else that costs me a large sum of money every year which I wish to save. Please stop my—obacco? No, no, not this; but I must retrench somewhere. I believe I can see a way of effecting a saving in another direction. Please stop my—needless luxuries? No, not these; I must think of something else. Oh! I have it now! My paper costs me a few cents per month, please stop my paper. It is usually added, 'I like the paper, but am not able to take it.' No intelligent family should go without their city or county paper. There is not a family where they would not save more than the cost by reading the advertisements in their home papers if nothing else.

DURING a brief interval of silence, Judge Garnishee Johnson arose and asked the President if it would not be well to discuss the late bank panic in Montreal and street riots in Quebec.

"It would be well, sah, if dar was anything to discuss, sah," was the bland answer of the President.

"But doan you 'low dat a bank panic proves anything dat might be looked as a lesson by de cullud folks?" inquired the Judge.

"Yes, sah, I does," answered Brother Gardner. "It proves dat since de palmy days of de Freedman's Bureau nor no odder man has seen a nigger who had a dollar to deposit in a bank or a shillin' to lose by a bank panic. Set down, Judge, an' rest your back." The Judge sat.

FORTY-SEVEN Pennsylvania ruffians set upon a defenceless girl, aged nineteen, named Waterman, and so outraged her that she died. The horrible account is telegraphed from Wilkesbarre, in that State. Now let the slanders of the South direct their telescopes in that direction. They will find crime enough for a thousand howls and a hundred homilies.

Grant is a candidate. His whole journey is part of the programme. Every word he utters in China is as much intended to influence that nomination as any speech made by John Sherman in Ohio. All this humbug about Grant not desiring a third term is the veriest bosh. He is to-day as anxious and eager for a third term as any candidate ever was for the first.

A DIABOLICAL SCHEME.

A LIQUOR DEALER IN A WESTERN TOWN BLOWN OUT OF HIS HOUSE.

COLUMBUS, September 16.—At last the people of Westerville, a small village in this county, have succeeded in completely blowing H. C. Corbin, the saloon keeper in that town, high and dry out of his building. For four years all kinds of persecution have been resorted to to rid the village of a saloon. The majority of the villagers are considered temperate and belong to a religious sect known as the United Brethren.

Corbin was driven from the village last winter by this sect, and had only recently returned and again established himself in business, renting a large building, the upper portion of which was used for hotel purposes, with a saloon in the basement. At about 2 o'clock yesterday morning a tremendous explosion took place. People rushed terror-stricken into the streets, and there, in the main street, lay huge masses of timbers, floors and whole sections of the roof, while cries and groans pierced the air, coming from among the broken partitions and debris which had fallen in the cellar below. The family of Corbin was in the house at the time, and strange as it may appear, none of its members were killed. Corbin's wife and babe slept below, in the rear of the office, and were hurled into the street, both being badly, and it is thought seriously, injured. Viewing the total destruction all around, it seems a miracle that all were not instantly killed.

It is ascertained, beyond question, that the outrage was planned and executed by certain people in the village—who were determined to rid the place of a saloon, regardless of what means were used. After the hotel had been closed, two kegs of gun powder were placed in the basement of the building and a long fuse fired. While the citizens profess to be indignant, and claim that they will investigate and bring the guilty to punishment, little confidence is had in such statements.

It is a well known fact that no person not in league with the United Brethren can hope to live in peace, but is harassed until he either departs of his own account, or is blown out. Corbin loses his all, is badly injured, without a place to lay his head, and his wife and children are more or less injured.

A Kentucky Romance.

The wedding guests departed, the lights were put out, and the bride's father locked the front door, and at break of day the bridegroom left the house, meeting a servant on the piazza a servant, to whom he muttered, "Tell your master I am gone forever." The father-in-law, upon receiving the message, hurried to his daughter's room where, to his amazement, he found her still in her wedding robes, with hair dishevelled and veil torn off, and in a state of great excitement. A severe fever followed, but never in her wildest delirium did she betray the cause of her agony. To a friend in Louisville, the other day, she told the cause. On the wedding night she found out that a former suitor was in love with her, and that she thought more of him than she did of her husband. When her husband entered the chamber he asked her if his rival had ever made love to her, whereupon she told him the truth. Then, with coldness and calmness, he said: "Addie, you love him; he shall marry you; we shall never meet again." They sat down on the sofa and talked until dawn, and when it was light he kissed her good-by, and with a "God bless you," passed out of the house. It was two years afterward when he died on the frontier, and then the other man stepped forward and claimed the widow. The second wedding took place recently.

A Power in the Land.

The pen is mightier than the sword, of greater power than either is type. In these newspaper days the greatest falsehood is truth, the most folly wisdom; if it only gets into print the most ridiculous lie meets ready belief. Public opinion is made by newspapers. The man may be ever so insignificant, but the editor is a power in the land. He makes and breaks. He mars and beautifies. He popularizes and dethrones as the whim may seize him. At your peril treat the editor disrespectfully.