James H. Fowler

The Orangeburg News.

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

VOLUME 2. SATURDAY MORNING, NOVEMBER 7, 1868. NUMBER 38.

THE ORANGEBURG NEWS.

—:o:—

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

1 Square 1st Insertion..... $1.50
" " 2d " 75

A Square consists of 10 lines Brevier or one inch of Advertising space.

Administrator's Notices, if accompanied with the cash..... $2 75

If not accompanied with the cash..... $5 00

Contract Advertisements inserted upon the most liberal terms.

—:o:—

MARRIAGE and FUNERAL NOTICES, not exceeding one Square, inserted without charge.

—:o:—

Terms Cash in Advance.

feb 23 o ly

SELECTED STORY.

stood full in my path, and caught me by the arm.

"Hallo!" said he, "You're just in time; you are wanted at the cross roads to-night!"

The voice was the voice of a ruffian.

I fancied myself attacked by a highway man. I stood quite still, and strove to show him by my manner that I was able to protect myself.

"What the deuce am I wanted at the cross roads for?" said I, "Unless I choose, it will be a very hard matter to get me there?"

But instead of producing a pistol and demanding my money or my life, the man answered in an altered tone.

"Beg pardon, I made a mistake. I thought it was my brother, and I wanted to frighten him. Bad night sir,"

"Very," said I.

"You don't know the time, sir?" he asked.

"It was seven when I left the train at L——," I said.

Thank ye, sir," said the man. "Good night."

"Good night," said I.

If his object had been robbery, probably he had decided from my rough appearance that I was too poor a man to be worth the trouble. But after all, I thought probably he spoke the truth. A man may have such a voice without being a highway man, no doubt. So I went homeward, and soon found myself under shelter, and partaking of a warm and savory supper.

My mother was there and my brother Ben. Ben was a great strapping fellow, who could beat any other boy of his age for miles around if it came to wrestling or boxing, and as good humored a boy as ever lived; a boy always to mother and I, though he had exercised his right to vote already in one Presidential election. When supper was over, and we had chatted for an hour, we went up stairs together. The moment Ben's head touched the pillow, he always went to sleep. That night, I followed his example. But I did not sleep long without a dream—a dream in which I felt a rough grip upon my arm, and was arouse[illegible] a cry in my ears.

"Wake up! You are wanted at the [illegible] roads."

It was so real, so palpable, that wh[illegible] started broad awake, I actually believed [illegible] some one was in the room; the man wh[illegible] tended robbery or violence. But when I [illegible] arisen, and lit my lamp, the room was e[illegible] except myself and Ben, who lay snorin[illegible] his pillow.

I went to the door; it was locked. I [illegible] to the window, the crush of rain again[illegible] pains was all I heard. I even went acro[illegible] passage to my mother's room. She was a[illegible] there had been no unusual sound, sh[illegible] sure.

Only a dream born of my meeting the strange man in the road, I felt, had awakened me. I went to bed and fell asleep again. Again I was awakened by the same words, this time shrieked in my ear by an unearthly voice.

"Wake up, wake up. You are wanted at the cross roads."

I was on my feet once more, and caught Ben's hand as he came over towards my bed.

"What ails you?" he cried.

"Nothing," said I. "Did you hear a voice?"

"Yours," said Ben, "yelling woke me up; you fairly frightened me."

"Ben," said I, "wait till I light a lamp; I heard another voice. Must be some one in the house or outside."

So I again lit a lamp, but we searched in vain.

"Nightmare," said B., when I told him my story.

"Ben," said I, "what is there at the cross roads.

"A house," said B. He had lived in the neighborhood a long while, and I not long.

"One little house, beside two oak trees and a fence. An old man lives there—a rich man, and a bit of a miser, they say. His grand daughter keeps house for him."

"Ben, that fellow may have meant harm to them. I may be wanted at the cross roads."

"Brother," said Ben, "go to sleep. You had a nightmare," and Ben plunged in between the blankets, and was snoring again.

I also, in ten minutes, slept as soundly as before, but the awakening soon came again.

I opened my eyes, to see a girl standing at the foot of my bed. A girl in whites robes, with golden hair all about her shoulders, who wrung her hands and cried: "Oh, wake up, you are wanted at the cross roads."

This time I started out of bed, bathed in a cold perspiration. I trembled like a leaf. I had no doubt that I had received supernatural warning.

"Ben," I cried, "Ben, for the third time I have been told that I am wanted at the cross roads, and I am going."

And I began to dress myself as speedily as possible, listening the while to the storm raging wilder and wilder than at any other period since its commencement.

Ben remonstrated with me in vain. At last he also began to huddle on his clothes.

"If you have gone mad, I must go with you and take care of you," he said.

"But fancy another man, going out in a storm like this to the cross roads, because a nightmare caused him to do so, and what you think of him?"

I said nothing. All I could have answered would have been:

"I am compelled to go; I must go. I dare not refuse, whatever may be thought of me?"

In ten minutes we were splashing through the mud and rain along the road. It was perfectly dark; now and then a blazing red star in the distance told us that a lamp was beaming through the rain in some cottage window, but otherwise we would not have been conscious of our proximity to any habitation whatever. At last, nearing the spot where the road from S—— crosses the road to P——, we were indeed in as solitary a place as can be imagined.

The house, which abutted on the very angle of the roads, called in familiar parlance the Cross Road, was the only one for some distance in either direction, and certainly on such a night we were not likely to meet many travelers.

All was quiet as the grave. We stood quite still. In a moment, B. broke out in one of his wildest laughs.

"Well," he said, "how now?"—Will you go home now and have another nightmare?"

But hardly had the words escaped his lips, when a shriek broke on the air and a woman's voice, plainly coming from the interior of the cottage, cried: "Help! help! help!"

"Ben," said I, "we are wanted at the cross roads," and then understanding each other, without more words we made our way to the window, through which a light shone. A muslin curtain draped the panes, but through it we saw an awful sight.

An old man lay on the floor, and over him bent a ruffian, clutching his throat, and holding a pistol to his ear, while another man [illegible] girl [illegible] long [illegible] my [illegible] Ben [illegible] tice [illegible] the [illegible] tack [illegible] gle; [illegible] were [illegible] the [illegible] we [illegible] the [illegible] fore [illegible] d, as [illegible] "we were wanted at the cross roads."

The old man was not a miser, but he had saved some few thousand dollars for his old age, and living more plainly then he need have done, had given rise to the rumor, and so brought the burglars to the cross roads in the hope of booty.

The girl, a beautiful creature of seventeen, was his grand-daughter, and as no story is acceptible to the lady reader without a flavor of romance, I will tell them, that she became in after years, not my wife, but the wife of my darling brother Ben.

Three Brave Men.

Pretty Barbara Ferros would not marry. Her mother was in consternation.

"Why are you so stubborn, Barbara?" she asked, "you have plenty of lovers, I know."

"But they do not suit me," said Barbara, cooly. tying back her curls before the mirror.

"Why not?"

"I want, when I marry, a man who is brave, equal to any emergency. If I give up my liberty, I want to be taken care of."

"Silly child! what is the matter with big Barney, the blacksmith?

"He is big, but I never learned that he was brave."

"And you never heard that he was not. What is the matter with Earnest, the gunsmith?"

"He's as placid as goat's milk."

"That is no sign that he is a coward. There is little Fritz, the tanner: he is quarrelsome enough for you, surely?"

"He is no bigger than a bantam cock. It is little he could do if the house was set upon by robbers."

"It's not always strength that wins a fight my girl. It takes brains as well as brawn.—Come, now, Barbara, give these young fellows a fair trial."

Barbara turned her face before the mirror, letting down one raven tress and looping up another.

"I will, mother," said she at last.

That evening, Earnest, the guusmith knocked early at the door.

"You sent for me Barbara?" he said going to the girl, who stood upon the hearth, coquettishly warming one pretty foot and then the other.

"Yes, Earnest," she replied. "I've been thinking of what you said the other night when you were here."

"Well Barbara."

Earnest spoke quietly, but his dark blue eyes flashed, and he looked at her intently.

"I want to test you."

"How?"

"I want to see if you dare do a very disagreeable thing."

"What is it!"

"There is an old coffin up stairs. It smells of mold. They say Redmond, the murderer, was buried in it; but the devil came for his body and left the coffin empty at the end of a week; and it was finally taken from the tomb. It is up stairs in the room my grandsire died in, and they say grandsire does not rest easy in his grave for some reason, though that I know nothing about. Dare you make that coffin your bed to-night?"

Earnest laughed.

"Is that all? I will that, and sleep soundly. Why, pretty one, did you think I had weak nerves?"

"Your nerves will have good proof if you undertake it. Remember, no one sleeps in that wing of the house."

"I shall sleep the sounder. I will send a lad to show you the chamber. If you stay until morning," said imperious Miss Barbara, with a nod of her pretty head, "I will marry you."

"You vow it?"

Earnest turned straightway and followed the lad in waiting through dim rooms and passages, up echoing stairs, along narrow, damp ways, where rats scatter before them, to a low chamber. The boy looked pale and scared, and evidently wanted to hurry away; but Earnest made him wait until he took a survey of the room by the aid of his lamp. It was very large and full of recesses, with high windows in them, which were barred across. He remembered that old Grandsire Ferros had been insane for several years before his death, so that this precaution had beed necessary for the safety of himself and others. In the centre of the room stood a coffin; beside it was placed a chair. The room was otherwise perfectly empty.

Earnest stretched himself in the coffin.

"Be kind enough to tell Miss Barbara that it's a very good fit," he said.

The boy went out and shut the door, leaving the young gunsmith alone in the dark.

Meanwhile, Barbara was talking with the big blacksmith in the keeping-room.

"Barney," said she, pulling her hands away from his grasp when he would have kissed her, "I've a test to put to you before I give you any answer. There is a corpse lying in the untenanted wing of the house. If you dare sit with it there all night, and let nothing drive you from your post, you will not ask me to marry you again in vain."

"You will give me a light and a bottle of wine, and a book to read?"

"Nothing!"

"Are these all the conditions you can offer me, Barbara?"

"All. And if you get frightened, you need never look me in the face against."

"I'll take them, then."

So Barney was conducted to his post by the lad who had been instructed in the secret, and whose involuntary stare at Earnest's placid face as it lay in the coffin was interpreted by Barney to be natural awe of a corpse. He took his seat, and the boy left him alone with the darkness, the rats and the coffin.

Soon after, young Fritz, the tanner, arrived, flattered and hopeful, from the fact that Barbara had sent for him.

"Have you changed your mind, Barbara?" he asked.

"No; and I shall not until I know that you can do a really brave thing."

"What shall it be? I swear to satisfy you, Barbara."

"Have a proposal to make you. My plan requires skill as well as courage."

"Tell me!"

"Well, in this house is a man watching by a corpse. He has sworn not to leave his post until morning. If you can make him do it, I shall be satisfied that you are as smart and as brave as I require a husband to be.

"Why, nothing is so easy!" exclaimed Fritz, "I can scare him away. Furnish me with a sheet; show me the room, and go to your rest, Barbara. You shall find me at the post in the morning."

Barbara did as required, and saw the tanner step blithly away to his task. It was then nearly twelve o'clock, and she sought her own chamber, quickly.

Barney was sitting at his vigil, and, so far, all had been well. The night seemed very long, for he had no means of counting the time. At times a thrill went through him, for it seemed as if he could hear low, suppressed breathing not far away; but he persuaded himself that it was the wind, blowing through the crevices of the old house. Still, it was very lonely, and not at all cheerful.

The face in the coffin gleamed whiter [illegible] The rats squeaked as if a famine were upon them and they smelled dead flesh. The thought made him shudder. He got up and walked about, but something made a slight noise, as if somebody was behind him, and he put his chair with its back against the wall, and sat down again. He had been hard at work all day, and at last, in spite of everything, he grew sleepy. Finally he nodded and snored.

Suddenly it seemed as if somebody had touched him. He awoke with a start, and saw nobody near, though in the centre of the room stood a white figure.

"Curse you, get out of this!" he exclaimed in a fright, using the first words that came to his tongue.

The figure held up its right arm and slowly approached him. He started to his feet. The spectre came nearer, nearer, pressing him into the corner.

"The d—l take you!" cried Barney, in his extremity.

Involuntarily he stepped back; still the figure advanced, coming nearer and nearer, and extending both arms, as if to take him in a ghastly embrace. The hair started up on Barney's head; he grew desperate, and just as the gleaming arms would have touched him, he fell upon the ghost like a whirlwind, tearing off the sheet, thumping, pounding beating and kicking, more and more enraged at the resistance he met, which told him the truth.

As the reader knows, he was big, and Fritz was little; and while he was pummeling the little tanner unmercifully, and Fritz was trying in vain to get a lunge at Barney's stomach, to take the wind out of him, both plunging and kicking like horses, they were petrified by hearing a voice cry:

"Take one of your size, Big Barney!"

Looking around they saw the corpse sitting up in his coffin. This was too much. They released each other and sprang for the door. They never knew how they got out; but they ran home in hot haste, panting like stags.

It was Barbara herself who came and opened the door upon Earnest the next morning.

"It's very early; one more little nap," said he turning over in the coffin.

So she married him; and though she sent Fritz and Barney invitations to the wedding, they did not appear. If they discovered the trick, they kept the knowledge to themselves, and never willingly faced Barbara's laughing eyes again.

A box containing $100,000, which had been taken from the vaults of the Safe Deposit Company was stolen from a real estate agent's office in New York on Wednesday. The thief was pursued, but not caught.

A Boston house lately received a dispatch from Calcutta in less than twenty-four hours.

Three horse thieves, two white and one black, were lately hung in Grayson county, Texas.

VARIOUS.

General Lee as College President.

Dr. Bagby writes as follows to a paper in Loxington, Va., in regard to General Lee:

"Here it will be in place to relate that on my return from Lexington, a gentleman in the coach expressed the fear that General Lee's kindness of heart, and his desire to enlarge the college might, perhaps, make him too lenient, and possibly, lower the scholastic standard. To quiet his fears, I told him what had been told me a few days before by a clergyman residing in Lexington.

"General Lee's office," said he, "is no sinecure. His work taxes to the utmost his powerful constitution. He registers in his mind not only the face but the name of each of the four hundred and ten students. Nor is that all. He can tell you the standing of each student in the several branches which he studies, and any neglect of duty is promptly punished."

"Punished!" I exclaimed.

"Yes," said he, "in General Lee's own way."

"How is that?" I inquired.—

"Well, not long since a young friend of mine, who is in the college, confessed to me that he had been, as he expressed it, "hauled up"—that is, he had received a message to the effect that the President desired to see him in his office.

"Did General Lee lecture you?"

"No, indeed."

"Did he scold you?"

"Scold! I only wish he had. He talked to me so kindly that he nearly broke my heart, and you'll don't catch me in there again, I tell you."

That is "General Lee's way," not like Stonewall Jackson's, but quite as effectual in college as was Jackson's in the army. If we add to this personal supervision of each individual student, the labor of correspondence (a great deal of which cannot be taken off his hands) and other duties, we may understand how it is that the report, which went the rounds of the papers a few months ago, of the General's failing health, should have credence. He has improved very much of late, but does not present that robust appearance to which our eyes were accustomed during the war.

HEALTH OF FARMERS.—There are seven reasons why farmers are healthier than professional men, viz:

1. They work more and develope all the leading muscles of the body.

2. They take their exercise in the open air, and breathe a greater amount of oxygen.

3. Their food and drinks are commonly less adulterated, and far more simple.

4. They do not overwork their brain as much industrious professional men do.

5. They take their sleep, commonly during the hours of darkness, and do not try to turn night into day.

6. They are not so ambitious, and not wear themselves out so rapidly in the fierce contest of rivalry.

7. Their pleasures are simple and less exhausting.

FOR SALE—A GOOD HIT.—The "Grand Army" organization at Evansville, Indiana, having been beaten out of all countenance at the recent election, the *Courier* of that place winds up the concern by advertising its effects for sale in the following terms:

Two thousand army blankets, (of best black cambric).

Two thousand knapsacks.

Two thousand paper belts.

Two thousand pasteboard cartridge boxes.

Two thousand tin rifles (extra bead).

Two thousand pairs of pants (wounded in the seat).

Two thousand coats (buttons all over 'em).

Two thousand pairs of shoes (soleless from "tramp, tramp, tramp," about the streets).

Two thousand copies of "We'll hang Jeff. Davis on a Sour Apple tree, &c."

Two thousand "Down with the Traitors, Up with the Stars" (very cheap), and other paraphernalia belonging to the effects of the late Royal Grand Army of the Republic.

"Mother," said a little fellow, the other night, "is there, any harm in breaking egg shells?"

"Certainly not, my dear; but why do you ask?"

"Cause I dropped the basket just now, and see what a mess I'm in with the yolks!"

A terrible avalanche of rocks recently occurred near the Notch House, on Mount Mansfield, White Mountains. One rock weighing more than one hundred tons fell, crashing its way over and through the forest a thousand feet or more, cutting the trees off like pipestems, till it finally lodged within ten rods of the House.

Items.

Durant, Wisconsin, is called the onion city

Texas is again plagued with grasshoppers.

Velvet coats are coming into fashion.

Kentucky has raised a twenty-five pound beet.

Gold and silver only are current at Bastrop, Texas.

Prentice is writing love songs to be set to music.

Some weather-wise people predict a hard winter.

Kansas has discovered a petrified crocodile 126 feet long.

A Swedish Professor makes brandy out of reindeer moss.

Ten Broeck has been largely importing more racing stock.

Eight New York Theatres made $125,844 during last August.

Her Madagascarian Majesty has suppressed idol worship.

Victor Hugo is very melancholy since the death of his wife.

Grau has introduced the English half-price system at New York.

Chicago is boasting of the great success of its evening schools.

Minnesota wants another $90,000 bridge across the Mississippi.

Paris supports 300 female printers and 30 female proof readers.

The campaign artillery of the French army consists of 1,200 cannon.

A snake's skeleton with 982 joints, has been dug up in Tennessee.

Persecution of the Jews is again reported from Galatz, Moldavia.

French protestants number 1,200,000, exclusive of those in Algiers.

Alderman James Laurence is the newly elected Lord Mayor of London.

An Associated Press is being formed by the English provincial papers.

Bulwer enjoys the reputation of being the homeliest man in Parliament.

Houston, Texas, expects to be the great railroad centre of the South.

It is said velocipedes have cut down the receipts of the Paris omnibuses.

New York is boasting of two Russian noblemen resident there incog.

In 1866 there were 1,890 deaths from snake bite in Madras Presidency.

Three men from the wrecked steamer J. C. Dearing have arrived at Quebec.

Trains are running 325 miles east of Sacramento on the Central Pacific Railroad.

The Treasury Conscience Fund for the past five years amounts to $96,692.

A late Quarterly Review estimates the population of the world at 1,350,200,000.

There are three hundred and sixty religious newspapers in the United States.

The New York Union League Club has bought Jerome's private theatre.

Napoleon wants a new National Hymn, but France won't sing a hymn to him.

It is reported that Senor Olozaga will be appointed Spanish minister to France.

Fayette county, Ky., boasts a calf with two perfectly formed feet on the same leg.

The Chicago Post says the "Wickedest Man" in that city is a newspaper man.

A young lady recently flogged a man who insulted her in a New York street car.

The tailors of New York have received an advance of ten per cent, on their wages.

Fifty negro and mulatto families are among the wealthy "first circles" of Paris.

An old bacheler suggests that births be published under the head of "new music."

A Woman's Suffrage Convention is to be held at Boston about the middle of November.

Connoiseurs say August Belmont gives the best dinners in New York.

A life of President Johnson, it is said is being written by Mrs. Ann S. Stephens.

Fifty dollars was paid for a single seat at the Kellogg concert in New York.

Beecher persuaded $1000 out of his congregation for the African Church South, last Sunday week.

Braxton Bragg was in Cincinnati recently inspecting the water works, with a view to introducing improvements in those of New Orleans, over which he presides.