

Capt M Glover

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INCONSISTENCY.

WHAT IS THE REVOLUTION THE REPUBLICANS FEAR? When the Republican party in '76 and '77 tore the control of the executive branch of the government away from the lawfully-elected President, the Democrats of the country patiently endured the great wrong and went back to the people of the country for a confirmation of the high trusts confided to them. It now so transpires that they hold both houses; won, yes, won on the very issues involved, in the very abuses of these same laws, the repeal of which the Republicans meet with such implacable hostility, openly avowing their determination to defeat the measure repealing these laws at any cost. Should they be introduced as separate measures, they will filibuster, and, holding to high party service the very President they had forced upon the country and the Democracy by fraud and menace, they now summon him with the veto power in his hands and demand that he should use it if the people's representatives, in their high right, presume to graft upon the appropriation bills such measures of relief as will carry out in letter and spirit what the people have themselves endorsed in three consecutive elections. Thus the Democracy, in possession of the full confidence of the people, find nothing in the way of fulfilling the solemn demands of the country but the veto of the fraudulent Executive the Republicans now hold as their last card against both houses of Congress and the people of the country as well. Now, is this veto invoked to protect and defend the constitution? If so, there might be justification of this cabal. But it is not pretended by anybody that the repeal of any or all these laws is in any possible way unconstitutional. For manifestly if one Congress could pass them another Congress can repeal them. Therefore the Republicans can set up no such claim. But the Democracy on the other hand hold these laws they would repeal to be clearly unconstitutional and utterly invasive of the reserved "rights of the several States or the people," and being such they are constrained by their oaths to repeal them. But it may be said "do so in a regular way," "do not make them riders of appropriation bills and thus inaugurate a revolutionary method of legislation." Would it be believed that this is from the mouths of those partisans who through the course of a quarter of a century, beginning in 1856, have again and again, at distinct intervals and under various political exigencies, and in no less than three several Congresses, pressed this very system of legislation into service, and that the very election laws they defend were so forced upon the country? Can insolence and base hypocrisy go further than all this? But whilst they filibuster on the one hand if separate bills are introduced for the repeal of the obnoxious laws which they have hitherto used in the presence of the whole country for unblushing partisan purposes, and which, if left on the statute books, will be again so abused, they demand of their Executive that he should stand by them as a partisan leader and veto the appropriation bills of Congress for being coupled with the very provision they openly declared they will filibuster against if presented in the ordinary course of legislation. Is there nothing revolutionary in such conduct? Is this not indeed a "new rebellion sprung on the country in pursuance of that other rebellion by which Gen. Grant seized State Houses, suppressed the people's lawful assemblies and forced upon Congress at the point of the sword the acceptance of a commission which standing 8 to 7 sanctified the great Presidential fraud before the country and the world? Can open facts attest more fully, can human language portray more convincingly the bold and blatant falsehood which talks of "starving out the government of Confederate brigadiers?" "Snooting the Union to death" and all this? Who practiced for four years this system of riders? Whose bribing bayonets were those that gleamed three years ago in our State Houses and barred the way of the representatives of the people to the legislative halls? Whose artillery was it that was summoned to Washington and held ready to be parked on the avenue of the Federal

KNIGHTS OF HONOR.

INTERESTING ARTICLE ON THE ORIGIN AND PURPOSE OF THIS ORDER. Editor Orangeburg Democrat: In a recent number of the DEMOCRAT you noticed the organization of a Lodge of Knights of Honor in Orangeburg under very favorable auspices. As the Order is comparatively a new one in this county, and in fact not old anywhere, a little light thrown on its origin and objects may be of interest to your readers, and particularly so to all new members: The Order of Knights of Honor is a secret benevolent society, composed of a Supreme, Grand and Subordinate Lodges. It was established in June, 1873, by persons who felt that the various systems of relief to the families of deceased members, as adopted by other orders, was deficient in important respects, and who believed that an Order established with the purpose of paying a death benefit as one of its main objects would meet with approval and success. The unprecedented growth of the Order has confirmed the wisdom of its projectors. The objects of the Order are stated briefly by the Supreme Lodge Charter as follows: First. To unite fraternally all acceptable white men of every profession, business and occupation. Second. To give all possible moral and material aid in its power to its members, and those depending on its members, by holding moral, instructive and scientific lectures, by encouraging each other in business, and by assisting each other to obtain employment. Third. To promote benevolence and charity by establishing a Widows' and Orphans' Benefit Fund, from which, on satisfactory evidence of the death of a member of this corporation, who has complied with all its lawful requirements, a sum not exceeding two thousand dollars shall be paid to his family, or as he may direct. Fourth. To provide for creating a fund for the relief of sick and distressed members. Fifth. To ameliorate the condition of humanity in every possible manner. The first Lodge in this county (Lebanon) was organized at St. Matthews Academy on the 15th of September, 1877. During the present year Lodges have been organized at St. Matthews, Branchville and Orangeburg. The Order now numbers over one hundred members in this county and rapidly increasing. Until sometime last summer the Lodge at St. Matthews Academy was the only one in the State South of Columbia. Since then they have been organized at Charleston, Blackville, and other places. The Order now numbers over 45,000 members in the United States. As a distinctive feature from other life insurance organizations, there are no large salaried officers at its head, and no large amounts of money are allowed to accumulate in the hands of its officials. The Benefit Funds are collected by assessments on each member upon the death of any member in the Order; but while there remains as much as two thousand dollars in the hands of the Supreme Treasurer no assessment can be made. In other words, when an assessment is called for and collected the Supreme Treasurer cannot make another assessment until he shall have paid out all the money collected, so as to reduce the amount in his hands to less than two thousand dollars. This Widows' and Orphans' Benefit Fund can be used for no other purpose than paying up these death rates of two thousand dollars. The assessments now average one to every twenty-seven deaths, and they average about one assessment each month. The annual dues are seven-fifty cents per quarter, so that we have for those under forty-five years of age, an insurance of two thousand dollars at an annual cost of fifteen dollars. Those over that age and up to fifty-five are assessed at a higher rate. None are admitted after having passed the latter age. The yellow fever epidemic last summer swept away one hundred and ninety-five members of the Order, causing the Lodges to be called on for about seven extra assessments. These are now all paid up. The Order paid out on these yellow fever deaths \$390,000 to the families of the deceased, and the Order is strong-

MR. BLIFKIN'S FIRST BABY.

A PICTURE THAT EVERY FOND FATHER WILL RECOGNIZE. That first baby was a great institution. As soon as he came into this "breathing world," as the late Wm. Shakespeare has it, he took command in our house. Everything was subservient to him. He regulated the servants, he regulated me. For the first six months of that precious baby's existence he had me up, on an average, six times a night. "Mr. Blifkins," said my wife, "bring a light do; the baby looks strangely; I'm afraid it will have a fit." Of course the lamp was brought, and of course the baby lay sucking his fist, like a little bear as he was. "Mr. Blifkins," says my wife, "I think I feel a draught of air; I wish you would get up and see if the window is not open a little, because baby might get sick." Nothing was the matter with the window, as I knew very well. "Mr. Blifkins," said my wife just as I was going to sleep again, "the lamp, as you have placed it, shines directly in baby's eyes—strange that you have no more consideration." I arranged the light and went to bed again. Just as I was dropping to sleep—"Mr. Blifkins," said my wife, "did you think to buy that broom, to-day, for the baby?" "My dear," said I, "will you do me the injustice to believe that I could overlook a matter so essential to the comfort of that inestimable child?" She apologized very handsomely, but made her anxiety the scapegoat. I forgave her, and without saying a word to her I addressed myself to sleep. "Mr. Blifkins," said my wife, shaking me, "you must not snore so; you will wake up the baby." "Just so—just so," said I, half asleep, thinking I was Solon Shingle. "Mr. Blifkins," said my wife, "will you get up and hand me that warm gruel from the nurse-lamp for baby?—the child! if it wasn't for his mother I don't know what he would do. How can you sleep so, Mr. Blifkins?" "I suspect, my dear," said I, "that it is because I'm tired." "Oh, it's very well for you men to talk about being tired," said my wife; "I don't know what you would say if you had to toil and drudge like a poor woman with a baby." I tried to soothe her by telling her she had no patience, and got up for the posset. Having aided in answering to the baby's requirements, I stepped into bed again, with the hope of sleeping. "Oh, dear," said that inestimable woman, in great apparent anguish, "how can a man, who has arrived at the honor of a live baby of his own, sleep when he don't know that the dear creature will live till morning?" I remained silent, and after awhile, deeming that Mrs. Blifkins had gone to sleep, I stretched my limbs for repose. How long I slept I don't know, but I was awakened by a furious job in the forehead from some sharp instrument. I started up, and Mrs. Blifkins was sitting up in bed, adjusting some portions of the baby's dress. She had, in a state of semi-somnolence, mistaken my head for the pillow, which she customarily used for a nocturnal pin cushion. I protested against such treatment in somewhat round terms, pointing to several round perforations in my forehead. She told me I should willingly bear such trifling ills for the sake of the baby. I insisted upon it that I didn't think my duty as a parent to the immortal required the surrender of my forehead as a pin cushion. This was one of the many nights passed in this way. The baby was what every man's first baby is—an autocrat, absolute and unlimited. Such was the story of Blifkins, as he related it to us the other day. It is a little exaggerated picture of almost every man's experience.

The Love of Home.

A man who is not ashamed of himself need not be ashamed of his early condition. It happened to me to be born in a log-cabin, raised among the snow-drifts of New Hampshire at a period so early that when the smoke first rose from its rude chimney and curled over the frozen hills there was no similar evidence of a white man's habitation between it and the settlements on the rivers of Canada. Its remains still exist; I make it an annual visit. I carry my children to it to teach the hardships endured by the generations which have gone before them. I love to dwell on the tender recollections, the kindred ties, the early affections and the narrations and incidents which mingle with all I know of this primitive family abode. I weep to think that none of those who inhabited it are now among the living, and if ever I fail in affectionate veneration for him who raised it and defended it against savage violence and destruction, cherished all the domestic virtues beneath its roof, and through the fire and blood of seven years' revolutionary war shrunk from no toil, no sacrifice to serve his country, and to raise his children to a condition better than his own may my name and the name of my posterity be blotted forever from the memory of mankind.—Daniel Webster.

A Terrible Storm.

We learn that the rain storm on Saturday evening, 22d ult., was very destructive in some sections of the county. In the neighborhood of Camp Creek Church miles of fencing were blown level with the ground. On the plantation of Mr. J. H. W. Stevens, in the Waxhaws, the storm partook somewhat of hurricane, blowing down houses and twisting off the tops of large trees. The track of the hurricane was from west to east, and extended only about 400 yards in width. Singular to state, yet we are informed that no lives were lost. Mr. John Denton was shelling corn in his crib when the storm struck the house, carrying off the roof and scattering the timber in every direction, yet he received but slight injury. A stable, containing two mules, was leveled to the earth, yet the mules came out unhurt. At this place the rain fell in torrents for about fifteen minutes, and the wind blew with great velocity, and was very destructive to many fine fruit trees. We presume, from the indications, that the storm was pretty general throughout the county.—Lancaster Ledger

The Horrors of Famine.

LONDON, March 16.—Correspondence of the Times, dated Arment, Upper Egypt, February 24, gives a heart-rending account of the condition of the population of the Nile Valley. The scenes are described to resemble those in India during the recent famine. In some of the villages the people are past help, sitting naked like beasts, eating roots, and suffering with the endurance of despair. Madness, worked on by famine, stamps such a brand on the starving Fellahs as cannot be easily described. In one town the women and children fought over scraps of bread like wild animals. The case is said to be still worse in the inland hamlets, where the villagers are said to be starving like dogs.

Keep a Scrap Book.

Every farmer should do this. When he finds a valuable hint in his paper he should cut it out at once and preserve it for future reference. In a few years, if he pursues this plan, he will have collected a library of valuable information of such a character as is not to be obtained from any other source. If he does not keep a scrap-book his papers will soon be mislaid or torn up and then the good ideas he has obtained from reading them will soon have passed from his mind and been lost. An old Government Patent Office or Financial Report makes a scrap-book that will answer very well. Cut out two leaves and paste scraps on both sides of one throughout the book—this will fill it evenly.

A Hint to Young Husbands.

Love and appreciation are to a woman what dew and sunshine are to a flower. They refresh and brighten her whole life. They make her strong-hearted and keen-sighted in everything affecting the welfare of her home. They enable her to cheer her husband, when the cares of life press heavily upon him, and to be a very providence to her children. To know that her husband loves her and is proud of her, and believes in her; that even her faults are looked upon with tenderness; that her face, to one, at least, is the fairest in all the world; that the heart, which to her is the greatest and noblest, holds her sacred in its inmost recesses above all women, gives her a strength, and courage, and sweetness, and vivacity, which all the wealth of the world could not bestow. Let a woman's life be pervaded with such an influence and her heart and mind will never grow old, but will blossom, and sweeten, and brighten in perpetual youth. The other day, not a hundred miles from Abbeville, we saw a wondrous sight—a young white man with a ragged coat on his back, with a shabby hat and decayed shoes, driving a rickety wagon drawn by two aged skin-and-bone mules in patched and rotten harness. We asked ourselves the cause of all this poverty. The answer was at hand, was before our eyes and appealing to our nose; it was in the wagon and the poor young man was sitting upon it—a load of guano!—Press and Banner.

A Spanish Heroine.

A GIRL OF THIRTEEN CAPTURED HALF A DOZEN ROBBERS. A whole band of robbers was very neatly trapped in La Carolina, Spain, by the bravery of a girl of 13, who has become the heroine of her neighborhood. She is the daughter of a farmer named Fuera, and is called Caramita. The family consists of the husband and wife and daughter. The farmer sold some cattle for \$1,500, and had the money in the house. A band of robbers knew of the sale and the money and laid their plans to rob the house. After the farmer had gone out with his work people, a couple of strangers approached the house—a man travel-stained, supporting a woman who seemed unable to walk any further. The man told the farmer's wife that he was going to a distant village with his wife, and she, being ill, had broken down on the way. He asked permission for the sick woman to enter the house and rest while he went to find a conveyance to enable them to continue their journey. Permission was granted, the woman taken in and the man left. The sick woman partook of some refreshments, and the mother and daughter went on with their work. Very soon Caramita discovered that their guest had on a pair of pantaloons under the gown. She communicated the fact to her mother unobserved by the visitor, and the two managed to slip into another room, close and lock the door. The visitor, left alone and knowing that his character had been discovered, threw off his disguise and ordered the women to open the door or die. The door was not opened, and the robber began to cut through it with a knife. At length he backed a hole big enough for his body, and began to crawl through it. The woman faint and fell on the floor. The brave girl seized her father's gun, which was in the room heavily charged with buckshot, placed the muzzle against the side of the man, now half way through the hole, and unable quickly to get either backward or forward, and pulled the trigger. There was an instantaneous dead man and a loud report. The other robber, lurking in the neighborhood, heard the shot and returned to the house to find his comrade's body plugging the hole in the door and hanging there. Before he could remove the body, which was held in the opening by the girl, and enter the room where the mother and daughter were, the father came with a force sufficient to capture the other robber. Then they sent for some police to take charge of the living robber and the corpse. On the person of the dead robber the police found two pistols, a poniard and a whistle. The whistle was a treasure now, as there were doubtless more robbers within its call. The police sounded the whistle and concealed themselves in the house to await results. The shrill call brought four more men into the house, where they were caged and ironed, and all five were marched to jail in good order, and the dead robber was buried. Little black-eyed Caramita saved her own and her mother's life and her father's money, made six robbers fewer in Spain and herself the heroine of La Carolina.

Wholesale Kissing.

A Cincinnati Enquirer reporter, who has been investigating the charges against Dr. Keiler, Superintendent of the Soldiers' Orphans' Home, at Xenia, Ohio, states that out of nineteen matrons in the institution sixteen admitted that they had been hugged and kissed by the Doctor some twelve, and others thrice. The Superintendent says in defense that he intended nothing wrong, but did it to make friends with the ladies, all of whom, however, declare that his kisses were exceedingly unpleasant.

The New System.

"William," began a Second street woman the other morning as she laid aside the daily paper, "what is the new metric system proposed by Alexander Stephens?" "It is a very wise measure indeed, my dear," he replied. "Suppose you want a new dress costing \$1 per yard?" "Yes." "Under the metric system you write to your father in Wisconsin for the money to buy it with. The money comes, you take half of it and buy me a pair of pants, and then you use the rest in purchasing fifty cent dress goods. It is a very good measure, very good." "And they propose to make it a law, do they?" "They do." "Well, sir!" she exclaimed, showing a red spot on each cheek, "when the metric system comes into practice in this family divorce will follow, and Alexander Stephens is a fool, sir, a fool!" "Don't Put It in the Paper." "For heaven's sake! don't let it get into the papers," is the first cry of a person caught in a mean scrape. Keep it out of the papers and it is all right. No matter how contemptible or dishonest the position may be, or how much reason the offender may have for shame, remorse and contrition, if the circumstance can be kept from the "cormorants of the press," as the people who have good reason to be afraid of newspaper reporters sometimes call them, he is tranquil and happy. We are no champions of that extreme license of the press that is sometimes displayed, but we have noticed that the ones who cry out the loudest against newspaper disclosures are generally those whose own lives and acts would not bear very close inspection. People who live clean, straightforward lives have little to fear from the newspapers.

Lamartine says that they are a vase of perfume broken on the steps of the temple, shedding its odor to all humanity.

A romantic young man says that a young woman's heart is like the moon—it changes continually, but always has a man in it. An observing man has discovered a similarity between a young ladies' seminary and a sugar factory, as both refine what is already sweet. A man was boasting that he had an elevator in his house. "So he has," chinned in his wife, "and he keeps it in the cupboard in a bottle."

The Minneapolis Times, speaking of an editorial in a Chicago paper on "Lying as a fine Art," gracefully remarks that that paper "never writes about a subject it doesn't thoroughly understand.

In Michigan etiquette permits a bride to be married without gloves, which induces the abandoned Buffalo Express to remark, "precisely the way she handles her husband." A correspondent of the London Times says that celery cooked in milk and thickened with flour will cure rheumatism.