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A BRIEF STORY.

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Robert Arnold was on the sunny side of thirty—dashing, wealthy, and fashionable. He had no brains, but the intellectual deficiency was more than equalized by the vastness of his reputed possessions. Royal blood coursed through his veins, his father at one time having been the gardener of a king, and his mother an intimate friend, by permission, of a monarch.

Robert was handsome withal, and therefore a "diamond of the first water, and a prize of unlimited magnitude." Mothers were extravagant in their eulogies; daughters were wild with excitement at the very thought of captivity. In the mean time, the said Robert flourished like thistles on a barren isle; he had it all his own way, and that way a smooth one. He had no ducats to fight or rivals to meet, the "track" being cleared co-instantly whenever and wherever the said Arnold made an appearance.

There was a single exception to the rule, however, in the person of William Hartwell. He aspired to the same eminence and worshipped at the same altar. Alas for William! Shame unto Robert!

Mary Bartol was on the shady side of twenty, accomplished, gay, witty, and beautiful to fascination. She had no heart, but what of that? Her face and form would carry her through any conflict triumphantly; hence no defect was registered against the fair and pretty Mary. She was loved, too, as all pretty ladies are and must and ought to be, and by more than one suitor. Said applicants for an abiding-place in Heartland being numerous, the modest Mary had no hesitation in estimating her own value that of her competitors.

She made wise selections, however, when making up her list of visitors, wealth ranking first, last and always; appearance second and seldom; character and real worth as a cipher and without quotation.

William Hartwell loved the valuable Mary; loved extravagantly, not wisely, however, as the sequel will show. His money was easily counted, but his genius and polished mind and manners won him a host of friends. He was an artist; heavenly tints and colorings, warm, glowing and lifelike, he created at will; fluent and graceful in conversation, majestic and handsome in form and feature, with raven, flowing locks, he gained the affections of many a fair one, and the admiration of Mary Bartol.

In dreams he was happy. The sky was cerulean, the flowers bright and beautiful, the spring-time pleasant. So felt he—so thought he. But a change came over the spirit of his dream, and a black cloud suddenly unrolled, scorching in shadows and death a hitherto sunlit landscape and heart. Pie upon Mary!

Robert Arnold visited the Bartols. Pa and ma were delighted, Mary in ecstasies, and poor William in trouble and suspense. They twain, that is, the said Robert and the aforesaid William, were rivals in their own estimation and suitors for the hand of the Queen Mary. One was accepted the other rejected. The accepted one was not the said William, and the rejected one was not the said Robert.

William Hartwell pleaded earnestly. He divulged the secret of the inner chamber of his soul. Fervently, eloquently and practically he appealed to the idol of his life, the object of his solicitude and the aim of his ambition, but in vain—in vain! Congealed, adamant, and inflexible as an iceberg, he accomplished nothing, and departed, humiliated and chagrined.

A march for the heartless Mary and a dirge for the sorrowful William. To him how a *propos* the touching lines.

Wear your love and woman's trust
Write in characters of dust,
Print them on the pale moonbeam,
Engrave them on the running stream."

Robert and Mary were soon united in the bond of wedlock. The surroundings and paraphernalia were those of pomp, opulence, and golden splendor. The Bartols, at least, were happy. The wine flowed freely; toasts were drunk; prophesies indulged in; comments unsparringly made; dress suits were forthcoming; dazzling trails unstinted; la-

rouchos of every description on hand for the occasion; a retinue of servants at command; in a word, they lived in princely style, attiring in royal purple, and eating the first fruits of the season: sleeping on couches of down, and rolling in wealth and luxury generally.

But alas for human pride and vain delusion! In less than three months of time, the vast possessions suddenly became "small and beautifully less." Creditors clamored in vain for payment of bills; their visits were irksome, annoying, and exceedingly unpleasant. Robert became desperate; he turned upon the object of his heart, accused her of extravagance and being the cause of all his troubles, vexations, and downfall.

The affectionate Mary became frenzied, sobbed, wept and hurled back the libel indignantly; spoke of deception, absence of judgment, ditto brains, plus cash, and various other convenient and useful things in the hour of trouble.

Love got alarmed because of the imbroglia; and abruptly winged its flight to a sunnier and more congenial clime.

A divorce was obtained in just six months from the day of marriage, and two souls once more were happy in the thought each had triumphed over the other. One had rid herself of a monster and a fool; the other got rid of a spiteful and heartless extraneous.

MORAL.—All are not diamonds that sparkle, neither all gold that glitters. Young ladies, value character and real worth; spurn not the poor young man, and receive with distrust the attentions of the rich and favored. A good heart, a pure soul, and a noble nature are worth untold millions.

Young gentlemen, frown not upon obscurity; the most precious gems are always found in unfrequented places. No amount of luxury or splendor, no face or form however beautiful or faultless, can possibly supply the want of purity, amiability, simplicity and domestic accomplishments, blessing and making happy the longing soul and loving heart. As you sow, in the order of nature, you will reap.—*Waverly Magazine.*

Tyrannical Men.

I THINK most of my readers will admit that there is found occasionally such a creature as a tyrannical man—one who is such in his family circle, at all events.

I have known men who were patterns of gentleness and suavity in their business relations, who were any thing but gentle in their domestic relations. They were not born to rule their peers; so they ruled over those who were weaker and more helpless than themselves—such as wives, and children, and hired men—with a rod of iron. I will not deal in vague generalities, but relate some instances of petty tyranny of actual occurrence.

There was a man who had a little, meek-faced wife, seven girls, one boy, and a large farm. He used to be obliged to hire help upon his farm, and of course he could not get men who would do work just as he did it himself. In the planting of corn or potatoes, if the rows were not just so straight, and the hills just so far apart, he would rave like a mad man, actually foaming at the mouth. If there was a rake or fork misplaced in his barn, or a bit of litter upon the floor, his anger would break forth in curses. His rule in the house was absolute. His wife expressed, in every look and attitude, deprecation and apology, and the children skulked in corners like quails, when they heard his footstep upon the door-stone. He built a large house, in the planning of which his wife had no voice; consequently it was the most inconvenient arrangement you can imagine. There was a flight of six stairs from the kitchen to the dining-room, but none leading to the chamber, except those in the front hall. The girls were anxious to have a door-step at the front door. He drew a large stone, dumped it midway between the house and street, and there it lay for years. They wanted a good door-yard fence and a gate; he built one of coarse, crooked rails, and had a pair of bars. They wanted to keep hens, and have plenty of eggs and chickens; he would not permit a hen to set foot upon his farm. They wanted curtains at the windows, and carpets upon the floor; he tore the curtains into ribbons, and kicked the basket of carpet-tags out of doors. "O father! do keep a horse!" was the cry of the girls, and he kept the very "pokiest" pair of oxen he could find. At last he got "converted,"

and for some years did much better; but a few seeds of the "original sin" remained in his bosom; the "old Adam" got the upper hand of him, and he became a backslider.

I knew another man—he was called a man—whose wife never dared to go out for an afternoon visit without his most gracious permission, and whose children never went to play for an hour with a neighbor's children, without asking him if they might go, and how long they might stay. He knew to an ounce how much butter and cheese was made in the house, sold it himself, took the money, put it in his pocket, from which receptacle it never came forth without a struggle and a groan, unless it came out to buy more land. He kept a pair of horses, one of which was gentle enough for his wife to drive. I've seen that wife stand before him with downcast eyes, trembling lips, and nervous hands, begging of him to let her have the horse to drive to the village.

"What do you want to go to the village for?"

"I want to go to the store first, and then to see Lizzie Ford."

"Go to the store, hey! What an airth are you going to the store for now? It's run, run to the store all the time; it's 'nough to keep a man poor as poverty the hull time."

"Maria wants a new dress, and Nettie a new shaker."

"Maria wants a new gown, does she? Well, she can go out to work and earn it; then she'll know how she came by it."

"I can not spare her to go out."

"Can't spare her, did you say? If you could see the work my mother done—you're allers draggin round half dead."

I did not hear the poor mother's response, but he did.

"What's that—you wish you were dead? Well now, that's a party wish for a Christian—a member of the church, too! You've got a wicked, rebellious heart—that's what you've got. And I don't do you any particular good to see Lizzie Ford neither, you can't have the horse; I dunno but you might if you wasn't a going to see Lizzie."

I knew another, who concealed his iron claw in a velvet paw. He was the meekest and gentlest of human beings when there was company at his house; and, when he was visiting at a friend's house, butter wouldn't melt in his mouth. In his own house there were not dishes enough of a kind to set the table decently. There were broken plates, two-tined forks, knives minus a handle, and german silver spoons. When the guests were at table, he would say:

"Wife, why don't you make me this to get a set of dishes? these are really too shabby."

Wife blushes a little, but is silent.

"Look there, wife, you've given Mr. Boots a broken knife. Get another."

Boots says, "It's of no consequence." So the wife shuts her mouth tightly, but her lip twitches nervously.

"Why, Mrs. Pincher, you are the most forgetful woman; there's no spoon in the gray. Bring one, Sophia."

Sophia fumbles among a lot of broken ones, and brings a short-handled, pewter spoon.

"Can't you find a better one, sis? But never mind, this one will do for this time."

The miserable stingy man! His wife had begged him to get a decent table outfit more than a dozen times—begged with tearful eyes and choking words. His reply was, "They're good enough for me, and if other folks don't like my style, I can keep away."

Again I've seen him and wife at a dry-goods shop. He would tell her to buy this, that, and the other, for herself or the children, at the same time giving her a look which she understood to mean—"if you do buy it, I'll give you a lecture when we get home." So the poor, crushed, humble creature makes some flimsy excuse, or a faint pretense of not being suited.

These are true pictures, every one of them, and I could draw as many more.—*Western Rural.*

"Mr. Simpkin has an abominable gait—don't you think so?"

"No, indeed; I think it quite handsome, especially since it was painted."

"Excuse me, but you don't understand me—I allude to his carriage."

"Why, la me! he has no carriage."

"Oh! yes, he has; but it is seen only when he walks."

Interesting Murder Trial in Maryland.

Some weeks ago, it will be remembered, a Miss Martha Jane Cairnes shot and killed Mr. Nicholas McComas, at Jarrettsville, Maryland, for the offence of having seduced her under promise of marriage, and failing to keep the promise. The greater part of last week was occupied in her trial, and an extraordinary interest was manifested in the case, the families of both parties being highly respectable. The closing scene Saturday is thus described by a correspondent of the Baltimore Sun:

This morning the interest was greater than ever, and a larger crowd than any time during the trial was present. The court room back to the wall was densely packed with human beings. Some were standing in the windows, and many even pushed inside the bar and monopolized the space appropriated to the members of the bar and the witnesses, even invading the spot where the jury sat, and from which no admittance of the court could induce them to budge.

At the hour of opening, after the judges were on the bench, the accused entered the room as usual on the arm of the sheriff, closely veiled, and was placed in the dock trembling and seemingly more affected than usual, knowing that before the sun of this day set her fate would be decided. Many of her friends had sent her previous words of sympathy and encouragement. A magnificent bouquet had been presented to her early in the morning by a young member of the bar, which was prepared by the fair hands of Mrs. Stevenson Archer. When she took her seat in the dock several female friends who had followed her in, placed themselves on either side of her, remaining until all was over.

The argument was continued and concluded. The excitement now became intense. Necks were stretched and the eyes peered from all directions, first at the prisoner and then at the jury. Many thought that the jury would render their verdict without leaving the box, but they gave no indication that they had arrived at a conclusion.

Judge Grason then directed the bailiff to take them in charge, when they retired. Some considerable disappointment—as manifested by the crowd at this, and anxious inquiries went around, "What is the matter?" "Do you think the jury is all right?" &c. The jury were out just ten minutes, and it is understood that the hitch was caused by one jurymen being unable to agree with the other eleven that it was a case of justifiable homicide, but was willing to acquit if he could be satisfied of the previous insanity and ten minutes were occupied by his associates in convincing him of the fact.

The Jury were thus out ten minutes. When the jury re-entered, the crowd in attendance was cautioned by the court not to make any demonstration when the verdict was rendered, on pain of arrest, and there is no doubt that the caution was necessary to repress the enthusiasm of the brawny yeomanry clustered all around. The clerk polled the jury, and after the other formalities, the foreman gave the verdict of "Not guilty," when a few furtive yells went up from small boys in the rear of the crowd who were not to be deterred by the threatening terrors of the court.

The accused, whose composure during the trial had been so generally noticed, could no longer bear the strain upon her and gave way entirely; she wept and gasped for breath, and seemed in imminent danger of fainting. With the assistance of the sheriff and others she was taken into an adjoining room, the door locked to keep out the crowd that was pressing upon her, and after inhaling a little fresh air she recovered sufficiently to be taken over the street to her hotel, where for a long time parties were constantly coming to inquire after her. Later in the evening, with her mother and others of her family and friends, she left her home near Jarrettsville, the scene of the tragedy with which her name is so closely connected.

The court adjourned immediately after the prisoner was discharged.

Why is a hungry boy looking at a pudding, like a wild horse? Because he would be all the better if he had a bit in his mouth.

Let's Have a Drink.

The ridiculous, absurd American custom of "asking" is responsible for seven-eighths—mind, we say seven-eighths, and mean it, too—of all the liquor consumed in this country. Abolish that custom to-day, and where there are eight barrels of liquor drank now, there would be but one. We believe this, and believe it can't be gainsaid. We appeal to any number of drinkers for their opinion in the matter. To this custom we owe one "drinking between drinks," which some wag, with more truth than poetry in his soul, said was the only thing that hurt, or words to that effect.

What a ridiculous piece of folly it is to go into a place, if in the mood for liquor, and to ask five or six acquaintances up to drink with you; yet it is done all the time, and by parties who perhaps want the money for stockings. But not to do it when your acquaintances are about is to be looked upon as "small potatoes" and a few in the hill. Take the following as an illustration of a delightful "fix," liable to arise from this absurd custom.

You feel in a mood for a glass. You go for it. Meet a friend just as you are about to enter a gin mill, and you "ask him." Enter, and he comes upon a group of four or five of his friends who have just entered, and are conversing for a moment. You are introduced all round by your friend. Where are you now, with a dollar in your pocket and five or six fellows on your hands, only one of whom you ever saw before, and morally bound by custom and impelled by false pride to ask them to join you in a social glass?

You can't get out of it; they know you come in for liquor, and as your friend introduced you and didn't invite, why you must do the honors, and you say you are glad to see them (an infernal lie, by the way) and ask them up. If you are known at the bar all right; if not, you have to borrow of your friend. How's that? Perhaps some of the party might ask you some other time, but the chances are they wouldn't know you from a baked apple. A most absurd, dead fraud this "asking" in connection with liquor. Do we ask, coax, prevail on acquaintances to go in and have neckties, gloves or boots with us? "Come in and take a bottle of wine with me?" men will say, and take you by the arm, and in you go. Do they ever say, "Come in and have a hat with me?" Are you continually urged to eat things? Do they ask to take pocket knives, lead pencils, hair dye, tooth powder, paper collars, or umbrellas with them? No, this "asking" business is confined to liquor. It is liquor liberality, or a custom, rather, that extends itself to no other article, if we except oysters and cigars, but in these it is limited.

Take a party of six Germans, who go in for their lager. They sit down, and each one drinks what he wants, and pay for what he drinks. He isn't forced and lanted because he don't drink more. The same with Englishmen, Frenchmen, and all other people on the face of the globe, except Americans. You know how it would be with six of the latter, did they go in for lager. There would be thirty-six glasses drank or paid for, if not all drank, because each must "ask" the others. Humbug! Folly!

Imagine a case like this, did the "asking" business extend beyond the confines of liquor. Two gentlemen walking up Broadway. One is attracted by a fine display of bottles—or, boots, shoes, &c., in a window. "Bob, let's go in and have some boots." In they go. "Take hold, Bob. What's your fancy?" "Thank you, Tom, but I'm not taking boots just now." "Oh, get in. Take hold. One pair won't hurt you." "No, excuse me, Tom." "Take something, Bob. Take home a pair of boots for your wife. Don't see me do this thing alone." Bob comes down and takes a pair of boots. It's no use. Who could withstand Tom's appeal?—*Temperance Advocate.*

The theory of velocipede riding is "straddle, paddle, and then skedaddle."

A man in Australia has lost 14,000 out of 18,000 sheep, for want of water.

Gough talked to some purpose last year, and returns an income of \$14,500.

A new ministry is wanted in Spain by the majority of the delegates in the Cortes.

Christian resignation, in the old age of a life of trial, is the rose oil of many crushed days and nights.

Endless matches—Husbands and wives.

Testing the Spirits.

When spiritualism first made its appearance in the village of—old Deacon Isaacs, a rich man who has stood by the church for nearly three-score years, was exceedingly bitter against all believers in the "devil's work," as he called it, and denounced spiritualists and spiritualism in no very gentle language. Imagine the deacon's anger, then, when six months afterwards he found it had worked its way into his family, and not only were his wife and daughters believers, but one of them was a medium, and possessed full power to converse with the spirits of those who had departed to that "bourne from which no traveler returns."

Deacon Isaacs was mad, dreadfully mad; but he had wit enough not to show it, and he bore the taunts of the ungodly with a meek spirit. He knew it would be useless to declare open war; for Mrs. Isaacs alone had proved more than a match for him, and he was sure to be defeated. He must "circumvent the critter," as he expressed it, and to this end he set himself to work. He was a man of sound judgment, and his worldly experience of fifty years was not thrown away. From the day it first came to his knowledge that his wife and daughters were spiritualists he never spoke a word against nor did he ever allude to it, except in general terms in his morning prayers; but any one could see that it troubled him; for he was absent-minded, his eyes wandered restlessly, and he looked care-worn.

The deacon witnessed one or two "sittings" at his own house, and was satisfied that if he possessed a little more knowledge he could get rid of them. So one morning he started for the city, determined to thoroughly investigate the subject, before he returned. After visiting two of the most popular mediums and paying his money, he returned home, satisfied that he could see through it.

There was a "sitting" at the deacon's house on the night he returned; and his daughter Mary—the medium—invited the deacon to take a seat at the table, which, to her gratification, was accepted. The spirits were in good tune, and so exceedingly communicative that the deacon was induced to ask a few questions, which were readily answered, and the wife and daughters were in ecstasies at the thought that father would yet be a believer; and urged the deacon on in his inquiries.

"Has my wife always been true to her marriage vows?" asked the deacon.

To this question there were no raps in return, while Mrs. Isaacs sat transfixed with holy horror that such a thought should enter her husband's mind.

"How many years have passed since she was untrue?"

Answer by single raps. Then came slowly and solemnly, one, two, three, four, and so on, until they reached twenty.

"How many who claim to be are not my children?"

Again the spirits rapped—one, two. Mrs. Isaacs looked dumbfounded.

"Mercy!" said Mary.

"Which are they?" asked the deacon, who now seemed so intent on his subject that he paid no attention to his companions.

"Mary, Sarah," rapped the spirits, the names of the two daughters, the elder of which was under twenty.

Mrs. Isaacs could stand it no longer. "It's a lie! I didn't! it's a lie!" she shrieked, rising from the table. "They are your children, Deacon Isaacs; and God knows it."

"But the spirits affirm differently," said the deacon in a solemn voice.

"Then they lie!" said the wife.

"But, if you believe them in every thing else, why not in this?"

"But I don't believe in them at all; it is all foolery."

"Nor I!" shouted Mary.

"Nor I!" added Sarah.

"Then," said the deacon, while a smile illuminated his countenance, "we will bid them good-by, and leave those things which God has wisely hid from us to be revealed in his time."

The deacon's evening devotions were characterized with more earnestness than usual, and the family retired fully satisfied that the spirits and mediums did not always reveal the truth.

Mrs. Isaacs was so glad that none of the neighbors were present; but somehow the story got wind, and so fearful were the spirit dames of N—that they might be caught in the same trap which the deacon had set that spiritualism was driven entirely from the village.

Don't Stay Long.

"Don't stay long, husband?" said a young bride tenderly in my presence one evening, as her husband was preparing to go out. The words themselves were insignificant, but the look of melting fondness with which they were accompanied spoke volumes. It told the whole vast depth of woman's love of her grief when the light of his smile the source of all her joy, beamed not brightly upon her.

"Don't stay long, husband?" and I fancied I saw the loving, gentle wife sitting alone, anxiously counting the moments of her husband's absence, every few minutes running to the door to see if he was not in sight, and finding that he was not, I thought I could hear her exclaiming, in disappointed tones, "not yet!"

"Don't stay long, husband!" and I again thought I could see the young wife, rocking nervously in her great arm chair and weeping as though her heart would break, as her thoughtless "lord and master" prolonged his stay to a wearisome length of time.

Oh, you that have wives to say "Don't stay long," when you go forth, think of them kindly when you are mingling in the busy hive of life, and try just a little to make their homes and hearts happy for they are gems too seldom replaced. You cannot find amid the pleasures of the world the peace and joy that a quiet home, blessed with such a woman's presence, will afford.

"Don't stay long, husband!" and the young wife's look seemed to say, "I am here in your own sweet home is a loving heart whose music is hushed when you are absent—here is a soft breast to lay your weary head upon, and here pure lips unsouled by sin, that will pay you kisses for coming back so soon."

A NOBLE ACT—THRILLING SCENE.—On Monday last a young boy, son of Mrs. Forest, living on Riddle's banks, near this city, had occasion to take his paper-mills to the east side of the Brandywine creek. On returning, owing to the strong wind and high freshet, the boat became unmanageable, and was carried over the dam breast. Providentially, the boat, as it was rushing down the rapid water below the dam, struck upon the only rock in the creek whose top was above the water, and here young Forest scrambled, and thereby was saved from immediate drowning. The people soon gathered for the rescue, but the question arose as to how the boy was to be saved from his perilous condition. At that moment a lame boy with a crutch came forward and said "I can fetch him off." One of the by-standers objected, until his father, Patrick Mulrien, who was present, said "Let him go; you can't drown that boy." A rope was procured, and young Mulrien, with rope and crutch, went to the rescue. After feeling the water a little, he threw the crutch ashore, and manfully plunged into the rapid, rushing flood of waters, headed for the rock in the middle of the creek, where sat the half-drowned, chilled, and frightened boy. Mulrien swam round and round till he got through the eddy of water on the lee side of the rock, where he scrambled up, tied his rope around young Forest, and with his feet, had to push him off the rock into the seething, boiling current, as the boy stubbornly refused to leave the only place of safety, being benumbed with cold and afraid to face the dangers of the rapid flood again. The men soon pulled him ashore, where kind hands ministered to his wants. The trouble then was how Mulrien was to get back again, as he still sat upon the rock, and looked quietly at the people, then at the rushing flood. He prepared himself for the plunge, and after circling round the partly covered, dangerous rocks, directed his course down the creek, made headway with the current, and very soon gained the shore, some distance below the scene of the disaster.—*Wilmington (Del.) Commercial.*

A LAWYER CONVICTED OF FRAUD.—In the common pleas court, before Judge Daly, yesterday, Frances Wayland recovered a verdict of \$1,860, with interest, against John Livingston (well known to the profession throughout the country) and his surties. Livingston is a lawyer, and was administrator of the estate of the deceased husband of the plaintiff, in the settlement of which he was guilty of frauds of such flagrant character as to call for severe rebuke by the court, who pronounced Livingston a disgrace to his race, country, and profession.—*New York Herald.*