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No. 5.

A QUESTION FOR THE FARMERS.

HOW MUCH OF THE CROP FOR LABOR.

What part of the crop is just compensation to the laborer? This is an important question, and one concerning which rather vague ideas prevail.

But, enquires one, are these three factors in the case equal? Let us see. Assume that a hand can cultivate 30 acres—

oats would bring.....\$80 00  
3 bales of cotton say.....100 00  
80 bushels corn.....60 00

Total.....\$240 00  
From this deduct for rent of land \$2.00 per acre.....\$60 00  
Hire of horse.....60 00

Total.....\$120 00  
And there is left to represent the value of labor proper.....\$120 00

Any one familiar with farming, will admit that the above calculation is very favorable to the laborer; the crops are above the average without manure, and rent and horse hire are placed at very low figures; and yet the net proceeds of the year's labor proper, would not buy 30 acres of land at the low price of \$5.00 per acre, and would not more than buy a good horse and the necessary tools to work the crop.

Arrangements for labor made, the next question is, what crops to cultivate. The testimony is universal and without exception that those farmers are most prosperous who buy least—in other words who raise what is needed for home consumption.

A Baptist preacher in North Carolina, has read the Bible through fifteen times in the last fifteen years by torch light. Last year, besides raising, with his own hands, two bales of cotton, fifty barrels of corn and two hundred bushels of potatoes, he traveled two thousand miles, preached one hundred and twenty sermons, and received for his ministerial services \$120.—Exchange.

Proposed to His Grandmother.

Col. Thornton of the East India service, tells thus the romance of his youth:

"One clear, starlight evening in June, Hellen and I were walking on the terrace, among flower-beds that were cut in the soft, green turf. Inspired by the stillness and odoriferous influence of the night air, I told her my heart's secret, with all its hopes and fears."

"She looked up at me wonderingly, and tears glistened in her beautiful eyes as she said:

"Ah, Capt. Thornton, are you sure? Do you—do you love me? It cannot be. No, never."

"Why, I cried, impetuously pressing my suit and her, 'you love another?'"

"Sir," she said, almost sharply, "do you know who I am?"

"The loveliest girl in England."

"No, sir, I am not; treat heavens, Captain Thornton, I am your grandmother."

"My grandmother! Talk of sudden shocks after that, won't you? I tried to speak, but my voice failed me. I reached out my hand and touched her. Yes, she was there, real enough, and I was not dreaming."

"Tell me all! I gasped.

"And standing there, by the broad stone coping, she told me all. How her parents had died when she was little more than an infant, and Sir John, her guardian and my grandfather, had watched over her with jealous care, always keeping her at school, however, until he brought her home—a young lady.

"Then, while I was in India, the poor old man fell suddenly ill, and on his dying bed persuaded his young ward to marry him, just in order to inherit his vast estate, which she had refused to take as a legacy.

"And believe me," said Miss Hellen, "I did it only to keep it for you, the rightful heir, whose wildness had temporarily provoked the old gentleman."—Washington Capital.

The Friendly Sea Gull.

A pretty story is told by the Wilmington Star, which vouches for its strict accuracy. During the prevalence of the severest storm of the 12th of September last, after the darkness of night had set in, one of the seamen on board of the lightship off Fryling Pan Shoals, saw a large black bird dash through the mist and light on the railing near where he was standing. He took the bird which proved to be an ordinary sea gull, all wet and drabbed by the storm, and warmed and dried it in his bosom, after which he placed it in a bed improvised for the occasion, after first feeding it as if it had been a little child. The next morning, the storm having subsided, our seaman turned the bird loose, of course with no expectation of seeing it again. Very much to his surprise, however, on the very next night, and about the same hour of its previous visit, the gull again put in appearance, alighting upon the rails of the ship as before, when it was fed, caressed and cared for as on the occasion of its first call, and from that time up to the 9th of November, nearly two months, when the last information was received from the ship, the bird had continued its nightly visits and had been regularly fed and consigned to its "little bed," where it would remain until released the next morning.

A Feminine Mystery.

Assuming that no man ever saw a woman slap her ears or wear ear-ruffs, it behooves the sterner sex to respectfully inquire why this is so. Women's ears taken as they come, look very much as men's ears. To an impartial and fair-minded observer, they are more delicately constructed, and naturally not well fortified against cold as the average masculine auricular appendage. The feminine ear is not protected by whiskers or hair, and fashion declares that the hat or bonnet shall in no way contribute to its warmth or general comfort. It goes into battle against the common enemy without armor, and with no more preparation for the conflict than were this the month of June instead of January. That it should escape under such circumstances, or that, unwrapped and thus exposed, it should not require slapping, as either a preventive or protective measure, is a mystery which the average masculine mind is not equal to.—Chicago Intert Ocean.

AN UNRECORDED BIT OF HISTORY.

BENEDICT ARNOLD'S NARROW ESCAPE FROM DEATH AT THE HANDS OF A WOMAN.

The recent death of Mrs. Ann Hinman Kellogg, of Fairfield, Conn., in the ninety-third year of her age, recalls an unrecorded incident of the war of the revolution. Mrs. Kellogg was the daughter of Captain Elisha Hinman, of the United States navy, and her mother was the only American who remained in New London when the town was destroyed by the traitor Benedict Arnold, in 1781. At that time Cap. Hinman's ship was hourly expected to arrive at New London, and it was hoped that he might come in time to save the town. Mrs. Hinman was well acquainted with Arnold, as he had often dined at her house, and had been a friend of her husband. Induced by anxiety for her husband's safety, she remained after all others had fled, and saw the entry of the British from the doorway of her house. As Arnold rode up he saw and saluted her, and said that if she would point out her own property it should be spared. She pointed out the houses of several of her neighbors as her own, and thus saved them from destruction. Arnold remained on horseback near her house nearly all day, noting the battle that was raging at Fort Griswold, on the Groton side of the river, where the tall monument commemorating the event now stands.

Three times were the British driven down the hill by the deadly fire from the fort. Then the ammunition of its defenders became exhausted, and they were obliged to surrender. The British officer in command of the storming party was so enraged at the desperate defense of the fort, that, as he entered it, he asked: "Who commands here?" Colonel Lethard replied: "I did, but you do now," at the same time surrendering his sword. The officer received the sword and instantly plunged it into the heart of the gallant colonel. An American officer, standing beside his colonel, snatched his own sword from its scabbard, and, in a moment, the cowardly Briton lay dead beside his victim. An indiscriminate massacre of all within the fort followed, and thirty of the wounded Americans were piled into a wagon, that was rolled down a steep hillside to the bottom, where it was dashed in pieces against a tree. Then hurried preparations were made to evacuate their position by the British, Arnold having learned of the expected arrival of the British.

Mrs. Hinman, having witnessed these outrages from her house-top, became so much incensed against the traitor that she hurriedly descended from the roof, took a musket from the closet, where it had been left the day before by an American soldier, and levelled it at Arnold as he sat on his horse in front of the house. Taking a long, steady aim, she pulled the trigger, but the piece missed fire. Hearing the snap of the lock, Arnold turned and asked her what that noise was. With great presence of mind, she dropped the gun so that he did not see it, and she answered that it was the breaking of a chair.

This incident formed the subject of a painting by Huntington, the artist, whose wife is a grand niece of Mrs. Hinman. This painting is now in the possession of Mr. Thomas Day, of Bergen Point, N. J. In it Mrs. Hinman is represented as levelling a musket at Arnold from a window in her house, and the burning town is seen in the background. The remains of both Captain and Mrs. Hinman now lie in the Cedar Grove cemetery at New London, where their monument is one of the finest to be seen.

Beheaded at Prayer.

Hamlet refrained from killing his mother's husband while the latter was on his knees, but Mrs. John S. Caldwell, of South Byfield, had no such scruples when she decapitated her husband with an axe. Mr. Caldwell was kneeling at a chair offering his morning devotions, the only other person in the house being his sister-in-law, who was in the same devout posture, when Mrs. Caldwell stealthily entered the room and snatching up an axe, which her husband had brought into the room the night before, dealt him a blow on the back of his neck, which nearly severed his head from his body. Death was instantaneous, and the soul of the suppliant followed the half uttered prayer to the other world.

Truo Love.

What is love? It is not that exaltation of heart and soul that, devoted to a simple object, lifts the beloved being to its utmost reach, attributing to her all the virtues and worth that constitute the essential germ of the worshipper's character? Is it not the first step towards the high table-land of a calm, enduring, trustful affection that, independent of merely material considerations, and superior to the judgments of the gossiping multitude, pervades the whole being, and holds itself sacred among the most sacred things of existence?

When a true woman knows that a man loves her—not merely admires, but truly loves—she is at once inspired with an ambition to deserve the respect which prompts the love, even if there may be potent reasons why that cannot be reciprocated. She knows that he overrates her with virtues, but determines to realize as nearly as possible his estimate of them. It is the same with a man; the knowledge of a good woman's love makes him nobler and better. And such love lasts forever; it endures the shock of heavy trials, is proof against the still more potent effect of daily petty vexations; it suffers no diminution from the ravages of time or absence, but grows stronger and surer as age comes on, and renders the parting that must come less bitter; for to those who truly love, death is but a temporary separation.

True love exalts, purifies, sanctifies; and true lovers are better fitted for heaven than those whose hearts have never been warmed by it. Thus there is deep and thorough satisfaction in the close proximity of lovers, a real happiness in the touching of palms, and a mysterious pleasure in the exchange of tender looks, but we know also that there is a sacredness about these things which is utterly lost if they are made, as it were, an exhibition for spectators.

Circumstantial Evidence.

In the year 1860 two men named Perry and their mother were hanged for the murder of a man who had never been murdered at all. Mr. Harrison, Lady Campden's steward, having been collecting his rents, suddenly disappeared. John Perry accused his mother, himself, and his brother of having robbed Mr. Harrison in the previous year, and of having again robbed him and murdered him on the night when he was missed. The mother and Richard Perry denied all knowledge of the matter; but at length pleaded guilty to the first indictment under some pressure of policy. The other indictment was not then proceeded with, on the ground that the body was not found. But John persisted in his story, and at the next assize they were all tried for murder. John then retraced his confession, and said he must have been mad. Nevertheless, they were all condemned. Some years after Mr. Harrison appeared alive, and thus accounted for his mysterious absence: After receiving his rents he had been set upon by a gang of ruffians, carried to the seaside, put on ship-board, and sold as a slave to the Turks. After his master's death he escaped, and with great difficulty working his way, first to Lisbon, and thence to Dover, he arrived in England, as our law-book coolly says "to the surprise of all the country."

A Sad Suicide.

A telegram dated Nashville, January 16th, says: Miss Rosa Solomon, a beautiful Jewess, of Hopkinsville, Kentucky, who had been on a visit to this city, committed suicide yesterday. It is stated that she was engaged to be married to a gentleman of high standing of Cincinnati upon her return home. She had frequently heard from him since her arrival here, but yesterday evening she received a letter from him stating that he could not marry her. She naturally evinced great distress, and went out of the house, as her relations thought, to take some fresh air. Proceeding to R. E. Page's drug store, she purchased 20 grains of strychnine, saying that she wished to poison rats. She returned to the house and went to her room. About 9 o'clock some of her relatives went in and found her unconscious and in convulsions. Several physicians were sent for and Dr. Baxter arrived, but too late to do any good, for she died about 10 o'clock.

A LOST HEIRESS.

THE MYSTERIOUS INHATE OF A SAN FRANCISCO ALMS HOUSE, WHO POCKETED A HALF-MILLION.

On the 6th of August, 1874, a woman who gave the name of Sophia Jansen, was committed to the alms house by the Insanity Commissioners of this city, under the impression that she was of unsound mind, but harmless. On the June following her commitment she was discharged at the request of the Swedish Consul, of which nation she was supposed to be a representative, but subsequently her insanity assumed a dangerous form, and she was sent to the Stockton Insane Asylum. Previous to her appearance in this city it was known that the woman had walked the entire distance from Omaha, scaling precipices and mountains, plodding ravines and crossing the dizzy trestles over which the railroad passes between here and that city.

Although destitute on her arrival here, she refused to make known the object of her visit and never did volunteer any information of her early history, except that her name was Jansen, that she was born at Smallen, Sweden, in 1836, and had been in the country five years, having come to Evanston, Ill., with her brother, and joined her father, who was a Methodist minister at that place. Subsequently she stated that she had left home eleven months before, but she refused to give any reasons for doing so. Communication was had with the Mayor of Evanston and other parties mentioned by her as residing there, and the result was that her story was found to be untrue. The mystery surrounding this strange wayfarer excited considerable public interest at the time of her arrival in this city, but after she was committed to the alms house, all efforts to fathom the occasion of her peculiar behavior having proved fruitless, she was soon forgotten. The second link in the queer change of her history appears in the fact that not many days ago a young man visited the alms house, gave a description of poor Sophia Jansen, correct in many particulars, and asked concerning her whereabouts.

This young man informed Superintendent Keating that the strange woman was his aunt, and that some five years ago, while in a fit of insanity, she wandered from her home near St. Louis, Mo., and had not been heard of since. In addition, he stated that the woman was the sister of John G. Kaban, a well-known resident of this city, who died here in December, 1877, leaving property worth nearly half a million of dollars, and which yields an income of \$3,000 per month. The unknown woman was, therefore, an heir to Kaban's estate, the only others being a sister and a brother, who reside at St. Louis, and the children of a deceased brother, living in this city.—San Francisco Call, 12th.

An Emphatic Opinion.

That a petition should be circulating for the pardon of Cardozo is nothing extraordinary—for the vilest criminal has the right to circulate a petition—but that a number of prominent Democrats are signing it is, we must confess, a trifle startling. The one thing that has redeemed the investigations from degenerating into mere farces is the conviction of Cardozo. The ex-Treasurer was as intelligent, cultured, unctuous, bland, pharisaical, unscrupulous and deeply-dyed a villain as ever lived, and consignment to the penitentiary for a few years is a ridiculously inadequate punishment. To dream of pardoning him is an insult to every outraged citizen of the State, even the negroes whom he duped and swindled. Should Cardozo be pardoned, and should then run for any office against any of the influential Democrats who signed his petition, we think we would support Cardozo. Swails has been a sufficient example of the effect of misplaced clemency without having Cardozo inflicted in addition.—Windsboro News and Herald.

He had broken his promise to marry the girl, and her father wanted a money consideration to help heal a wounded heart. The young man said he would consider a reasonable proposition. "Well, then," said the late father, who was seeking justice for his daughter, "Young man, how does a dollar and half strike you?"

Killed by a Meteor.

Recently Leonidas Grover, who resided in the vicinity of Newtown, Fountain Co., Ind., met his death in a way that is probably without parallel in this or any other country. Mr. Grover was a widower, living on his farm with a married daughter and her husband. One evening the married couple had been absent on a visit to some neighbors, and upon returning at a late hour entered the house, finding everything to all appearance in usual order, and supposing that Mr. Grover had already retired, went to bed themselves. Next morning the daughter arose, and having prepared breakfast, went to the adjoining room to call her father, and was horrified to find him lying upon his shattered bed, a mutilated corpse. Her screams brought the husband quickly to the bedroom, and an inspection disclosed a ragged opening in the roof, directly over the breast of the unfortunate man, which was torn through as if by a cannon ball and extending downward through the bedding and floor; other holes showed the direction taken by the deadly missile. Subsequent search revealed the fact that the awful calamity was caused by the fall of a meteoric stone, and the stone itself, pyramidal in shape and weighing twenty pounds and a few ounces, avoirdupois, and stained with blood, was unearthed from a depth of nearly five feet, thus showing the fearful impetus with which it struck the dwelling. The position of the corpse, with other surroundings, when found, showed that the victim was asleep when stricken and that death to him was painless.

A Singular Story.

Jonathan R. Bass, of Cambria, Niagara County, N. Y., has not a joint in his body. He went to bed in 1857, and has never been out of it since. He cannot even move a finger. He was captain of a canal boat between Buffalo and Rochester in 1850, and was getting stiff then. When he could not do any work he had to quit canalizing, and then went to book-keeping. His joints kept getting stiffer and stiffer. The doctors could do him no good, and at last he had to give up, and, after twenty-one years, he has been abed at the farm homestead of his family, between Lockport and Lewiston. His trouble commenced with a pain shooting through the bottom of his right foot that tumbled him to the ground. The foot commenced to swell and got to be almost twice its natural size. Stiffness in the joints followed. Now Bass is literally a bone man. There is no more bend to his legs, arms and body than there is to a marble statue. His arms are as fast to his side as if they were nailed there. For eight years after he went to bed he could move his arms, but the joints finally became solid bone. They have to feed him with a spoon. His jaws are as immovable as his joints. There is a space between his teeth that is just wide enough to get food through. In 1860 he became blind. His mind is sound, but he speaks with difficulty.

The Farmers.

Agriculture, commerce and manufactures are the three pursuits that unite a country—but the greatest of these is agriculture, for without its products the spindle cannot turn and the ship will not sail. Agriculture furnishes the conservative element in society, and in the end is the guttling, restraining, controlling force in government. Against storms of popular fury, against frenzied madness that seek collision with established order, against the spirit of anarchy that would sweep away the landmarks and safeguards of Christian society and Republican government, the farmers of the United States will stand as the shield and bulwark—themselves the willing subjects and therefore forcing all others into quiet submission.

A Mississippi negro was barefooted and hocking cotton. He saw his big toe under a clod about six feet from him, and thought it was a mole. Smashing it with his hoe, he hopped around and howled for a brief space; but, finding no relief, planted the several pounds of pained extremity and battered toe upon a stump, and sagely remarked: "Well, Jes you pain and misery jes as much as you kin. I don't kyar. You hurt yo'self more'n you does me."

A GAY OLD DECEIVER.

LOVE'S SHORT DREAM—THE FICKLENESS OF AN ANCIENT LOVER.

On the steamer St. John's which arrived at Savannah, Ga., recently from Jacksonville, was a passenger by the name of John Hayes, whose head is silvered as it were with the frosts of seventy winters, yet who it seems is still afflicted with the passions and follies of youth, and is also something of a gay Lothario. Mr. Hayes had been in the city but a short time when he was approached by an efficient constable and invited to take a walk to Magistrate Wade's office, in accordance with a warrant which had been issued against him. The warrant was based upon the complaint of Mrs. Lillie Willington, who had arrived the same morning from Jacksonville, by the train on the Atlantic and Gulf Railroad, and who stated that the venerable Hayes was a gay old deceiver, and had left her in the lurch and run off with her property. She was not going to be trifled with, on discovering that her ancient lover had given her the slip, and had left Jacksonville by steamer for Savannah, she hastened to the depot, took the cars and overhauled him, greatly to his disgust. The lady, we understand, is only twenty-eight years of age, and is prepossessing in appearance, and is from Hartford, Connecticut, where Hayes also lived. She states that the fascinating Lothario had induced her to abandon her husband and tie with him to the Land of Flowers to enjoy the full fruition of love's dream. She gathered up what property she could, and the pair fled to Jacksonville, where they had been living for the past five or six weeks. Hayes becoming discontented and yearning for additional conquests in Cupid's realm, sagaciously collected all the personal property of Mrs. Willington, without bidding her an affectionate adieu, or even a farewell kiss, took French leave and started instanter for Savannah. The fair one, as stated, soon discovered his desertion and sped over the rails after him.

The parties were each represented by able counsel, and the examination was at once had before Magistrate Wade. After hearing the evidence and the argument the Magistrate ordered the defendant to surrender up the plaintiff's property, and thus were separated fickle, treacherous 70 years, and sweet, confiding 28.

The defendant stated that his conduct with the plaintiff was not of a criminal nature, but Magistrate Wade was unable to view the proceedings through the same glass and did not give credence to the assertion.

A Marrying Man.

Rev. John Mandeline, of Brooklyn, just sentenced to five years imprisonment for bigamy, missed his calling. He should have been a humorist. In his confession to the judge he wrote: "After my first wife died in 1873, I went to Philadelphia, where I became acquainted with Mary E. Rustel, and married her. Soon after my wife left me on account of my religion. I then went to Newark as a preacher of the Gospel. There I became acquainted with all old widow, who proposed marriage to me, and, after telling her my circumstances as regards my first wife, who is living, got married to her. She also left me. I then went to Bradford, Conn., where I made the acquaintance of a third woman, to whom I was married. She found out the circumstances respecting my previous marriages, and one morning upon returning from work I found that she also had fled. I then came to Troy, where I formed the acquaintance of a servant girl, to whom I was married. She fled from me. Learning that this last person intended to have me arrested, I left Troy and went to Lowell, Mass. I came across a friend who introduced me to a young lady, and after some time keeping her company, I proposed and was married to her. About a month after she was informed of my previous marriages, and I had to leave Massachusetts. I then came to Winfield, N. Y., where I was married to my present wife, Miss Weidel, and for which marriage I was locked up. I therefore ask for mercy."

Uncle Solomon says he has noticed all through his life, how ready people are, when they have made a mistake, to correct it—by abusing somebody else for it.