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# The Orangeburg News.

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

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## THE ORANGEBURG NEWS.

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[illegible] tf


## 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 mem'ry 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. 29, 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 they 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 recognized, 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 know."

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 service you have rendered me; for I know that this Von[illegible] mann, who so suddenly gave me the means of [illegible] to Italy must have been a commission [illegible] [illegible] concealed and well-arranged [illegible] but this favor, I wish to know why and on what conditions it was granted. Was it the recompense of my silence [illegible] which I had rendered you?"

"Both [illegible]"

"Then I refuse it [illegible] absolutely refuse it," exclaimed Frederick warmly; "I neither sell my [illegible] discretion."

[illegible]

Having pronounced these words [illegible]

[illegible]

"The stranger drew back [illegible]

"What do you want, sir? how dare you [illegible]" asked Frederick.

Without making any answer the Armenian [illegible] to approach the young woman [illegible] Frederick placed himself [illegible] two men stood confronting [illegible] attitude of provocation and [illegible] All of a sudden the Armenian [illegible] 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, 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, busy arranging some traveling dresses in his trunk, when the Hungarian suddenly made his appearance.

At this sight Frederick shuddered. The count advanced 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 inspired 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 this letter is addressed?"

"To me, sir."

"And who wrote it?"

"I do not know."

"Come, come, sir, all prevarication is useless," exclaimed the count, smoothing [illegible] "Do you imagine that I [illegible] am blind? I never [illegible] an injury unpunished [illegible] one of us must die; you know it [illegible] hope to escape me now [illegible] Reimberg's. [illegible] to amuse [illegible] but [illegible]

[illegible]

"Not you, sir," said the young woman with a bitter smile; "you must first hear me out. Franz 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 once more.'

"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 whose court [illegible] opened to me a [illegible] the world [illegible] when I arrived Frantz was dead!"

The countess [illegible]

[illegible]

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

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.

## AGRICULTURAL, &C.

### Make Corn.

[illegible]

We would warn the people to make corn. [illegible]

[illegible] Who have been the most successful planters in old times?—the man of corn.

We are mortified to hear sensible men advising people to make cotton to buy corn with. Even the old Indians have got drunk. We know some large plantations that hav'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 wasn't 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 would give us a lecture on the subject! He is the only statesman of whom we have ever heard who got *cornell* in the right way. Look at your situation in military parlance, in a "[illegible]" 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 crumpled 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 ear 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 isn't 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 cornucopia 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 animal—grass and stock fodder being all they will require at any season.

They supply the family at all seasons with the healthfulest 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 market.

The transportation of wool to market always is cheaper than of any other live stock, the bulk of the same value, and the same [illegible] transport their wool compared with other and similar agricultural products.

Wool may be more easily and safely kept in store to wait a better market than any other and similar product, as it is less liable to fire [illegible].

[illegible] in them is self-increasing, and rapidly so by their annual increase, while their wool pays much in the way of interest on the investment, which is not true of many if 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 10th, 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 negroes have done better. And we know hundreds, and not those only 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 CONVENIENT DISINFECTANT.—One pound of copperas, known as "sulphate of iron," costing but a few cents, dissolved in four gallons of water, will most completely destroy an offensive odor. The warmer the weather the oftener 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.

[*N. O. Picayune.*

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 ammoniac, and then the mixture melted in a tinned saucepan over a gentle fire, keeping it well stirred. When required for use, melt it 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.