

Subscription rates: One Year \$1.50, Six Months \$1.00, Ministers of the Gospel 1.00. Advertisements: First Insertion \$1.00, Each Subsequent Insertion .50, Liberal contracts made for 3 months and over.

The Orangeburg Democrat.

Vol. I.

ORANGEBURG, S. C., FRIDAY, APRIL 4, 1879.

No. 14.

IS PREPARED TO DO ALL KINDS OF

Job Printing

MOURNING.

HOW IT IS OBSERVED IN DIFFERENT COUNTRIES.

As we look back upon the struggles of man, up to the present stage of civilization, we find that many and varied have been the means devised by him for showing forth to the public the grief ensuing upon a death.

The Hebrews of old found vent for their feelings upon the death of relatives and friends in frantically smiting themselves and tearing their garments and hair. They neither bathed nor shaved, nor did they cut their nails, nor dress themselves. Their beds were not made up. They shut themselves up in their houses, and saluted nobody. Fortunately the period for these exhausting manifestations was short, being mostly seven, and never over thirty days. The mourning customs of the Egyptians were similar to those of the Hebrews, with slight variation. Their woe was expressed through the streets.

Among the Greeks and Romans also, mourning for the departed was conducted in much the same style, but carried to a greater extreme. They wore a coarse black stuff for apparel, and rolled themselves in the mire or dust. They put ashes on their heads, tore their hair, shaved their heads, and scarred their faces. They cried aloud with often-repeated drawing tones of lamentation. They excluded themselves from all entertainments and public solemnities, as well as denied themselves the pleasure of music, and drank no wine. When a popular general died the whole army cut off their hair and the manes of their horses.

Among the Syrians exhibition of grief was deemed so unmanly that any man wearing mourning was compelled to put on female attire.

There are many curious ways of manifesting sorrow for the departed still existing in Arabia. While the men show no evidence of grief, the women stain their hands and feet with indigo, which they wear for eight days. During this period they will drink no milk, its white color not according with the gloom of their minds. In Syria they have very affective scenes at funerals, by means of hired mourning women, who are adepts in the art of weeping. A death there is often a ruinous event for the finances of a family, the commemorative feasts being so costly and so indefinitely prolonged. White is the color of mourning in China. All their apparel, even the cord which ties the gowns, and the very shoes, must be of that color. The weeping is enforced by law under heavy penalties. They employ mourning women at their funerals, who appear to have immense fountains of tears at command. The Japanese also mourn in white. They shut themselves up in their houses for fifty days, during which time they neither shave their heads nor cut their nails.

Among savages are found many curious customs for mourning the dead. With the Africans in Nuhier, the business of loud lamentation is understood to perfection, and if a man die leaving a little property, it is most likely wholly exhausted by the feasts which are held in honor of his memory. If a woman die, her friends of her own sex continue for many successive evenings after her funeral to make pilgrimages to her grave. Man must not look upon the face of woman while engaged in these mourning duties. Arrived at the grave the whole neighborhood is made to resound with their lamentations and wailings. Among some yet more savage people, the Feejee Islanders, we find that some fifty to a hundred fingers are amputated and placed over the tomb of a chief, and although they fast until the evening during the first ten days after his death, the period is enlivened by comic games held in honor of his memory. Among the Sandwich Island natives, they blacken the lower part of the face, in mourning, and give a permanent expression to their sense of bereavement by knocking out their front teeth.

It seems quite evident that as man is elevated he shakes off the coarse idea of turning the sacred period, when a soul has just passed from among us, into a time of any sort of riotous excitement. Even much violent weeping as we hear of, not very long back, would not be approved now. Chateaubriand tells of the great credit that was given to him

for the manner in which he wept at his daughter's grave.

We see that the most excessive demonstrations for sorrow have attended an era in this world's history which we have left behind. It is a sad thing, however, that we have such a gloomy relic of former days among us as the black garb, by which the brightness of many a life is blighted. It is a mere matter of fashion—worn by the majority of the world for no other cause. I have known a widow driven to wear black, for which she had an abhorrence, and which her husband had never allowed her to wear, by the fact that "people would think she did not treat his memory with respect." She could not face Mrs. Grundy. It is through the dread of this same personage that many spend the last cent they have in order to procure black clothing. The poor copy the rich. A man dies and perhaps, after a handsome funeral is paid for, and the family attired in black, there is not as much money left as will buy a loaf of bread. This fashion of "going in black" is a most tyrannical custom. It is like a contagious disease. Minds which we would suppose incapable of the infection take it, and so on the first bereavement, a whole family, even to the little ones, are in black. One can see that there may be states of mind to which black clothing is acceptable, but inasmuch as these are unhealthy states, it is not well to foster them. There is but one event of which we all are sure—that called Death. Our friends may look for, and long for, and expect our birth, but until we are really arrived hither from the invisible world, all is uncertainty. Not so with the great messenger through which the way is opened to the great Beyond. We cannot be happy while we live in dread of this great translation, nor can we be happy if we fix ourselves in a state of rebellion against God's laws, when it bears out of our sight for a time our dearly loved ones. Every moment that we live some of our great human family are passing away, but the sun shines, the flowers bloom, all nature is as beautiful as before. The great march of life goes on. It is well for us if we keep our souls attended to the harmony of God's law, so that we can keep step when the music changes. I have said we can never be happy in a state of rebellion to the manifest will of our Heavenly Father. This we certainly are when we go about enveloped in mourning.

There is no good side from which to contemplate the custom. It is often too a mere mockery. Perhaps, in addition to the wearing of black, it may be the fashion of a city to "bow the windows" for a year, or longer, after a bereavement. Where the custom of the place sanctions heavy outside window shutters, the opportunity is very favorable for this mode of expressing grief. It is not unusual to see houses, for years together, with the shutters tied by black ribbons, the ends of which are carefully pushed out for the contemplation of passers by. It is quite impossible that God will leave us so comfortless in our loss, but that a good measure of cheerfulness will in a little while be our portion, and so it happens that the front of a house may be decked in the "habilliments of woe," and its occupants, in their black garbs, have quite a lively time within. That they should have a lively time is a grand and natural thing. We need not try to contend with the inevitable. The cheerfulness is all right; it is this "mocking of woe" that is wrong. Then too, mourning is unhealthy. No one can get a healthy breath of pure air behind a black crape veil. Much innocent life is crushed out by it, materially, as well as spiritually.

There is a world of vanity in this same garb. People are exceedingly careful to have the exact right fashion for their especial phase of grief. Flounces may be worn in one way—plaited, we think it is—but in no wise may they be worn gathered; things must all be very nice and harmonize well in the early stages of grief, for "people look at us so when we first go out." During the sacred period, when the loved form from which the spirit has just departed, remains with us, what a desecration it seems to have the mind distracted by thoughts of our clothing. How paltry and utterly insignificant an occupation.—Progress.

"The Butlers and the Camerons."

In the Philadelphia Times of the 17th inst., appears an article signed "Justice," in which the writer seeks to prove that Simon Cameron did not tell the truth when he alleged that his son Don voted, receptly, in the Senate, for Butler rather than Corbin, because in 1857 Senator A. P. Butler, uncle (not father) of the present Senator, did Cameron a service in defending him against the assaults of Bigler. "Justice" searches the Congressional Record and Globe of 1857 to sustain him. It is a matter of little importance to us why Don Cameron sustained Butler. Perhaps "Justice" is correct in that part of his article. We take issue with him because he closes by saying that the true grounds for Don Cameron's vote were services rendered by Patterson to Simon Cameron in a more recent Senatorial contest, and adds, "for since that vote we already see immunity guaranteed by South Carolina to John J. Patterson." If this assertion were true, why should Don Cameron be under obligations to vote for Butler because John J. Patterson rendered services to Simon Cameron in a recent Senatorial contest? If "Justice" would leave the Record and Globe of 1857 and read the papers of to-day, he would find in every one of them, of any prominence, Patterson's denial of the charge that he had circulated that report—and the fastening of the miserable innuendo on the very fellow—Corbin—who "Justice" doubtless thinks is entitled to Senator Butler's seat. Moreover, Gov. Simpson and Attorney-General Youmans have positively denied that any pardon or immunity had been extended to Patterson, and this denial has been heralded all over the country. If we suppose "Justice" ignorant of these facts, it argues him decidedly behind the Times. If he was not ignorant, and wrote his article with a full knowledge of these facts, he was bitter and disingenuous—to draw the case mildly. "Justice," we of the South have little enough, God knows, for which to thank either Simon or Don Cameron. But if you knew Butler and Corbin as well as we of South Carolina do, you would think Don had done the noblest act of his life when he voted to retain Butler, the chevalier, in, and eject Corbin, the thief, from, a seat in the Senate of the United States.—Newberry News.

Southern Baptist Convention.

The Southern Baptist Convention, numbering 437 delegates, will assemble in Atlanta, Ga., on the 8th of May next. In the South, according to church statistics, there are 17,411 Baptist Churches, 9,347 ordained Baptist ministers, 1,436,703 members of Baptist Churches, 5,575 Baptist Sunday Schools, 38,079 officers and teachers, and 806,064 pupils in Baptist Sunday Schools. Georgia leads the van in churches, ordained ministers, and members; Missouri in Sunday Schools, officers, teachers and pupils; Maryland has a membership of 7,607, while she has in her Sunday Schools a total of 10,191. The States at the last Convention were entitled to the following representatives:

Maryland 33, Virginia 63, North Carolina 41, South Carolina 46, Georgia 72, Florida 4, Alabama 22, Mississippi 23, Texas 9, Missouri 20, Arkansas 7, Tennessee 17, Kentucky 80, West Virginia and the District of Columbia will be represented in the approaching convention.

Albinos.

Albinos are individuals in whom, by some defect in their organization, the substance or pigment which gives color to the skin, hair, and eyes, is absent or deficient. These persons, whether Indian, negro, or white, are of a uniformly dead, milky hue, with hair of the same shade, and from the eyes being deficient in the black, or blue, or hazel pigment, the iris is of a deep red, and the circle around the pupil is of a pink color; hence they are commonly spoken of as having pink eyes. The name Albinos was originally applied by the Portuguese to the white negro on the coast of Africa. The Albinos generally lack the strength of other men, and are also deficient in mental capacity. The phenomenon is supposed to result from a diseased organization, but its ultimate cause is not known. White cows and white blackbirds are specimens of Albinos, as are also white mice.

GIVEN UP FOR LOST.

STEAMSHIPS WHICH HAVE NEVER BEEN HEARD FROM.

The evident loss of the steamer Zanzibar, with thirty-three men, recalls memories of other steamships whose fate remains sealed, and which have never been heard from; not a single survivor having remained to tell the story of the wreck. Whether they went down by fire, storm or collision with an iceberg will forever remain a mystery. The following are the principal cases of loss steamers arranged chronologically: The loss of the steamship President, which sailed from New York for Liverpool on March 11, 1840, cast a gloom over the whole land. It was in the early days of steam navigation, and the new power had not yet gained the confidence of the people. Among her passengers was the celebrated Irish comedian Tyrone Power, who was returning home from a highly-successful professional tour in this country. Days, weeks and months passed without any tidings, and then she was given up for lost. The loss of this steamer was a serious blow to commerce, as people distrusted the new motive power as applied to seagoing vessels, and refused to intrust their lives or their property to ships propelled by it.

Public confidence, however, was soon restored as years passed and many voyages were made without any serious disaster, but suddenly the community was shocked by the tidings that the Pacific, of the Collins line, a magnificent ocean steamer, which left Liverpool on January 23, 1856, with over 200 passengers, was overdue. From the day she left the dock she was never heard from, and hundreds of families through the land were in mourning. Among her passengers were several prominent New York citizens, including Edward Sandford, one of the first lawyers of the New York bar, whose loss was deplored by all his associates. A long time now elapsed, during which there was little cause to complain of the treachery of the ocean. It is true disasters occurred and lives were lost, but the fate of wrecked vessels was not a mystery. The steamship traffic between the new and old worlds was continually on the increase. People became so accustomed to the rapid transit of the Atlantic that it was contemptuously spoken of as "the pond," and a voyage to Europe, once a matter of grave deliberation, became a feat too common to mention. In the spring of 1864 the traveling community was rudely awakened to a sense of its insecurity by the loss of the City of Glasgow, of the Inman line, which disappeared from human sight and knowledge with 450 precious lives. This disaster was followed by the swallowing up the City of Boston, which sailed from Halifax on Tuesday, January 25, 1870, with 160 passengers, among whom were many prominent men. It would naturally be supposed that these appalling occurrences would have the effect of lessening European travel. On the contrary, it appears that it has in no way seriously affected it, and people are still willing to commit themselves to the mercy of the treacherous sea.

The latest recorded case of a transatlantic steamship which has never been heard from—except the Zanzibar—is that of the Colombo, of the Wilson line, which sailed from Hull, England, for New York in December, 1877. She had but one passenger, and was laden with an assorted cargo. Her crew numbered sixty persons. Of these vessels and their precious human freight nothing in this world will ever be known, and until the sea gives up its dead the cause of their disaster and the way they met their death must remain a matter of conjecture.

Judgment of Men.

Don't judge a man by the clothes he wears. God made one and the tailor the other. Don't judge him by his family connections, for Cain belonged to a very good family. Don't judge a man by his failure in life, for many a man fails because he is too honest to succeed. Don't judge a man by his speech, for the parrot talks, and the tongue is but an instrument of sound. Don't judge a man by the house he lives in, for the lizard and the rat often inhabit the grandest structures.

Tribulations of a Local Editor.

Once upon a time a local editor dreamed that he was dead and in another world. He approached the gate of a city before him and knocked for admittance, but no one answered his summons. The gate remained closed against him. Then he cried aloud for an entrance, but the only response was a score of heads appearing above the wall on each side of the gate. At sight of him the owners of the heads set up a dismal howl, and one of them cried: "Why didn't you notice the big egg I gave you?" At this horrid and most unexpected interrogation the local turned in the direction of the voice to leap its owner, when another voice shrieked: "Where's the piece you were going to write about my soda fountain?" and close upon this was the awful demand: "Why did you write a piece about old Puddle's fence and never say a word about my new gate?" Whatever answer he was going to frame to this appeal was cut abruptly off by the astonishing query: "What did you spell my name wrong in the programme for?" The miserable man turned to flee, when he was rooted to the spot by this terrible demand: "Why did you put my marriage among the deaths?" He was on the point of saying that the foreman did it, when a shrill voice loudly cried: "What made you put in my runaway, and spoil the sale of my horse?" And this was followed by the voice of a female hysterically proclaiming: "This is the brute that botched my poetry, and made me ridiculous." Whereupon hundreds of voices screamed: "Where's my article? Give me back my article." And in the midst of the horrid din the poor wretch awoke, perspiring at every pore and screaming for help.

A Touching Incident.

A lady in the street met a little girl between two and three years old, evidently lost, and crying bitterly. The lady took the baby's hand and asked where she was going.

"Down town to find my papa," was the sobbing reply.

"What is your papa's name?" asked the lady.

"His name is papa."

"But what is his other name? What does your mamma call him?"

"She calls him papa," persisted the little creature.

The lady then tried to lead her along: "You had better come with me. I guess you came from this way."

"Yes; but I don't want to go back. I want to find my papa," replied the little girl, crying afresh as if her heart would break.

"What do you want of your papa?" asked the lady.

"I want to kiss him."

Just at this time a sister of the child, who had been searching for her, came along and took possession of the little runaway. From inquiry it appeared that the little one's papa, whom she was so earnestly seeking, had recently died, and she tired of waiting for him to come home, had gone out to find him.—Cleveland Herald.

Too Late.

The following incident took place in Washington County, Texas. The jury of a circuit court, before whom a miserable wretch had been tried, returned a verdict of "guilty," and suggested the "whipping post." The court adjourned for dinner. Immediately after dinner the defendant's counsel, without consulting his unfortunate client, moved for a new trial, and commenced reading the motion.

"Hold on!" whispered the client, pulling at the counsel's coat-tails. "Don't read that!"

"Let me alone," muttered the lawyer, irritably; "I'll attend to you when I've read the motion."

"But I don't want you to read the motion," whined the agitated culprit. "Don't want me to read it? Why not? What's the matter? I'm going to get you a new trial!"

"But I don't want a new trial," exclaimed the wretch.

"Don't want one! Why not?" returned the other heatedly, frowning from under his eyelashes.

"Cause it's too late," urged the client. "While you were all out to dinner the sheriff took me out, and he's whipped the very hide off me."

The motion was summarily withdrawn.

Beautiful Incident.

A beautiful illustration of the sweetness and power of a child's simple faith is given in an incident related of a recent wreck of the new steamer "Massachusetts" on Long Island Sound. Among the many passengers were two mothers, each with a child, who were noticeable for their calmness during the hour of greatest peril and anxiety, when it seemed that the vessel must shortly go to pieces. A passenger from the city of Philadelphia says his attention was first called to them by their voices in singing. Going toward them he "found a little boy standing there with his life preserver on, and the little fellow was just joining with his mother in singing one of Moody and Sankey's hymns—a hymn of trust and confidence." As the hours passed on, mothers and children sat there together singing or conversing calmly, ready for whatever God had in store for them. They were fully aware of their danger, but their faith was unshaken in Him who said, "When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee; and through the rivers they shall not overflow thee. Fear not for I am with thee." And when rescue came, and the passengers were safe on another vessel, those same sweet voices were again heard singing, this time in a ringing strain of praise for their deliverance; and so powerful was this example over their fellow-passengers, that there was quickly a gathering about them of those who were saved from impending death; and prayer, and the songs of joy, and glad words of gratitude went up from one and another, until, as one says, "It was the best prayer meeting I ever attended." There, surely, was praise perfected out of the months of the little one. And it is such trust as that which we may look for in the children of our Sunday Schools, who are brought and trained to a confidence in the Lord Jesus as their all-sufficient and their ever-present Saviour.

Courts Martial.

Things are beginning to look squally says the Winstboro News and Herald. Those adjutants who foolishly accepted office in the State militia, looking only to the gold lace, brass buttons and the glory of the dress parade, will now tremble in their boots at the imminent danger they are now threatened with, of death sentence by a drum-head court-martial. And as all the worthless weapons will have been changed by December for others of a deadly nature, the condemned can indulge in no pleasing hope of a cap snapping or a gun bursting and hoisting the executioner with his own petard. By a singular omission no provision is made for killing off several hundred governor's aides at the same time. This is discrimination of the most flagrant nature. A court-martial should be organized to see that every colonel in the service, whether of staff or line, have a pair of spurs at least six inches in diameter, and not less than forty-eight brass buttons on the breast and sixteen on the coat-tail. The adjutants must not suffer alone. If they do they will ever be mourned as martyrs to the cause, and their death will be avenged.

"Is This Seat Occupied?"

An old but vigorous-looking gentleman, seemingly from the rural districts, got into a car and walked its full length without receiving an invitation to sit down. Approaching one gentleman who had a whole bench to himself, he asked: "Is this seat occupied?" "Yes, sir, it is," impertinently replied the other. "Well," replied the broad-shouldered agriculturalist, "I will keep this seat until the gentleman comes." The original proprietor withdrew himself haughtily to one end and looked insulted. After awhile the train got in motion, and still nobody came to claim the seat, whereupon the deep-chested agriculturalist turned and said: "Sir, when you told me this seat was occupied you told me a lie"—such was his plain language—"I never sit near a liar if I can avoid it; I would rather stand up." Then appealing to any other party, he said: "Sir, may I sit next to you? You don't look like a liar." We need hardly say that he got his seat, and the original proprietor thought that there was something wrong about our social system.—Baltimore Gazette.

A LIVING CORPSE.

A STRANGE CASE OF TRANCE REPORTED FROM INDIANA.

FREELANPVILLE, March 15.—What is considered a remarkable case of trance has happened here lately. The victim is Miss Flora Fehlemann, the daughter of a well-to-do farmer, residing near this place. The facts, briefly as possible, are these: Miss Fehlemann, whose family are Catholics, returned from the school of Notre Dame, Indiana, last December. Since her return she has been in very ill health, seeming to be generally affected, moaning and tossing in fever at night. Immediately after the late cold spell she was attacked with pneumonia, now so fatally prevalent in this region. Notwithstanding she had the best medical attendance to be procured in this vicinity, she died on Monday, March 3rd, or at least, apparently dead, for the village physician in charge so pronounced her. It was decided to hold the corpse until relatives from Ohio, who had been sent for, could arrive. This delayed the burial until March 8th. The funeral was to take place at 2 o'clock. At that time, as the friends and relatives were taking a last look, the corpse not yet having been taken from the house, the mother being last to view the remains, suddenly bent over the body, and uttering a cry, declared that the eyelids moved as in life. The father, with other friends, commenced immediately to try, by gentle movements, to withdraw her from the room. They had nearly accomplished this, when the corpse, to the surprise of all, suddenly arose and assumed a sitting posture in the coffin. Miss Fehlemann is said by those who witnessed the scene to have gazed around with a vacant stare, and then, unlike cases of trance usually, to have sunk back apparently exhausted. She was immediately removed and placed in a bed, but it was perhaps three hours before she was conscious enough to give any account of herself. The last she remembers was before her apparent death, when lying in bed, and the intervening space is to her like a dreamless sleep. The case excites much comment in the neighborhood.

Fair for Marriageable Daughters.

Baby shows have become a matter of common occurrence; but what shall we say to an annual fair for marriageable young girls? Such a show took place a short time since, and is of immemorial custom among the Roumanians. As the time for the fair approaches, the father whose children are marriageable collect what they can afford as a dowry. Whatever this consists of it is packed, if possible, into a cart or carriage, and on the appointed day they all—fathers, children, and chattels—start for some trying place, generally chosen among the western mountains of Transylvania. When the fair is opened, the fathers climb to the top of their carriages, and shout with the whole power of their lungs, "I have a daughter to marry. Who wants a wife?" The call is answered by some other parent who has a son he is anxious to pair off. The two parents compare notes, and, if the marriage portion is satisfactory, the treaty is then and there concluded. The young man takes possession of his wife and all her goods and chattels, and drives off merrily. If, on the other hand, the match is not equal, or for some reason or other unsatisfactory, then the parents begin to cry their five merchandise once more.

How a Lady Avoids Crowding.

Speaking of that woman who complained of ill usage at the Evangelical Alliance, a lady writes to the Observer: "A womanly woman never gets jammed, or crowded, or pushed. I am neither young nor pretty, but I never stand nor am shut out. Do you know why? Simply because I never push. If I do get into a crowd, and am pushed before a man, I beg pardon, and simply step back; and give him his place. Do you suppose he lets me? Never. On the contrary he will help me forward, and I thank him, and then he helps me more. No man but will help a quiet lady; but don't they like to be rude to a masculine woman? I firmly believe they all do, and for it we have only to thank the woman's rights movement."