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ALWAYS IN ADVANCE.

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A Home in the Ocean.

Let us visit Minot Light House now, while this storm is at full power. This ledge is covered by water, except for a short time at very low tide. It rises in Boston bay, about twenty miles from Boston, and one mile and a half from Cohasset. Into it are fitted and bolted down the stones of the tower, which are dovetailed and bolted into each other in such a fashion that no stone can be moved without lifting tower and ledge with it. The tower, light and all, is 114 feet in height; all over it, clean to the very top, the waves are dashing. Does not their thunder make your very heart tremble? But these keepers tell you there is no danger! For forty feet the towers are built up solid, except the well, which is in the centre, thirty-eight feet deep. It holds a supply of water for one year. The water keeps good and pure. The well holds 2,000 gallons. It is in winter warm in the summer, and in the water becomes as one the keepers says, "a kind of porridge ice. We will suppose we enter the tower from a boat. To do so we should either climb a ladder forty feet long, fixed into the side of the tower, or be swung up in a chair. At the top of the ladder are two sets of oaken doors, against which are now beating the hungry waves.

Between the other doors and the inner is an entry about three feet long. Entering this room (which is the cellar), from the doors are seen on the right hand the coal and the wood. There stands also a flour barrel, and over these, suspended on hooks, hangs buckets of various sizes, containing, doubtless, many good things for food. On the left is the oil pump for pumping oil into the tank in the oil room. Here are chests, ropes, brooms, tubs, pork barrels, and a little of everything needed for light keeping and house-keeping. It is dark and chilly here, and we had better ascend. Ah! how good it smells here, in the room next above the cellar. Kitchen and dining-room and everything cosy, comfortable and neat. A table well set—hot cakes and hot coffee and boiled fish. "Of course we will." And down we sit, not waiting a second invitation. Well, is not this a singular situation? It seems like dining in a whale's belly. Stormed about and dashed about and poured about by the remorseless sea, and eating a delicious meal quite at our ease. It is certainly one "new thing under the sun" to some of us. Each of the four keepers is off one week and on three. Communication with the land is often dangerous and impossible. In the winter they cannot get home as often as once in three or four weeks. They all have families on shore; and here they sit during storms that shake to its foundations their lonely tower and envelope its crystal summit in foam, and they think of wives and little ones who may be sick or dying without the possibility of sending word to their beloved watchmen on the sea.

"Do you not take pleasure in the sights you must behold during all these isolated days and weeks?" asked one.

Oh, yes! We have a very extended prospect, and one which is never twice the same. Both sea and sky are forever changing, and everything that is on the sea comes and goes. There is nothing stationary but our tower. We see all the vessels that go in and out of Boston harbor, and in the summer we are visited by pleasant parties in sailing vessels and steamers, the latter of which sometimes bring out bands of music, which play to us. They approach close to us, and give three cheers for Minot Ledge light. When visitors come into the light we sometimes find as much amusement as they do. We have all sorts of visitors, as you may suppose. They come from China, California, and from all parts of the world. We have many famous and some infamous names upon our visitor's book. It may seem strange that so far as we are from shore we should be visited by birds, insects, millers and butterflies from the land. The butterflies are of huge dimensions. I have in the morning swept off the walk that surrounds the lantern, thirty, forty, and fifty of these little shore birds, which allured by the bright light, have flown hither over the waters to their death.

"And here is a bit of the glass from one of the squares of the lantern broken last week by a large sea fowl, as we suppose, for we did not see the gentleman. This is the first accident of the kind since the light was erected."

"How long was this tower in building?"

"Five years and four months. What do you men find to employ your minds and hands with, and keep time from hanging too heavily upon you?"

"Oh, we manage to keep busy. We make almost everything, from an extension table to a clothes pin. Then for sport and to supply our table we fish. We don't have to go a fishing. We are already there. All we have to do is to heave a line from the door, and in a minute we have our dinner by the nose. Then we have reading and writing and sewing to do."

By this time dinner is finished, and up we go. The next room is a bed-room. We notice that the rooms are all of one size, twelve feet in diameter, and six or seven in height. Overhead in this first bed-room is a long piece of joist, which can be put out of the window and used for raising up heavy objects. Here is an iron bedstead, a table on which lies a register for the names of visitors, a wardrobe, a marble wash-bowl and a water-closet. Up again, and we come to the oil room. There is one water tank in this room, also a work bench and a box of glass for the lantern. There are here an oil measure, a tool chest and a spare lamp. Another of the steep narrow stairways brings us to the watch-room—stair-room of the tower. Here is a table, an arm chair, a stove, books, papers, a few pictures, and the machine for ringing the fog-bell. From this room we may now, since the storm has ceased to send the waves so high, pass out on the balcony that surrounds it. Well for us that the iron railing is so strong. There! now you've no choice but to go home bare-headed. Why did you not cling to your hat and wig? This wind is enough to take hair out by the roots, even if it leaves the head itself. What a scene!

"We cannot describe it. Let us go on." One more flight and we are in the light room. Here is the object for whose elevation and continuance all this masonry was made—all this skill and labor called forth. "And the light is the life of men." Thus we render it. At sunset the lamp is lit, and till sunrise it shines on in the darkness—a beacon and a warning to all who sail on that dangerous sea. The lamp has three concentric wicks, and is in the centre of a lens four feet in diameter and ten feet high. Step within and look at your friends through these prisms—how do you like the looks of faces three feet long? This magnifies the power of the light, and the glass walls of this room probably have the same effect. There is another walk and balcony without, but we will not try it. It is only on calm, clear evenings that being out there is agreeable. But within, not all the cold and frost and storms of winter, at its worst, can effect one's bodily comfort. One is as thoroughly protected as if he was in his tomb. Wonder if these keepers ever have a nervous fancy that they are entombed? It would not be strange. On the first balcony, about three feet wide, we should have seen the fog-bell could we have seen anything for the wind and spray. It weighs 1,500 pounds, and is hung up against the wall of the tower.—N. Y. Journal of Commerce.

A TOUCHING STORY.—The Hon. A. H. Stephens, of Georgia, at a meeting at Alexandria, for the benefit of the Orphans Asylum and free school of that city, related the following anecdote: "A poor little boy on a cold night, with no paternal guardian or guide to protect or direct him on his way, reached at nightfall the home of a wealthy planter, who took him in, fed and lodged him, and sent him on his way with a blessing. These kind attentions cheered his heart and inspired him with fresh courage to battle with the obstacles of life. Years rolled round; Providence led him on and he reached the legal profession; his host had died, the emorants that prey on the substance of a man had formed a conspiracy to get from the widow her estate. She sent for the nearest counsel to commit her cause to him, and that counsel proved to be the orphan boy long before welcomed and entertained by her deceased husband. The stimulus of a warm and tenacious gratitude was now added to the ordinary motive connected with the profession. He undertook her cause with a will not easy to be resisted, he gained it; the widow's estates were secured to her in perpetuity," and Mr. Stephens added, with an emphasis of emotion that sent an electric thrill throughout the house, "That boy stands before you."

Mormon Assassins.

The Salt Lake Reporter gives the following account of Brigham Young's band of cut throats:

A certain number, said to be twelve, of the most desperate characters in the Church, were selected from among the Danites to commit such assassinations as might be found necessary by the Prophet for the "welfare" and "advancement" of his holy cause. The murder of Gov. Boggs and many others was planned in the secret conclave of the Danites, and executed by the chosen "twelve." The attempt to murder Governor Boggs fortunately failed, and at least one of the would-be murderers is now known to live in Utah. Both of these secret societies now exist in Salt Lake City. The discipline is more perfect under Brigham Young than under Joe Smith, and consequently the aims more sure, the objects more certainly accomplished. No sooner does a Gentile enter Salt Lake City than he is placed under the surveillance of the secret police. A member of the Danite organization is deputed to watch him from the time he comes until he leaves. His habits, words, and careless expressions of opinion are noted and reported, that the Mormon authorities may determine whether he is a friend, a secret enemy, or an open and avowed opposer of Mormon iniquity. The day has been when expression of opinions inimical to the Mormon leaders would result in assassination to the bold defender, and sometimes even the mere suspicion that a Gentile was opposed to the Mormon rule would produce such a result.

The true secret of Brigham's great success in controlling the discordant elements of which his Church is composed is due to fears of the Danites. The Mormons know that certain death by assassination awaits a violation of their oaths, and that although the day of their doom may be postponed, it is sure to come with the opportunity. It is true that many apostates have escaped assassination, but this was owing to the fact that they used subterfuge to place themselves beyond Brigham's power; but even these instances are not wanting of Danites having followed apostates into different cities of the United States, hoping for a favorable opportunity to assassinate. Others escape, because for the time it is deemed inexpedient to kill them. Recent mysterious deaths of Gentiles near Salt Lake City have for a short time excited comment, but finally they have been forgotten. No coroner's inquests have investigated facts and circumstances, and no inquiry has been made by the authorities into the cause of their deaths. But such a system cannot be perpetuated. The Government must sooner or later throw her protecting banner over her citizens in Utah, and not allow it to be scoffed at and spit on by a lewd and lecherous priesthood.

EARLY RISING.—A young farmer found he was getting reduced in circumstances. He went to a friend to ask his advice. This friend, with a grave face, said: "I know of a charm that will cure that; take this little cup, and drink from it every morning of the water you must get from such a spring. But remember you must draw it yourself at five o'clock or the charm will be broken."

The next morning the farmer walked across his fields, for the spring was at the farther end of his estate, and spying his neighbor's cows which had broken through the fence, and were feeding on his pasture, he turned them out and mended the fence. The laborers were not yet at work; when they came loitering along after their proper time, they were startled at seeing their master so early.

"Oh!" said he, "I see how it is; it comes of not getting up in time!" This early rising soon became a pleasant habit; his walk and cup of water gave him an appetite for breakfast; and the people were like him, early at work. He soon acknowledged that the advice his friend had given was as good as it was simple.

A Frenchman who was afflicted with the gout, being asked what difference there was between that and the rheumatism, "One—very great difference," he replied. "Suppose you take one vice, you put your finger in, you turn de screw till you bear him, no longer—dat is de rheumatiz; den s'pose you give him one turn more, dat is de gout."

A MAD HORSE.—The West Chester, Pa. Republican of Monday says:

On Saturday last a horse owned by Sewell Chambers, a colored man living in Thornbury township, was seized with hydrophobia. The animal had been confined in a field near Darlington's corner, but by some means got out of the enclosure into the public road. It attacked a team belonging to William Farrell, who was engaged in hauling stone to the railroad. The driver of the team succeeded in driving off the mad animal, and it is not believed that it injured any of the horses attached to the team. When the fit was off, the poor brute would become very weak, stagger, and fall. When the spasm returned it would again rise, and attack everything in its road. Several persons were chased to the tavern porch, and one individual narrowly escaped being bitten. In its rage to bite its own tongue was nearly bitten off. The animal was finally secured in a lot, where it died during the night in great agony. It was a valuable horse, and was used by Mr. Chambers in threshing grain, with a machine, through the neighborhood. What is still more terrible to contemplate is the fact that this horse is supposed to have been bitten by a dog belonging to Mr. Elias Baker, that was thought to be mad, and bit two persons some three weeks since—an account of which was published in this paper. This supposition is strengthened by the fact that Mr. Baker's dog bit two other dogs on the farm of Mr. George Faucett, where the horse was kept. The dogs of Mr. Faucett were killed immediately after. The two young men who were bitten, as well as their immediate friends, are much distressed over these facts; but it is hoped that the means resorted to in their cases will prove effectual against this malady.

IN A TIGHT PLACE.—At 11 o'clock on Sunday evening, a wagoner with his long journey, a wagoner with his long journey, drove the team into a good range, and determined to pass the Sabbath enjoying a season of worship with the good folks of the village. When the time for worship arrived John was set to watch the team, while the wagoner went in with the crowd. The preacher had hardly announced his subject before the old man fell fast asleep. He sat against the partition in the centre of the body slip, while just against him, separated only by the very low partition, sat a fleshy lady, who seemed all absorbed in the sermon. She struggled hard with her feelings, until, unable to control them any longer, she burst out with a loud scream, and shouted at the top of her voice, rousing the old man half awake, who thrust his arm around her waist, and cried very soothingly: "Wo Nance! wo! Here John, cut the belly band and loose the breeching—quick or she'll tear everything to pieces!"

It was all the work of a moment, but the sister forgot to shout, the preacher lost the thread of his discourse, and the meeting came prematurely to an end, while, deeply mortified, the old man shuffled away, determined not to go to meeting again until he could manage to keep his senses by remaining awake.

TO-DAY AND TO-MORROW.—Today, we gather bright and beautiful flowers—to-morrow they are faded and dead. Today a wreath of leaves shades us—to-morrow, sore and fallen, they crumble beneath our tread. Today the earth is covered with a carpet of green—to-morrow it is brown with the withered grass.

Today the vigorous stalk only bends before the gale—to-morrow, leafless and sapless, a child may break the brittle stem. Today the ripening fruit and waving grain—to-morrow, the land is taking its rest after the toil. Today we hear sweet songsters of meadows and forests, the buzz and hum of myriad insects—to-morrow breathe softly, all nature is hushed and silent.

Today a stately edifice, complete in finish and surrounding, attracts the passer-by—to-morrow a heap of ruins mark the site. Today there are cattle upon a thousand hills—to-morrow they fall by slaughter.

The fashion of the world passeth away. But let Christ dwell within us, and though we pass away like the faded leaf and shapeless stalk we shall arise to newness of life.

"Where everlasting spring abides, And never withering flowers."

A TECHNICAL SUITOR.—Love Letter from a Tailor to his Sweet-heart, a Mantuamaker—Remnant of my hopes: May I be ripped from the border of your esteem and never be buttoned to the loop of your kindness, but I am strongly seamed to them by your beauty. May I never lose a thimbleful of your favor, but you have entangled the thread of my understanding with that pretty outside of yours. Odd bolkin! I am surely yours every inch of me—and my needle follows you. Therefore blunt not the endeavors, but let me baste myself to your kindness, that I may sit thither to your affections. I love you beyond measure, but it is so hard to cabbage one sweet look from you, that I almost despair of having enough to finish my suit. Pray put a favorable construction on this, and for the same shall always sit cross-legged for your sake, being my dearest little flounceur, your,

CABBAGE.

A BEAUTIFUL INCIDENT.—A naval officer being at sea in a dreadful storm, his wife, who was sitting in the cabin near him, and filled with alarm for the safety of the vessel, was surprised with his composure and serenity that she cried out:

My dear, are you not afraid! How is it possible you can be so calm in such a dreadful storm?

He rose from his chair, lashed to the deck, supporting himself by a pillar of the bed-place, drew his sword and pointing it to the breast of his wife exclaimed:

"Are you afraid of that sword?"

She instantly answered, "No."

"Why?" said the officer.

"Because," rejoined the lady, "I know that it is in the hands of my husband, and he loves me, too, well to hurt me."

"Then," said he, "remember, I know in whom I believe, and that he holds the winds in his fists and the water in the hollow of his hands."

A WONDERFUL STORY.—For a week past the daughter of Mr. Walschner, aged about three years, and residing at the corner of Spain and Greatman street complained of an itching ache in the stomach, which she attributed to her parents, as being caused by ants. This irritation lasted from that time until half-past seven o'clock Thursday night, when she was taken worse. The father of the child, supposing that worms was the cause of her illness, administered a worm powder. About midnight she was taken seriously ill, accompanied by a choking sensation, and it was feared she would die from the effects, when she suddenly vomited, throwing up, among other matter, a live mouse, about an inch and a half long, not including the tail, which was near the same length. As soon as the young girl was relieved of the animal, she immediately exclaimed to her anxious parents, "Oh, mother, look, this is the thing that has been troubling me so much!" When we saw the child, Friday morning, she was as well as could be, and romping about the streets as happy as a "gay sunflower." The mouse which was so mysteriously lodged in the child's stomach, was captured by Mr. Albert Weillbacher, the druggist, corner of Spain and Greatman streets, and preserved in alcohol, where the curious, as well as skeptical, can examine it at their leisure. How, when and where the animal found its way down her throat, and how it maintained life, is a matter of conjecture.—N. Y. Times.

A BRAVE GIRL.—A little girl in a Sunday school was asked by her teacher:

"Mary, do you say your prayers morning and night?"

"No, Miss, I don't."

"Why, Mary, are you not afraid to go to sleep in the dark without asking God to take care of you and watch-over you until the morning?"

"No, Miss, I ain't afraid, cause I sleep in the middle."

A young Cincinnati dentist was introduced to a fashionable beauty the other evening, and gracefully opened the conversation by saying: "Miss—, I hope that I may consider that we are not entirely unacquainted. I had the pleasure of pulling a tooth for your father only a short time ago."

A highly educated constable somewhere in the northwest exposes for sale a roan horse, "or so much thereof as may be necessary" to satisfy the judgment.

DANCING THEIR RAQS OFF.—Two unsophisticated country lasses visited Ntbo's, in New York, during the ballet season. When the skirted, gossamer-clad nymphs made their appearance on the stage, they became restless and fidgety.

"Oh, Annie!" exclaimed one, sotto voce.

"Well, Mary?"

"It ain't nice; I don't like it."

"Hush!"

"I don't care, it ain't nice; and I wonder why aunt brought us to such a place!"

"Hush, Mary! The folks will laugh at you!"

After one or two flings and a pirouette, the blushing Mary said:

"Oh, Annie, let's go; it ain't nice, and I don't feel comfortable!"

"Do hush, Mary," replied the sister, whose own face was scarlet, though it wore an air of determination; "it's the first time I ever was at a theatre, and I suppose it will be the last time; so I am just going to see it out, if they dance every rag off their backs!"

Napoleon is building a villa at Rome on the spot where the palace of the Caesars once stood.

A London railway is asked to provide cars for the special accommodation of ladies with pet dogs.

Grenoble, in France, being in want of a hero, is about to erect a statue of Jouvin, the glove-maker.

Mr. B. Odell Duncan, of Newberry, has been appointed Consul of the United States at Naples.

Chicago now has thirteen railways connecting it with other places, and seventeen more are building.

Petroleum is said to have been discovered on the line of the Pacific railway.

During jubilee week Boston instead of being the "hub of the universe," will be the hub-bub.

The Atlantic cable's receipts are over \$3,000 per day.

The New York Medical Society have resolved that one day of rest in seven is necessary for all men.

A Tennessee suicide carefully took off his wooden leg before shooting himself.

A \$30,000,000 embezzlement has just been discovered in the Austrian War office.

Ninety-eight lake vessels arrived or departed from Chicago one day this week.

A man in New Haven has invented a machine by which one man can sew six hundred pairs of shoes in a day.

The oat crop of East Tennessee will be very short this season—about one-third of a crop. Corn looks badly, but the wheat crop is fine.

The Unitarian Church in New Bedford, Mass., has voted to dispense with the bread and wine in Communion.

"Remember who you are talking to, sir!" said an indignant parent to a fractious boy; "I am your father, sir!"

"Well, who's to blame for that?" said young impertinence; "taint me!"

A large number Journeymen bricklayers of Cincinnati have refused to work in consequence of an attempt of the bosses to reduce their pay from five to four dollars per day.

A woman of 75 was married to a man of 35, in Tiffin, Ohio, last week. The woman has been married twice before, and has children older than her present husband.

Horace W. Carpenter, of Oakland, California, offers to give \$60,000 for the establishment of an orphan asylum in that city, if five other citizens will do the same.

An editor says, "our best things will be found on the outside." That's the way with the most of the world.

The Strongest Kind of a Hint—A young lady asking a gentleman to see if one of her rings would go on his little finger.

A landlady in Boston, it is said, makes her biscuit so light that the lodgers can see to go to bed by them!

Anything piteo you dare?" inquired one Dutchman of another, while engaged in angling. No, nothing at all. Vell! returned the other, notting pitee me too.

A preacher in New Hampshire, discoursing on the subject of Daniel in the Lion's Den, said: "And that he set all night long, looking at the show for nothing, and it didn't cost him a cent."

The venerable Bishop Andrew of the M. E. Church, South is in Augusta, Ga., and looking well.

Morning Star Twinkling.

We are in favor of married women's rights. We think every "old maid" ought to be allowed to vote on the question of lay representation.

"A man lecturing in Georgia, asserts that Adam was a yellow man." We know an incredulous fellow who says he wasn't any such Adam thing.

"Rains have injured Kentucky corn." Too much water has always had a bad effect on Kentucky corn, but the people still-use it.

"Sherman declines nothing." We noticed that on his "match to the sea."

"Chained lightning" is the most shocking of all.

"Victoria is to make a continental trip this summer." We don't care a "continental" if she does.

"A woman has died of 600 pounds weight in Philadelphia." This proves that "Time and tide wait for no man" or woman either.

Being collared by a big fellow may be seizable advice; but nobody likes it.

Those who imagine that one stream cannot cross another, have never seen a "stream" of cattle crossing a stream of water.

Work has been commenced on the new jail at Darlington.

Prof. Kerr, finds a quantity of mica in the vicinity of Wilmington, North Carolina.

Bennett, Jr., has a new yacht. Like him, it is uncommonly fast.

Cuba appears to be pretty essentially confused. It is difficult to tell which faction is uppermost.

There are 6,000 printing houses in the United States, of which New York State has 417.

Sir E. Cunard's property in England was sworn at £300,000.

Geo. W. Childs is to give a Fourth of July dinner to his Ledger employees at Atlantic City.

The Duke of Hamilton stands six feet in his stockings, is purple in the face and red of hair.

A publishing house and type foundry have been started in Shanghai by enterprising Chinese.

Cincinnati claims a population of two hundred and sixty-five thousand.

Reversible parasols, which close with the living outside, are the newest things in this article.

As late as the 5th instant, travellers in northwestern Maine were delayed by deep snow drifts.

At the recent convention of the Episcopal Diocese of Pittsburg a new patch of strong ritualistic tendencies were refused admission by an overwhelming vote.

Miss Craig gave the jury a splendid banquet after the one hundred thousand dollar verdict.

Dennis Reen, convicted at Cambridge, Mass., of murder, on Wednesday last saved the State the trouble of carrying out the sentence, by hanging himself.

A jurymen was asked whether he had been charged by the presiding Judge.

"Well, Squire," said he, "the fellow that sits upon the pulpit and kinder bosses it over the crowd, gin us a talk; but I don't know whether he charges anything or not."

During the first battle of Bull Run a Brigadier-General discovered a soldier concealed in a hole in the ground, and ordered him to join his regiment. The man looking him full in the face, placed his thumb upon his nose and replied: "No, you don't, old fellow, you want this hole yourself."

At a country town in New Jersey, a little boy, who was jumping about and bawling loudly, was asked why he wept. The following reply touched all hearts:

"I want my mammy; that's what's the matter. I told the darned thing she'd lose me."

The North-German papers are telling a wonderful story about a girl, a resident of Hamburg, some twenty-three years old, who after an illness of some weeks, apparently died on the Tuesday before Pentecost. The physician, however, forbade her to be buried, as he perceived none of the positive proofs of death. The girl lay inanimate for nearly a fortnight, until orders were finally given to prepare for the funeral, when, it being then Saturday and seven o'clock in the morning, she suddenly came to life. Her death-like swoon had lasted eleven days or the length of an average Atlantic steau voyage.