

The Orangeburg News.

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

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SELECTED STORY.

Old Shylock's Ruse.

BY JOHN M. HARTLEY.

Picture in your mind an old man with a shabby grey coat reaching to his knees, and two long arms protruding from its folds, and you will have Old Shylock.

He was neither a miser nor a hermit, yet he lived among the wilds, in a dilapidated cottage, whose walls seemed ready to meet at each fresh sweep of the wind. It consisted of four or five apartments; two upon the first floor, which were used for various purposes, and two upon the second. These were chambers, one being used by Shylock, and the other by his daughter.

A quaint looking place for a maiden's sleeping apartment it was. With its rough plastered walls, adorned here and there with grotesque characters wrought in wood, weapons of war, human skulls, skins of wild animals, long pipes of clay, costumes of warriors, heraldry of different nations, and innumerable uniforms. Old Shylock prided himself upon these. Though quite poor, he used what little means he possessed in purchasing antic dresses, rustic swords, shields, war clubs, and in fact, everything that would strike his fancy as being odd. This engendered no small amount of gossip. Some termed him a necromancer, a conjurer, while others whispered dark tales of witchcraft, of departed spirits, and ogre-looking figures fitting about the walls, at which Shylock would smile, caring neither to verify nor refute the accusation.

The war between Poland and Russia was at its height. Numbers of Polish refugees

swarmed the country, seeking shelter from their enemies.

The fiat came from the king inflicting death upon whomever aided or abetted the insurgents. Shylock was never troubled by a visit from any of these; but few persons ventured so far into the mountains.

It was his custom to sit at his cottage door during twilight, with his long clay pipe in his mouth, and his red scull cap drawn almost over his eyes, watching the advent of the different stars.

As he was thus engaged one summer evening, he thought he heard the clattering of a horse's hoofs upon the stones. It was something unusual for a horseman to pass his cottage, and before he could give himself any satisfactory answer, both horse and rider came from the thick foliage into full view.

The latter's air was nervous and disturbed and, as well as his beast, he was covered with dust and perspiration. His eyes no sooner lit upon Shylock than he vaulted from his saddle:

"I am a Polish refugee; my pursuers are upon my track. It is impossible for me to go any further. For Heaven's sake, old man, extend me a helping hand. For, if I am retaken, death alone awaits me."

Shylock gazed for a few moments into his face. For the first time he noticed that his dress was that of a dragoon. He shook his head sorrowfully, saying:

"To aid a Pole, were to lay one's head upon the block."

A groan escaped the cavalier's lips. He clutched frantically at Shylock's hand, and in a suppliant voice, cried:

"I am a human being, the same as yourself. You value life, why should I not? Oh, for Heaven's sake, I beg of you, conceal me in your cottage."

Shylock was silent. Through a misanthropic creature, he was not entirely heartless; he pitied the fair youth before him. He felt as a Christian, duty bound to render him assistance.

Let the cost be what it might, he determined to act as his heart and soul dictated. He arose from his seat, and entering the cot, ignited a small lamp, and turning to the refugee bade him follow.

With a cry of joy the youth sprang after him. Up the stair-case they wended their way, till Shylock finally halted at a door, adjoining the apartment in which his daughter lay sleeping.

He pushed it open and motioned the refugee to enter. He obeyed, and after covering the old man's hand with kisses, threw himself upon the bare floor.

The door was locked by Shylock, and turning he hastened below.

Upon reaching the lower portion of the cottage, his first movement was to secure the cavalier's horse, which he did by leading it to the rear of the building and fastening the reins to a post. He then returned to his seat at the door, and taking up his pipe began devising some means by which he hoped to elude the pursuers.

The cottage possessed no hidden passage nor secret vault, through which he might gain access to the mountain; on the contrary, it had been constructed in such a manner that a few moments search would result in the complete overturn of everything.

He too well knew this, and after a brief study decided that the only way left him, was to prevent the Russians from making any search which might lead to a discovery.

Hardly had he come to this conclusion, when upon the night air, rang quick succession, the clattering of many horses. A slight tremor crept over the old man's frame, as the sound drew nearer and nearer, followed by loud, harsh words and alternate outbursts of anger. He drew his skull cap tighter upon his head and steadying his trembling hand began puffing vigorously at his pipe.

The next moment, the bushes were rapidly thrust aside, and Shylock beheld the grim visage of a mounted Russian, followed by another, and then another, till he counted eight—eight hardy, powerful cavaliers, with war and dissipation stamped upon their very foreheads, and he, a decrepit old man, bent almost double with age. The foremost started back, as he took in the cottage and its inmate. With an oath, he ripped out:

"So! so! A mountain home for refugees. This then, is where our Polish minions obtain aid. By n'eyes! you have worked it well old man."

Shylock continued quietly smoking—not a trace of fear or uneasiness was betrayed in his manner. Judging from his face, he regarded the ones before him with mingled curiosity and pleasure. Yet, as he sat thus, with every eye fixed upon him, seemingly undaunted and composed, his cunning brain was at work, studying—calculating—thinking of the best course to pursue.

Suddenly he started—dropped his eyes to the ground, and then a bland smile passed over his wrinkled face.

Drawing his pipe from his mouth, he blew forth a dense volume of smoke, exclaiming: "Yah; dat ish good—Polish minious ish good; but me no do dat."

A loud laugh followed this, but the leader instead of joining in it, leaped from his horse, and drawing a pistol from his belt, stepped to his side, crying:

"I know you, Shylock Dwyne—your dutch jargon will not serve you. You have concealed in your cottage—a prisoner—one Vincent DuVier—deliver him or I will shatter your brain into atoms."

In spite of his resolution to appear calm Shylock trembled. His long, bony arm fell to his side, and his pipe rolled upon the ground. Large drops of perspiration began to start upon his forehead, his face became pale, and his eyes commenced rolling in their sockets. He had betrayed himself, no finesse could now serve him—he was lost—irretrievably lost. Yet, even then, his composure did not entirely forsake him, his voice was firm and unbroken when he said:

"Your prisoner is not here—I pledge you my oath."

"Liar!" cried the officer pressing the cold muzzle of his weapon closer to Shylock's temple. "You have him hidden in your cottage. Deliver him and no harm shall come to you—refuse, and your head shall pay the penalty."

"I know nothing of him," firmly replied Shylock. "Seek him in the mountains."

"No. We will seek him here," returned the officer. "Dismount men, and search the garden."

He commanded. Turning to the soldiers: "This dim-looking ruin is not without some outer cave."

They immediately obeyed, and four of them disappeared around the corner of the building.

Shylock's heart sank within him as he beheld this. The cavalier's horse he remembered tying at the rear of the cottage. Pass it unnoticed he knew they could not.

The officer still held the inimical weapon to his temple. He was compelled to sit quietly, and hope the beast would be passed unseen.

Such expectations were the next moment dispelled, as a cry of exultation arose upon the air, and the four Russians emerged from the rear of the building, leading by the rein a fully equipped dragoon horse.

Shylock leaped to his feet. A hand clutched him by the throat, and a voice of thunder cried:

"Now, villain, confess! Where is Vincent DuVier? Speak! Where is this refugee?"

"He is not here," cried Shylock, struggling to escape the hands that held him.

"Wretch!" shrieked the enraged officer. "Will you still persist in this? Light your lamp—lead through your cottage. Do you obey me? Go!"

And he flung Shylock headforemost through the cottage door.

A lamp was hastily procured, and the old man, with six Russian soldiers at his heels entered the rear apartment.

Everything there was overturned, closets were ransacked, clothing scattered about, and the room made one complete mass of overturned articles; but no cavalier was found.

"Now, the upper chamber!" cried the officer, drawing his sword, and commanding the others to follow his example.

Pale and trembling, Shylock mounted the rickety staircase. Twice he turned, and endeavored to expostulate, but his voice was scarcely heard above the din of the soldiers. Reaching the top, he drew back, and stood for a moment upon the stairs.

"Lead on, old man!" cried a half dozen voices back of him, and at the same moment the sharp pricking of a sword upon his feeble limb compelled him to resume his way.

The narrow entry was soon filled with Russians. The officer tried both doors, and found them securely fastened.

As he ceased knocking, he muttered to himself, "If she will but understand me!"

Minutes of stillness and anxious watching passed. Again the old man thundered at the door. As he ceased, a noise was made within, followed by the patting of footsteps, and the hurried movements of a person. Then a bolt was drawn back, and the figure of a Polish dragoon stood at the entrance.

A cry of joy and surprise arose upon the air. The soldiers lifted him in their arms and started down the staircase. Reaching the open air, they bound him and then mounting their horses rode off.

At the sound of their horses' hoofs died away, Shylock unlocked the other chamber door, and thrusting his head within, whispered:

"Come forth! All is safe."

The true Vincent DuVier, pale and trembling, stepped into the entry.

"Have they gone?" he asked.

"They have."

"But, who—who have they taken?"

"My daughter," responded Shylock.

"Your daughter? Oh, heaven, man! what have you done?—This is more than I asked of you."

"Never mind," was the reply. "There is one thing I now ask of you she must be returned."

Vincent clasped him by the hand, crying: "She shall be returned, though at the cost of my life."

He kept his word.

After much trouble, an exchange was effected, and old Shylock once more clasped his daughter to his breast.

About a year after a marriage took place at the mountain homestead. The bride was Shylock's fair daughter. It is needless to state who the other was.

Various.

The State Democracy.

ADDRESS OF THE CENTRAL DEMOCRATIC CLUB TO THE DEMOCRATIC PARTY OF SOUTH CAROLINA.

Yellow Citizens: The election for President and Vice-President of the United States is now close at hand. The great principles involved in the contest, the magnitude of the interests at stake, and the influence which this State may have on the result, make this a proper occasion to lay before you a brief address.

The tendency and purpose of the Radical party, as manifested in words and acts, are the absorption of the liberty of the individual; the destruction of States; the subversion of the constitution and the erection upon the ruins of individual and public liberty, a grand, grinding consolidated despotism. Already it has made rapid strides in that direction. Little now is left for it to do but to fuse into one mass, and then crystallize into permanent form its various acquisitions of usurped power. Its capricious acts; its wanton cruelties; its corrupt practices; its enormous burdens you have felt and do know. Against these and more than these you are now called upon to continue a resolute fight with the peaceful, though potent, weapon of the ballot. The Democratic party here and everywhere are striking with you for the principles of liberty, and the forms of government to which we have been accustomed, for a written constitution, a Federal Union and a distinct existence of the States.

Surely, then, the principles of the contest are important, and the interest great. Arouse, therefore, to the magnitude of the emergency, and spare no efforts for success. When the time for registration shall come, let no man fail to appear, and none fail to vote. Let each one remember that his individual vote may decide the election in his own District, and that the electoral vote of the State may turn the scale in favor of the Democratic party.

Our people must not despond, nor relax their efforts, if there should be failures elsewhere. On the contrary, they will have reason to hope, and much to stimulate them to increased energy, for it is yet possible to win. State elections are influenced, and sometimes controlled by local issues; and it has often happened that these go one way, and in a few weeks thereafter, in the same place, the Presidential elections another. This may be the case in the present canvass; and, indeed, we have reason to hope so. Recently we have received reports from all parts of the State, which induce the belief that South Carolina, with proper effort, will be carried for Seymour and Blair. Let not the failure to do so be ascribed to you.

The canvass in which you are now engaged is full of excitement, which will probably continue and increase to the end. We trust, therefore, that it will not be amiss to drop you a word of caution: The criminality of a few,

and perhaps the indiscretion of many have placed it in the power of malice and misrepresentation to injure us, and seriously to damage the common cause. We urge you, therefore, not only to prevent violence, but to abstain from the appearance of it. We are dealing with a false and subtle foe—prolific in inventions and venomous in purpose—a foe who fully understands the temporary profit of a nimble lie, which too often achieves its end before the truth can even buckle on her armor.

We need not urge upon you the policy and the duty of treating, with great kindness and forbearance, the colored population of the State. This you have ever done, and will continue to do, as long as you are permitted. We have no doubt you will make manifest the untruth of the malicious charge, that by force you have compelled their votes or by intimidation kept them from the polls. Their minds are rapidly opening to the truth that the vagrant white man from the North, as well as the renegade of the South, who live by deceiving and plundering them, and who have been driving them to destruction, are not true friends, and are unworthy of confidence and support. With a fair opportunity they will return to you, as their estrangement is owing entirely to the false teachings and malignant efforts of the Northern emissary. It cannot be forgotten that the State voluntarily, in 1865, invested the colored population with every civil right; and that the Democratic party, in convention in April last, recognized them, under the previous action of the State, as an integral element in the body politic, and expressed its willingness, when in power, to enfranchise them to the extent which the public weal and their own good might warrant. The position then taken by the Convention, and which was announced to the people of the State and the country, is now reaffirmed.

We beg you to remember that the Democratic party of the State was not organized for the purpose merely of supporting the nominees of the party, but for higher purposes and more enduring ends. It is possible that our present leaders may be defeated, but our principles will survive. The liberty of the individual, the being and welfare of States, the Constitution of the United States and a Federal Union under it, are objects worthy of patient and enduring efforts. In the success we hope for, our organization will be most useful; and, in case of defeat, it will become essential. We, therefore, desire to impress upon you the necessity of preserving intact, and in full energy, the admirable organizations of the Democratic party of South Carolina.

WADE HAMPTON,
Chairman Executive Committee.
J. D. POPE,
J. P. THOMAS,
E. W. McMASTER,
W. M. SHANNON,
S. MCGOWAN,
JAMES CHESNUT,
Chairman Auxiliary Committee.
T. S. FARROW.

GOOD ADVICE.—Make marriage a matter of moral judgment.
Marry in your own religion.
Marry into a different blood and temperament from your own.
Marry into a family which you have long known.
Never talk at one another either alone or in company.
Never both manifest anger at the same time.
Never speak loud to one another unless the house is on fire.
Let each one strive to yield oftenest to the wishes of the other.
The very nearest approach to domestic felicity on earth is in mutual cultivation of an absolute unselfishness.
Never find fault unless it is perfectly certain that a fault has been committed; and even then preclude it with a kiss, and lovingly.
Never taunt with a past mistake.
Neglect the whole world besides, rather than one another.
Never allow a request to be repeated.
"I forgot" is never an acceptable excuse.
Never part for a day without loving words to think of during absence; it may be that you will never meet again in life.—
We commend the above to our young friends who contemplate entering the matrimonial state. They will find it contains almost all that is necessary to perfect domestic happiness, everything else "being equal."

Some of the Georgia negroes refuse to pay any tax until the Legislature retracts its action in expelling the colored members.
H. T. Helmbold has written a letter in favor of Seymour and Blair, and given a check for forty thousand dollars, to be used to aid their election.

Items.

A "short dress picnic" is to be held in Newburg, O.

General Sickles has a lecture in preparation, to be delivered in Orangeburg, S. C.

Mrs. Stanton is conspiring to introduce Bloomerism.

The California gold mines are doing unusually well.

New Orleans boasts of a daring female burglar.

Hungary has at last got a coinage of her own.

Elliott, the portrait painter, was born in a saw-mill.

The Germans are building a new theater in Philadelphia.

The military asylum at Gardiner, Me., has 150 inmates.

A mountain of magnetic iron has been found in Lapland.

Ozone is now manufactured in France for the aid of electricity.

The pope is the only European sovereign who does not smoke.

It is said Patti received \$10,000 for singing ten nights at Hamburg.

An Englishman proposes to slaughter electrically by means of electricity.

The widow of Dr. Kane is giving spiritual seances in New York.

The British museum contains twenty-five miles of book shelves.

A French college has given a girl the degree of Bachelor of Science.

A man made \$30,000 gathering mustard seed in California last year.

Insurance companies lost \$693,000 in New York city fires last month.

The cotton crop of North Carolina will be equal to that of last year.

Constant Meyer's new picture is a group of a Sunday school.

More than fifty operators in Wall street made over \$1,000,000 last year.

The latest Paris velocipedes carries two persons.

how to use them.

A Mormon elder was recently presented with nine boys and five girls the same day.

A Massachusetts company has bought a Norway lake, and propose to sell ice in Boston.

Mrs. Polk, widow of the late General and Bishop Polk, has opened a girls' school in New Orleans.

Not even a casual instance of yellow fever has been reported in New Orleans this season.

Napoleon has called upon the poets and composers of the empire to get him up a national hymn.

A counterfeit fifty cent note manufactory has been broken up in New York, and about \$1500 in spurious money captured.

A blind child of three years, plays the piano in Baltimore in a skillful manner, using its elbows as well as its hands.

St. Louis papers announce the death of Mr. Isaac Walker, leaving an estate valued at several millions of dollars.

Paris has schools where the use of the velocipedes is taught.