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The Orangeburg Democrat.

Vol. I.

ORANGEBURG, S. C., FRIDAY, MARCH 7, 1879.

No. 10.

IS PREPARED TO DO ALL KINDS OF

Job Printing

A BITTER END.

THE TRAGIC DEATH OF A BRIDE OF A FEW MONTHS.

A passenger by the Australia tells of a married pair appearing on ship-board at the moment the gang-plank was being pulled in at the dock in New York.

The count treated his bride with elaborate courtesy, always getting out of the way when the poor thing suffered from sea sickness, and after expressing his concern for madame in the choicest phrase.

He expressed himself envious terribly with the monotony of the sea, and tried hard to inveigle certain gentlemen into games of chance, only to pass the time, however. He was strongly averse to gambling.

At the end of the voyage the pair disappeared, and the two fugitives were heard of no more until months after, when the Australia was on her way back to New York, when the kind-hearted captain heard that a woman, traveling alone, was very ill in the steerage.

Seeking her with the ship's physician, he was astonished to find in the steerage passenger the Count's bride of a few months before.

She had parted with the few bits of jewelry left her by the brute, and was now getting back as best she could, ruined and broken-hearted to her old home.

The ship was approaching New York. The weary passengers collected on deck, and saw the poor creature, with little remaining of her former self but the wistful, confiding look from her large blue eyes, that from out the pale, shrunken face seemed larger than ever.

Those who watched her more closely saw at times a light gleam in them, as if for a second her poor numbed faculties were unshinged and crazy. The vessel, aided by wind and steam was dashing on, nearing every second to the bay, when suddenly the startled passengers heard a wild scream, saw a flash of white garments, a splash, and then the wild cry of some one overboard.

The steamer was stopped, the boat lowered, and after hour's search, the body of the poor woman was recovered and brought on board.

A Triple Wedding.

The marriage at Greene, N. Y., of three sisters at one time and in the same church made a sensation in society circles in this village and neighborhood last week.

How a Woman Hurries.

Have you ever waited for a woman to get ready to go anywhere? Of course you have, and will be interested in what follows, written by Kate Thorn.

All unconscious of the trials which beset your charming Marie, you are striving to do the agreeable to Mrs. B., with the sound of your horses pawing up the sidewalk in your ears, and you know the old man is particularly about his grounds, and directly you hear something snap, and rush out to find that one of your spirited nags has broken off a fence picket, and is trying his best on another by way of desert.

The Farmers Whip the Fight.

The farmers by unity of action have carried their point and forced the guano men to terms, thus placing thousands of dollars in their pockets. This will show them their power when combined, and we hope yet to see the day when the will of the planter shall be the law of the land.

Mr. Hale, of Maine, whose chief function in the Federal economy of the nation is to sneeze whenever Mr. Blaine takes snuff, is among those who affirm that the Democrats in Congress are seeking to retard legislation in order to compel a special session.

A RACE FOR A BRIDE.

THE ARRANGEMENT, START, WILD RIDING, WON.

The following is a very graphic and pleasing account of a wedding race among the Huzarehs, and the devices of the bride to be captured only by the man that she loved:

The suitors of the maiden, nine in number, appear in the field, all unarmed, but mounted on the best horses they can procure; while the bride herself, on a beautiful Turkoman stallion, surrounded by her relations, anxiously surveys the group of lovers.

The next fact they will be impressed with is the irregularity of the end. Then, if they make an inquiry into the causes of the widely varying results, they will be profoundly impressed with the insignificant part "circumstances" have played in these results.

Saving and Spending.

It is not true that the great victories of life are to the sharp and immoral man, as a rule. Here and there, by sharpness and cunning, men rise into wealth, but that wealth is not of a kind to remain.

The man who possesses and practices virtue makes his own circumstances. The self-denying, prudent man creates around himself an atmosphere of safety where wealth naturally takes refuge—provided, of course, that the man has the power to earn it, either in production or exchange, or any kind of manual or intellectual service.

Married Nineteen Times.

An Asheville, N. C., dispatch of February 20, says John McLeon, a quondam Methodist preacher, the most notorious bigamist ever known outside of Utah, was arrested here to-night.

A Javan Sazerac.

Monkeys are famed as adepts in mimicry, and a British doctor in Java recently received an unpleasant proof of their imitative propensities.

The Memory of the Dead.

It is an exquisite and beautiful thing in our nature when the heart is touched and softened by some tranquil happiness or affectionate feeling, the memory of the dead comes over it most powerfully and irresistibly.

THE TRAMP NUISANCE.

A YOUNG LADY'S LECTURE TO A GANG OF THE GENTRY.

The people have begun to learn the daring and insolent demands frequently made by tramps recently, as they go from house endeavoring to impress the importance of their so-called rights.

An example, however, occurred recently, which is not only worthy of record, but should serve as an example to others. Mr. W. C. Briggs, who resides on the Harrisburg pike, beyond Green Lawn, had gone away from home, as also his wife, leaving their daughter Mary, a young lady of about seventeen years, in charge of the house.

Sure enough during the forenoon yesterday, three of the gentry made their appearance, and not only demanded something to eat, but also thought it would be a very nice thing to have some additional clothing.

After the first shot was fired, the cowards were met with a leveled revolver if they should show any resistance further, but instead of this, they quietly skulked away, thoroughly convinced that for once they had met a woman with common-sense and the necessary nerve to brace it up.

John Sherman's Romance.

The clerks in the Treasury Department say that a 640 page book of "Public Services of John Sherman" goes off like hot cakes. The rule forbids peddling of any kind in the Treasury building; but the peddler got a "dispensation" from John in favor of his romance of the finances and is permitted to go among the clerks during office hours.

The course of Hon. David Davis is a fair illustration of what an "Independent" elected by Democratic votes amounts to. In non-essentials he is thoroughly Republican.

Mixed Grammar.

The witness in the following court scene may have been one of those boys who cannot see the use of studying grammar. A man has been caught in theft, and pleaded in extenuation that he was drunk:

Court—(To policeman, who was witness)—"What did the man say when you arrested him?"

Witness—"He said he was drunk."

Court—"I want his precise words, just as he uttered them; he didn't use the pronoun he, did he? He didn't say he was drunk."

Witness—"Oh, yes he did; he said he was drunk; he acknowledged the corn."

Court—(getting impatient at the witness' stupidity)—"You don't understand me at all; I want the words as he uttered them; didn't he say, I was drunk?"

Witness, deprecatingly—"Oh, no, your honor. He didn't say you were drunk; I wouldn't allow any man to charge that upon you in my presence."

Prosecutor—"Pshaw! you do not comprehend at all; his honor means, did not the prisoner say, 'I was drunk?'"

Witness, reflectively—"Well, he might have said you was drunk, but I didn't hear him."

Attorney for the prisoner—"What the court desires is to have you state the prisoner's own words, preserving the precise form of the pronoun that he made use of in reply. Was it first person, I, second person, thou, or the third person, he, she or it? Now, then, sir (with severity,) upon your oath, didn't my client say, 'I was drunk?'"

Witness, getting mad—"No, he didn't say you was drunk, either, but if he had I reckon he wouldn't have lied any. Do you s'pose the fellow charged the whole court with being drunk?"

Highway Robbery.

We learn that one night last week Mr. Martin Williams, who lives on Clark's Fork, and is engaged in merchandising, while riding in a buggy alone in the vicinity of King's Mountain battle-ground, was overtaken by a white man—a stranger to him—who asked permission to ride.

Mishaps of a Bridal Party.

The Dayton (Ohio) Journal gives an account of the mishaps of a bridal party that left that city on Tuesday to go some three miles out on Wolf creek turnpike to be married.

AN ORIGINAL IDEA.

PROF. FONTAINE STATES THAT THE NORTH REBELLED AGAINST THE SOUTH.

Prof. E. Fontaine's lecture upon the "Life and Services of Patrick Henry," delivered last evening, was fairly attended. The slightly indistinct enunciation of the speaker and the bad acoustics of Lincoln Hall combined to render the voice somewhat difficult to understand, in many portions of the house.

Free Schools.

The Barnwell People says: "The free school system so far has proved a signal failure. The schools in this county generally close after a session of eleven weeks for the scholastic year."

We undertake to say that the little instruction acquired by the pupils during this limited time will be forgotten before another year opens, and the money so far spent might as well have been thrown in the fire for all the good it has done the cause of education.

There is certainly something radically wrong in the whole system, and we call upon our Representatives to use every endeavor to have the statute book purged of our present cumbersome school act. It was never intended for such a State as South Carolina, and as little suited to the wants of our people and their social and political condition or their sparsely settled territory, as Locke's grand constitutional model was for the first settlers who built their log cabins on the banks of the Ashley and Cooper.

We call upon the practical teachers throughout the State to meet in convention and to let their protest be heard against the continuance of a system which has proved only a delusion and a snare both to teachers and taught, and we would further suggest that a memorial be drawn up for presentation to the Legislature embodying the leading features of some practical school act that will best utilize the bounty of the tax pays so liberally and yet so fruitlessly dispensed for the cause of education."

The Detroit and Tribune says it was the solid South that sent Zachariah back to the Senate. This is not out of place. There is certainly enough fluid about old Zach to offset a deal of solid.