

The Orangeburg News.

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

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POETRY.

"Higher."

A PARODY ON LOCKFELLOW'S "EXCORIATOR."
The shades of night wore a cool'n' down swift,
And the dazill' saw lay drift on drift,
When through a village a youth did go
A-carryin' a flag with this motto,

O'er forehead high curled copious hair,
His nose a Roman, complexion fair;
O'er an eagle eye an auburn lash,
And he never stopped shoutin' through his mus-tache,

He saw through the windows as he was getting up-
per,
A number of families sittin' at supper;
He eyed the slippery rocks very keen,
And fled while he cried, and cried while a-fleein',

"Take care, you there!" said an old woman "stop!
It's blowin' gales up there on top;
You'll tumble off on 't'her side!"
But the hurrying stranger loud replied,

"Oh! don't you go up such a shocking night!
Come sleep on my lap!" said a maiden bright,
O'er his Roman nose a tear-drop come,
But still he remarked, as he upward clumb,

"Look out for the branch of that yecamore tree,
Dodge rollin' stones if any you see;
Sayin' which, the farmer went home to bed,
And the singular voice replied overhead.

About quarter past six the next afternoon,
A man accidentally goin' up soon,
Heard spoken above him as often as thrice,
The very same words, in a very weak voice,

And not far, I believe, from quarter of seven—
He was slow gettin' up, the road ben' uneven—
Found the stranger dead in the drifted snow,
Still clutchin' the flag with the motto,

Yes, lifeless, defunct, without any doubt,
The lamp of his bein' decidedly out,
On the dreary hillside the youth was layin',
And there was no more use for him to be sayin',

SELECTED STORY.

Extraordinary Nerve.

While the French Marshal, Murat, was in Madrid he was anxious to communicate with Junot in Portugal, but all the roads to Lisbon swarmed with guerrillas, and with the troops composing Castano's army. Murat mentioned his embarrassment to Baron Strongonoff, the Russian Ambassador to Spain.

Russia, it is well known, was at the time not only the ally but the friend of France. M. de Strongonoff told Murat that it was the easiest thing in the world. "The Russian Admiral, Sinaivin," said he, "is in the port of Lisbon; give me the most intelligent of your Polish lancers; I will dress him up in a Russian uniform, and entrust him with dispatches for the Admiral. All will go well even if he should be taken prisoner a dozen times between this and Lisbon, for the insurgent army is so anxious to obtain our neutrality that it will be careful not to furnish a pretext for rupture."

Murat was delighted with this ingenious scheme. He asked Krakinski, the commandant of the lancers, to find him a brave and intelligent young man. Two days afterwards the commandant brought Murat a young man of his corps, for whom he pledged his life; his name was Leckinski, and he was but eighteen years old.

Murat was moved at seeing so young a man court so imminent a danger, for if he were detected his doom was sealed. Murat could not help remarking to the Pole the risk he was about to run. The youth smiled. "Let your imperial highness give me my instructions," he answered respectfully, "I will give you a good account of the mission I have been honored with. I thank his highness for having chosen me from among my comrades, for all of them would have courted this distinction."

The prince assented favorably to the young man's modest resolution. The Russian Ambassador gave him his dispatches; he put on a Russian uniform and set out for Portugal.

The first two days passed over quietly; but on the afternoon of the third, Leckinski was surrounded by a body of Spaniards, who disarmed him and dragged him before their commanding officer. Luckily for the gallant youth was Castano himself.

Leckinski was aware that he was lost if he was discovered to be a Frenchman, consequently he determined on the instant, not to let a single word of French escape him, and to speak the Russian and German, which he spoke with equal fluency. The cries of rage of his captors announced the fate that awaited him, and the horrible murder of Gen. Rene, who

had perished under most dreadful tortures but a few weeks before, as he was going to join Junot, was sufficient to freeze the very blood. "Who are you?" said Castano in French which language he understood perfectly well having been educated in France.

Leckinski looked at the questioner, made a sign, and answered in German, "I do not understand you."
Castano spoke German, but he did not wish to appear personally in the matter, and summoned one of the officers of the staff, who went on with the examination. The young Pole answered in Russian and German, but never let a single syllable of French escape him. He might, however, easily have forgotten himself, surrounded as he was by a crowd eager for his blood, and who waited with savage impatience to have him declared guilty—that is, a Frenchman—to fall upon and murder him.

But their fury was raised to a height which the General himself could not control by an incident which seemed to cut off the unhappy prisoner from every hope of escape. One of the Castano's aides-de-camps, one of the fanatical patriots who were so numerous in this war, and who from the first had denounced Leckinski as a French spy, burst into the room, dragging with him a man wearing the brown jacket, tall hat, and red plume of a Spanish peasant.

The officer confronted him with the Pole, and said:
"Look at this man, then say if it is true that he is German or a Russian. He is a spy, I swear by my soul!"

The peasant meanwhile was eyeing the prisoner closely. Presently his dark eyes lighted up with the fire of hatred.
"Es Frances! he is a Frenchman," exclaimed he clapping hands. And he stated that, having been in Madrid a few weeks before, he had been put into requisition to carry forage to the French barracks, "and," said he, "I recollect that this man took my load of forage, and gave me a receipt. I was near him an hour, and recollect him. When we caught him, I told my comrade he was the French officer I delivered my forage to."

This was correct. Castano probably discerned the true state of the case, but he was a generous foe. He concluded to let him pursue his journey, for Leckinski still insisted that he was a Russian, and he could not be made to understand a word of French. But the moment he ventured a hint of the kind, a thousand threatening voices were raised against him, and he saw that clemency was impossible.

"But," said he, "will you then risk a quarrel with Russia, whose neutrality we are asking so anxiously for?"
"No," said the officers; "but let's try this man."

Lockinski understood all, for he was acquainted with Spanish. He was removed and thrown into a room worthy to have been one of the dungeons of the Inquisition in his best days.

When the Spaniards took him prisoner he had eaten nothing since the previous evening, and when his dungeon door was closed on him he had fasted for eighteen hours. No wonder then, that with exhaustion, fatigue, anxiety and the agony of his dreadful situation, that the unhappy prisoner fell almost senseless on the hard couch. Night soon closed in and left him to realize in his gloom the full horror of his situation. He was brave, of course; but to die at eighteen—'tis sudden. But youth and fatigue finally yielded at the approach of sleep, and he was soon buried in profound slumber.

He had slept perhaps two hours, when the door of his dungeon opened slowly, and some one entered with cautious step, hiding with his hand the light of a lamp; the visitor bent over the prisoner's couch, the hand that shaded the lamp touched him on the shoulder, and a sweet and silvery voice—a woman's voice—asked him:

"Do you want to eat?"
The young Pole, awakened suddenly by the glare of the lamp, by the touch and words of the female, rose up on his couch, and with his eyes half opened, said in German, "What do you want?"

"Give the man something at once," said Castano, when he heard the result of the first experiment, "and let him go. He is not a Frenchman. How could he have been so far master of himself? The thing is impossible."

But though Leckinski was supplied with food he was detained as a prisoner. The next morning he was taken to a spot where he could see the mutilated corpse of the Frenchman, who had been cruelly massacred by the peasantry of Truxillo, and he was threatened with the same death. But the noble youth had promised not to fail, and not a word, not an accent, not a gesture or look betrayed him.

Leckinski, when taken back to the prison, hailed it with a sort of joy; for twelve hours he had nothing but gibbets, and death in its most horrid forms, before his eyes, exhibited to him by men with the look and passions of demons. He slept, however, after the harassing excitement of the day, and soundly, too; when,

in the midst of his deep and deathlike slumber, the door opened gently, some one drew near his couch, and the same voice whispered in his ear:
"Arise and come with me. We wish to save your life, come." He answered still in German, "What do you want?"

Castano, when he heard of this experiment and its result, said that the Russian was a noble young man; he saw the true state of the case.

The next morning early, four men came to take him before a court-martial, composed of officers of Castano's staff. During the walk they uttered the most horrible threats against him; but, true to his determination, he pretended not to understand them.

When he came before his judges he seemed to gather what was going on from the arrangements of the tribunal, and not from what he heard said around him, and he asked in German where his interpreter was. He was sent for, and the examination commenced.

It turned at first upon the motive of his journey from Madrid to Lisbon. He answered by showing his dispatches to Admiral Sinaivin and his passport. Spite of the presence and vehement assertions of the peasants, he persisted in the same story, and did not contradict himself once.

"Ask him," said the presiding officer at last, "if he loves the Spaniards, as he is not a Frenchman."
The interpreter put the question.
"Certainly," said Leckinski, "I like the Spanish nation, I esteem it for its noble character; I wish our two nations were friends."

"Colonel," said the interpreter, "the prisoner says he hates us because we make our war like banditti; that he despises us, and his only regret is that he cannot unite the whole nation as one man to end this odious war at a single blow."

While he was saying this, the eyes of the whole tribunal were attentively watching the slightest movement of the prisoner's countenance, in order to see what effect the interpreter's treachery would have upon him. But Leckinski did not expect to be put to the test in some way, and he was determined to baffle all their attempts.

"Gentlemen," said Castano, "it seems to me that this young man cannot be suspected; the peasant must be deceived. The prisoner may pursue his journey, and when he reflects on the hazard of our position, he will find the severity we have been obliged to use excusable."
Leckinski's arms and dispatches were returned; he received a free pass, and thus this noble youth came victorious out of the severest trial the human spirit can be put to.

VARIOUS.

A Wonderful Story.

The following wonderful story is said to have been taken from the log book of a vessel which arrived in New York:

In the course of the voyage, that dreadful disease the ship fever broke out among the crew. One of the sailors, among the first victims, was accompanied by his son a lad of fourteen years who was strongly attached to his father, and remained with him day and night, and never could be persuaded to leave him for a moment.

A large shark was seen every day following the vessel evidently for the purpose of devouring any one who should die and be committed to the deep.

After lingering a few days, the sailor died. As was custom at sea he was sewed up in a blanket, and for the purpose of sinking him, an old grindstone and a carpenter's axe were put in with him. The very impressive service of the Episcopal Church was then read and the body committed to the deep.

The poor boy, who had watched the proceedings closely, plunged in after his father, when the enormous shark swallowed them both. The second day after this dreadful scene as the shark continued to follow the vessel (for there were others sick in the ship), one of the sailors proposed as they had a shark hook on board, to make an effort to take him.

They fastened the hook to a long rope and baiting it with a piece of pork, threw it into the sea, and the shark instantly swallowed it. Having thus hooked him, by means of a windlass they hoisted him on board. After he was dead they prepared to open him, when one of the sailors, stooping down for that purpose, suddenly paused, and after listening a few moments, declared most solemnly he heard a low guttural sound, which appeared to proceed from the shark. The sailors, after enjoying a hearty laugh at his expense, proceeded to listen for themselves, when they heard a similar sound. They then proceeded to open the shark when the mystery was explained.

It appears that the sailor was not dead; but in a trance; and his son, on making this discovery when inside the shark, had by means of a knife, ripped open the blanket. Having

thus liberated his father, they both went to work and righted up the old grindstone—the boy was turning, the father was holding on for the purpose of cutting their way out of their Jonah like prison, which occasioned the noise heard by the sailor. As it was the hottest season of the year, and very little air stirring where they were at work, they were both sweating tremendously.

Time at His Work.

I saw a temple, reared by the hands of man, standing with high pinnacle in the distant plain. The streams beat about it—the God of nature hurled his thunderbolts against it, yet it stood as firm as adamant. Revelry was in the halls; the gay, the happy, the young, the beautiful were there. I returned—and lo! the temple was no more. Its high walls lay in scattered ruin; and at the midnight hour the owl's long cry added to the deep solitude. The young and gay who had revelled there had passed away.

I saw a child rejoicing in his youth, the idol of his mother, and the pride of his father. I returned and that child had become old. Trembling with the weight of years, he stood the last of his generation, a stranger amidst the desolation around him.

I saw an old oak standing in all its pride upon the mountain; the birds were caroling in its boughs. I returned, and the oak was leafless and sapless, and the winds were playing at their pastimes through its branches.

"Who is the destroyer," said I to my guardian angel.
"It is Time," said he. When the morning stars sang for joy over the new made world he commenced his course; and when he has destroyed all that is beautiful on earth; plucked the sun from his sphere; veiled the moon in blood; yea, when he shall have rolled the heaven and earth away as a scroll, then shall an angel from the throne of God come forth, and with one foot upon the sea and one upon the land, lift up his hand towards heaven, and swear by Heaven's Eternal Time is Time was, but Time shall be no longer."

Every Day Philosophy.

Hans Patrick C. Connor, formerly known by the nom de plume of "Beau Hackett," contributed the following to the St. Louis Home Journal:

Never insure your life for the benefit of your wife for a greater sum than ten thousand dollars. A widow with more money than that is a dangerous legacy to leave posterity.

The "game of life" is very like a game of cards. Time deals, death cuts, and everybody is waiting for the last trump.

I think men drink in crowds because they are afraid to drink by themselves. It requires a good deal of courage to stand up alone and pour a glass of whiskey down your throat.

There are some inconsistencies in this world that I don't exactly understand. Everybody is anxious to go to heaven, but nobody is in a hurry about it.

If a man is without enemies I wouldn't give ten cents for all his friends. The man who can please everybody hasn't got sense enough to dispense anybody.

When an acquaintance says, "How are you?" and rushes by you without pausing for a reply, I wouldn't if I was in your place, follow him more than a mile to tell him I was well.

A convenient way of testing the affection of your intended is to marry another woman. If she don't love you, you will find it out immediately.

Do unto other men as they would like to do unto you, and they won't have enough money in two weeks to hire a shirt washed.

The song "Dear Mother, I've Come Home to Die," always struck me as a happy illustration of American assurance. Our young go abroad to spend the hard earnings of the old folks, and when they are dead-broke return home to be buried at the expense of their impoverished parents.

HORRIBLE BARBARITIES BY AN AFRICAN KING.—The latest news from Abyssinia develops King Theodore in a still more blood-thirsty aspect. He had made an expedition to the small Island of Metrata, in the Lake Tana, and put every inhabitant to death by fire; then he made a trip to Ifag, a flourishing town in Foggara, seized 1,500 peasants, placed them in five large houses and burned them alive. It is said there is now not a single man, woman or child, alive, between Debia Tabor and Emfras, on the borders of Dombca. In the camp, his Majesty has been pursuing the same game. Having heard that 2,000 of his troops wished to desert, he had them surrounded by the others and their throats cut like cattle; the mothers, wives, children and nearest relatives of the men being pistolled by the soldiery. 265 chiefs of districts have had their hands and feet cut off and have been left to starve.

The majesty of the law was vindicated on Friday, 6th inst., by the execution of Nat Frazure, colored, for the murder of young Hagan. His accomplices, five in number, go to the Penitentiary for stated periods, the longest term of which for December Gadsden is five years.—Picksen Courier.

A terrible tragedy has occurred in Austria-Tyrol. A farmer after effecting a heavy insurance on his house and barns, set fire to the latter, but was discovered in the act by one of his shepherds. He therefore killed the shepherd and murdered his wife and infant son, finishing by cutting his own throat.

The New Orleans Picayune is opposed to "procuring white labor." It says: "We want white men here to go to work themselves and not procure labor. The system of mercantile farming which so long cursed the South, and bred debt and illness, must cease, or our decay will become ruin."

DECAPITATED.—We learn that under orders of General Howard, Gilbert Pillsbury, (white,) and R. C. DeLarge, (colored,) of Charleston; S. A. Swails, (white,) of Kingstree; J. T. Wright, (colored,) of Beaufort, have been discharged from further service in the Freedmen's Bureau on account of having been elected to the Convention.

HUMOROUS.

"Owed to Lake Ontario."

GREENE air thy waters, Lake Ontario;
Green as bottle-glass!
Behold 'em stretched there!
Fine muskatonages and Oswego bass
Is chiefly ketchered there.
Thar onct the red man
Took his delite,
Fisht, fit, and bled;
Now most of the inhabitants
Is whites,
With nary red!

SIGNS FOR HANKERCHIEF FLIRTATIONS.—
Drawing across the lips—Desirous of getting acquainted.
Drawing across the eyes—I am sorry.
Taking by the centre—You are too willing.
Drooping—We will be friends.
Twirling in both hands—Indifference.
Drawing across the cheek—I love you.
Drawing through the hands—I hate you.
Letting it rest on the right cheek—Yes.
Letting it rest on the left cheek—No.
Twirling in the left hand—I wish to get rid of you.
Twirling in the right hand—I love another.
Folding it—I wish to speak with you.
Over the shoulders—Follow me.
Opposite corners in both hands—Wait for me.
Drawing across the forehead—We are watching.
Placing on right ear—You have changed.
Placing on left ear—I have a message for you.
Letting it remain on the eyes—You are cruel.
Winding round the forefinger—I am engaged.
Winding round the third finger—I am married.
N. B.—Practice makes perfect.

SAVED FROM DROWNING.—A little man, in the west of Maryland, rushed to the Potomac river last summer, swearing that he would drown himself. When he had waded in to the depth of his waist, his wife, who had followed him, seized him by the hair of his head, and then, as a spectator describes it, "she led him back until he had reached a place where the water was about two feet deep, where she pulled him over backwards, sousing his head under, and then pulling his head up again, 'drown yourself, (down he went), leaving me to take care of the children, (another plunge), get drunk! (another souse), and start for the river. (Another dip.) Better use the water instead of the rum. (Another dip and shake of the head.) I'll learn you to leave me a widow!" After sousing him to her heart's content, she led him out a wetter if not a wiser man, and escorted him to the house, shut the door.

A JOKE ON "COURT."—A short time ago a lawyer, who rejoices in a large share of work-house patronage, came into the City Court drunk. His Honor addressed him thus: "Sir, I am sorry to see you in that situation! It is a disgrace to yourself and the profession to which you belong."

"Did you Honor speak to me?"
"Yes, sir. I said that in my opinion you are a disgrace to yourself and your profession."

"May it please your Honor, I have practiced in this court ever since you have presided in that seat, and permit me to say, your Honor, this is the first correct opinion ever I know you to give."

In less than an hour from that time Alonso was picking rocks at the corporation nursery.