

Capt M. Glover

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ASAEI INMAN'S SILENT LIFE. REMARKABLE CAREER OF A MAN WHO "SPOKE OF" TALKING FOR SEVENTY YEARS.

Recording the death of Asael P. Inman, whose funeral took place two miles east of Utica, N. Y., a correspondent says: Inman was a highly eccentric character. Seventy years ago he built a log cabin on one of the hills that slope to the Mohawk river.

The following year his first child was born. When that interesting event was approaching a near climax Inman rode seven miles in the night to Fort Herkimer in quest of a physician.

Some years ago Inman had occasion to visit Buffalo, and as a suit in law was in prospective he went prepared for a seige.

His wife, who survives him, says that no woman ever had a kinder husband. The relations between the couple were always pleasant, and Mrs. Inman has remarked to her neighbors: "If Asael talked as much as I do, the Lord knows what might happen."

Some of his written replies to the questions of acquaintances curious to know why he preferred silence to speech are worthy of mention. One retort frequently used was: "A good listener is to be preferred to a poor talker."

In 1842, while traveling with his wife in a stage between Syracuse and Rochester, the vehicle halted in front of a country tavern. A child was sleeping on the porch.

He leaves a carefully written record of his life during some sixty years of his silence. Portions of these diaries are quite interesting, but as a rule he enlarges upon the absurdity of giving utterance to frivolous thoughts.

are productive of empty noise." "As one million is to one, so is sense to sound." "He who talks most feels least."

There is no passion that finds lodgment in the human heart more despicable than this thing called "Envy," and where indulgence is given to its baneful influence, there is nothing that operates so successfully, as it does, in robbing one of all the constituent elements of elevated manhood.

That a man can entertain any respect for himself while he is the slave of so base a master, as Envy, is at best questionable; that he receives only sneers and ridicule from his associates, our daily observation places beyond all question.

And in the place of such heavy losses what pray does it profit him? Does it make the object of his envious hatred less worthy of esteem and confidence; less capable of winning his way in the world; less estimable in the eyes of those who come in social and business relations with him?

If you find your poor little heart, so insubordinate and depraved, that it will not down at the bidding of your better judgment, then at least keep so vigilant a guard at your lips, that no word may escape them which will betray your miserable enslavement.

A young lady was addressed by a man, who, though agreeable to her, was disliked by her father, who would not consent to their union, and she determined to elope. The night was fixed, the hour came, he placed the ladder to the window, and in a few minutes she was in his arms.

She made no reply, but after a silence of some minutes, she suddenly exclaimed: "Oh! what shall I do? I have left my money behind me in my room!"

Two young girls of Wilmington, Ohio, were silly enough to follow the members of a minstrel troupe to Lebanon, a few days since, and put up at the same hotel. They enjoyed their escapade and appeared at the concert in the evening.

The Crops and Other Subjects. GATELANDS, April 28, 1879. Editor Orangeburg Democrat:

It is stated that the Stewart property on Long Island not many years since was not valued at \$10 per acre for agricultural purposes, but by liberal manuring and judicious culture has been brought to such a high state of fertility as to have produced, last year, 8,830 bushels of oats, 11,350 bushels of corn, 4,120 of buckwheat, 335 of grass seed, 3,400 of carrots, 400 of sugar beets, 2,400 of turnips, and 727 tons of hay.

Since the cold snap and heavy rains the farmers have been very busy planting over and replanting corn, which is very backward in consequence thereof. There is but little cotton up as yet, and planting has not been finished.

I notice that the "Southern Life" and its officials have been getting some pretty hard raps from you, and through the press generally, and I think justly so.

A long life and great success to the DEMOCRAT is the wish of LONG ORANGE.

How to Smoke a Pipe.

To those who are attached to the pipe it may be a matter of interest to know how their last puff or draught of smoke may be as fresh as the first. It is well-known, that smoking in the usual manner, the last portion of the tobacco becomes damp from the presence of oil or nicotine drawn from the heated tobacco above, which causes a sickening and nauseating effect bitter to the taste, and unpleasant and unhealthy as compared with the first half of a well-filled pipe.

"Thanks be to God for the prospect of a resurrected body that shall never weary, and for service of love and activity that shall never pause, and never end. O, glorious day of resurrection! Gladly will I fling into the grave this poor sinful frame, if at Thy call I may rise up with a body tireless and pure and glorious and immortal."

PIZON AND KI-NINE.

A GOOD OLD SOUL WHO KNOWS WHEN AND HOW TO BE CAREFUL.

She wasn't after hair-dye, cosmetics, scented soap, or any of those finickiericks, but when the druggist had finished putting up a prescription to cure a long-faced boy of a hacking cough, she turned from the stove and asked: "Do you keep drugs and medicines and pizons and so on?"

"Oh, yes, we keep all such things." "And ki-nine?" "Yes, we have quinine."

"Well, I called in to see about gittin, some pizon and some ki-nine, but I dunno. So many folks have been slaughtered by druggists' mistakes that I'm canomosi afraid to even ask for camfur gum, tho' I suppose I can smell camfur gum farther off than any other woman in Michigan. Have you killed anybody by putting up morphine for bakin' powder?"

"Never." "Been in the business long?" "Only twenty-one years."

"Well, you orter know gum 'Rabic from sweet oil by this time, but some men are awful keefless. I've had a brother pizoned by wrong medicine, and I'm a little shaky. Where 'is your ki-nine?"

"This is it," he replied, as he took down the jar. She wet her finger, pushed it into the jar and then rubbed it on her tongue.

"Tastes like it, but I dunno. Sure that ain't morphine?" "Yes, very sure."

"Sure your clerk washed the jar out clean afore he put the ki-nine in?" "Oh, I washed it myself."

"If this shouldn't be ki-nine you'd have the law put to you the worst kind. We've got money in the bank, and we'd never settle on \$10,000!" "I know it to be quinine."

"Well, then, gimme 15 cents' worth, and I want down weight, too. If I'm treated well I'm a great hand to trade at one place, but the minnit I see any stinginess or cheatin' a yoke of oxen couldn't pull me into that store again."

He weighed out the drug, labelled it with great care, and then she said: "Now, I want 10 cents' worth of pizon to kill rats."

"What kind?" "Why, the pizon kind of course. Pizon is pizon the world over. Don't seem as you were used to handling 'em."

"Do you want arsenic?" "Certainly, but you want to be powerful keefful! I'm a woman of fifty and I've nuss'd the sick ever since I was a girl, but I never handled pizon without a chill creepin' up my back. Where is it?"

He handed down the jar and she smelt the stopper, shook her head, turned the jar around and whispered: "That looks a powerful sight like cream-a-tar-ter!"

Ruined.

Not long ago John S. Morton was sentenced in Philadelphia to ten years' imprisonment in the Eastern Penitentiary. As he left the courtroom, his friends—for the most part fashionable and wealthy men—surrounded the Judge, clamorously demanding that he should be driven to jail in a carriage instead of the prison van.

This little incident and the story of the prisoner is worth the attention of young men beginning commercial life. One short year ago Morton was a leading citizen in Philadelphia; not a leader after the fashion of Tweed or Fisk, but a refined, cultured gentleman, the descendant of a signer of the Declaration of Independence, and of a long line of judges and honorables, energetic in business, and in all philanthropic and Christian enterprises.

He was one of the foremost projectors of the Centennial Exposition, was President of the great permanent exhibition, and his name was brought prominently before the people as a candidate for Governor of Pennsylvania.

He had everything which could give a man a solid, honorable footing in the world, but unfortunately he fell into the society of a clique of fashionable people, of the sort who would think the riding to prison in a van a drove disgrace than the crime which drove him there.

In his haste to gain money and to vie in splendor with these friends, Morton was led to dabble in stocks then to gamble in them, and finally, in order to make up his losses, to issue fraudulent stock in a railway company of which he was president, to the amount of two million dollars. The man had not the hardihood of a villain born in vice, for, on discovery, he pleaded guilty and fainted in the courtroom.

A Fatal Wave.

An accident most distressing in circumstance, and causing the death of Mrs. M. Klinkinbeard, of Marshfield, occurred in Chocoos County, Oregon. With a party of friends the lady had gone to the ocean beach to view the storm aggered waters, and while standing a little distance from her companions, near an immense tree trunk stranded on the beach, nearly washed away by the waves, which, following each other, came higher and higher, she pointed to the sands at her feet and repeated: "Thus far shalt thou come and no further."

The next billow came with resistless force, lifted the trunk by her side, dashed it against her, and killed her. Her companions fortunately recovered the body. Mrs. Klinkinbeard was forty-six years of age, and was one of the pioneer women of Oregon, having reached the State in the fall of 1847. She was the mother of thirteen children, several of them being still young.

Mrs. Blaine's Piano.

The Hon. Jas. G. Blaine is a thrifty man, as all who know him will admit, but we hardly think the public has ever been informed how he made his substitute do double duty in the days of the war. Mrs. Blaine desired a new piano, and her husband told her she should have it. The days came and went. At that time Maine's "idle son" was not as he has become since. One day he called to his wife: "Sue, here's your piano." She looked out and saw a man coming up the walk, but he bore no visible relation to the musical instrument in question.

"What do you mean?" she asked. "I mean," pathetically replied James, "that I have hired this man to take my place in the army. If he doesn't go, I must. If he goes we cannot afford the piano." The history of the substitute is familiar to the country. We trust that Mrs. Blaine eventually got her piano, and that it was a better quality than the vicarious warrior.—Boston Post.

"Did you ever" notice the poor chap that stands in the first picture of the almanac with a fish, and sheep, and scorpions, and bulls and twins, etc., around him? Did you ever notice that he was naked and had nothing in his stomach? Well, that poor fellow used to edit a country paper and take his pay out in "I'll pay my subscription next week."

Professor Warren DuPre.

The death of Professor Warren DuPre, President of the Female College at Abington, Virginia, will be sad news to his many friends in this State. Professor D. A. DuPre, of Wofford College, received a telegram several days ago, informing him of the serious illness of his father, and he went on immediately, reaching Abington before his death, which occurred on May 25. Up to the time of going to press, we have received none of the particulars of his death. Though not altogether unexpected, the news of his death has cast a gloom over many a household in this community, where he spent so many years of his life. Professor Warren DuPre came to Spartanburg as Professor of the Natural Sciences at the first organization of Wofford College, twenty-five years ago, and filled that professorship with marked ability until about three years ago he resigned that position to accept the Presidency of the Female College at Abington, Virginia, to which he had been elected. His removal from Spartanburg was universally regretted, for he was beloved by our entire community. Highly educated and cultivated, he was distinguished for the many notable traits of character that go to make up the finished scholar and the christian gentleman. He came as near filling our beau-ideal of a perfect man as any one we have ever met. His death is a calamity not only to the institution of learning over which he presided, but to the world of letters and to the country at large.—Spartanburg Herald.

Another Murder.

We learn that a murder was committed at Ellenton, in this county, on Monday. The circumstances as far as we have been able to learn are these: On Sunday evening last a man named Casey was in company with one Jordan Green. Casey married a sister of Greens, and on this occasion Green seems to have been drinking. They staid at the house of an old negro woman and seemed to be perfectly friendly. Next morning early Green said he had lost his pistol and the two went in search of the same; the old colored woman went a part of the way with them; Green told her he wished to see Casey privately; after she had left them a short time she heard two pistol shots; upon going to the place she found that Casey had been shot. He only lived a few minutes. Green has been arrested and lodged in jail. We make no comments as he will soon be tried.—Alben Review.

Mutual Admiration.

It's a nice mutual admiration society they have down in Washington, "they" being the saviors of the country's unity and the despoilers of its treasury. While Conkling was saying his piece on Thursday General Sherman entered a door in his rear, while the Senator was in the very midst of his eulogy of the army. It had been neatly timed. Conkling paused in the midst of a sentence to cordially greet the General of the army and point him to Senator Davis' chair. A correspondent says innocently: "General Sherman's face meantime flushing purple at the unexpected conspicuousness of his position. During the debate Sherman had occasion to try to look unconvincing, and blushed again, as Conkling referred to him by name in a complimentary manner, and called him the man noted for his courage and practical common sense."

Who Are Rich.

The man with good firm health is rich. So is the man with a good clear conscience. So is the parent of vigorous, happy children. So is that wife who has the whole heart of a good husband. So is the clergyman whose coat the little children of his parish pluck, as he passes them in their play. So is the little child who goes to sleep with a kiss on its lips, and for whose waking a blessing waits. So is the maiden whose horizon is not bounded by the "coming man," but who has a purpose in life whether she ever meet him or not. So is the young man who, laying his hand on his heart, can say, "I have treated every woman I ever saw as I should wish my sister treated by other men."

A BATTLE WITH A LEOPARD.

AN EXCITING SCENE IN A WESTERN CIRCUS CAGE—A LION-TAMER'S NERVE.

The performance at Cole's circus last night was closed by George Conkling, the lion-tamer, who entered the arena with two large lions, under circumstances that would have made a man with less nerve quake with fear. It will be remembered that a few days ago a large leopard that occupied the same cage with the lions became involved in a slight misunderstanding with his room mates, and was summarily torn to pieces. Yesterday a fine Brazilian leopard was placed in the cage, and occupied a quiet corner during the parade. It was the intention of Mr. Conkling to train the animal to perform with the lions, and between 4 and 5 o'clock in the afternoon the lion-tamer entered the cage to put the trio through a course of sprouts, in order to see how well they would work together. He anticipated trouble, as the lions had shown a disposition to be unfriendly to the new leopard, and the latter was evidently prepared to fight at the first favorable opportunity.

Mr. Conkling had been in the cage but a few moments when the leopard attacked one of the lions and put his teeth through one of his enemy's paws. Mr. Conkling interfered, and the leopard sprang upon him, scratching him severely behind his right ear. Mr. Conkling threw the animal violently to the floor of the cage and put himself on the defensive. Three times the infuriated beast sprang at him, but did not succeed in inflicting any injury upon him. The lions became excited and Mr. Conkling became aware that his position was an extremely dangerous one. Quite a number of the circus attendees gathered around the cage and offered assistance, but Mr. Conkling told them to keep back, and he would manage the affair alone.

The leopard lay for a moment crouched upon the floor, his eyes flashing fiercely and uttering a low threatening growl. Gathering all his strength he sprang at Mr. Conkling, who struck him a side blow on the head with the handle of a heavy whip. The blow proved more powerful than was intended, and killed the beast instantly. The body was dragged out of the cage, and after paying his respects to the lions to show them that he was master of the field, the lion-tamer left the cage. The leopard was four years old, and was sent to Mr. Cole from Brazil about three years ago. He was a beautiful specimen of his species, and was valued at \$200.—St. Louis Times.

The Wife.

If you wish to be happy and have peace in the family, never reprove your husband in company, even if that reproof be ever so slight. If he be irritated speak not an angry word. Indifference will sometimes produce unhappy consequences. Always feel an interest in what your husband undertakes and if he is perplexed or discouraged, assist him by your smiles and pleasant words. If the wife is careful how she conducts, and speaks and looks, a thousand happy hearts would cheer and brighten our existence, where now there is nothing but clouds of gloom, sorrow and discontent. The wife, above all others, should study to please her husband and make home attractive.

All Taken.

Our attention was called to a circumstance last week which at once appeared to our mind as an eloquent argument against the law. A "farmer" had given a lip to one of our business firms for advances to be made to him to the amount of \$75, in order to enable him to carry on agricultural operations during the current year. Last week, he came to town and besought his creditor to extend the amount of advances; he had already "taken up" the amount agreed on, and not a seed yet out of the ground. What a commentary! And yet we learn that this is not the only case of the kind occurring so early in the season. The lien law should be repealed.—Kershaw Gazette.

We notice that "Hug me to death darling," is the name of a new song. We are ready to go—owing to who she is, though. If she is handsome and sweet we will be on hand if she advise us when she is "ready to go to press."