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[WRITTEN FOR THE ORANGEBURG NEWS.]  
**TO SALLIE.**  
BY JOANNES.

I have dreamed of lovely faces,  
I have seen some loved ones too,  
That of inward thoughts bore traces  
Pictured clearly to the view:  
But for earnest, gentle feeling,  
That so oft our reason tries,  
I have seen the truest stealing  
From the depths of thy sweet eyes.

II.  
In my heart I feel the beating  
Of a love "just newly born,"  
And a voice within repeating  
Thy sweet name from night till morn!  
In my heart I've placed you, dearest,  
As a treasure pure and rare;  
Though no prayer of mine thou hearest,  
Yet thy home shall still be there!

III.  
And those eyes shall light me only,  
And those lips shall be my guide  
Through my path of life so lonely,  
Through my future, all untried!  
And should e'er my footsteps wonder  
From the path of right and truth,  
I have but to pause and ponder  
On the sweet love of my youth.

[WRITTEN FOR THE ORANGEBURG NEWS.]  
**A TRUE STORY.**  
BY JOANNES.

CHAPTER I.

Ella Oswald in her girlhood days was always considered by her playmates and school companions as a frail and tender being. She was the only child of wealthy parents, and all that her childish whims prompted her to ask for, was granted with unsparring hands.

In a word, she was so petted that many thought her "spoilt," to use a phrase that is common in home parlance.

Her little notions were always sought to be gratified and indulged, even by her school teachers.

One trait of character that Ella possessed to a pre eminent degree, was to be found in the sincerity of her professions of friendship.

If she took a fancy to one, she spared no pains to show that her attachment was one of an unadulterated sincerity. On the other hand, if she happened to be prepossessed against a person, she was equally as inveterate in her dislikes as impassioned in her affections.

As she grew older, this trait developed itself more and more, until after a time it became the distinguishing feature of her character.

When very young she was strongly attached to books; and never failed to fall in love with the heroine whose fidelity to her betrothed met with opposition from her parents.

She was her *beau ideal* of a woman that would set at defiance the objections of a heartless father.

In fact, so intensely absorbed with a love of this idea was she, that, before she was eighteen, she would wish sometimes to herself that she could meet with some young man that she could love, and to whom her father and mother might be opposed.

So much did she dwell upon this thought that at times she seemed living in an ideal world. She would picture two to her mind's eye, and, making herself the heroine, always bring them out successfully against a father's bitter opposition. So much did she do this that at length she really did imagine that if she was ever loved such would indeed be the case.

Finally the day arrived, after which there was no necessity for her to resort to novels and to her fruitful imagination, to find lovers thus circumstanced.

While at a tournament one day her eyes caught sight of a tall, delicate youth, man, with long, auburn hair, and deep, penetrating dark eyes.

She watched him wherever he went. When the hour arrived for contesting for the prizes, he rode more gracefully than all the other knights. And his costume was so tasty and beautiful. He was the knight of the Black Plume.

After the "runs" were made, there was a short interval, in which the knights could dismount to rest themselves, before the awarding of the prizes.

In this interval, to Ella's infinite delight, Augustus Osmond (for such was the name of the knight of the Black Plume) espied our heroine, and her earnest, anxious glances at him, which made him feel an immediate interest in her. But a few moments after his eyes first met hers, he requested a friend to introduce him to Ella.

The short ceremony of an introduction was soon gone through with, which seemed to have delighted one as much as the other.

Their eyes a "mutual language spoke," and soon their souls were attuned to one key forever.

The first prize was awarded to our hero, which consisted of a beautiful and costly wreath. Of course after they were all awarded, as is usual at tournaments, the successful knights had to present their trophies, each, to their favorite lady friend.

For this purpose, and to make the scene one that all could witness, a large circle was formed.

Augustus Osmond was the first one to enter it, accompanied by several friends. He was asked what lady he desired to crown. He whispered faintly to the Committee, "Miss Ella Oswald."

Miss Ella Oswald! was called for by Col. — at the top of his voice.

A dead silence reigned. She did not appear. The second time she was called for, and still no appearance was made.

But after a third call, a little bustle was seen, on the opposite side of the circle from where the writer of this story was standing.

Hither all eyes were turned in an instant.

In a moment more Ella Oswald came forth, accompanied by two lady companions.

To say that she was beautiful would but illy convey a proper idea of her beauty. She possessed all those personal charms, to an abundant degree, that go to make woman more like an angel than an earthly being.

Pale and timid, she advanced to the middle of the circle. Our hero advanced and, in an appropriate speech, crowned Ella with a wreath whose beauty was only surpassed by that of the fair one to whom it was given.

So nicely and so eloquently was the ceremony performed that an involuntary outburst of applause emanated from those assembled.

Other knights went through the same ceremony; but none did it so handsomely as the knight of the Black Plume.

Finally the happy party dispersed, after which a select number of the crowd retired to the house of Col. —, where a dance was to take place that night. Ella and Osmond were among the number. And throughout the entire evening they were the observed of all.

But let us hurry on.

Before the dance was ended, Osmond and Ella were engaged. The soul of our hero seems to have been the direct reflex of that of our heroine, and vice versa.

They met and they loved. Osmond took Ella home in his buggy. And of course being the escort of his daughter, old Mr. Oswald invited him to spend the night.

The next morning the two lovers met again, only to find their bosoms more aflame with that love, the dawn of whose existence had only reseeded one day.

Ella was not long in discovering the fact that her father had formed an aversion for her lover. Nor was she long in disclosing the fact to him.

At first he was discouraged by the intelligence; but after receiving assurances from Ella, that her father's opposition should never change the current of her being, he appeared satisfied.

After breakfasting the two vowed eternal fidelity to each other, and Osmond took his departure from the house that held all that was dear to him.

As soon as he was gone, old Mr. Oswald called Ella to his room and told her that he was aware of her attachment for Osmond, and that although he had been accustomed to indulge all her wishes, yet he would not consent for her to have her way in a matter of such grave importance.

Ella listened to her father patiently, and without any seeming emotion of regret at the position he had taken in the matter.

All she said was, "Father I love Mr. Osmond, and he is the gentleman I believe him to be, I intend that no power, no persuasion, no, not even a father's positive injunction to the contrary, shall keep me from marrying him."

These words were spoken with such a decided emphasis, and had such a strange significance about them, coming as they did from one who never put at defiance parental authority before, that old Mr. Oswald was dumfounded for a few moments. Had an earthquake opened under his feet, he could not have been much more amazed.

For a few moments he sat in silence, and then said, "Ella what is the matter with you?"

"Nothing father," was the reply.

"Yes there is my child, for I am completely unable to understand your conduct this morning." Ella's father looked her earnestly in the face, as if waiting for a reply.

"Father," she said, "you have never denied me any thing that I asked you for. Every wish and childish notion of mine, you always said you took pleasure in gratifying. Now I am a woman. I have a womanly nature, and womanly aspirations. The chief wish now of my life is to marry Augustus Osmond. If you have gratified my desires in those things which could only afford me temporary happiness, why do you refuse to accede to a thing upon which my life long happiness depends? I tell you plainly, father, I expect to accept Augustus Osmond when he comes to claim me as his wife, and I should hate to do so against your will; but in such matters I deem it best for a woman to follow the dictates of her own heart, and marry only for pure and unadulterated love."

"But don't you think your course very unmaidenly Ella?" inquired her father.

"No sir," was the prompt reply. "Love is a natural instinct of the human heart, and it is not unmaidenly to acknowledge its power and influence. Nor will I," she continued.

Here Mr. Oswald seemed struck with more amazement than ever, and left Ella by saying, "You are not yourself to-day, my child; to-morrow, when you get over the excitement of the tournament and dance, I will talk to you again."

Ella sat still for a few moments after her father's withdrawal, and then said to herself, "Oh, if Augustus could have seen me how eloquently I resisted the authority of my father, he would love me more than ever."

The pale and tender flower that she was, she had realized her dream. If she desired to have a lover whom her father disliked, her wish had been gratified.

Napoleon, when he wept because there were no more worlds to conquer, could not have felt any stronger in his power than did the delicate and resolute Ella, in her self assurance of victory over her father's will.

But her father was not conquered. He was only waiting until she recovered from excitement to speak to her in more positive terms.

The next day, however, found Ella in bed. The excitement that she had undergone was too much for her weak and fragile frame to bear up under. For a whole week she was confined to her room. During the hottest moments of her fever, she would scream out for Augustus. She would say, "They will strive to keep us apart but they shall never succeed."

When she began to convalesce, her parents would leave her at times with her maid servant. One afternoon she asked her faithful attendant for a piece of paper and pencil. It was furnished, and although very weak, she sat up in the bed sufficiently long to write these words to Augustus:

DEAR AUGUSTUS: I am very weak. Am unable to write more than to beg you to come to me as soon as you can. But don't let father see you. I will have some one to watch out for you; and after I know of your visit, will be able to fix some place for you to see me. Do come. Your own

ELLA.

This note was carefully incased in an envelope, and given to the servant, with directions how to get it off.

Fortunately for Ella, Osmond was in town, and inquired at the Postoffice directly after her note was mailed. When he received it, his first impulse was to fly to her immediately; but when he reflected if he did that he might thwart some of her arrangements, he took a second thought and concluded that it would be best to go up to the house stealthily, and find, if possible, Ella's servant. To his delight the first person he saw was the one he wanted. It was not a difficult task for him to make her discover his presence. This accomplished, the news was very soon heralded to Ella. Immediately her spirits seemed to brighten up. Her face assumed a healthier color, and nearly all her strength appeared to return.

Through the medium of her trusty servant, preparations were made for Osmond to see her that night. He was made aware of her father's opposition to, and dislike of, him, which made him very cautious.

When night came, up rose the clear and yellow moon, and with light footsteps Osmond tripped up to Ella's window.

In a short space of time she informed him of the character of the interview which transpired between herself and father the day he left her; told him what she said, and how she vowed to have him, in spite of all opposition.

Renewed vows of constancy were made, and Osmond bade the idol of his

heart good night, to return again as soon as the nature of his business would permit him.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## The Wild Dogs of the Cape.

In the neighborhood of the Cape of Good Hope many wild dogs are still to be met with, and in the interior of Africa they can be found in vast herds. These animals always hunt in troops, divided, in the most orderly manner, into parties. Sometimes they are six in number, sometimes ten, sometimes as many as sixty. They are very strong and enduring, and the largest and swiftest antelopes are incapable of holding out when chased by several of them. A hunter thus relates his adventures with these animals:

I was lying in wait in a cavern, near the drinking-place of these wild animals. Behind me, I heard a large antelope come galloping past me. It was a guu, and threw itself into the middle of the water, in order to escape four wild dogs, which were in full chase after it. They looked very wild. Their heads and shoulders were covered with blood, and it was evident that they were quite sure of their prize. They came closer up to me, but took no notice of me.

I made up my mind that I should like to have a shot at the guu, and also at one of the dogs. I was successful as regards the antelope; one of her pursuers I wounded, and the other dogs, to whom such an experience was quite a novelty, were quite alarmed. They formed a half-circle around me, in order to obtain the wind side of me, and to be able to discover what had been the cause of their misfortune. I loaded again, and by wounding another of them, I caused them all to run away.

These dogs are extremely active and vigorous, but the guu is the largest animal they have been known to attack. I have never heard of their attacking a buffalo. In the deserts, there are large caverns, in which they lay their young. These caves extend to a great distance under the ground, and communicate one with another. But the dogs do not, when pursued, seek refuge in these caverns, but trust to their own swiftness, and run, with their young ones, across the plain. Fearful are the deprivations they sometimes inflict upon shepherds and colonists. A careless shepherd having on one occasion, left the flock under his care, either to shoot birds or visit a friend, a swarm of wild dogs rused in among the sheep and committed terrible havoc. A vast number were killed and wounded. The dogs had worried far more than they had been able to devour.

They have three distinct kinds of bark, each serving a different purpose. When they suddenly meet any object that strikes them as strange or alarming, they give a sharp, anxious cry. At other times their barking resembles the chattering of apes, or the voice of a man whose teeth are shaking with intense cold. They utter these cries when they are collected together in large herds at night, and are excited by something unusual that alarms them, such as the barking of tame dogs. The third and most usual cry is their rallying call; as for instance, when they have become scattered during an antelope chase. This sound is much softer than the other two, and is really not unmelodious, but is very far-reaching. It resembles, more than anything else, the second call of a cuckoo, and is a pleasant noise when heard only early in the morning from the forest. All domesticated dogs, however large, powerful and ferocious they may be, are held in utter contempt by the wild ones, who stand quietly awaiting their attack, keep faithfully by one another's side, and usually end by tearing and rending their tame brethren. They, however, return the hatred borne them by their wild relatives with interest, seeming to dread their bark more than they do the roar of the lion. These singular animals appear to form the link between the wolf and the hyena.

When I first met with these wild dogs, I was not aware of their dangerous character. I was destined to know it better, however. Their melodious rallying cry brought a number of them to the spot, and I became regularly besieged in my cavern. I was at a loss what was to be done. I discovered at last that one of the animals is always made the leader. The general of the troop on this occasion was a fine handsome fellow, but he approached so near me that no

choice was left as to what I should do. I shot him through the head, and the other dogs immediately fled. His death cry was the signal for their instantaneous dispersion, and I was left to spend the rest of the night in peace.

## Tell Tale Tomatoes.

"Where did you get them tomatoes?" asked an old Long Island farmer, the other morning, of a neighbor whose real estate yielded a product of *uif*, and on which there was not a single tomato vine. His basket was full of very fine ripe specimens, which the farmer thought he recognized. It was the first time that suspicions of his impetuous neighbor's honesty had arisen in his mind. "Where did you get 'em?"

"Bought 'em."  
"Who did you buy of?"  
"Bill Van Brunt, on Crow Hill."  
"Ah! let us look at your hands."  
With his basket on his arm, he held out both hands for examination.

"What do you want to look at my hands for? There ain't nothing on 'em."  
The old farmer was washing his own hands at the time in a tin basin of rain water, with a wooden bowl of curdled brown soft soap before him.

"No, there ain't nothing on 'em that you can see; but look a' here, set down your basket and wash 'em. It's very cooling, and your face and hands looks hot."

So saying, he emptied the basin, filled it with cold water, pointed to the soap dish, and relieved the bearer of his basket.

The first immersion and friction of the hands in the water let the cat out of the bag. It at once turned green; grew greener and greener every second, and at length was an intense dark green.

"Here, Jim," said the old farmer to his tow-headed son, "take this basket and empty it, and bring it out agin." Then turning to his honest neighbor, he said:

"You hooked them tomatoes from my patch not half an hour ago. Three or four of the top ones I knew in a minute. Here's your basket."  
If any reader would test this discovery of a theft, let him pick one or two tomatoes, separating the vines with his unken hand, and then wash it. There is a mysterious something about the plant, perfectly colorless, that instantly imparts the green, which cannot be seen, until water removes it.

## Qualities of a Good Collector.

Is on time to a minute when the debtor says "come to-morrow at 9 o'clock."  
Sits on the steps and waits for his return when he says, "I am just going to dinner."

Insists on stepping out to make change when the man "has nothing less than a twenty."

Will go to an old "stager" every day for a month with a cheerful countenance "about that little account."

Doesn't mind edging into a crowd to ask a fellow.

Will take a dollar in part if he can't get ten in whole, and "credit it" with thankful alacrity.

Always suggests that the other party's money is not in hand, as he can get it "cashied" to-morrow.

Always has that account "on top," so the man can make no excuse for putting him off.

Don't mind asking for it immediately after being "treated"—or pleasantly entertained.

Is never in a hurry, "can wait till you get through."

Cuts off the retreat of the dodger by crossing over to meet him, or follows him into a store where he goes to hide.

Can cough or salute when the "hard case" wants to pass without seeing you.

In fine—is patient as a post, cheerful as a duck, sociable as a flea, bold as a lion, weatherproof as a rubber, cunning as a fox, and watchful as a sparrow-hawk.

Parasau ladies carry canes.  
Cats, like quacks, mew-till late.  
There has been snow in Boston.

The best way to serve a dinner—Eat it.

Some New Orleans city officials got into a fight over a game of cards, and the police cooled them off by taking them to the adjacent river and bathing them.

SOMETHING JOHN HUCK DIDN'T FIND OUT.—Once at a "commencement ball," given by the members of the senior class of Dartmouth, two of the class made their appearance so intoxicated that it became necessary for the floor managers to insist upon their retiring from the room. One of them knew enough to get out and go home. The other, John Huck, after feeling about for some time found himself in the ladies' dressing room, where he attempted to lie down on a sofa, but fell flat on the floor, where he lay too much discouraged to get up or care where he was. Soon after he rolled under the sofa, and immediately was fast asleep. However he was not destined to rest in peace, for, shortly after, he was awakened by the entrance of two young ladies engaged in earnest conversation who sat down on the same seat under which our friend was lying. After talking a little on various subjects, one said to the other, "Did you hear any one say anything about me?" "Yes, I heard quite a number say that you were the best dancer in the hall." "But did you hear any one say anything about me?" "Yes, they all said you were the prettiest young lady here to-night."

Now John was awakened by this earnest conversation, and began to share the interest felt by the young ladies. Poking out his head from between their feet he thus delivered himself to the horror-stricken couple: "D-d-did you you h-h-hear (hic) anybod' s-s-say anything about me?"

The shrieks of the frightened dancers were their only response, as they fled in dismay to the ball room, and John's question remained unanswered.

If there ever was a fisherman who loved eels it was old Job Stuart. They were, in fact, the *sumum bonum* of his existence, and he never was so happy as when he drew in a great wriggling monster, and nothing made him so mad all over, or fight so quick, as to insinuate that they in the slightest degree resembled snakes. And for fifty years the old man revealed in his favorite dish. Then fate, or the death of a brother, called him West, and he was sorely troubled in spirit at the thought that he should be deprived of his accustomed luxury. Very great was his surprise, therefore, to find the breakfast table of the prairie tavern loaded with fried eels, and the old man ate with even more than his accustomed gusto. But he thought it strange there should be such a bountiful supply, as he had neither river nor pond anywhere in the vicinity; and so he questioned the landlord as to where they were obtained. "Well, stranger," was the reply, "we always have 'em—just as many as we want."

"But, where do you catch them?" "Anywhere on the prairie; and the woods am full of 'em. We call 'em bush eels." Job left the table hastily.

A woman says what she chooses without being abused for it. She can take a nap after dinner while her husband goes to work. She can go out into the street without being asked to stand treat at every saloon. She can stay at home in time of war, and get married again if her husband gets killed. She can wear corsets if too thick and other fixings if too thin. She can get a divorce from her husband if she sees one she likes better. She can get her husband in debt all over, until he warns the public not to trust her on his account. But all these advantages are balanced by the great facts that she can't not sing bass, wear a beard, go sparkling or climb a tree.

The lion hunters sometimes do not beg much with all their zeal. Somebody of this kind lately dogged Mr. Tennyson, who, with his family, was visiting the Royal Academy. Whorever Mr. Tennyson went this devoted pitcher with long ears went also. His perseverance was at last rewarded, for he actually heard the poet say something. And what does the reader suppose the poet said? Why, he actually remarked to the lady, "Take care of the children while I go and have a glass of beer!" Could anything be more unpoetical? He did not say, "While I go to drain a crystal beaker full of the warm South;" but he went after beer, vulgar beer! it may be not even half-and-half!

A complacent editor, announces that "sever deaths are unavoidably delayed till next week."