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# THE ORANGEBURG NEWS

Teren, ICO neres, & buildings. .

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AUGUSTUS B. KNOWLTON TTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR

AT LAW. PANGEBURG, S. C.

W. L. W. RILEY TRIAL JUSTICE,

in prayer seek the forgiveness of the Al nighty; but it was of no avail. He Residence in Fork of Edisto, LL BUSINESS ENTRUSTED will be either could not or would not hear her. and the girl, weeping bitterly and with

Hanging a Maniac.

PITIFUL SCENES OF THE EXECUTION.

walk, was compelled to go away without having accomplished her mission. At ten o'clock Father Driscell, a Roman Catholic priest, entered the prisoner's cell, followed by the latter's friends. Joseph Waltz, who was hung at Cats The priest read the burial service of the kill, N. Y., on Friday, for the murder Church, but did not administer sacra ot Joseph Holeher, a scissors-grinder, ment, as he did not believe Waltz was and who, only on the day preceeding in a fit state of mind to receive it. his execution, mashed in the skull of When the funeral service was over, the the keeper placed in the cell to watch prisener's arms were stoutly pinioned. him, was undoubtedly a maniae, a and the procession was formed for the a maniac, however, whom it woul have march to the seaffold, which was erected been dangerous to allow at large, and in the northeast corner of the upper who would have been an unsafe inmate floor of the jail. Father Driscoll led the way: then came Sheriff Coonley with fession of the murder of Holcher he Waltz, and Constable Witcomb and the states that his victim came to the house jury who had pronounced the verdict on of his (Waltz's) father to pass the the doomed man brought up the rear. night. The evening was spent in plea The noose was at once adjusted on the sant conversation, and after all had gone prisoner's neck. After the usual pre to bed, young Waltz, as his confession liminary ceremonies of reading the death states, was seized with an uncontroll warrant, and prayer by Father Driscoll, able impulse, which he took for the the prisoner was asked if he had any prompting of an evil spirit to kill the thing to say. There was no response. German. He opened his Testament to A shudder of horror at this instant read, but soon laid it down and "resisted seemed to pass through the frames of the spirit until it overcame him." He all present, for, as some said, they felt then went out of doors and got a hatchet that they were about to see a lunatic and crept softly into the guest's room. hanged. But at the thought of the Another struggle of conscience against keeper, Charles Ernest, who lay un the murderous impulse took place, but conscious in an adjoining room from it was too feeble and he killed the old injuries received at altz's hands, the man in his sleep. He says in a subse feeling of sympathy which had been quent confession, "I struck very hard . momentarily excited spent itself. The but I seemed to have no strongth." He black cap was then pulled over the face then buried the corpse, and broke the of the dosmed man, who gave not the seissors-grinder's poor apparatus to slightest indication of consciousness of pieces and buried and hid the fragments. the proceedings, and then, at 10:16 the He committed so many follies as to fatal cord was pulled. At the recoil of attract suspicion to himself, and after the body, the noose slippe I round to the he was arrested he took the officers to back of the head. Apparently, there the place where the body was buried, was little suffering, for after two or three and made a voluntary confession of the convulsive contractions of the fingers. orime. He felt no remorse for what he the whole frame hung motionless. had done and no fear as to his own fate. His family were too poor to employ able counsel to defend him, and he was foon victed. His execution was delayed for some time, and Gen'l Dix made some effort to gain information as to his mental condition. He was satisfied that Waltz was not so insane ar to be moral ly irresponsible, and therefore refused to interfere with the execution of his seatence. On Thursday Waltz gave another terrible proof of his homicidal mudness. He had been violent all day.

and some time before had threatened

the life of his keeper, Charles Ernest.

But the latter did not believe in his

nsanity and did not fear his violence

His confidence proved his rain, for

about two o'clock, as he was lying on a

lounge in the cell, Waltz attacked him

with an iron bar he had torn from the

floor and crushed his skull in several

places. He possessed himself of the

victim's revolver and keys, but made no

effort to escape. Having gratified his

murderous impulse, he sat down on the

floor in the corner, growling and mutter

ing like a wild beast. He made no

resistance to the jailers who came in and

chained him, with tardy decision and

sagacity. Ernest was a general favorite

the village, and there was a momen

tary attempt to lynch his slayer, but the

Up to the moment of the execution.

the conduct of the doomed man did not

differ from what it had been since he

was first arrested. He muttered, or

rather growled, and most of the time he

was crouched silently in a corner. He

stated vacantly at his keepers, and

would answer no questions. At 9

o'clock his mother was led into his cell

It was thought that she might bring

him to a consciousness of his position,

but those who held this belief were dis

appointed. For a few minutes after she

entered he continued gazing at the wall.

His expression was then that of an utter

idiot, and lacked even the slightest gleam

of intelligence. Suddenly, and without

relaxing his gaze at the wall, he gave a

fierce, hoarse howl, sprang to his feet

and seized his mother by the hand in a

threatening manner. The officers had

anticipated mischief, and Constable

Whitcomb, who was watching the pri

soner's movements, forced him to loos;

his hold on his raother, and the lady at

once retired, grief-stricken at her son's

The most pitiful scene of the day,

however, was the visit of Waltz's sister

to his cell. She pleaded with him long

and with deep religious fervor, beseach

ing him to acknowledge his crime and

sad condition.

Sheriff succeeded in preventing it.

In fourteen minutes the body was cut down. Just before this was done Anselm Waltz, the father of Joseph. who was present, and, with deep emo tion, pointing at the dangling remains of his son, "Can anybody who looked upon that body say he was not insane ? Shortly after the body of Waltz had

been cut down, six physicians entered his cell and proceeded to hold a post mortem examination. They found the neck broken. They then trepanned his skull, and on examining the brain found it to weigh fifty four ounces, a half ounce heavier than that of Daniel Webster, and fourteen ounces heavier than the average brain of a human being. All the organs were in a healthy condition, and the intellectual faculties were largely developed. The physician could discover nothing to indicate insanity. After the examination had been completed the brain was placed in liquor and will be taken to Albany to undergo examination by experts of that

HIS LAST VICTIM STILL ALIVE—BURIAL OF THE CRIMINAL'S BODY.

Hubson, N. Y., May 2-Charles Ernest, the officer who was assaulted by Waltz, was alive at one o'clock this after noon, and was removed to his residence.

The body of Waltz was buried on the farm last night, the only persons in attendance being the father, mother, sister and a laborer.

The brain of Waltz was sent Albany to-day for scientific examination.

A funny incident happened at the Boston Theatre a few nights since. Maggie Mitchell was playing "Fan chon.' In the third aut a scene was set in which a bridge began on the right of the stage down noar the auditorium, ran directly to the rear, and thence along the whole width of the stage, which is perhaps the largest in the country. At

the end of the act, after "Landry's" dialogue with "Fanchon," he runs off up the bridge, and when about to do this, and just as he took the first step on the bridge, the hero's trousers, which were of the baggy kind generally worn by stage peasants, fell down in the rear, and immediately a square yard of linen began to flutter in sight of the audience. "Landry" folt what had befallen him, clapped his hands to the exposed place, and ran up and along the bridge as fast as his lega could carry him. For the first couple of seconds the audience hard

An old woman in Darban England claims Brigham Young as her long lost husband. He deserted her and came to perves so unstruog that she could hardly America forty years ago.

ly could believe its eyes, but when the

situation was fully appreciated there

was a perfect howl.

The Hospital Trunk.

'What ! packing up? are you going a journey? I thought you one of the most persistent of all stayers at home, exclaimed Nellie Johnson when making a neighborly call she found her friend Mrs. Wilson, busily engaged in arrang ing the contents of a small trunk.

'I am not preparing for a journey. This is only my bospital trunk, that I have been given its semi annual looking

'And, pray, what may a hospital

'Just look at its contents a morient and you will readily see why I gare it this name. In this corner, as you see, is a box of well prepared lint, and here close besides it, this other containing small bandages, varying in size from these suitable for a child's finger to those large enough for a man's hand or arm. Next comes this roll of larger bandages, some of which are large enough to pass around the body. This bundle is made up of fa mel pieces for hot baths, and these are flannel bags for herb baths when required, and these small pieces are designed for stustard draughts. Here are half a dozen quilted bags with a bit of tape sewed on, like a string to a farmers meal bag, for wrap ping hot rocks, and these two large rolls cantain miscellaneous pieces of all sizes, the one of cotton and the other of woolen. Now you will see why I call it my hospital trunk.'

'Certainly; but whatever put it into your head to have such an arrangement? was it the outgrowth of your own expe rience as a housekeeper?'

'It could not be that, for I had it be fore I had been a housekeener's month. You remember aunt Mary Pridee; what a large family she brought up and what an excellent housekeeper she is? On her first visit to me she brought this trunk, filled as you see. Some of these very pieces were in it then, though that was twenty years ago, most of them however have been removed, as occasion quited. On presenting it, she express ed a wish that I might never have to use it, 'though if you do not' said she, you may thank the Lord for better health than falls to the lot of most families.' For two years I never opened it, except to take out and scald the flannels, as I do ever spring and fall, and if I thought of it at all, considered it somewhat whimsical to have all this sick room paraphernalia when nobody was sick. Then came that dreadful ac cident when Charles fell with that fall ing building and was brought home with a leg broken and a hand and arm so crushed and bruised. The doctor was here almost as soon as he, and then I learned the value of Aunt Mary's gift.

Since then there have been very few years that I have not been obliged to make use of some of its contents, till now I should hardly dare to go to sleep at night, if this trunk were not in order as well as a medicine closet in which I keep all sorts of simple remedies oare fully labeled.

'There seems to be nothing in it,' said Nellie, 'so expensive but that any one might have a like arran gement.'

'Certainly not; the value for any other use of anything here would probably exceed fifty cents, but I can assure you that in case of accident or sudden illness it is invaluable.'

When Nellie Johnson bade her friend good day, and returned home, it was with the determination that when she had a house of her own as she expected to in a few months, one of the articles which should go to its furnishing should be a HOSPITAL TRUNK.

## Josh Billings' Spice-hox.

Most every one luves to listen to a slander but there aint but phew but what despise the author uv it. What a heartless world this would be

if there was no tears in it. Wige men are nover surprised, while

phools are alwass wondering at every thing that happens. I meet a great many men whoze

talk is like a bunch ov fire krackers when they are fust tutched oph, full ov pop for a fow minutes, and then all is over.

Without munny, without friends, and without impudence, iz about az low dawn in this world az enny man kan get and keep virtewous.

reddy to swop old freinds for new

The deg that will phollow everybody, aint worth a kuss.

When I play whist I alwuss like a phool for a partner, fer they do hold sutch good hands.

There iz nothing that a man is so cer tsin ov as he is ov what he sees, and yet there is nothing after all that deceaves him so often.

I have had people set down bi side, and konfidenshally undertake to explain sum thing to me ov grate importance, and taking 48 minutes bi the watch, I not only didn't know what they had been triing to tell, but had forgot a good deal that I knew before,

Thare iz but little that iz new under the sun, and what iz aint good for

One of the most perfect viktorys yu kan achieve over enny man iz to beat him in politeness.

The rarest article quoted in market just now is good common sense.

Yung man you had better be honest than kunnin, and it is hard work to be

After a man has passed the age of 57, about all he kan find to talk about pains and akes than enny of his nabers.

I kant tell exactly what's the mafter ov me, but i am always just a leetle shy of the woman who wears her hair kut

The world at large judge ov us bi our

It ort to kure the pride of enny man when he refleekts that there aint no one than the world owes him.

To be familiar with every one and preserve your respect, and their esteem z an evidence of the most remarkuble

The great mistake that menny peonle iz to think that they was made before the world waz instead ov since.

### Tom Marshall.

A case in which a duel was prevent ed by one of the seconds, much to the disgust of the other, who happened to be a military man, may be related here It occurred during the extra session of Congress in 1841. Thomas E. Marshall invited three gentlemen to dine with kim one stormy, dismal Sunday. One of the guests was an officer of the army, rom the South, who afterwards made something of a name during the rebell on. The other two were connected with the press. An entertainment given by Tom Marshall before he joined the cold-water association was sure to be abundantly furnished with wine. Mar shall and one of the newspaper men, who was from New Orleans, drank deep ly. They had been class-mates in col lege, and were on terms of familiar intimacy. A slight misunderstanding arose between them, and both being con siderably elevated, a harsh remark was made by the editor. Marshall inquired if he was responsible for what he had said. The reply was.

'Tom Marshall, you ought to know me too well to ask such a question.'

The party broke up rather suddenly and a short time afterward the editor brought to his friend of the press who was present at the dinner a challenge which he had just received from Mar shall, with an unconditional acceptance. asking him to deliver the reply, see the army officer, who was to act as Mar shall's second, and make arrangements for an immediate meeting. The friend of the editor was inexperienced in such matters, but he was impressed with the folly of a duel between two gentlemen on a misunderstanding at the dinner table, and determined to prevent a fight at all hazards. He held the acceptance until near the close of the following day, when he waited upon Marshall.

'You came, I presume, on behalf of

'You have been a develish long time in getting here!" That is my fault intirely. Your

challenge was accepted at once.' 'Let me have the acceptance, then, without further delay.'

'Here it is,' the gentleman replied. But I do not propase to deliver it at all. I will not be accessory to a duel

ments into the fire. Marshall was much | contortions incident to such an occasion man if he knew the responsibility he | would not go, so the parson, who was a was that he neither knew nor cared.

prepared to take the consequence, said joke said,-

'Nonscense,' was the reply. 'I will neither let --- meet you, nor will I fight you myself on any such rediculous quarrel. Now, what do you intend to light my pipe with after dinner. do about it?"

Marshall finally burst into a laugh, and in less than an hour's time all the parties were taking a friendly drink at Godsby's. The army officer was inclined to make a scene, protesting against the irregularity of the whole proceeding, but there the difficulty ended .- An Old Stager, in Harper's Magazine for April.

#### A Good Canvasser.

A Central Michigan editor, whose death the Free Press chronicled only a few months ago, was probably as persis dun' or looked for new subscribers. He of it again.' was once out on a jaunt in the township and to brag on, iz that he has got more of White Oak, Ingham County, sticking to every farmer until he got his name and money, and it so happened that he came to a house where death called a few hours before. The farmer's wife was laid out and the husband and his children were grieving over her loss when the editor knocked at the door.

'What's up!' inquired the editor as he saw the farmer's solid countenance

'My wife is dead,' replied the farmer. 'Is that so?' mused the editor a little "-mpeinted. 'Did she die easy?' 'Dropt 1 ... 'mb.'

'Not a word-just went right to sleep

'I didn't know,' continued the editor. a sad look on his face, but what she many of them being murder, committed might have requested you to subscribe during the months of November and for the Cascade, which you know is the best paper in the country. If you want it I'll take your namer ght in, and under the circumstances I won't charge a workman was murdered for twenty a cent for the obituary notice!'

The farmer hung off for a while, but before the editor went away he had two cation in the next issue which the bereaved husband pronounced 'a mighty smart piece.' - Detroit Free Press.

### Very Much Frightened.

Achurch in Prussia was used as magazine for provisions for soldiers. but great care was taken of the high altar on account or the beauty of its construction. A rumor spread abroad that the altar was mysteriously illuminated every nights, and throngs of people gathered about the church! The commandment ordered the key and with a lastern explored the church, but noth ing was found to clear up the mystery, but as soon as the church was empty the altar and whole church were again illuminated The commandant issued a proclamation offering a reward to any one who could unravel the mystery. For two days no one claimed the re ward, but on the third a common sol dier belonging to the fortress requested a private audience with the commandant, and explained to the him that he was occasionally employed to put frames to mirrors and burning glasses, and one evening when at work at a large con cave glass it happened to be so placed as to throw a light into the church , when finding public curiosity excited he often threw the light from the attic to the altar. The commandant explained swelled properly. After they have been to the public and gave the promised cooped up a few days, I let them out to reward to the joker :

# A Clerical Joke.

An anecdote is told of parson Shute, the first minister settled at South Hing ham, which for ready wit ought not to pass unrecordec. It appears that the reverend gentleman was very fond of pudding, so at a ministerial meeting one day, the hostess, in order to gratify the taste of her guest had pudding for dinner. Unfortunately it came very near the fire while it was cooking, so that when it was served it was extreme cause of quarrell,' and thereupon tore it time to cool, placed a piece at once in Beware of the man who iz always the paper in pieces and threw the frag his mouth, and then followed the usual belief that she had really got a beau.

astenished, and inquired of the gentle but all to no purpose. The pudding had assumed in so doing. The reply polite gentleman, quietly slipped it out of his mouth and into his coat pocket, You have put yourself in your all of which was observed by his broth principal's place, and I presume you are er ministers, who, for the purpose of a

'So you are putting the pudding in your pocket, are you?'

'Oh, yes,' said the parson unmoved, I put a jittle piece in there merely to

The explanation it is needless to add. was sufficient.

#### The Rich Man Leaving's.

A friend said to me that a good man e named had left \$150,00,

I held up my hands, and said, What

He looked surprised, and said 'What do you mean ?'

'I mean just what I say,' I replied. 'for surely it is a pity, when the man might have sent it on before him, that he should have left his \$150,000 behind tent a man as ever started out on a him for he will very likely never hear

'I remember,' I said, by way of az planation, that some years ago, as I was traveling, I left my umbrella in the train; and when I found myself in the rain, minus my unbrella, I said instine tively, and felt it to. 'What a pity that I should ! we been so stupid as to have left my lumbrella in the train." And it is surely a great pity that it should be said of Christian people, ho or she has died and left an cormous amount of substance in the train of this world, after allowing for the most liber al interpretation of 1 Tim., vs. 8.

### Increase of Crime.

tentio correspondent at Herlin draws atin that city. A list of December, has been published. None of the victims are rich, and most of bem belong to the poorest class. Thus, halers, a widow for a small sum of money which she had abouther; a cigar merchant was stabbed for 800 thalers. additional dollars in his pocket, and had and so on. Some of these crimes, too, written out an obituary notice for publi were committed in broad daylight. They are not the work of practiced hands, but of an ignorant, brutal class, demoralized by war and military life, and driven by misery to adopt murder as a profession. The police, meanwhile. appear to do nothing to protect the public. Some half dozen of these murders have been committed during the last two months, but only in one case has the murderer been discovered.

> How to Raise Chickens .- My ractice in raising chickens is, to take them from the hen, then dig up the soil and place the coop on the fresh dirt, then put the chickens back, and the hen will roll in the dust and get the lice off much better than on grass land. I have tried both ways, and find the fresh dirt much the best for the health of the hen and chickens. In some instances I have used hog's lard for greasing the hen's wings and the head of the chick, think ing it a good way to kill lice. That and the fresh dirt and the right kind of food have raised my chickens. The food I give, till they are three or four weeks old, is Indian meal mixed with sour milk. I let it stand one day after being mixed, then it will be fit for use, it beins swelled in the dish instead of the crop, otherwise it might result in death to the chick, for I have lost many by giving raw meal before it was soaked and take the air, but shut them up nights and rainy days, for chickens cannot enduré very wet weather .- Cor. N. E. Farmer.

If twenty seven inches of snow gives three inches of water, how much milk will a cow give fed upon turnips? Mul. tiqly the flakes by the hair on the cow's tail, then divide the product by a turnip add a pound of chalk, multiply the whole by the pump, and the total will be the

A young lady in Gloucester is charge ed with keeping her light burning in the parlor until very late on Sunday between two men who have no real ly hot. The parson, without allowing night, in order to harrow the sensitive feelings of an envious neighbor into the