The Orangeburg News.

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

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SAMUEL DIBBLE, Editor.

CHARLES H. HALL, Publisher.

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SAMUEL DIBBLE,
EDITOR ORANGEBURG NEWS.
Orangeburg, S. C.

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POETRY.

[FOR THE ORANGEBURG NEWS.]

"Duty's Resignation, to Love too Unfortunate."

I'll drift him,—although on my cheeks, I know,
The bloom will pale forever;
I'll drift him,—although in the core of my heart
I shall cease to love him—oh, never!

I'll drift him, and memory as she flees to the past
Will find there but grief-given joys—
I'll drift him,—and hope in the future must soar—
O'er life and its love-broken toys.

I'll drift him, though grief and soul-rending despair,
Should revel in the shrine of my heart—
I'll drift him, though pangs of unutterable woe,
From my bosom should never depart.

I'll drift him, though misery exquisitely blend,
Her powers to torture my soul—
I'll drift him, though fates, and though furies shall rend
Not a part of my life, but the whole.

I'll drift him, though time shall bring never more
One balm my lone bosom to soothe—
I'll drift him, though henceforth the path of my life,
Be everything else but the smooth.

I'll drift him, though for me a dark remnant of days,
A heritage of agony live,
I'll drift him, though hourly emotions of woe
In my heart to thy dream-birth should give.

He is drifted—alas! and my heart wildly cries
Farewell! blooming roses of bliss,
I'll cherish the thorns ye have left in my soul
And rejoice in the misery of this.

VIENNA VEAL.

BRANCHVILLE, S. C., Nov. 26, 1866.

LITERARY.

A House in the Rue d'Enfer.

[CONCLUDED.]

The next day the artist took up his abode in the Leopoldstadt. From his windows he commanded a view of the count's hotel; he therefore determined to watch until he had unravelled the enigma which had so long puzzled him. Amongst the windows opposite he had remarked two, the blinds of which were always down; these he observed particularly, imagining that this must be the countess' apartment. The third day one of these windows opened, and the Hungarian came forward and leaned on the balustrade. Frederick now lifted up the curtain of the window, behind which he had until then concealed himself; his eyes were strained upon the open casement, for he imagined that at the extremity of the apartment he perceived the form of a woman. He was not mistaken, for a few moments after she advanced towards her husband, her eyes cast down—he seemed to speak to her, for suddenly she looked up, and the first object she perceived was Garnier; the young man made an effort to retire, but it was too late; he saw her stretch out both her hands, utter a piercing cry, and fall backwards.

Garnier remained a few moments motionless, not daring to stir; but he soon heard the window opposite close with violence, and, when he again ventured to look, the Hungarian and the stranger had both disappeared.

The same evening his hostess informed him that some one had been making inquiries about him, his name, his country, his habits, and the motive of his stay at Vienna. Frederick had no difficulty in guessing from whence these questions proceeded; he had been recognised; he saw all the danger of remaining in a country without friends or protection, and in possession of a secret of which some people would like to ensure the safety at any price; he consequently resolved to be on his guard, and act with the greatest circumspection.

Several days passed away, the windows of the hotel opposite remained hermetically closed and Garnier began to fear that the unknown was gone.

One evening he went to the opera with the doctor; the two first acts had already been played, and the curtain was about to rise for the third, when Garnier felt a paper between his fingers; the hand which had held it was immediately withdrawn, and before he had time to turn round to look for the secret messenger, he heard the door of the next box close. The note contained these words:

"Go to the Duchess Reimberg's masked ball on Thursday dressed in an Albanian costume, and if one should ask you, 'What do you want?' answer, 'I do not know.'"

Leblanc had been invited to this ball; Garnier therefore went dressed in the required costume. His impatience had made him anticipate the customary hour, so that when he arrived there were but few persons present.

After having examined all the masks who were there, Frederick took up his position near the door, to see the others as they entered, hoping that a chance would cause him to discover the person he expected; but the crowd soon obliged him to quit this place; he was gradually forced to retire to the further end of the room, and there he determined to wait.

The night was already far advanced; the dancing had begun to flag, and the guests to turn their attention towards the supper, which had been prepared in the banqueting-room. Fatigued with the heat and the glare of the lights, Frederick allowed the joyous crowds of dancers to pass on. Perceiving a door ajar, he pushed it open and passed into a small library, which was lighted by a single lamp.

He stretched himself on a sofa, as if overpowered by lassitude, and had begun to yawn very comfortably, when he heard the tread of a light footstep; he turned round; a woman, in a rich Spanish costume, stood before him.

"What do you want?" said she, in a low voice.

"I do not kow."

She started and looked anxiously about the room. "Not so loud sir," murmured she.

"We are alone, madam."

She drew nearer. "Why did you come to Vienna."

"To find you."

The young woman drew back. "To find me?—and why?"

"For the second time I will answer you, madam, I do not know. Your appearance has created such an extraordinary sensation in my existence, that on perceiving you again I was seized with a sort of nervous curiosity to get at the bottom of this affair, and I resolved to see you at any price."

"What have you to ask of me?"

"Everything, madam; for I have not been able to guess a single incident of the drama of which you made me a witness—I might almost say an actor. Ah! you have too elevated and noble a character not to understand that my impatience to clear up the mystery which surrounds this adventure does not proceed from idle curiosity, but from a romantic hope which I had conceived of being useful to you. I wished to speak to you of the services you have rendered me; for I know that this Vertmann, who so suddenly gave me the means of procuring my voyage to Italy, must have been commissioned by you; what I took for a mere hazard was, in fact, a concealed and well-arranged plot to force me to accept of a favor; but this favor, I wish to know why and on what conditions it was granted. Was it the recompense of my silence, or of some service which I had rendered you?"

"Both, sir."

"Then I refuse it, madam; positively and absolutely refuse it," exclaimed Frederick, warmly; "I neither sell my services nor my discretion."

"For heaven's sake, sir, listen me—you came here, you say, to serve me; let it suffice you to know that all that has passed is irreparable,—that my misery now weighs only upon myself; that your presence may ruin but cannot profit me in the least. I am a slave, chained in the den of a wild beast, who in his rage would kill me. The secret you ask me for, sir, would, were it known, cost me my life. O! I beseech you, leave Vienna—return into France—you do not know the dangers to which you are exposed here—you have already excited the count's jealousy—you are watched, beset with spies. It required the chance and tumult of this ball to bring about an interview; perhaps, even now, is he searching for me."

Having pronounced these words, the young woman looked anxiously around her. Suddenly her eyes remained fixed on something at the further end of the library. She drew back with a gesture of terror. Frederick, who had eagerly watched all her movements, perceived in a looking-glass the reflection of a head peeping through the door, which was ajar. He uttered an exclamation of surprise, and advanced towards the door; but it suddenly opened, and a man dressed in an Armenian costume appeared on the threshold. "I disturb you," said he, in a hollow voice.

The stranger drew back, trembling and distracted.

"What do you want, sir? how dare you listen to us? asked Frederick.

Without making any answer, the Armenian endeavored to approach the young woman, but Frederick placed himself on his passage; the two men stood confronting each other in an attitude of provocation and profound hatred. All of a sudden the Armenian tore off his mask and discovered to view the savage countenance of the Hungarian nobleman.

"Do you recognise me now?" asked he, with an accent of ungovernable rage.

"I do not possess the art of reading people's names on their faces," replied Frederick coolly.

"Perhaps your companion will be more clever than you," rejoined the Armenian, advancing.

"Back, sir."

"Down with your masks!"

"Back, I tell you."

The Hungarian laid his hand on his poniard, and Frederick on his yataghan; but, at the same moment, the music again began to play and the crowd had again filled the ball-room, and a troop of masks rushed into the library with shouts of laughter. Frederick profited by the tumult which this irruption occasioned to effect a retreat for the countess, and when he returned to seek the Armenian he was gone.

The next day he was alone in his apartment, busily arranging some traveling dresses in his trunk, when the Hungarian suddenly made his appearance.

At the sight Frederick shuddered. The count announced towards him. "Mr. Frederick Garnier, if you please?"

"I am he, sir."

"Read!"

Garnier took the letter, mute with astonishment, and recognised the hand as the same which had written the note which he had already received; he opened it, and read the following:

"We escaped only by a miracle yesterday—a second interview would ruin us. If I ever inspire you with the least particle of interest, leave Vienna immediately; perhaps I shall some day be able to answer your questions; but that will require both time and liberty. Start without a moment's delay, and try to forget the events of that night, the remembrance of which I would willingly wash out with my blood.

"MAGARET."

"Have you finished it?" asked the count of Garnier.

"Yes, sir."

"What are your arms?"

"I do not understand you, sir."

The Hungarian stared at Frederick with a sort of savage astonishment. "Have you not remarked to whom that letter is addesrsed?"

"To me, sir."

"And who wrote it?"

"I do not know."

"Come, come, sir, all prevarication is useless," exclaimed the count, stamping on the floor. "Do you imagine that I am both deaf and blind? I never left an injury unpunished . . . one of us must die—you know it; do not hope to escape me now—we are not at the Duchess Reimburg's. However long you may . . . mystery on your passage, I will wait; but this room I will not leave until you have given me satisfaction."

After this discourse the count sat down, as if to show thereby that his resolution was immovably taken. On examining the objects which were scattered about on the marble slab of the chimney-piece, he unwittingly took up the medallion which Henry had found at Basle; he turned it and recognised the portrait of the countess.

He sprang from his chair, uttered a cry of rage, and gnashing his teeth, exclaimed, "I will this instant go and fetch my arms; in an hour I shall return, and if you still refuse to fight me, I will kill you."

Frederick remained buried in deep reflection. It was now that he bitterly repented the consequences of his imprudent curiosity. The scene which had taken place at the Duchess Reimburg's, and the Hungarian's violent jealousy, had made him resolve to be prudent; but it was now too late; the count's provocation had wound up the affair in the most gloomy manner possible. It was certainly very easy for him to correct the error which had brought about the quarrel, but he would then be obliged to tell all that he knew, to reveal a secrect on which the honor, the life of a woman depended; and this he considered he could not do without the basest cowardice. He consequently resolved to abide by his destiny, whatever it might be. To this effect he wrote a letter to Leblanc, relating to him all that had passed, and giving him his last instructions in case he should succumb. He folded it up, and was about to write the direction, when the count again appeared, holding in his hand two duelling-pistols.

"I shall be at your service in one moment," said Frederick.

The count laid down his arms on the chimney-piece.

Garnier sealed his letter, wrote the direction, and rose up. "Before we go out, sir," said he, "I wish to say one word; it shall be the last: I declare, on my honor, that I never loved the countess, that I have only seen her twice; that I do not even know her name; that this portrait, which you suppose to be a token of love, was found by me at an inn at Basle, where she had forgotten it."

"Liar, liar!—and the letter?"

"The letter!—she who wrote it has alone the power and the rite to explain it, sir."

"And she will," said a calm, solemn voice.

Frederick and the Hungarian turned round simultaneously. The countess was standing in the door-way.

"Margaret!" exclaimed the count, "what do you want here?"

"To hinder you from committing a crime.

"Begone, begone, I say."

"Not without you, count."

"Ah! are you afraid of your lover?"

She cast upon the Hungarian a long look of disgust and contempt. "My lover!" said she, with a faltering voice, "you know very well that he is not *here*."

"But this letter—this letter, madam ——"

"Have you forgotten a young man to whom I was affianced, and whom, coward-like, you threw like a vile malefactor into prison?"

"Frantz has nothing to do with this affair madam."

"You are mistaken, sir; for I loved him ardently, fervently, before I was compelled to become your wife, and I loved him still more afterwards. You had him condemned for a supposed crime before our voyage to France, yet he contrived to join me in Paris."

"He!—it's impossible."

"You were absent, sir, engaged in political intrigues in London—I could receive him without fear."

The count stretched out his hand towards his pistols.

"Not yet, sir," said the young woman with a bitter smile; "you must first here me out. Frantz had been in Paris about two months, when you announced your return. He then conjured me to flee with him; but I remembered my child—I was, besides, sure that we should not be able to escape your pursuit, that Frantz would pay the penalty of his life—I wished to save him from inevitable destruction—wretched woman! I refused! I then received from Frantz a letter which contained these words":

"This evening I shall be under your windows, to see you or to die."

"I was in the country—I arrived in Paris distracted—I flew to the Luxembourg—the gates were closed. I ran to this gentleman, who occupied an apartment under ours; he opened for me a private door which led into the gardens, and when I arrived—Frantz was dead!"

The countess buried her face in her hands, and sobbed aloud."

"You will now easily understand," rejoined she, after a long silence, "why I was so disturbed when I again perceived that gentleman—why I was so anxious to meet him—why I wrote to him to leave Vienna."

The count had sat and listened to all the details of this adventure with a most terrible calm, his eyes fixed, and his lips compressed. He at last rose, and advanced towards Garnier, who had remained wonder-struck and mute with astonishment—"You will quit Vienna to-morrow," said he imperatively.

The young man started, and was about to answer, but the countess looked at him. "It shall be so," said he coldly.

The count then seized his wife's arm, who shuddered beneath his grasp, and they both disappeared.

A month after, Frederick met in Paris, Leblanc, who had just arrived from Vienna. The two friends had a long conversation together. "Now I think of it," said Henry, "I have learned by heart the name of the Hungarian's wife—she is the Countess Margaret of Cleswholtezser."

"And how came you to know it?"

"I saw it on the funeral invitations."

"What!" exclaimed Frederick, shuddering, "is the countess dead?"

"Yes, she died the day after your departure from Vienna." J. C. C.

AGRICULTURAL, &C.

Make Corn.

Will the South ever learn anything? A French cynic upon the restoration of the Bourbons, remarked: "They have nothing." Shall we be subject to the same sarcasm?—What can we do without corn?

In the old times, just before the great crash of '36-'37, when everybody was run mad on the subject of cotton, just as we are now, a team—a poor lean mule team—was staggering up Main street under a heavy load. The owner in a sort of apologetic way, remarked to a knot of friends, "Upon my word, I wish I did know what would fatten my mules. I've tried *nux vomica* and assafœdita, and every sort of thing and it don't seem to do a particle of good." "Did you ever try corn?" quietly asked the Diogenes of the party. "If not, perhaps you had better try it."

We would warn the people to make corn. Lessees don't seem to care about it; they come to suck out the substance and then like wild geese emigrate North with their craws full. See to it, you lessors; make it a *sine qua non* that your lessees shall raise corn. Your country demands it. A full corn crib is better than a full *crib* of any other kind. Chickens, mules, darkies and every living thing rejoices in it. Who have been the most successful planters in old times? the man of corn.

We were astonished to hear sensible men advising us to make cotton to buy corn with. Even the old Indians have got drunk. We know some large plantations that have'nt got enough shucks to make horse collars. Of course the owners of such places "ain't worth shucks."

The startling announcement was made in town, yesterday, that there was'nt a sack of corn in town. Are we to have a famine? It seems so. If we bow down to cotton, and worship it and neglect corn, we are bound to end in famine. Would that some Joseph could give us a lecture on the subject! He is the only statesman of whom we have ever heard who got *corned* in the right way. Look at your situation in military parlance, in a "*vade mecum*" made of gunny sacks. You've got to borrow the money to buy the corn. You've got to feed mules to haul the corn. You've got to pay the driver to drive the wagon to haul the corn. You have to grease the wagon, etc.; and you can run on in the style of "the cow with the crumply horn," and pile up the disasters that spring from an empty corn-crib.

Don't be satisfied with ordinary crops, because we'll have to begin to suck roasting ears before the moustache is off them.

Let all the editors in our land raise the corn song, and let the people join the chorus, "raise corn!"

Let us do it quick, before Uncle Sam has a chance to tax us. It is the only thing that is'nt stamped; that's one consolation.

It's time for us to speak out and warn the people to plant corn! May God bless us next season with a cornicopia of corn.

[*Natchez Courier.*

Sheep vs. Other Stock.

The following briefly enumerates some of the advantages of keeping sheep.

They make the quickest return for the investment in them, being ready to eat at three or four months old, and yielding fleece at one year old, and perhaps a lamb also.

Their subsistence is cheaper than that of any other domestic animals—grass and stock fodder being all they will require at any season.

They supply the family at all seasons, with the most delicious meat of the most convenient size for family use.

They present valuable products in two forms, their wool and their flesh both of which are adapted to home consumption, and for sale and both of which are adapted to either domestic or distant markets.

The transportation of them to market also is cheaper than of any other live stock (not blooded) of the same value, and the same is true also of their wool compared with other and similar agricultural products.

Wool may be more easily and safely kept in expectation of a better market, than any other and similar product, as it is less liable to fire, insects, rats or rotting.

An investment in them is self-enlargeing, and rapidly so, by their annual increase, while their wool pays much in the way of interest at the same time which is not true of money, or of any similar investments.—*Maryland Farmer.*

COTTON VS. WHITE PEOPLE.—"White people cannot raise cotton, especially on alluvial land!" Nevertheless, the Baton Rouge *Advocate* of the 16th, says:

"A friend in this parish, not being able to procure freedmen last spring set to work with his own boys and one white man, and the result was a crop of thirty bales of cotton.

"We would like to know where negro labor has done better. And we know hundreds, if not thousands who have labored half their lives in the swamps at farm or other labor, and have only ceased because they got too rich to work. Sickly men, perhaps, cannot, especially such as have laziness in their bones. For the latter class we would prescribe an impartial treadmill."

A COVENIENT DISENFECTANT.—One pound of copperas, known as "sulphate of iron," costing but a few cents, dissolved in four gallons of water, will most completely destroy all offensive odor. The warmer the weather, the oftner must the application be repeated. Sprinkling the copperas itself is about advantageous, and, if in cellar, is one of the best means of keeping rats away.

[*Scientific American.*

TO PROTECT HORSES' HOOFS.—Gutta percha may be used to protect the feet of horses from tenderness and slipping. It is first cut into small pieces, and softened with hot water, then mixed with half its weight of powdered sal amoniac, and then the mixture melted in a tinned saucepan over a gentle fire, keeping it well stirred. When required for use, melt in a glue pot, scrape the hoof clean, and apply the mixture with a knife.

DUEL BETWEEN A LADY AND A GENTLEMAN.—A gentleman in California having made a lady a present of a pair of pistols, after several trials of skill, they concluded to go through the forms of a duel. They took their positions, fired at the word, and to the terror of the lady, the gentleman fell. She threw herself frantically upon the corpse embracing and kissing it with every emotion of endearment. Under such magical influence the gentleman revived and rose unhurt from the ground, and—and they are to be married.