The Orangeburg News.

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

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THE ORANGEBURG NEWS.

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Before me, the towering precipice rising in majestic grandeur, with scarce a crevice to relieve the monotony of perpendicular face, nearly two hundred feet heavenward; to the left, the straggling broken chain of rugged mountains, scanty clothed with the hardy verdure indigenous to this part of our country. To my right and rear, as far as eye could reach, the rolling prairie, whose single stream meandering sluggishly from the foot of the hills through the tall waving grass until lost in the distance; and at my feet, the graves—the grave of the true and beautiful; the grave of the fearless and manly.

I had halted for the night within a mile of this storied spot, and my octogenarian host, whose faculties were still as clear as the rippling rill running past his door, had kindly promised to relate to me the mournful tale which gave to the precipitous mountain the name of Enomah's Leap.

"But," said he, "while supper is in course of preparation, you should view the spot more closely; it may serve to bring the last scence more vividly before you."

This suggestion I had acted upon, and the grand and gloomy beauty of the place had prepared my mind for any legend, however weird. But this, my host said, was no legend, but simple truth, for he saw and knew the principal actors in it before it happened, and was among the first of the white race at the scene of the tragedy.

After a hearty backwoods supper, we twain seated ourselves, with our corncob pipes, upon the bench before the door, in the bright moonlight, and the old man commenced:

"It's as many as forty years agone, since this thing happened, but I've thought on it so much, and dreampt of it so often, that I remember it to-night, well as I did the day it transpired. 'Tisn't a story to be soon forgotten.

"Enomah was the only child of Manaone, one of the fiercest and most relentless chieftains of the Sioux. How he came by such a daughter is one of those mysteries which will be unraveled at the last great day, for setting aside her marvelous beauty—he was as ugly as sin—she was the essence of amiability, pity, and devotion; something, I have often thought like what a child's dream of an angel is.

"Glimpse of House," some hunter from the East had christened her, but the name wasn't soft enough, and hadn't meaning enough for the settlers of this region who knew her full character, so they fell back on her own name of Enomah, until the arrival at their out of the way settlement of Harry Johnson, as fine a young fellow as ever turned his back on the bustling city, for a life of health and freedom in Nature's towns—the woods.

He was tall—taller than most men, but you would scarcely have thought it, he was so admirably proportioned, and his handsome sun-

[redacted]

and it was her shoulder that supported his enfeebled form, when he took his first convalescent walk.

"Then a change came. Heartsease, when she saw her patient regaining his wonted health, seemed suddenly to have conceived an aversion to the cabin, and many a weary hour did Harry spend in watching for her return. At last after a week had passed uncheered by her presence, he determined, weak as he was, to seek the Indian village, and, if possible see the Indian maiden.

"He was not destined to exert himself so much on that occasion, for scarcely had he journeyed half the distance when he came upon the objects of his thoughts, carelessly tossing pebbles into a little stream which flowed at her feet.

"Heartsease!"

"My preserver!" And the guileless forest child sprang to meet him; then suddenly checking her ardor she paused, and with a confused blush, gave him her hand.

"Why have you stayed so long from me, Heartsease?" inquired the hunter, with a glance of unconcealed admiration.

"Did my white friend miss me, then."

"Would you miss the bright sun should it cease to shine? Would you miss the pretty wild flowers if they grew no more? Would you miss the twinkling stars if they should set forever? Even so have I missed you, Heartsease."

"I have missed my friend too," said the Indian maiden, trembling with an emotion which she could not conceal, "and would have come to him, only I feared——."

"You feared! What did you fear, my darling?" For you are, you must be my darling;" and he folded the little trembler to his breast. "Think you I have felt those soothing fingers on my brow, or met the glance of these sweet blue eyes without knowing there was love in the touch and look? Tell me what you feared?"

"Oh, it was this I feared!" she murmured. "I feared that you would discover my love for you, and despise me for it, for how could I know that you would love me in return? You say you do! You call me darling! Am I dear to you!"

"As life itself—nay, dearer than life; as my soul!"

"Then, Harry, break with me a stick at the running stream, and be true to me as to your soul."

Taking up a slender twig, she held it towards her lover and with her blue eyes piercing his very heart, she said:

"When Enomah forgets you, may the Great Spirit of her nation forget her, and forever deny her entrance to the happy hunting grounds of her father and brothers."

"Speak!"

"On the day that Harry Houston proves false to his Heartsease, may the good right hand which holds this twig wither from his arm, and may his Great Spirit blot his name from the book of life."

They scarcely waited till the pieces of the broken twig had touched the stream when they clasped each other in a fervid embrace, forgetting all the world beside.

"But my father!" suddenly exclaimed Heartsease, disengaging herself from Harry's arms, "he will never consent."

"No? Is he so inveterate in his hatred to our race?"

"Terribly so! and more especially would he forbid my marriage with one of you."

"Then our only plan is to journey two days toward the dawn, where we will find a man of God, who will make us man and wife. Then Manaone will face us forgiveness, we will fly far away toward the setting sun, where we will pass our lives in happiness and contentment, living for each other and our children. Shall it be so, darling?"

"I will do as you say, Harry; the broken stick has made me yours."

Five days after this wildwood betrothal the hunter entered the Sioux village, leading by the hand his happy, yet anxious bride. Heartsease had been sorely missed by Manaone, but as she was in the habit of straying off to the settlements, and remaining absent for days together, her disappearance occasioned no real alarm; nevertheless Manaone received her with a species of grim pleasure.

"Was Enomoh lost, that she is led home by the white hunter?" said her father, after a stately nod to Harry.

"Heartsease remained silent, while a deeper crimson suffused her cheek and brow.

"No, Manaone," quickly replied Harry, who saw that the power of speech had for the moment left his bride. "Enomah was not lost, but she has journeyed with me to the lodge of a servant of Manito, who has married us. Panther-slayer comes to you as a son. Will you forgive us?"

"What! dog of a pale face!" almost shrieked Manaone. "The daughter of a great chief has become your squaw, and you have come to me for forgiveness? Ha! ha! you shall have it! You shall have such forgiveness as the wounded bear bestows upon one who steals her cubs. Ho! Taoman!" The painted visage of a warrior appeared at the opening of the wigwam, and the chief continued, addressing him: "Lead forth the dog of a hunter, and see that you guard him well. To-morrow, at sunrise, either he or you must die!"

Although surprised at this reception, so different from what he had expected, Harry would have resisted to the death, had it not been that a number of warriors had rushed to the spot, upon hearing the thunder tones of Manaone, and thrown themselves upon him ere he could draw a weapon. With his arms securely pinioned he was led away, while the gentle Enomah sank in a swoon at her father's feet.

"Take hence the traitress to the memory of her fathers," he said to a squaw who was in the wigwam, "and see that she be restored in time to witness the death of her pale lover."

"But I am getting tedious stranger," the old man said, "so I will hasten with what followed.

The morning dawned bright and beautiful as that of a wedding day, and the whole tribe gathered in the centre of the village, where the four head chiefs were soon seated on piles of skins.

"Bring forth the pale face," said Manaone, rising, "that the warrior of the great Sioux nation may pronounce his doom."

Into the centre of the open space before the judges, they brought the prisoner, with his hands tightly bound behind him, and Manaone, taking two steps forward, raised his right hand, as if to command attention, addressed the assembly.

"Warriors of the great Sioux nation, what do ye when a sneaking wolf enters your wigwam in your absence, glutting itself upon your papoose as it lies sleeping, and that wolfe afterwards falls in your power? What do ye when a panther springs upon the little one that plays about your knee, and ye afterwards find that panther sleeping? Need I ask?"

A murmur of terrible import rose from the swaying mass—swaying with the workings of their vindicative passions, and Harry Houston knew by the eager bloodthirsty look in the eyes which surrounded him, that his doom was sealed.

"The pale hunter," continued Manaone, when the the murmur had died away, "came to us as a friend, and we opened our wigwams to his tired feet and gave him of the best to eat, he came to us with honey on his tongue hiding the sting within his heart, his words were like the fairest rose, but his meaning like the thorn concealed beneath, and with his double tongue he lured away a daughter of our tribe—my child, Enomah. What is this false friend's doom?"

"Death!" rang out from a hundred throats, "death by the fire!"

"No," said Manaone, and a dark, sinister smile played upon his features, "we will give him a chance for his life. He shall leap from the bald rock; if he escape death then, his Great Spirit is stronger than ours, and he shall be free. I have said it, and it shall be so!"

There were a few among the assembled warriors who murmured because they could not have the demoniacal pleasure of torturing the hunter, but the majority took the side of Manaone, and the victim was dragged, amid terrific whoops, to the edge of the precepice—you saw it to-day.

"Bring forth my guilty daughter that she may behold her pale face warrior die," commanded the chief, and poor Heartsease, now [illegible] was led to where her husband stood, calm and unmoved. A soft look came into his clear, dark eye, as she left her conductors and bounded to his side.

"Harry, husband, must you die?" she wailed.

"So it has been decreed by your stern father," he answered, softly, "but he has chosen for me an easy and painless death. I am to leap from this rock."

"'Tis an awful leap," said Enomah, dreamily, "and 'tis a long distance to go—alone."

"I shall have ceased to breathe before I reach the bottom, darling, so I shall feel no pain."

"And is all ready?" inquired Heartsease.

"When you have returned to your friends the signal will be given, and those warriors on our left will dart forward and hurl me from my foothold."

Enomah's face had a heaven-born expression on it, as she looked up and said:

"Say one little prayer to the Great Spirit, Harry, and I will pray too; don't forget to ask your Monito to take me with you wherever you go after death, and I will ask the Great Spirit of the Sioux to let me go." Then, after bowing her head a moment, as if in silent prayer, she turned her face to where Manaone stood, in the midst of his warriors, and, with a look which haunted him until his dying day, she cried:

"Farewell, father; in life or death I am Harry's only!"

As she finished she clasped her fettered husband in her arms, and before a hand could be raised to stay her, bounded from the rock with a thrilling cry.

You saw the graves to-day. It was on that spot they found their mangled bodies, he still clasped in the dead arms of his Heartsease, and since that day they have called the mountain—Enomah's Leap."

VARIOUS.

[From Moore's Rural New Yorker.]

Susie's Prayer.

It was half holiday. The children were gathered on the green and a right merry time they were having. I think children always do enjoy themselves on such occasions.

"Come, girls and boys," called out Ned Graham, "let's play hunt the squirrel."

All assented eagerly, and a large circle was formed with Ned Graham for leader because he was the largest.

"Come, Susie," said one of the boys, to a little girl who stood on one side, and seemed to shrink from joining them.

"Oh, never mind *her!*" said Ned, with a little toss of his head, "she's nobody, anyhow. Her father drinks."

A quick flush crept over the child's pale face as she heard the cruel, thoughtless words. She was very sensitive, and the arrow had touched her heart in its tenderest place. Her father *was* a drunkard, she knew, but to be taunted with it before so many was more than she could bear; and with great sobs heaving her bosom, and hot tears filling her eyes, she turned and ran away from the play-ground.

Her mother was sitting by the window when she reached home and the tearful face of the little girl told that something had happened to disturb her.

"What is the matter, Susie?" she asked, kindly.

"Oh, mother," Susie said, with the tears dropping down her cheeks, as she hid her face in her mother's lap, "Ned Graham said such a cruel thing about me," and here the sobs chocked her voice so that she could hardly speak;" he said I wasn't anybody, and that father drinks."

"My poor little girl," Mrs. Ellet said, very sadly. There were tears in her eyes, too. Such taunts as this were nothing new.

"Oh, mother," Susie said, as she lifted her face, wet with tears, from her mother's lap, "I can't bear to have them say so, and act just as if *I* had done something wicked. I wish father wouldn't drink! Do you suppose he'll ever leave it off!

"I hope so," Mrs. Ellet answered, as she kissed Susie's face where the tears clung like drops of dew on a rose. "I pray that he may break off the habit, and I can do nothing but pray, and leave the rest to God."

That night Mr. Ellet came home to supper, as usual. He was a hard-working man, and a good neighbor. So everybody said, but he had the habit of intemperance so firmly fixed upon him that everybody thought he would end his days in the drunkard's grave. Susie kissed him when he came through the gate, as she always did, but there was something in her face that went to his heart. A look so sad, and full of touching sorrow for one so young as she!

"What ails my little girl?" he asked, as he patted her curly head.

"I can't tell you, father," she answered, slowly.

"Why?" he asked.

"Because it would make you feel bad," Susie replied.

"I guess not," he said, as they walked up to the door together. "What is it, Susie?"

"Oh, father," and Susie burst into tears again as the memory of Ned Graham's words came up freshly in her mind, "I wish you wouldn't drink any more for the boys and girls don't like to play with me, 'cause you do."

Mr Ellet made no reply. But something stirred in his heart that made him ashamed of himself; ashamed that he was the cause of so much sorrow and misery.

After supper he took his hat, and Mrs. Ellet knew only too well where he was going. At first he had resolved to stay at home that evening, but the force of habit was so strong that he could not resist, and he yielded, promising himself, that he would not drink more than once or twice.

Susie had left the table before he finished his supper, and as he passed the great clump of lilacs, by the path, on his way to the gate, he heard her voice and stopped to listen to what she was saying.

"Oh, good Jesus, please don't let father drink any more. Make him just as he used to be when I was a baby, and the boys and girls can't call me a drunkard's child, or say such bad things about me. Please dear Jesus, for mother's sake and mine."

Susie's father listened to her simple prayer with a great lump swelling in his throat. And when it was ended he went up to her, and knelt down by her side, and put his arm around her, oh, so lovingly!

"God in Heaven," he said, very solemnly, "I promise to-night, never to touch another drop of liquor as long as I live. Give me strength to keep my pledge, and help me to be a better man."

"Oh, father," Susie cried, her arms about his neck, and her head upon his breast, "I'm *so* glad! I shan't care about anything they say to me now, for I know you won't be a drunkard any more."

"God helping me, I will be a *man!*" he answered, as, with Susie in his arms, he went back into the house where his wife was sitting with the old patient look of sorrow on her face,—the look that had become so habitual.

I cannot tell you of the joy and thanksgiving that went up from that hearthstone that night. I wish I could, but it was too deep a joy which filled the hearts of Susie and her mother to be described.

Was not Susie's prayer answered?

A train loaded with soldiers ran off the track near Gordonsville, Virginia, and four were killed and many wounded.

The Elective Franchise.

To the People of South Carolina:

It was referred to the State Central Executive Committee, by the late Democratic Convention, to inquire into the disabilities imposed, by reason of the war, upon a portion of our people, restraining them from the exercise of the elective franchise in South Carolina, and to publish the conclusion attained, for the information of the people of the State. The committee in discharge of that duty, announce that they have examined the subject, and beg to state:

1. That no such disabilities now exist by or under the acts of Congress, known as the Reconstruction act, the State having been officially declared to be in the Union.

2. That no such disabilities exist under the so-called amendment, known as the fourteenth amendment to the Constitution of the United States, the disabilities therein expressed having reference to office-holding, and not to voting.

3. That no such disabilities exist by the so-called State Constitution of 1868, under which it is claimed that the State has been reconstructed and restored to the Union.

The undersigned therefore, announce that no such disabilities exist by force of any law, or supposed law, or authority whatever; and they urge their hitherto disfranchised fellow-citizens, in every part of the State, to exercise their right to vote at the coming election for President and Vice-President, of which right they have been so long deprived by military power. By order of the.

EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE.

Items.

The Indianapolis pension agency has 12,000 names, and the annual payments amount to $1,800,000.

The eastern shore of Lake Michigan furnished Chicago with 50,000 bushels of peaches this season.

22 miles of fence inclose a farm of 13,000 acres in Illinois, which is subdivided by 70 miles of hedge.

The needle-gun has been introduced into the armies of Denmark, Sweden, Holland, and the Roman States.

The length of England, from Berwick to Land's End, is estimated at 426 miles.

It is said that Mrs. John Wood, the actress, has married a London journalist.

A Kentuckian calculates that he has chewed 1,825 lbs, of tobacco in forty years.

The wife of Prince Napoleon is in the last stages of pulmonary consumption.

Chinese are flocking by millions to the newly discovered gold mines at Chefoo.

Mr. Chandler of Alstead, N. H., harvested a crop of corn 60 days after planting.

A New York milliner has built a bonnet which is a marvel of cheapness at $125.

The corn crops in the lowlands of Kentucky have been ruined by an inundation.

Competition has lowered the steamboat fares on the upper Mississippi very much.

Brooklyn's valuation is $161,317,560, an increase of eleven millions since last year.

A regiment of United States troops eight hundred strong, has been sent from Washington to Nashville, Tennessee.

Beast Butler has been renominated for Congress by the Bostonians.

The government is to issue arms to citizens living on the Indian frontier.

The United States will be requested to send representatives to the European Peace Congress at Berne.

There was a grand Democratic demonstration at Mobile on Monday night. Twenty-five clubs, aggregating eight thousand persons, marched in procession.

In the Surratt case an appeal has been taken from the decision of Judge Wylie, and a new indictment will be submitted to the jury.

More earthquakes and volcanic eruptions have taken place in the Sandwich Islands. The reported sinking of the southeastern shore of Hawaii is confirmed.

Ex-President Pierce is very feeble. His nervous system is quite shattered, and it is very doubtful whether he will get about this fall or winter—if at all again.

The municipal election in Nashville, Tenn., on Saturday, resulted in the re-election of the present incumbent. Both candidates were Republicans.

Confederate General J. C. Hindman has been assassinated at his residence, Helena, Ark. A man named Robbins, of Springfield Missouri, who served under him, has been arrested, but denies being the murderer.