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The Orangeburg Democrat.

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IS PREPARED TO DO ALL KINDS OF

Job Printing

BOOTH'S CRAZY ASSAILANT.

HE REGRETS HIS LITTLE SUCCESS AND SAYS ACCOMPICES WILL FINISH THE WORK HE UNDERTOOK.

CHICAGO, ILL., April 24.—Further particulars of the attempted assassination of Edwin Booth at McVicker's Theatre last night are given as follows: The play was "Richard II," near the finish of the last act, when Booth sat in the glare of a calcium light with all the other lights turned down and was engaged in the soliloquy.

CHICAGO, 22d, 1879.

DEAR KATIE:—Forgive these brief but horrible lines. I left St. Louis Monday evening. The firm I was with would not increase my salary, so I made up my mind to return to Keokuk; but, being a lover of fine acting, I came to Chicago to see Booth.

MARK GRAY.

Gray says he belongs in Keokuk, but has been traveling for a St. Louis dry goods house; that about three years ago Booth wronged a friend of his (whether lady or gentleman he does not state), and that becoming cognizant of the wrong about two and a half years ago, he determined to avenge it.

It has been ascertained that Gray attempted suicide about three years ago in St. Louis. At that time he was very dissipated, but has since reformed. He bought his revolver yesterday with the express purpose for which it was used.

St. Louis, Mo., April 24.—Gray was a clerk in the dry goods house of Scroggs, Vandervoort & Barney until four days ago, and left because he could not obtain an increase of salary.

speaking of him as a quiet, reserved young man who made few acquaintances, was somewhat infatuated with the stage, and frequently said he intended to become an actor. Mrs. Abelling, with whom Gray boarded, and Mrs. Billings, at whose house he lodged, say that he frequently did strange and foolish things. They thought he was half crazy. He said that all of his relations were actors, that he came of a star-actor family, and was going on the stage to do as his relatives had done.

The prisoner, Mark Gray, remains non-committal as to his reason for attempting to assassinate the tragedian, but assumes a mysterious air and talks of his wrongs, of his regrets at the failure and of his aspirations to become an actor.

Personal Hatred.

There is nothing in the world that has seemed to us at times so unaccountable as this thing of personal hatred. A subtle antipathy, apparently without any cause whatever, this strange and it would seem unnatural disposition of some men to hate and injure those whom they have, perchance, never even known, those who are in no way likely to cross their path, and whose manner of life and thought—whose interests, hopes, desires and pleasures are all so far removed from those of the malevolents that one would think that a hatred for the distant pleiades would be as sane.

Ralph Waldo Emerson, in an admirable essay on "Perpetual Forces," solves for us the difficulty which otherwise seems so inexplicable. This terrible proclivity of the evil-minded of the earth is entirely a thing of temperament. He says: "The animal instincts guide the animal as gravity governs the stone; and in man that bias or direction of his constitution is often as tyrannical as gravity. We call it temperament, and it seems to be the remains of wolf, ape and rattlesnake in him. While the reason is yet dormant, this rules; as the reflective faculties open, this subsides."

Dat's De Mystery.

Two darkeys bought a piece of pork, and Sam, having no place to put his intrusted the whole to Julius' keeping. Next morning they met, when Julius said:

"A most strange thing happened at my house last night, Sam. All a mystery to me."

"Ah, Julius, what was dat?"

"Well, Sam, dis mornin' I went down to de cellar to get a piece of pork for breakfast, and I put my hand down into the brine, and felt all around, but no pork dar—all gone—couldn't tell what went with it; so I turned up de barrel, and Sam, as sure as preaching, de rats had eat a hole clear frum de barrel, and dragged de pork all out."

"Why didn't de brine run out ob de hole?"

"Ah, Sam, dat's de mystery."

Troops or no troops at the polls; that is the question. The President says "Troops." The Democrats say "No troops." The country will sustain the Democrats.

MIDDLEPEN ITEMS.

CONDITION OF THE CROPS—FINE FISHING, MAD DOGS, ETC.

Editor Orangeburg Democrat: No doubt you have thought ere long ago that the pike has been the unfortunate victim of some monster fish, or else he has been coasting on the banks of the Middlepen waiting for Mr. Farmer to cast out his flabby-skin for the pike's untimely meal. But, sir, he has been otherwise engaged, his time has been spent in exploring the stream that leads to prosperity, (Quisque suae fortunae faber.)

Cotton crops in this section are very backward and farmers complaining of bad staples. Some places they haven't a third of a stand; a great many ploughing up and planting over; corn crop looking very fine for the season. Just here allow me to state that our enterprising and energetic farmer, Mr. E. W. Brantley, has made quite a discovery in the way of corn. He is using a corn that he got from Dr. W. S. Barton, called the Tuscarora, which bears two shoots to each grain. He heartily recommends it to the public as being the best corn this country has ever seen, both for its prolific qualities and soundness of grain.

A Good Word for Women. John Ledyard in his Siberian journal pays the following tribute to the women of all nations: I have observed among all nations that women, wherever they may be found, are the same kind, civil, obliging, humane tender beings: that they are inclined to be gay and cheerful timorous and modest. They do not hate, like men, to perform a hospitable or generous action; not haughty, nor supercilious, but full of courtesy and fond of society; industrious, economical, ingenious; more liable in general to err than man, but in general more virtuous, and performing more good actions than can be. I never address myself in the language of decency and friendship to a woman, whether civilized or savage, without receiving a decent or friendly answer.

What Next.

The Philadelphia Times says that part of Ohio known as the national government at Washington and the State of Ohio itself clashed a little bit, at Cleveland, on Monday. T. H. Casey, a love-sick soldier, deserted from the Jefferson barracks that he might go to see his girl in western New York. When arrested Casey claimed that he enlisted, and ought therefore to get clear. A writ of habeas corpus was taken out, and the sheriff hastened to get his man. But a squad of soldiers, who didn't want the State to interfere, presented bayonets at the Sheriff. The latter called a posse to his aid, and the soldiers yielded. This friction between the two grand divisions of Ohio appears as strange as it would be if President Hayes should reach up and bite off his own nose.

The citizens of the back counties in Kentucky are enterprising. In Leslie county the following is reported to have occurred; Late in the afternoon one of the jurymen placed himself in the court house door, and elevating his voice, cried out, "O, yes, O, yes, gentlemen, the court are adjourned till mornin'; the Judge are drunk, and the County Attorney are in no better fix."

In 1860 Grant was a Bourbon Democrat; in 1868 he was a half-bred Radical; in 1879 he is anything and everything that will enable him to "see" Washington's two terms and go him one better.

cate the noble cause of civilization. Mr. Editor, no doubt you are worried long ago with the redundancy of the same and for fear I am intruding on good nature I will close, MIDDLEPEN PIKE.

A Horrible Story.

Some employees of the Pittsburg, Titusville and Buffalo Railroad related a strange and horrible story yesterday. It seems a man died last week at Triumph, a small place not far from Tidout. The body was kept three days, and at the expiration of that time was buried. Then some curious person remembered that a sister of the deceased had lain in a death-like trance for several days. It was suggested that the man had been prematurely buried. The suspicion took so strong a hold upon the people that it was resolved to exume the body, and the coffin was disinterred Saturday last, after having laid three days in the grave. The lid was wretched off, when a horrible sight greeted the eyes of the resurrectionists. Evidently the supposed corpse had revived, and the wretched man fought desperately for his life. Imprints of his finger nails were visible on the lining of the coffin, which in some places was torn into shreds. The coffin itself was stained and wrenched apart at the jointings in the death agonies of the miserable man who was buried alive. He had turned completely over, and was found lying upon his breast, his distorted countenance indicating the frightful sufferings he had undergone.—Pittsburg Dispatch, April 10.

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These assessments have been met cheerfully, and orders on the benefit fund have now been issued upon all deaths up to January 24, 1879, and the assessment now in process of collection will pay all deaths to March first.

Since October 1, 1878, orders have been issued on the Widows' and Orphans' Benefit Fund for the following amounts:

The first death in the Order from yellow fever occurred August 12, and the order for the benefit of the same was drawn October 10. The last death from this cause took place November 20th, and the order for the same was signed March 21; orders upon all other deaths by yellow fever were issued between these dates.

KNIGHTS OF HONOR.

THE ORDER IN A HEALTHY CONDITION AND GROWING RAPIDLY.

We direct attention of our readers to the interesting letter, published below, from the Supreme Dictator of the Knights of Honor of the United States. The Knights of Honor is an Order which soon or late must commend itself to all intelligent men who want an insurance on their lives.

To all Subordinate Lodges, Knights of Honor, Greeting:

It is with great satisfaction that the supreme officers submit the following statement relative to the Widows' and Orphan's Benefit Fund. It is well known that a large number of deaths occurred in our ranks from yellow fever during the past year. Aside from this cause we suffered an unusually heavy death rate during the summer months. Up to July, 1878, our deaths had not numbered over twenty-one in any month.

To meet this extraordinary demand two assessments were laid in November, two in December, three in January, three in February and two in March. Much trouble was experienced by the supreme officers in placing the deaths in consecutive order by reason of the impossibility, in lodges disorganized by the yellow fever, of making reports of deaths until long after they had occurred. It was not want of sufficient evidence of the death, but officers of lodges were dead or scattered, and no one was authorized to make the official report.

With a total loss more than double that of any other beneficiary society, we have paid in full every benefit caused by the epidemic, and proved to the world the ability of our organization to successfully meet the severest trial. This work has been done with hardly more than the usual number of suspensions, and through our growth was temporarily checked by the extraordinary demand upon its resources, a rapid increase is now taking place all over the country, and we now number at least fifty thousand members.

These events have proved the wisdom of our system of one general jurisdiction for the Widows' and Orphans' Fund, and the efficiency of our laws for the government of the Order. No extra judicial measures have been necessary to meet the emergency, and all consultation required between the supreme officers has been carried on by letter.

Aided from the payments of death benefits about \$15,000, was contributed voluntarily for the relief of the living, who were in want and suffering by reason of the epidemic.

Recently there arrived in Atlanta, under arrest by order of a United States Lieutenant, a man named Coleman, from Knoxville, Tenn. In the year 1865 Coleman was a Federal soldier, stationed with his regiment at Knoxville. One night he and a comrade went to the house of an old man, whom they supposed possessed a large sum of money. They began beating and threatening the old gentleman, in order to force him to show the hiding place of his treasure. His daughter, a bright and heroic girl, rushed to her father's assistance, when Coleman shot and killed her. He was arrested, tried and sentenced to be shot by the military authorities. Before the day of execution rolled around Coleman made his escape and left for parts unknown. He was gone some six or seven years, and finally he returned to Tennessee, supposing all danger had passed with the military. But he was arrested by the civil authorities, tried, convicted and sentenced to be hanged for the same offence. Now the military authorities claim him for execution, and the Tennessee authorities have given him up. Whether he will be executed on the original finding, sentence of the military courts is not known. It is more than probable that, should he be held guilty without further trial, the President will commute his sentence to imprisonment for life. The crime was committed over fourteen years ago.

living, who were in want and suffering by reason of the epidemic.

In this record every Knight of Honor may take a just pride. It places us in the front rank as a great benevolent and business institution, and secures a future of untold usefulness for our beloved Order.

Fraternaly, in O. M. A. J. A. CUMMINGS, Supreme Dictator.

To Be Shot.

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The Jews.

A Jew! what is there in that name that can be a reproach to any man, woman or child now living on earth? Moses, the wisest of law-givers, was a Jew. Joshua, who commanded the sun to stand still, and it did stand still at the storming of Jericho, was a Jew. David, "a man after God's own heart," was a Jew. Solomon, the wisest of men, whose fame is greater to-day than when he built the temple, was a Jew. The prophet Elijah, who was not allowed to die, but was translated to heaven in a chariot of fire, was a Jew. All the prophets were Jews; all the apostles were Jews; Jesus Christ himself was a Jew! His mother was a Jewess.

In every age and country the Jews have done their whole duty to the country in which they have resided and to society. Marshal Soult, one of Napoleon's ablest marshals, and who stood by him to the last at Waterloo, was a Jew. Judah P. Benjamin, one of the ablest and most faithful of Confederate leaders, was a Jew. Senator Jonas, of Louisiana, is a Jew. The present Prime Minister of Great Britain is a Jew. But why enumerate farther? From the earliest dawn of history to the present time, the Jews have furnished their full share of brave and honorable men, and of pure and beautiful women. Who has surpassed them in public spirit, in works of charity, and devotion to principle?

When the South begins to manufacture everything her people needs, the Blaines, the Garfields, and Conklings, will see where the goose lived that laid the golden eggs, and how suicidal it was in trying to injure her. Just let politics alone and go to manufacturing the articles we now buy from the North, and it will not make much difference who is President, for no one can save the North-ern cities from bankruptcy, or prevent the South from prosperity.

The Arizona Enterprise says that an "outraged" individual "entered our sanctum the other day bursting with wrath. We pointed to a Spencer rifle in one corner, a double-barrelled shot-gun in another, and a pistol on our table, and stated that blood was our game and for him to sail in. Meekly, quietly and calmly he cooled down, smiled, and said he was mistaken, and sitting down, kindly asked after our health and that of our family."

DISGRACEFUL SCENE AT NIBLO'S.

THE DRUNKEN OCCUPANTS OF A PRIVATE BOX INSULTING AN ACTRESS ON THE STAGE.

Just as the curtains were rung up on the second act of the spectacle of the "Black Crook" at Niblo's Garden, on Wednesday night, a party of four men entered the right hand lower private box. They were all in evening dress. They had been seen drinking in the saloon of the Metropolitan Hotel, and the behavior of three of them showed that they were influenced by liquor. One of them was noisier than the rest. With one of the Kiralfy brothers they passed through the private gallery that leads from behind the boxes to the stage. The Loretas were performing their gymnastic dance and the space around the scenes was thronged with ballet girls and actors and actresses. Three of the visitors passed down the stage and back without misbehavior, but the fourth, a young man with light mustache, who had been the noisiest before, spoke insultingly to one of the performers and exhibited himself before the audience. He put his arm around the waist of one of the Ulm sisters, the Tyrolese sissers. He was about to kiss her, but she freed herself and ran from him. He offered a similar insult to another of the Ulm sisters when he and his friends were shown off the stage by Mr. Kiralfy. In the excitement that followed, the fact was disclosed that one of the visitors was ex-county clerk Charles E. Loew. He was sober. In the box to which the party returned the other three were very disorderly and noisy. The box is the one on the right hand side, opposite that held by the heirs of the late Mr. A. T. Stewart. It looks out on the stage, and is itself behind the line of the footlights. Throughout the performance the most disorderly of these men sought by word and action to attract or to annoy the women performers who were obliged to stand or pass near the box. The attention of the audience was distracted from the performance. They were specially demonstrative toward Miss Marjorie Fiske, but she paid them no attention.

Miss Belle Howitt, in impersonating Stalacta, reviews the ballet in the Amazon scene, and the stage is thronged with women. The men in the box were most disorderly during this scene. Their gesticulations and foul language were as plainly understood in front as behind the footlights. Miss Howitt, with flashing eyes, strode to the wings and called to the stage manager, Mr. Hammond, for relief from the annoyance. Then she walked in front of the box, and endeavored by her demeanor to silence the disturbers. She imagined that they suspected she had notified the managers, and were angry, for one of them assaulted her with the most obscene language, spoken so loudly that many persons in the front rows of seats sprang to their feet and called out "Shame!" and "Put them out!" When Mr. Mulford, the manager, entered their box, the same individual offered to thrash him. Ex-county clerk Loew, who had remained quiet throughout all that has been described, assisted Mr. Mulford in restoring order, and with his three companions left the box, and soon afterward the theatre. The utmost endeavors are being made to discover the names of the others of the party.—New York Sun.

Who are Gentry.

The other evening, at a dinner party up town, one of the guests, the younger brother of an English nobleman, expressed with commendable freedom his opinion of America and its people. "I do not altogether like the country," said the young gentleman, "for one reason—because you have no gentry here." "What do you mean by gentry?" asked another of the company. "Well, you know," replied the Englishman, "well—oh, gentry, are those who never do any work themselves and whose fathers before them never did any." "Ah!" exclaimed his interlocutor, "then we have plenty of gentry in America, but we don't call them gentry; we call them tramps." A laugh went round the table, and the young Englishman turned the conversation into another channel.—Graphic.

A stationary engine is a common sight, but did you ever see a rolling mill or a walking beam?