

THE FREE CITIZEN.

E. A. WEBSTER, Editor and Proprietor.

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TIMELY TOPICS.

CYRUS FIELD wants the modest sum of ten million dollars from the British government for his Pacific cable, and the probabilities are that he will get it sooner or later.

THE United States has now become the greatest silver producing country in the world, taking precedence of even Mexico, which has heretofore been supposed to furnish two-thirds of the total supply.

A WRITER in Blackwood's Magazine conclusively calculates that if the public debt of the civilized world goes on increasing at its present rate, in a quarter of a century the entire revenues of all the nations will be insufficient to pay the interest thereon.

FOR some reason, best known to themselves, the English riflemen will not let the American team compete for the Elcho shield at Wimbledon. The dispatch says they are willing to have a special match, to be shot between the Americans and eight selected from the three English teams.

IT is feared that the new direct cable is a failure. Though some time has elapsed since its completion was announced, it cannot be learned that any signals have been transmitted. This would prove a great misfortune, as the other can hardly do more than half the business offered.

THE government of the little kingdom of Greece, being without money, has hit upon an excellent means of defraying the expenses of its foreign diplomatic service. It has sent a letter to each of its legations abroad, informing the heads of those legations that they are at liberty to continue to manage affairs as heretofore, provided they do it at their own expense!

FRENCH journalists maintain that England must raise a bigger army if she wants to exert any influence in European affairs. A hundred thousand regular troops are a mere bagatelle compared with the immense armies of the present day. England is too near the continent, they think, to be indifferent to complications in European politics.

ANOTHER American enthusiast is loose in England. We refer to Bogardus, of Illinois, the champion pigeon slayer. He yesterday beat an unhappy Englishman matched to shoot with him, and now, of course, he challenges all England, twirling his double-barreled shotgun in the face and rubbing it under the nose, as it were, of John Bull. We wish Bogardus would come home. He is rather rubbing it in.—*Cincinnati Commercial*.

THE Guelphs and Ghibelines of the Cherokee nation have succeeded in getting up twenty-seven murder cases, which were recently tried before the United States district court at Fort Smith, Ark. As a result of the trial, seven of the semi-civilized will be hanged in a batch on the third day of September. This will be the largest wholesale hanging since the execution of the thirty-three Sioux Indians at Mankato, Minn., in 1862.

THE recent abrogation of three articles of the constitution of the German empire which brings the Roman Catholic church in Germany in complete subjection to the government, and the severity of the Falk laws passed in 1873 are showing results in the flight of German ecclesiastics to the United States. The telegraph announces the arrival in New York of a large number of priests and nuns, who propose to settle in Illinois, where Bismarck and Dr. Falk can not curtail their ecclesiastical freedom. The Prussian ecclesiastical bills, in effect, banish every Roman Catholic from Germany.

THE ravages of the small-pox are increasing in New York, and it is also reported that there is greater danger than usual this summer of a visitation of yellow fever. This disease is said to be racing with great virulence throughout the West Indies, and many cases have been taken to Key West, Fla. The season has been peculiarly adapted to the spread of yellow fever in Cuba, as there have been none of the usual cold, heavy gales called "Northers," which have acted as a check to the spread of the disease. Vessels are now due at New York from ports where yellow fever is known to be raging.

THE San Francisco Chronicle predicts a heavy Italian immigration into the United States, and a consequent accession to the number of organ-grinders and plaster-cast vendors. Hitherto the Italians have been pouring into Uruguay and the Argentine Republic, the Italian

population there now numbering a half million souls, and constituting the chief business element. The unsettled state of affairs, however, in these countries, has led the emigrants to turn their attention to the United States. And the Chronicle cites the fact that an Italian agent has recently been buying large tracts of land in California for his countrymen to settle upon during this year.

THE postoffice department is much pleased with the system of demanding the prepayment of newspaper postage, and will, at the beginning of the next congress, at once endeavor to secure the repeal of the law in relation to postage on transient matter in the mails. The law regulating the payment of postage, will, however, be retained. It has been found that, although the rate has been reduced, the department now receives as much as it did when it had a higher rate, but collected the postage at the office of delivery, which leads to the melancholy conclusion that some of the postmasters are not as pure and honest in the discharge of their duty as they should be.

THE death of General F. P. Blair, which occurred last week, was not unexpected. He had been in ill health for two years, and was recently supposed to have received some benefit from transfusion of blood, but his friends had little hope of his ultimate recovery. As a soldier he made considerable reputation during the war, and was the democratic candidate for the Vice-Presidency in 1868 on the ticket with Horatio Seymour. He figured little in politics afterward, though he appeared in the Cincinnati convention of 1872 to nominate Horace Greeley. At the time of his death, he was state insurance commissioner of Missouri.

THE American rifle team will probably shoot at Wimbledon range, near London, before their return. If they succeed there as at Dollymount, there will be a growl from John Bull, for he hates to be beaten. Wimbledon was established about fifteen years ago, and at the grand opening Queen Victoria fired the first shot, and put her bullet through the bull's eye at 400 yards. But then any woman could have done the same thing, as the queen sat cozily in a luxurious arm chair, and pulled a silver cord which pulled a rifle trigger, sixty yards off, the rifle itself having been sighted for her and fixed immovably in a vise for this especial occasion.

THE Texans of the border will certainly enjoy a brief respite from desolating cattle raids just now while the Mexicans on the Rio Grande are at loggerheads about the arrest and incarceration of Cortina. The dispatches indicate a high degree of excitement in Matamoros, which doubtless extends measurably throughout the state of Tamaulipas. The capture of their leader is regarded as an undue interruption to their smuggling operations by the people of Matamoros and vicinity, and President Lerdo evidently has an insurrection on his hands which will require the presence of more troops. Matamoros, where the troubles now center, is immediately opposite Brownsville, Texas, and contains a population of about 12,000. As an effort will be made to carry Cortina to Vera Cruz, a conflict between the citizens and the Mexican troops is probable.

DISPATCHES from the Black Hills geological expedition indicate that near Harney's Peak gold has really been found in paying quantities. The correspondent of the New York Tribune accompanying the expedition writes that, after the party entered the unexplored region from the east, they struck a granite formation and gold-bearing quartz, besides finding gold in flakes in the gulches. Prof. Jenny, Lieut. Morton and Dr. Lane, of the government expedition, are said to be satisfied that gold exists there. Whether it will be found in sufficient quantities to fill the pockets of the thousands who are waiting to crowd into the hills, makes no difference. The people will go, in spite of restrictions, and possess the land on the mere estimation that gold is there. If Gen. Canstar had never rambled in that vicinity, the Indians to-day might be resting in secure possession of this refreshing and rich oasis.

—Our riflemen did not figure to so good advantage in the contest for the all-Ireland challenge shield, as in the international match. In the former only four of each team were engaged. It seems more and more probable that the success of our team last Tuesday is due to the equality of capacity of the members. As a whole, the team will be hard to beat, but there are four or five Irish marksmen who are fully the equals of our best.—*New York Tribune*.

A HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

Where, where are all the birds that sang
A hundred years ago?
The waters that in beauty sprang
A hundred years ago?
The lips that smiled,
The eyes that wild
In flashes shone
Soft eyes upon;
Where, O where are lips and eyes,
The maiden's smiles, the lover's sighs,
That lived so long ago?
Who peopled all the city streets
A hundred years ago?
Who filled the church with faces meek,
A hundred years ago?
The sneering frowns
Of sister frail;
The plot that worked
A brother's heart?
Where, O where are plots and sneers,
The poor man's hopes, the rich man's fears,
That lived so long ago?

THE DIAMOND ROBBERY.

Device of Two Clever Swindlers.

In March, 1850, there arrived at Constantinople, by the Austrian Lloyd's steamer Vorwarts, a nobleman styling himself Count Steffano Perragi.

He took a suite of rooms at Mesirie's fashionable hotel in Pera, and by his lavish style of living soon became the centre of attraction. He said that he was a colonel of the Austrian Imperial Guards and a member of the Diet. He had come to Turkey on private government affairs, and was furnished with numerous introductions to the different foreign ambassadors and merchant princes.

A month after his arrival, he headed a subscription list with the sum of £5,000, piastres, in aid of Madame Sophie Cartenagg, the widow of the late M. Cartenagg, formerly banker of Berlin, who, by the sudden death of her husband, found herself in a strange land, with her three young children, destitute of support. In some such manner ran the heading of the subscription list.

Count Perragi humbly took upon himself the task of soliciting the subscriptions, and, incredible as it may seem, collected the sum of £5,000 in about twenty days!

One morning Perragi suddenly disappeared. Suspicions having arisen, the police authorities were instructed to find out M. Cartenagg. But, alas for human credulity! the police swore, by the beard of Mohammed, that Madame was a myth, and the Crescent City knew her not! Done, by Jove! Done to the tune of £5,000! Thus ends the first act in this strange drama.

Now for the second act. Not far from the Cafe de Paris stands the shop of M. Degrant Brothers, diamond brokers to his imperial majesty the sultan. Opposite to this extensive depot of precious stones stood the pharmacy of Dr. Jacob Valpass. Five minutes' walk from these two establishments stands the Hotel de l'Europe.

In the latter place, M. Estelle Deorest and her sickly son, Albert, had hired a magnificent suite of rooms for the winter. She was a quiet, melancholy sort of a lady, and about thirty. All her thoughts seemed centered in her boy. But oh! how surpassingly lovely she was! They say that the waiters of the Europe made quite a handsome thing out of her by allowing sundry "sparks" to peep at madame through the key-hole, as she sat in her elegant morning costume at breakfast. She paid her bills regularly, saw no visitors, and received no letters. So much for madame.

M. Degrant junior (the jeweler), was a rather fast young fellow, very rich, and very fond of horses. The elder brother, at this time, was absent in Paris.

Dr. Jacob Valpass was a man of thirty-two, and considered very clever. His father had left him some considerable property, but, as he was passionately devoted to his profession, he still continued in practice. We have now sufficiently described the four principal actors in the drama.

It was after ten o'clock one night, and Dr. Valpass sat in his study. A person requested to see him. A tall, deeply veiled lady entered. Dr. Valpass politely offered her a chair, and asked her the nature of her business. With a deep sigh, she threw back her veil, and the doctor's weaker human half surveyed that dazzling beauty in bewilderment. She told her story in a quiet, brief manner. She had an only son on whom she doted passionately. He was subject to fits of monomania. And, most extraordinary as it might seem, his desires lay in the fact that nothing but diamonds placed about him would satisfy his cravings. She had consulted the best medical men in Europe, and they prescribed change of scene. She had traveled a great deal, but without any salutary effect upon her boy. She had been advised to consult Dr. Valpass, and, as her son had just recovered from one of those periodic fits, she earnestly requested him to visit her at the Hotel de l'Europe.

Dr. Valpass took charge of this curious case, and soon became very intimate with Madame Deorest. To be brief, poor Valpass fell deeply in love, and a month after their acquaintance he proposed to her, and was accepted. Thus stood matters in December, 1851, and so closes the second act.

The last scene opens on the 4th day of January, 1852. Dr. Valpass was putting on his gloves preparatory to entering his carriage, when he saw his affianced bride rushing madly toward him. He ran out and met her.

"What is the matter, Estelle?"

"Oh, he is worse! Oh, come to him! come to him!" cried the frantic mother.

"One moment; step into the carriage; I will be with you immediately."

He crossed over to the establishment of Messrs. Degranti.

"Let me have that diamond neck lace, these bracelets, this brooch and these rings. Quick, Degranti! I am in a hurry. I only want them for an hour."

"But doctor, these are worth millions, and—" returned the jeweler, rather at a loss what to do.

"Give me pen, ink and paper. Here is my note of hand for the articles. How much are they worth?"

"At a rough calculation, five millions of francs."

"Very well; here you are. Now, quick, the articles."

Ten minutes after the doctor and the madame reached the hotel, and found Albert in the arms of two domestics. The medical man took charge of the yelling boy and dismissed the servants. He drew forth his treasures and placed them about the boy. It was wonderful! The boy danced with glee, clapped his hands, and gradually became pacified. He then slowly left the room with downcast head. The enraptured mother flung herself into the arms of her savior, and, with tears in her beautiful eyes, thanked him from her heart. Then followed one long, delicious kiss, and the doctor was in the seventh heaven of happiness! Madame excused herself for a moment and left Valpass.

Half an hour elapsed; an hour; then the doctor became fidgety. He approached the door; it was locked. For another hour did the doctor remain quietly in the room; then a suspicion flashed like lightning across his brain. He thundered at the door, the servants came running up, the door was forced open, madame's sleeping room visited; but lo! the birds had flown!

Two years after Valpass received the following note:

"I thank you for all your kindness. And more so because you were the victim! Kisses are dear, yet the only one I ever sold brought a fair price. It took us nearly two years to mature our plans. How well we had calculated on all things is manifest by our ultimate success. My husband, Count Steffano Perragi, desires to be remembered to all his dear friends at Constantinople, and hopes that this second surprise may be of some value to them. Your diamonds brought me five million francs. Adieu!"

There was no signature or date.

And this was the last of the "Diamond Robbery." The thieves were never captured.

Making No Money.

While the eastern cotton manufacturers are suffering seriously from the general depression of business, the mills here and at Augusta, Columbus and other southern points are also feeling its effects to a very noticeable degree. The Augusta factory, which has been paying regularly since the war dividends of twenty per cent., and whose stock has sold for more than \$200 per share, has been compelled to reduce its dividend first to sixteen per cent., then to twelve per cent., and on Wednesday of last week the board could only authorize a dividend of eight per cent. Its gross earnings for the past six months are stated in the report at \$56,000, while its expense account, taxes, interests, repairs, and dividends amount to \$67,000. It is true the company has a surplus of \$234,000 invested in the new mill, which really represents the profits made by the corporation since it has been doing business, in addition to the enormous dividends directly paid to the stockholders, and it is equally as true that, with a capital stock of \$600,000, the company has a property which is valued at \$838,000. These figures show that the corporation is in a prosperous condition, but they also show that it has not found much profit in manufacturing during the past twelve months. Graniteville factory, which has been paying quarterly dividends of four per cent., has reduced them to two per cent. This factory is also in a flourishing condition, as its recent reports have shown, but it cannot pay dividends which it does not earn. The Langley factory, the youngest of three, but one which has been most skillfully and successfully managed since it commenced operations, takes the bull by the horns and laconically announces that "No dividend has been declared by the Langley Manufacturing company for the past quarter as cotton manufacturing has been unprofitable."—*Nashville Union and American*.

BOSTON BROWN BREAD.—Scald thoroughly three pints of corn meal, add a half pint of molasses and water or milk enough to make a thin batter; into this stir a quart of sifted rye meal (not rye flour) in which two teaspoonfuls of yeast powder have been mixed, add salt, and do not have the dough very stiff. Put in a pudding pan with a tight cover; set into a kettle of boiling water and boil three hours, renewing the water as fast as it wastes and keeping it constantly at 212 deg. If yeast is used to raise the bread instead of yeast powder or soda and cream tartar, the dough must set till it begins to rise. Sour milk or buttermilk and soda may be used instead of yeast. Thus boiled or steamed, it has no crust, and is a most delicious dish for a hungry man.

—The Prince of Wales, tired of the dull routine of English public dinners, with the same bills of fare, the monotonous toasts and prolix speeches, introduced smoking into the programme. He set the fashion at the last dinner of the Agriculturists, lighting his cigar almost as soon as the feasting was over. Of course, he did not lack a following, and soon the prince's party were whiffing away contentedly, and proof against the stupidest speeches that could be made. Henceforth the postprandial cigar will be a feature of English public dinners.

BOSTON'S BOY FIEND.

The Massachusetts Council Say He Must Swing—Particulars of His Horrible Atrocities—What Came of Hearing Dime Novels.

Boston Correspondence of the N. Y. Herald.

The council yesterday, by a vote of five to four, authorized the governor of Massachusetts to issue his warrant for the execution of the boy murderer, Jesse Pomeroy.

The facts of the two murders committed by this boy are only too well known. For months an immense pressure has been brought to bear on the governor and members of the council, by parties in favor of meeting out to Pomeroy the full extent of the law—i. e. hanging instead of commutation of sentence to imprisonment for life. Delegation after delegation of ladies (mothers in nearly all cases) have waited upon members of the council at their homes, offices, on the street, at the hotels while dining, and even in stores when making necessary purchases have they been besieged by ladies as soon as recognized as members of the governor's council, to cast their votes in favor of hanging whenever his case should come before the council for final disposition. Hearings to the public have been given at the state house before the governor and council on the question of commutation of sentence, and most able arguments have been made, on both sides, and yesterday the decision was made. In view of this, I am committing no breach of confidence when I write you of certain facts connected with this case. Jesse Pomeroy is a moral monstrosity. He murdered two small children for no cause whatever. He did not rob them of even a pin; he had no quarrel with them, whereby his passions might have been excited; he suffered no revengeful feelings towards the parents of the victims. The children and their families were perfect strangers to him. No cause for these murders are known.

He was visited at the jail where he has been confined since his conviction by members of the council, who conversed with him on the subject of his crimes. They found him to be an unusually bright and intelligent lad; his answers were given with promptness and decision; there was no wavering or hesitation in them, but right to the point. When asked how many murders he had committed his quick reply was, "Two, sir!" He was asked why he killed the little boy, and replied that "he did not know." He said that "he was standing with others looking at the working of a fire engine, when he noticed a pretty looking little boy standing near. He suddenly asked the little fellow if he wouldn't take a walk with him, and upon consenting, he was led across marshes a distance of at least a mile, when suddenly he felt a fluttering in his hand and mechanically he took his pocket knife from his pocket, rapidly opened it, and stabbed, stabbed, stabbed it into his little victim, having no consciousness of what he was doing at the time, and never that day fully realizing what he had done. That in all the time he was walking with the boy he did not have it in his mind to injure him, his only notion in having him with him was for companionship, and it was only when suddenly seized with this uncontrollable impulse that he did the deed, and it all occurred within a minute. The boy was a pretty child and that was what attracted him toward him."

THE MURDER OF THE LITTLE GIRL.

When asked about the circumstances of his killing the little girl in South Boston, he said that "that morning his mother and brother were away on an errand, and he was obliged to attend to the periodical store. He sat reading awhile when a pretty little girl, whom he had never seen before, came in and asked for some papers. As soon as she spoke this terrible feeling all through him, with the fluttering in his hand, came over him, and he replied, "they're down cellar." Unsuspectingly she opened the door and passed down the stairs, Pomeroy immediately following, drawing his knife as he went. As soon as the bottom was reached he placed his left hand over her mouth, drew her head toward his shoulder, and with the knife in his right hand cut her throat and she was dead in a minute. Not three minutes had expired from the time he first laid eyes on the little girl before she was dead.

A DIME NOVEL READER.

Pomeroy has been a close reader of dime novels and yellow-covered literature until, as one of the gentlemen stated in his argument before the council, "his brain was turned, and his highest ambition was to be the 'Texas Jack' of South Boston."

A REMARKABLE STORY.—A physician of this city received from a brother physician, in a neighboring city, a few days since, a human heart, which has attached to it a most remarkable story. The man from whose body the heart was taken attempted to commit suicide by stabbing himself with a knife. The weapon penetrated the heart and cut a gash entirely through it. Notwithstanding this the man lived for thirty days afterwards, and would probably have survived for many years had he not risen from his bed and got on a drunk. While in an intoxicated condition he died. The heart is now in the museum of the Georgia medical college.

—Augusta (Ga.) Chronicle.

The Niagara hackman has once more come to the surface. He drove a young couple to a clergyman's house, officiated as "best man" for the bridegroom, drove the pair back to their hotel, and then called upon the clergyman to divide the fee with him.

FACTS AND FANCIES.

THE CARRIER DOVE.—
My bird let loose in far-off skies,
When hast'ning fondly home,
Ne'er stoops to earth nor wing, nor flies
Where idle warblers roam.
But high she soars through air and light,
Above all low delay,
Where nothing earthly bounds her flight,
Nor shadow dims her way.
So grant me, God, from every care
And stain of passion free,
Aloft through virtue's purer air,
To hold my course to thee!
No sin to cloud, no lure to stay
My soul as homo ebo springs,—
Thy sunshine on her joyful way,
Thy freedom on her wings.

—At Middletown, Del., an immense peach refrigerator is to be built, capable of holding 200,000 baskets of fruit, which the projector guarantees to keep by a peculiar freezing process for six months.

—The first female lawyer admitted to the bar of Ohio has proved a dismal legal failure. The baby is doing well however, and if the clients can wait, their cases may possibly come around all right.

—After all the street-car conductors who have committed suicide because their honesty was doubted, the New York companies now find that they have saved over a million dollars by the use of the bell-punch.

—The Tennessee river went through the strange freak of rising some eighteen inches and then ebbing and flowing like the ocean for about four hours, at London, Tenn., the other day, and nobody can tell what was the matter with it.

MEXICAN FLAG.—
Time Freedom's topside great big hill
Splendored him pig-dig on wing,
Him hip-bang-slam blue night-dress spillo,
And hull cloud tip-top fleeceman bling.
O'S HANO, Clark steno.

*Freedom allas sam hin-la Chinese; allas same, make what please.

—Honey comes originally from the roots of plants, and undergoes processes during the formation of the flower, and that which is gathered up by the bees is an excess, and not essential to the development of the fruit or flower. If not saved by the bee it would waste its sweetness on the desert air.

—The present rage in Paris for floral decorations as a part of female embellishment is such, that to look at some of the ladies as they move along, one would imagine that they had poked their head and waist through a bed of garden flowers, and were bearing off the spoils over half their persons.

—A Salt Lake City Mormon gives to the world the following remedy: "If you have children with red hair, give them warm, fresh milk from a Texas cow. It will cure it for certain to a black." If somebody will lend us a Texas cow and a baby with red hair we should like to try it.

IF MY LOVE SMILES.—
So twinkles stars, through nights by moons
made gold;
So landscapes beam 'neath summer suns un-
rolled.

IF MY LOVE LAUGHS.—
So plays its song glad waves along white sands;
So harp of leaves laugh 'neath Eolian hands.

IF MY LOVE SPEAKS.—
So ring the merry voices of the woods,
That cheer alike sunshine and solitudes.

IF MY LOVE BLUES.—
So morning flushes up the dimpled skies;
So eve's carnation with the twilight dies.

IF MY LOVE WEeps.—
So fall the crystal tears of night in dew,
Skies weep that earth may bloom more fair
and true.

IF MY LOVE LOVES.—
So bliss leaps gladly from breast heart to heart;
Nor life nor death shall find our souls apart.

—At the Central market yesterday a long-haired man mounted a box and commenced: "My friends, who hath redness of eyes? The drunkard. Who hath woe? The drunkard. The Lord sent us pure cold water. There's nothing like woe." At that moment a boy who was throwing water from the garden-hose used around there accidentally turned the stream against the stranger's back, and he jumped down and said it was a case of assault, and ran after a warrant. He said that no human being could throw cold water over him without being made to suffer for it.—*Detroit Free Press*.

—If you are well, let yourself alone. One of the great errors of the age is, we medicate the body too much. More persons are destroyed by eating too much. Gluttony kills more than drunkenness in civilized society. The best gymnasium is a wood yard, a clearing, or a corn field. A hearty laugh is known, the world over, to be a health promoter; it elevates the spirit, enlivens the circulation, and is marvelously contagious in a good sense. Bodily activity and bodily health are inseparable. If the bowels are loose, lie down in bed, remain there and eat nothing until you are well. The three best medicines in the world are warmth, abstinence and repose.

—"Is this the post-office?" inquired a stranger the other day as he approached the stamp clerk's window. "It is," was the reply. "And you have stamps here?" "Yes, sir." "Will you be so kind as to please sell me one?" "I will." "I'm very sorry to have to bother you," continued the stranger while the clerk was tearing off the stamp, "but I want to send a letter out, and I hope you'll excuse me." "That's all right," replied the clerk. "Yes, I believe it is all right," said the stranger. "I'm a thousand times obliged for your courtesy, and now I want to beg one more favor. Can I mail this letter here?" "Why of course." "Can I? Here, give me your hand, young man! I've lived, around and about for over forty years, and I've seen hard times. I ain't used to this sort o' kindness, it goes right to my heart!"—*Free Press*.