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## THE SAD STORY OF LITTLE CHARLIE ROSS.

The New York Times gives the annexed history of the noted Charlie Ross, whose abduction and mysterious disappearance make it one of the saddest cases on record:

Mr. Christian K. Ross, father of the abducted child, Charlie Ross, is reported to be in a sinking condition. It is said that for several days past his reason has been growing weaker. This dis- patch, which came from the associated press at Philadelphia, on the 15th inst., by most persons will be deemed a sufficient refutation of the heartless slanders that have been published in connection with one of the saddest abduction cases on record. It was hard enough, surely, that Mr. Ross should have been robbed of an idolized child, without adding a thousandfold to the poignancy of his grief by deliberate statements to the effect that he himself had been the abductor, and that the correspondence of the supposed kidnapers had all been written by his own hand, for the purpose of obtaining \$10,000 or 20,000 from the public. Pressed down by the weight of this suspicion, by anxiety of his wife's health, and by the continual torture that came of false reports of the discovery of his boy, it would have been a wonder, indeed, if his reason had remained unaffected.

On the 1st of July the little boy, Charlie Ross, then four years of age, while playing with his brother, a boy of six, was taken into a buggy by two men and carried beyond the reach of parents, as well as detectives. The father immediately offered a reward of \$300 for the restoration, but this only elicited an anonymous communication, in which it was stated that he could not be returned for a less sum than \$10,000. The distracted father promptly replied by a "personal" in the Philadelphia Ledger that he was ready to negotiate to the extent of his ability.

### SEARCH BY THE POLICE.

In the department of Philadelphia having been awakened to the necessity of doing something to save its reputation, issued a circular describing the vehicle into which the boy was enticed—a falling-top, yachtbody buggy, painted dark all over, lined with dark material. To this was added the important information that the wagon was drawn "by a dark boy or brown horse, fifteen and a half hands high, and driven; it is believed, without check rein." Then there was a description of the two men who were engaged in the abduction. One wore a broad brimmed straw hat, looking as if it had been worn a season or two, and much sun-browned; the other wore a high crowned dark colored straw hat. One wore a linen duster; the other a gray alpaca duster. One had a light, with a tendency to sandy, complexion, sandy mustache, and a rather red nose and face, and about thirty years of age, and five feet eight or nine inches high. The other was five feet eight or ten inches high, about forty years of age, with a mustache and full beard, or whiskers of brown or sandy color.

With such a "wild" description, it was not at all surprising that so many cases of

### MISTAKEN IDENTITY

followed. The arrests at Philadelphia were of a piece with the character of the circular. The police failed utterly to find a particle of evidence to connect their prisoners with the crime, and the latter had to be discharged. In the meantime poor Mr. Ross was receiving anonymous letters from the kidnapers, containing plans for the surrender of his son upon payment of the ransom, at a certain bridge in the outskirts of the city. He would then have borrowed and begged until he had procured the amount demanded, and would have had his boy, but it was not considered right that public justice should be defeated. Viewing the subject in this light, the city authorities of Philadelphia finally agreed to offer a reward of \$20,000 for such information as would lead to the recovery of the boy, and the arrest and conviction of the abductors. This was the means of gaining the services of Allen Pinkerton and his men, addi-

tion to those of the regular detectives of the country, and the scores of amateur detectives who are always ready to take a hand when there is a prospect of turning an honest penny. Finding so many persons at work in his interest Mr. Ross became more hopeful, and waited day after day for favorable intelligence. It was at this point that the terrible ordeal he had to pass through was begun in earnest. On the 25th day of July fresh tears were wrung from his heart by a telegraphic announcement that "a suspicious apparently crazy, man," giving the name of Myron Leasure, had been arrested at Richmond, Va., while en route to Baltimore, with "the corpse of a child" that had died at Dayton, Ohio. His contradictory statements gave rise to a suspicion that the dead body was that of the abducted Charlie Ross. It subsequently transpired that deceased child was only ten months old, but it nevertheless was not considered cruel to send a special dispatch to Philadelphia to the foregoing effect. On the 4th of August

### MR. ROSS' HOPES WERE RAISED

by the notification that a woman, giving the name of Jackson, had been arrested at the West Philadelphia railroad depot in company with a child that bore a striking resemblance to the little Charlie. He hastened to the depot, as may be supposed, with a palpitating heart to find that there had been a mistake. In his sympathy for the child's mother he gave her a letter to secure her against further annoyance.

He had scarcely ceased to think of the incident at the West Philadelphia depot when he received a dispatch from Bennington, Vermont, to the effect that a Mrs. Frederick Hamilton, of that place, had been arrested with a child in her possession "corresponding to the description given of Charlie Ross." The additional information was vouchsafed that "he has the same colored hair and eyes; his hair has been recently cut. He is about the same age, talks plainly, says that his name is Charlie, and that he had a nice home once." Surely this information was enough to make poor Mr. Ross almost die of expectation. Mr. Joseph Lewis, Mr. Ross' brother in law, started at once for Bennington, and arrived there only to find that the little boy was the adopted son of a man in the employ of Mr. P. T. Barnum.

On the 18th of August another telegram arrived at the Ross house.

### THIS TIME IT WAS FROM ODELL, ILLINOIS,

and contained an account of the arrest of two men and a woman, "having in their possession a child supposed to be the missing Charlie Ross." The trio, it appeared, had caused suspicion through having arrived from Philadelphia about a month previously, and furthermore, through the indiscreet utterance of the family with whom they were domiciled. The arrest was made by direction of the circuit attorney, so soon as it had been represented to him that "the child was dressed in girl's clothes, and bore a striking resemblance to Charlie Ross." Mr. Ross was greatly excited by this news, and immediately began a correspondence with the authorities at Odell. The supposed Charlie was afterwards questioned closely, but "he failed to give a satisfactory account of himself." In the midst of the excitement the fact came out that the little boy was the son of one James Heusers, and that "like nearly all children of ten or age, Jimmie wore a frock, and this was regarded as evidence of an effort to conceal the boy's sex." After this

### A HIGHLY SENSATIONAL STORY

was published concerning the effort of a mythical Pittsburg detective, who had traced "suspicious parties" to New York city, and was hourly in expectation of encompassing their arrest. It was stated in this connection that, within a week of a certain date, the real abductors of the little Charlie had removed to New York from their hiding place in Pennsylvania, and brought their captive with them. Captain Irving, of our Central Detective force, quickly exploded this statement by informing the public that during the period mentioned the utmost vigilance had been observed in watching railroad depots and steamboat landings. Washington, D. C., was the next point from which Mr.

Ross received news of the discovery of his son. Acting upon the information that a mysterious "Englishman and woman" had placed a boy four years of age, resembling the Ross child, as a boarder in the home of "a family living in an obscure portion of the country between Tenallytown and Brightwood," detectives were sent to investigate. They brought the child to Washington. The "mysterious English man and woman" were subsequently arrested, "but the detectives were satisfied that the family likeness proved that the child was theirs."

It was on the 7th of September that the news of the "discovery" at Washington was sent to Philadelphia, but scarcely had the detectives finished their investigations when a dispatch came from Jeffersonville, Indiana, that the Ross child had just been found there, and that he had been photographed, and his picture sent on to Philadelphia for identification. This proved as delusive as all the others.

In ten days afterwards Mr. Ross' hopes were once more cruelly raised by the following dispatch:

"Chicago, September 29. A Tribune special from Lincoln, Nebraska, says deputy sheriff Manning, of Harlan county, has arrested one Jackson, with a boy who answers perfectly the description of Charlie Ross. The boy says his mother's name is Belle Ross. Manning will leave with the man and boy for Philadelphia to-morrow."

The foregoing dispatches were not all that came to Mr. Ross and to the detectives at Philadelphia. There were scores of others that were more vague and unsatisfactory.

### PINKERTON GIVES IT UP.

On the 28th of September, Allen Pinkerton announced that the case had got the better of him, and that he was willing to relinquish the reward of \$20,000 "to the parties who shall give information which shall lead to the recovery of the child and the capture of the abductors." On the following day the proprietors of a Reading (Penn.) news paper were arrested for libelling Mr. Ross. It then came out in the testimony of the family physician that Mr. Ross was "in a condition of prostration, in which he is unable to concentrate his thoughts or to express his meaning." In spite of that testimony men have been found brutal enough to make jokes at his expense. One of these, the most brutal, perhaps, was perpetrated in Philadelphia, in front of the Adams Express Company, Chestnut street. On the pavement stood a box labeled "Robert Swan, Newcastle, Del." At about 9 o'clock in the morning a distinct cry of "Let me out, I'm dying" The box was seized and turned upon its side and the voice, which it was now plainly evident came from the inside, cried, "Oh, don't you hurt me. Let me out." The reporter, who was present, may now be left to describe what followed in his own way: "Excitement was at fever heat, and threats of lynching the party who had shipped the box were freely uttered. In a few moments the whole neighborhood became aware of the fact that the lost boy, Charlie Ross had been found in a box at the express office. About the express office things were assuming a highly interesting phase. Some shouted to burst open the box; others exclaimed it would be illegal. Many hooted the idea of stopping to inquire into its legality, and a huddled pair of eyes anxiously peered into the box. \* \* \* Sold! and such a sell is not upon record, while but few, the 'initiated' only, imagine for a moment that all the furor was created by the quiet little gentleman leaning calmly against the awning pole, twenty feet away and uttering not a word. It was the 'King of Ventriloquists.' It was no wonder that poor Mr. Ross lost his reason. He and his family have been treated with savage cruelty. The refusal of this unfortunate gentleman to submit for publication a series of letters

from the kidnapers, full of the most disgusting personalities, was made the basis of cowardly and heartless slanders. A gentleman connected with the staff of the Springfield Republican, who was permitted to examine some of the anonymous letters, promptly made a sincere and elaborate defense of Mr. Ross. In the meantime

### THE WORK OF "DISCOVERING" THE STOLEN BOY GOES ON

in the same unsatisfactory manner. On the 4th of the present month he was "found" at New Haven by "a gentleman, while entering a dining room, with a woman claiming to be his mother. The gentleman made arrangements to have them followed, but after pursuing them some time the trail was lost. He is confident he saw the kidnapped boy."

The very latest "discovery" was made among a band of gypsies within a few miles of Westchester, Penn. A child "very much resembling the boy, Charlie Brewster Ross," was detected in the gypsy camp. The dispatch says: "The likeness to Charlie is very striking. He is closely watched and cannot be approached. Officer Carpenter has the case in hand, and has telegraphed Mayor Stokely to send some one to see and identify the boy."

Thus the case drags along, while the heart broken mother is daily fed with new hope of getting back her boy, and the poor father—is the dispatch heading this article states—is in a sinking condition."

### The Power of Imagination.

Alexander Dumas published some time ago, in a daily Paris paper, a novel in which the heroine, prosperous and happy, is assailed with consumption: All the gradual symptoms were most touchingly described, and the greatest interest was felt for the heroine.

One day the Marquis de Dolomieu called on him.

"Dumas," said he, "have you composed the end of the story now being published?"

"Of course."

"Does the heroine die at the end?"

"Of course, dies, of course—dies of consumption. After such symptoms as I have described, how could she live?"

"You will change the catastrophe."

"I cannot."

"Yes you must; for on your heroine's life depends my daughter's!"

"Your daughter's?"

"Yes. She has all the various symptoms of consumption you have described and watches mournfully for every number of your novel, reading her own fate in your heroine's. Now, if your heroine live, my daughter, whose imagination has been deeply impressed, will live too. Come, a life to save is a temptation—"

"Not to be resisted!"

Dumas changed his last chapter. His heroine recovered, and was happy."

About five years afterwards Dumas met the Marquis at a party.

"Ah, Dumas!" he exclaimed, "let me introduce you to my daughter; she owes her life to you. There she is."

"That fine handsome woman, who looks like Joane d'Arc?"

"Yes, she is married and has four children."

"And my novel, has four editions," said Dumas; so we are quits."

At the close of the late session of the Court at Greenville, Judge Cooke gave notice to the members of the bar that he would require them hereafter to wear the regular court habit of black.

He directed the Sheriff to provide himself with a cocked hat and sword, which he must wear as he escorts the Judge to the seat of justice.

A young man in Fairfield Iowa, received a letter from his girl last Sunday and, five minutes after reading it, shot himself dead. Every woman in the town would give ten years of her life to know what the letter contained that made the young man feel so.

How to be a christian—don't think heaven was made for the exclusive use of yourself and friends.

## A View to Lookout Mountain Battle Field.

Polking among the crevices with a wal king cane was a melancholy, one armed man, who we thought was a soldier; and we wondered if he had come back, after the battle to look for the lacking arm. He seemed so sad—so thoughtful—and as he stirred away the fallen leaves with his stick, we wondered if his memory was not poking around among the crack and crevices of the past to uncover what had once been on that very spot. And we concluded he was a good man to interview, and I approached him and said:

"You seem familiar with this place sir."

He took a sort of inventory of himself, as if to see what led me to such a supposition, and replied very quietly:

"No, sir; I have never been here before."

"Ah! Some personal interest in the spot, I suppose? Your regiment, perhaps, was in the battle?"

"No, I never was in the army."

"Ah! But, ah! I eh, we eh, my friend there and I were wondering if you did... lose your arm in the battle?"

"That arm, sir," he said "was snaked in a saw mill, and he left me like a man who was terribly bored."

That interview didn't turn out to suit us, and we thought we would have some fun with the colored troops. Calling a mummy lamp of ebony to him, my friend asked:

"What do you call this a battle ground for?"

"Causer wuz a fight here sah."

"Who fought?"

"Massa Gen'l Hookah, sah; an' I don't know de other gentleman's name, sah; I disremember dit just now."

"Which licked?"

"Massa Gen'l Hookah, sah, of course."

"What did they fight about?"

"Well, sah, I don't just reckon what this head fight was 'bout; de whole fight, sah, was to free de niggah, sah."

"Who owned the nigger, Hooker or the other man?"

Pompy's eyes opened till they looked like two round agates. He looked at my friend and then looked at me, then he looked over to his companions, who were shouting and laughing at the antics of one of their number in a swag; but he didn't reply. My friend spoke sharply;

"W-w-whar's you bin? Who is you, axin' me dis—axin' dis chile who owns dat niggah? Whar's you bin?"

"I've been all around here, but I didn't see any fight. When was the fight?"

"Right smart run of time since dat, sah; dat's a good while ago; boss, dat was."

"What sort of a fight was it—a prize fight?"

"A which, sah?"

"A prize fight. Did they for a ring and pound each other with their fists? Did Hooker mash up the other fellow with his fists? Who got the first knock down?"

The expression that grew on that man's face—the transformation some passed over that man's features was a better answer to the question than his tongue could have given. First a look of bewilderment, then of annoyance, then of pity contempt, and a latter disgust successively, till he turned silently and walked back to the party, seeming to wonder which was the greatest fool, he or we.

A swell, while being measured for a pair of boots, observed: "Make them cover the call." "Impossible!" exclaimed the astonished boot maker, surveying his customer from head to foot, "ain't leather enough on earth!"

"Bress de Lord for de multiplication table for it was of dat table dat de good Lord eat de supper, my brederon," is what we are reliably informed a colored exhorter said in addressing his audience no long ago.

Upon the marriage of one of her companions, a little girl about eleven years of age, of the same school, said to her pa "Why, don't you think Amelia is married, and hasn't gone through fractions yet?"

## Old Dutch Proverbs.

We must row with the oars we have; and as we cannot order the wind we are obliged to sail with the wind that God gives.

Patience and attention will bring us far. If a cat watches long enough at the mouse nest, the mouse shall not escape.

Perseverance will obtain good cabbage and lettuce where otherwise nothing but thistles grow.

The plowman must go up and down, and whatever else may be done, there is no other but this long way to do the work well.

Learn to sleep with one eye open. As soon as the chicken goes to roost, it is a good time for the fox.

If weary with walking, your portion soon will be meager.

Grind while the wind is fair, and if you neglect, do not complain of God's providence.

God gives feed to every bird, but he does not bring it to the nest, in like manner he gives us our daily bread, but by means of our daily work.

Rise early, then the fisherman finds his worms.

The dawn of day has gold in its mouth.

He that lags behind in a road where many are driving always will be in a cloud of dust.

## Items.

Von Arnim's father had eleven brothers, of whom five fell at Waterloo.

The market value of yews largely depends on who is pastor or rector of the church in which they are situated.

A house maid in Chicago had her hair to turn white in a single night last week. She fell head foremost into a flour barrel.

An old lady, upon taking her first ride in the cars, remarked, when the train ran off the track. You fetch up rather sudden, don't ye?"

The season approaches when the ball man wants to find if his neighbor is going to have a big wood pile, and if he is near sighted.

A Pittsburg woman was cured of speechfulness by the prayers of a priest. Her husband is now prowling around after the priest with a shot gun.

If the patient does not recover his health, ought the physician to recover his fees? If the doctor orders bark, has not the patient a right to growl?

When one learns that 205,800 pounds of false hair were actually sold in Paris in one year what a sad and sawbasty sort of Sahara this world does seem.

A Nevada silver miner changed his clothes the other day, for the first time in twenty two months, and then only because he was sick, and the doctor ordered it.

An Indiana clergyman sued a news paper for libel and dropped dead within a week. The Detroit Free Press says these fellows will learn something by and by.

A Boston auctioneer has in his possession an umbrella seventy two years old. It was built in England, Poys are requested to limit their contribution to three stanzas.

The only excuse a Tennessee man had for shooting a stranger, was that the strangers name was Moses Bogardus Smith. He said nobody could bring that name into Tennessee and live.

Mr. Berh attention is called to the fact that a number of women place their furs away in snuff during the summer if hundreds of mth have squeezed their heads of in consequence.

Milwaukee Sentinel: A Chicago young lady is visiting our fair, waved her hand enthusiastically during the race yesterday. Grangers off thought it was a new patent five barred gate.

There are no millionaires in Turkey. When a Turk has accumulated anything beyond nine or ten thousand dollars (the boss Turk of all crooks his fingers at him, whispers, come down money, and the balance is handed over or off goes his head.