

# The Orangeburg News.

TWO DOLLARS PER ANNUM.

GOD AND OUR COUNTRY.

ALWAYS IN ADVANCE.

VOLUME 8.

SATURDAY MORNING, NOVEMBER 28, 1874.

NUMBER 42

## Died for Love.

AN ENGLISH GIRL'S ALL ABSORBING PASSION AND UNTIMELY END.

A very strange story was told me the other day. In a town not far from London there lived a young lady who was handsome, tolerably wealthy, and more than usually well educated. Her father was an invalid; her mother was an insipid, cold and heartless woman. Two years ago a physician of London was called to attend the father; in this way the young lady saw him. He paid no attention to her—his mind was engrossed with his professional duties. A few weeks ago this doctor, after paying a visit to his patient, was somewhat surprised by being asked by the young lady to give her the favor of a private interview. She took him into a drawing room and led him to the further end of the apartment. "Doctor," said she, "I suppose that gentlemen of your profession are accustomed to receive strange confidences. I have a confession to make to you. He supposed that this impending confession had something to do with the state of her own health, or with that of her father, and he begged her to proceed. "You will however, be scarcely prepared for what I am about to say," she continued. "But I wish you to hear it. It is now just two years since I first saw you. You have scarcely exchanged a word with me but I learned much about you. I am not mistaken in believing that you are unmarried."

"No," he said, "I am not married."

"And your affections are not engaged?"

"You scarcely have the right to ask that," said he.

"Well, then," she replied, "I will not ask it, but I must make to you my confession. I love you with all my heart. I wish you to marry me. I loved you from the first moment I saw you. I said to myself, I will wait for two years—what he then speaks to me I will know what to say. You have not spoken; and now I speak. I say I love you with all my heart, you are necessary for me, will you marry me?"

The doctor, who although not a very young man, was twice the age of the young lady, recovering a little from his surprise tried to turn the matter off as a joke; but the young lady was very serious.

"No, said she, I am in very sober earnest. I know all that you may say or think as to the delicacy of my proposal, but I cannot help it. I ask you once more, can you love me, and will you marry me?"

"In sober earnest, then," he replied, "I cannot marry you."

"Then I shall die," said she, very calmly and left the room.

The doctor had heard people say before this that they should die, and he left the house without attaching much importance to the prophecy, although wondering greatly at the other portion of this interview.

A few days after the young lady was found dead in her bed. Two letters laid upon her dressing table. One was addressed to her family solicitor. It recalled to his mind a promise he had made her. She had gone to see him, and had asked him to make out for her a paper transferring the whole of her property to a person whose name she would not then give him. He was to prepare the necessary paper and send it to her to fill up the blanks and to sign. She had done this, and she now inclosed the papers; filled up and signed. Every penny of her property was given to the doctor, and the solicitor was instructed to make the transfer to him to ask no questions and to take no receipt. The other letter was to the doctor. "I told you I should die," said she, "and when you receive this I shall be dead. For ten days I have taken no food nor no drink; but that does not kill me, and now I have taken poison. I have no reproach to make to you, but I could not live without your love. When I am dead, look at my heart. You will see your name there. I have two requests to make of you. Go to my solicitor and take what he has for you, and then go off on a holiday to Italy for a

few months. The other request is that you never ask where I am buried, and never come to my grave."

There was a post mortem examination made of the young lady's body. On her breast, over her heart, deeply imprinted in the flesh, were the initials of the doctor's name. The characters seemed to have been made there two or three years before. They were probably imprinted by her own hand on the day when she first saw him.

## The March of Improvement.

The intelligence that the locomotive—that demon which is always shrieking its warning note in nearly every way of the land—is about to steam and whistle before the gates of two of our most delightful ancient towns, will bring with it a certain pang to all lovers of the picturesque. St. Augustine, in Florida, and San Antonio, in Texas, are soon to be linked with the outer world by railroad, over which trains will daily convey tourists. The romance of the ride in a rickety volante through the rich forests and across the pine-needle-strewn plains of our "winter paradise" to the gates of St. Augustine—the "ever faithful city," of which the Spaniard boasted so proudly—gave way, some time since, to the unromantic horse car; but now the town is to be as easy of access from the St. John's river as Long Branch is from New York. The charm of the long journey in the rattling stage coach over the rich plains of Western Texas, by day past adobe villages and long expanses of road, bordered with mesquite and chapparal, and by night through the perturbed thickets where the herdsmen and wagoners have kindled their camp fires, will soon vanish before the convenience of the rapid ride from Galveston to San Antonio in a Pullman car. The 2,000 miles between New York and the venerable city on the plain, surrounded with its arching and ornate Franco-Spanish walls, will soon be completely covered with iron rails, and tourists will consider a visit to the Alamo—one of the most celebrated of the shrines of American liberty—an indispensable pleasure.

Yet one might almost wish that it were not so. It would be satisfactory to know that somewhere in these United States there were corners in which at least the ghost of a deal of the past lingered, never to be frightened away, because the present, with its bazoo crowding and vulgarity, was kept at a safe distance. But we live in an age of Saratoga trunks, quick journeys and vast ambition; and the mass of tourists doubtless resent it as an indignity to themselves that St. Augustine should have so long shyly discouraged railroad enterprise, and they will now teach the old town a lesson for her over-modest mien. They will crowd the streets with new villas, and build roadways, and which glittering equipages and dust beside the long lagoons; they will tread every thicket and occupy every site, they will press in tumultuous throngs in winter along the beautiful beach, and will perhaps carry away pine wood and moss grown gateways, the old pillars, walls, and the great fortifications. San Marcos the magnificent, on a more quiet Moorish towers the sunlight of the beautiful Southern climate has gazed for an hundred years, and which stands on the site of fortifications erected by the Spaniards more than three centuries ago. Rumor hath it that the war was once a sacrilegious position to raze the venerable fortification and establish a terminal railway station on its ruins. And now that the locomotive is coming in earnest, well may the lovers of St. Augustine the fair, the oldest town in the United States, for it was settled in 1565, tremble for the fate of the fast-decaying ruins.

When the older Mexican families in San Antonio heard that the railroads were soon to invade their town, they prophesied that there would shortly be epidemics, fevers, and all manner of uncleanness, among them. They shrank from contact with what seemed in their eyes a rude and not overnice world some where outside their gates. What cared they for the increase of values of their property? Had they not their lovely skies, their wonderful streams running

through rich gardens and along foliage-strewn banks, where stood old stone houses, artistically built? Had they not quiet, narrow streets, with here and there something exceptionally fine in architecture? And had they not the comfortable sense of seclusion, which prompted them to lie lazily in the shade, and let the proud world clatter outside their charmed circle? What need for them of Saratoga trunks, and impetuous tourists, and the rout of fashion? Could not the consumptive go somewhere else to be cured; or must they invade the circle and dispel the enchantment?

San Antonio and St. Augustine contain within their limits, and in their immediate vicinity, some of the most noted bits of architecture on the continent, and the finest in the United States. Yet these are swiftly vanishing, and the railroads will bring the influences which will finally cause them almost entirely to disappear. Theophile Gautier once said, in his sad, cynical way, that an ornate and rich architecture seems to be incompatible with a high state of civilization. One may certainly begin to believe that the highly civilized, at least of the Americans, have but little love for the ruins which their predecessors left them as historical legacies; for they are doing all that they can to modernize even the remotest corners of our broad domain. The great missions near San Antonio, on which Franciscan friars and converted Indians toiled so long and with such good intent, are crumbling away with painful rapidity, and one cannot help fancying that the tide of lasty foreign modern progress is frightening them back to the level of the soil from which they sprang. If San Antonio must be transformed from a dreamy and charmingly antique town into a bustling fashion and health resort, where the half-invalided will go to find renewed lease of life, and the gay to luxuriate in the delights of a perfect climate, let the missions, whatever happens to other remnants of the past, be saved. The railroad companies, which are about to launch modernism upon the two luckless ancient towns ought to heed a handsome subscription to restore and care for the decaying yet splendid memorials of the history of this country which still exist in Florida and Texas.—*New York Times*

## The Old Pamp.

Near John Knox's house in Edinburgh, says the Danby man, is a group of those massive box-shaped cottages common here. It is the author of an incident supposed to be characteristic of Scotch humor. There was a woman who was suspected of many thefts, but no responsibility could be fastened upon her. She had a lover who, from a brain defect, was called "Daft Jimmy." In despair of detecting the woman, the police seized on "Daft Jimmy," and after a night's confinement proceeded to warn the secret out of him. But not a syllable would he give until they were brought to him the provost and magistrates. Those dignitaries, realizing the importance of the intelligence, lost no time in coming to Jimmy.

"Now," said the provost, with breathless interest.

"There will no harm come to me?" asked the traitor.

They solemnly assured him that not a hair of his head should be harmed. Still he hesitated. Probably because he was bald, and did not consider the figure of speech exactly applicable to the occasion.

Again they assured him that he should not suffer.

He looked anxiously over their faces for a moment, and apparently assured of their sincerity said:

"Ye ken the well auncient Knox's house?"

"Yes, Jimmy," they responded.

"The square wan?"

"Yes, Jimmy."

"Do ye ken the handle?"

"Yes, Jimmy," (with marked eagerness.)

"Could ye lift it?"

"Yes, Jimmy," in quivering voices.

"Well, go pump it them, for ye'll not pump me."

The audience dispersed.

## The Russian Bear From Ionia.

In Detroit, a few days since, as a policeman was leaning against the walls of the Detroit and Milwaukee depot, he was approached by a man about thirty years old, whose red face was a good match for his hair. He was a little "sprung," and he felt like a steer turned into a clover field.

"Mister," says he, speaking very confidentially to the officer, "I don't want to get locked up and have my name in the papers and be fined, but I'm in from Ionia on a little blowout, and I'd give a clean ten dollar note to have a little scrimmage with somebody."

"You mean you want a fight?" asked the officer.

"That's what I mean. I'm just aching for a row. I want to stand before three good fellows and have some one give me the word to go in."

The officer asked if he was heavy on the fight, and he answered:

"Heavy! I should say I was! Why, I'm terrible. They call me the Russian Bear at home, and the whole town stands up and sits down, just as I say."

The officer said it was his duty to discourage disorderly conduct, but in a case like that, where a man had come 120 miles to get up a row, he felt it his duty to extend indirect aid. He told the Russian Bear to go to the corner of Beaubien street, enter some saloon, talk in a very loud voice, and he'd soon have his hands full.

"That's me—much obliged!" exclaimed the man, and he walked off.

In about ten minutes a boy came running down and said that a man with a chewed ear, two black eyes and a broken nose was up there in the ditch. The officer went back with the boy and he soon came upon the Russian Bear, who was lying in the gutter, one leg doubled back, blood all over him, and his coat ripped in every seam.

"That's you, is it?" asked the officer as he pulled at the man's arm. "Well, did you find that row?"

"Policeman," replied the man, as he gained his feet and looked down at him self and felt of his ear—"Policeman, don't it look to you as if I did?"

## A Strange People Discovered in England.

Robert Owen's dream has become reality in the New Forest, where an elderly "lady of wealth and position" has assembled about 130 men and women to have them live as communists. They occupy thirty one acres, donated for the most part by the lady, and, as may readily be supposed, the large majority of them are from the poorer classes, and were very willing to accept an offer which assured to them easy times and full stomachs. The principle on which the community is based is that rich and poor alike shall give up all they possess for the common behoof, yet one or two persons of means, surprising as that may seem, have joined the community and complied with this condition. No money is used except as means of buying from the outer world what the farm will not supply, and, as the farm is not sufficiently productive to feed the community, it seems evident that the communists are using up their capital. While the great principles of liberty, equality and fraternity are in force in this earthly paradise, yet "they are subordinate to another principle, that of obedience." The "mother," as the patroness of the institution is called, is supreme, and her bidding must be done in all things. She assigns the tasks and labors of the day, and at her magic word the whilom tailor must become a cobbler, and the cobbler the purveyor of meat. It will be readily seen that this government will occasion a precious deal of trouble when the lady grows old and childish. The flowers, the sewing, the washing, the house keeping and cooking are assigned to different departments of the sisters, and everything at present goes like clock work. All the women, young and old, are dressed in plain bodice, short skirt and trousers, which generally are being coming to them. The hair floats at will down the back. The men dress with the greatest plainness and neatness, and music is the chief art and recreation of

the community, which, it should be said, holds no new or "advanced" notions on the marriage question, and, therefore, is not regarded by the neighbors as immoral and objectionable.

## Scraping Fruit Trees.

Perhaps October and November are the two best months, and April and May the next best, of the year for scraping and washing fruit trees—apples and pears. There is nothing better as a "wash" with which to scrub the trees than a preparation of one pound of whale oil soap to a large bucket of water, well dissolved. There is nothing more nauseous to the insects than this. It will lay "cold" everything we have tried it on but the curculio; that, however, cares no more for the mixture, even though accompanied with sulphur, lime water and tobacco juice, than if it were a gingerly dose of spring water. But rose bugs and the steel-blue grape-bugs surrender to its power incontinently. Every farmer and gardener ought to have a supply of this soap on hand for use whenever necessary. Apple and pear trees, well scraped and then washed with the preparation, will not only be freed from some of the chief insects preying upon foliage and fruit, but will sensibly feel its invigorating effects.

## Gray Eyes.

The gray eye is peculiar to the eye of women. And here we meet with a variety enough to puzzle Solomon himself. We will pass over in silence the sharp, the shrewish, the spiteful, the cold, and the wild gray eye; every one has seen them—too often, perhaps. But then, again, there are some beautiful enough to drive one wild, and it is only them which we mean. There is the dark, sleepy, almond shaped gray eye, with long black lashes—it goes with the rarest face on earth—that Sultan-like beauty of jet black hair and a complexion that is neither dark nor fair—almost a cream color, if the truth must be told—and soft and rich as the leaf of the calla Ethiopian itself.

Directly opposite to this is the calm, clean, gray eye—the eye that reasons when this only feels. It looks you quietly in the face; it views you kindly, but, alas, disappointedly; passion rarely lights it, and love takes the steady blaze of friendship, when he tries to hide within. The owner of that eye is upright, conscientious, and pitying; his fellow-men, even while at a loss to understand their vagaries. It is the eye for a kind and considerate physician, for a conscientious lawyer (if such there be), for a worthy village pastor, a friend as faithful as any poor human being can be.

Last of the gray eyes comes the most mischievous; a soft eye with a large pupil, that contracts and dilates with a word, a thought, or a flash of feeling; an eye that laughs, that sighs almost; that has its sunlight, its moon-beams, and its storms; a wonderful eye, that wins you whether you will or not, and holds you even after it has cast you off. No matter whether the face be fair or not, no matter if the features are irreproachable and complexion varying, the eye holds you captive, and then laughs at your chains.

## Newspaper By-Laws.

- 1 Be brief. This is the age of telegraphs and stenography.
- 2 Be pointed. Don't write all around a subject without hitting it.
- 3 State facts, but don't stop to moralize. It is a drowsy subject. Let the reader do his own dreaming.
- 4 Eschew prefaces. Plunge at once into your subject, like a swimmer into cold water.
- 5 If you have written a sentence that you do not think particularly fine, draw your pen through it. A pet child is always the worst in the family.
- 6 Condense. Make sure that you really have an idea, and then record it in the shortest possible terms. We want thoughts in their quintessence.
- 7 When your articles is completed strike out nine-tenths of the adjectives.

## A Quaker Printer's Proverbs.

Never send an article for publication without giving the editor thy name, for thy name oftentimes secures publication to worthless articles.

Thou shouldst not rap at the door of printing office; for he that answereth the rap, sneereth in his sleeve and loseth time.

Never do thou loaf about, nor knock down the type, or the boys will thee as they do the shade trees—when thou leavest.

Thou shouldst never read the copy on the printers case or the sharp and hooked container thereof; or he may knock thee down.

Never inquire of the editor for news, for behold it is his business to give it to thee at the appointed time without asking for it.

It is not right that thou shouldst ask him who is the author of an article, for it is his duty to keep such things unto himself.

When thou dost enter his office, take heed unto thyself that thou dost not look at what may concern thee, not for that is not meet in the sight of good breeding.

Neither examine thou the proof sheet for it is not ready to meet thy eye, thou mayest understand.

Prefer thine own town paper to any other, and subscribe for it immediately.

Pay for it in advance, and it shall be well with thee and thine.

## Health Nervers.

Never eat hurriedly, because it causes indigestion.

Never speak in a hurry, because it is ominous of instability.

Never think on going to bed, because it makes wakefulness.

Never eat between meals, because it produces irritation.

Never dine in excitement, because the blood is called to the brain which ought to aid digestion.

Never swallow food without thorough chewing, because it brings on dyspepsia.

Never eat when you do not want it, because when you shall want you cannot eat.

Never sleep with your mouth open, because the air breathed with carbonic acid disturbs the mucous membranes.

Never go to rest without washing the hands and face, because more dirt accumulates on the skin in the day than night, and is re-absorbed during the night.

## Items.

When a servant was asked, a few days since, where her mistress, who had gone to a water cure establishment, was she said, "She has gone to soak."

The decision of a Boston Court that if a woman lends money to her husband she cannot get it back, only confirms in law what has long been held good in practice.

A man having a bill against a distant merchant sent a letter of inquiry to a banker in that locality. The reply was: "He is dead, but he pays now as well as he ever did."

A liberal Chicago gentleman has carried out the dying wishes of the late Bishop Whitehouse of Illinois by paying off the entire debt of the cathedral in that city and making it perfectly free.

ALL FOR THE BEST.—Dr Johnson used to say that the habit of looking at the best side of every event is better than a thousand pounds a year. Bishop Hall quaintly remarks: For every bad there might be a worse; and when a man breaks his leg, let him be thankful that it was not his neck. When Fenelon's library was on fire, "God be praised," he exclaimed, "that it is not the dwelling of some poor man!" This is the true spirit of submission, one of the most beautiful traits that can possess the human heart. Resolve to see this world on its sunny side and you have almost half won the battle of life at the outset.