

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, MAY 23, 1879.

No. 31.

JOB OFFICE

IS PREPARED TO DO ALL KINDS OF

Job Printing

MAKING TREASON ODIOUS.

CLOSING SCENES OF THE GREAT CIVIL WAR.

On the morning of the 23d of May, a bitter trial was in store for the proud spirit—a trial severer, probably, than has ever in modern times been inflicted upon any one who has enjoyed such eminence. This morning Jefferson Davis was shackled.

It was while all the swarming camps of the armies of the Potomac, the Tennessee and Georgia—over two hundred thousand bronzed and laureled veterans—were preparing for the Grand Review of the next morning, in which, passing in endless succession before the mansion of the President, the conquering military power of the nation was to lay down its arms at the feet of the civil authority, that the following scene was enacted at Fort Monroe:

Capt. Jerome E. Titlow, of the 3d Pennsylvania Artillery, entered the prisoner's cell, followed by the blacksmith of the fort and his assistant, the latter carrying in his hands some heavy and harshly rattling shackles. As they entered, Mr. Davis was reclining on his bed, feverish and weary after a sleepless night, the food placed near him the preceding day still lying untouched on his tin plate near his bedside.

"Well!" said Mr. Davis as they entered, slightly raising his head.

"I have an unpleasant duty to perform, sir," said Capt. Titlow; and as he spoke, the senior blacksmith took the shackles from his assistant.

Davis leaped instantly from his recumbent attitude, a flush passing over his face for a moment, and then his countenance growing as livid and rigid as death.

He gasped for breath, clutching his throat with the thin fingers of his right hand, and then recovering himself slowly, while his wasted figure towered up to its full height—now appearing to swell with indignation and then to shrink with terror as he glanced from the captain's face to the shackles—he said slowly and with a laboring chest:

"My God! You cannot have been sent to iron me?"

"Such are my orders, sir," replied the officer, beckoning the blacksmith to approach, who stepped forward, unlocking the padlock and preparing the fetters to do their office. These fetters were of heavy iron, probably five-eighths of an inch in thickness, and connected together by a chain of like weight. I believe they are now in the possession of Major-General Miles, and will form an interesting relic.

"This is too monstrous," groaned the prisoner, glaring hurriedly around the room, as if for some weapon, or means of self-destruction. "I demand, Captain, that you let me see the commanding officer. Can he pretend that such shackles are required to secure the safe custody of a weak old man, so guarded and in such a fort as this?"

"It would serve no purpose," replied Capt. Titlow; "his orders are from Washington, as mine are from him."

"But he can telegraph," interposed Mr. Davis, eagerly; "there must be some mistake. No such outrage as you threaten me with is recorded in the history of nations. Beg him to telegraph and delay until he answers."

"My orders are peremptory," said the officer, "and admit of no delay. For your own sake, let me advise you to submit with patience. As a soldier, Mr. Davis, you know I must execute orders."

"These are not orders for a soldier," shouted the prisoner, losing all control of himself. "They are orders for a jailor—a hangman, which no soldier wearing a sword should accept! I tell you the world will ring with this disgrace. The war is over; the South is conquered; I have no longer any country but America, and it is for the honor of America, as for my own honor and life, that I plead against this degradation. Kill me! Kill me!" he cried, passionately, throwing his arms wide open and exposing his breast, "rather than inflict on me, and on my people through me, this insult worse than death."

"Do your duty, blacksmith," said the officer, walking toward the embrasure as if not caring to witness the performance. "It only gives increased pain on all sides to protract this interview."

Pic-nic.

WILLOW TOWNSHIP, ORANGEBURG CO., May 16th, 1879.

Editor Orangeburg Democrat:

It was my fortune on last Saturday to attend a Pic-nic at Bethel Church, gotten up by a few sisters of said church. It was given to the Sunday School now going on there. The Sunday School at Willow Swamp, her sister church was invited to participate, and I think from the number of vehicles coming from that direction, that it was well represented. I arrived there about 10 A. M., and soon after the pastor, who attends both churches. He, I understood, was to deliver an address to the schools. By 11 o'clock the church was full to overflowing, the appointed time for the address. However, a few minutes before that time, the Superintendent rose and said he would be glad if all scholars would repair to a certain place about a hundred yards distant, for the purpose of forming, preparatory for the march. And right here, I will say by way of explanation, that marching may be uncommon in some neighborhoods, but it is invariably a part of the programme in this. They were all arranged by twos, and commenced the march for the church, at the same time a portion of the best singers generally march in front, the music begins as they move off. And I tell you, Bethel can boast of some splendid singers, and some that enjoy it themselves; and you know that anything that one can do, and like it, it is well done. I was impressed with the music, and don't think I ever heard better. And, oh! what a beautiful sight to see the long rows of little ones moving on after each other, singing at the top of their voices, for their teachers had told them they must all sing and sing loud, and I am certain every one tried to do his best in that direction. The church was reached, and the music ceased. Next was to be a dialogue, spoken by four little boys and three little girls. Subject, a welcome to their pastor. And at closing asking him to make them a speech. They acted their different parts well, though the crowd was so large I wasn't sufficiently near to hear all. Well, in reply to the little ones, the pastor arose and addressed the Sunday Schools and all present with an appropriate address. He made some excuses that he was indisposed, and not prepared as he should have been, etc., but I think he did extremely well. It is true, it wasn't long, but very suitable.

Well, I suppose by this time, it was 1 o'clock, and one more march had yet to be made, and that was to the table. After the conclusion of the address, all the owners of baskets repaired to the table. It had been erected early in the morning under the shade of some oak trees. Thither they went to fix up and arrange the eatables thereon. It did not take them long, and that last march was taken. I cannot do justice in a description of the variety of good things, and a plenty it seemed to me to feed twice the number of people assembled. They cry hard times around here, but if you could have seen that table, you would have been ready to exclaim that the people have brought all they have, or else, have no right to complain of hard times. I do not mean to cast any reflection on what anybody has, or has not, but I say that if a good workman had not been at the helm while constructing that table, and built it strong, down to the ground it would have gone. Mr. E., the builder, knew what was in store for that table. I don't think I can get any farther than the table just now, so I will only add, I am satisfied every one did ample justice to the viands it contained. And in conclusion, the day was a pleasant one to all, I think, and will be long remembered as one spent profitably also. Respectfully, &c., E. W. B.

A New York correspondent says of the Texas Legislature: The clerk seemed to me to run the machine, as he has a good deal to say at different times. One thing in particular amused me; he was calling the roll, and not liking the way the members answered, or failed to answer, as they lay back sprawling, with their feet on the desk, he cried out: "You fellows better pay attention; there won't be a quorum if you don't look out."

AMMONIA, PHOSPHATE OF LIME, POTASH.

"J. C. H." IN REPLY TO "J. W. S." AND "LONG ORANGE."

Editor Orangeburg Democrat:

I have selected the above subject to convince "J. W. S." and "Long Orange" that I never intended to permanently improve my land and make paying crops with 15 bushels per acre of cotton seed. He who attempts it even with 30 bushels will pay dearly for his whistle. We admit that ammonia is the most important ingredient in all manurial substance, but if not backed by phosphate of lime and potash, we cannot make crops. In proof of this, I refer the parties to the experiments of M. Ville, which they will find in the book containing Mr. Dixon's letters. They are very satisfactory. Ammonia is a stimulant. To prove this drop a tea spoon of guano on good stable manure 6 inches from a hill of corn, examine in June, and you will find a cluster of roots running in every direction in quest of other food. That it is a solvent we infer from our compost heaps, promoting decomposition. Scientific men advise us to compost cotton seed or stable manure with bone in order that the ammonia may aid in making good plant food out of the bone. Dr. Pendleton, president of the Agricultural College of Georgia, tells us that ammonia unlocks the natural stores of potash and other undeveloped minerals of the soil, and thus renders them available. Besides its stimulating and solvent effect it furnishes food chiefly concerned in building up the stalk. Thirty pounds of ammonia make your stalk 4 feet high, 15 lbs. make mine 2 feet. I would state here is the only difference between "J. C. H." and "J. W. S." in the amount of ammonia. We agree in the application of other plant food and cultivation.

I say to "J. W. S." and his energetic and ambitious brother farmers, that there is great danger to their over grown cotton in drought. That 10 days drought, when severe, will cause their huge stalks to cast fruit, when 20 days drought will only stock mine with bolls. Mr. David Dixon says that the largest weed never produces the greatest yield. Our worthy president says apply 12 bushels with 100 pounds of dissolved bone and 4 loads of rotted straw. That you will not get a large weed but the cotton. Last year he gathered 40 bales from 38 acres. Agricultural chemists agree that we can raise weed at the expense of the fruit. Friend "J. W. S.," I have practiced with your doses for 15 or 20 years, I understand their effect. Two years ago I changed prescriptions with good results both years. Come over next August and see the effects. I have a number of experiments on foot which I hope may interest you. Mr. Editor, I have taken up so much space with ammonia that I will have to postpone for a future letter what I have to say about phosphate of lime and potash. To friend "Long Orange," I would say that I am unable to locate you, but I know you are a friend. You have troubled yourself to give me the yield of the Stewart farm (sandy land like mine) by liberal manuring; you are apprehensive that I am starving my land, and will be compelled to sell to ward off starvation from self and family, and unable to get more than \$10 per acre. Come over next week, and let me alleviate your fears by showing you the contents of corn crib and smoke house and several acres of half starved oats, which, according to the judgment of men of age and experience promises to yield only 75 bushels per acre. J. C. H.

Civil Rights in Georgia.

In a case before Judge Erskine, of the United States Supreme Court, at Savannah, Ga., where a colored woman was ordered from the "white" deck of a steamer to a place below, where accommodations were provided for her, and failing to comply, was put off the boat and afterwards instituted suit for damages, Judge Erskine has decided that common carriers have the right to provide different accommodations for different classes of passengers, and to assign each class to its quarters. Judge Woods, of the United States Circuit Court at Atlanta, has also recently decided in a school question that equality does not mean identity, and that separate accommodations may be provided and insisted upon.

God's Alarm Clock.

Conscience is God's alarm clock. God has wound it up so that it may warn us whenever we are tempted to do that which is wrong. It gives the alarm. It seems to say, "Take care. God bless you. Stop." How important it is to have a conscience that will always warn us of the danger of sin! But, if we desire such a conscience, we must be willing to listen to it. If we stop when it says stop, if we do what it tells us to do, then we shall hear it. But if we get into the habit of not heeding its warning, and not doing what it tells us to do, then, by and by, we shall cease to hear it. Our conscience will sleep, its voice of warning will be hushed, and we shall then be like a ship at sea that has no compass to point out the right way.

How to Break off Bad Habits.

Understand the reason, and all the reason, why the habit is injurious. Study the subject until there is no lingering doubt in your mind. Avoid the places, the persons, and the thought that leads to temptation. Frequent the places, associate with the persons, indulge in the thoughts that lead away from the temptation. Keep busy; idleness is the strength of bad habits. Do not give up the struggle when you have broken your resolution once, twice, a thousand times. That only shows how much need there is for you to strive. When you have broken the resolution, just think the matter over, and endeavor to understand why it is you failed, so that you may be on your guard against a recurrence of the same circumstances. Do not think that it is an easy folly to expect to break off a bad habit in a day, which may have been gathering for long years.

The Sort of Girl to Get.

The true girl has to be sought for. She does not parade herself as showy goods. She is not fashionable. Generally she is not rich. What, oh! what a heart she has when you find her! sq. large and pure and womanly. When you see it you wonder if those showy things outside are women. If you gain her love you two thousands are millions. She'll not ask you for a carriage or a first-class house. She'll wear simple dresses, and turn them when necessary, with no vulgar magnificent frown upon her economy. She'll keep everything neat and nice in your sky parlor, and give you such a welcome when you come home that you'll think your parlor higher than ever. She'll entertain true friends on a dollar, and astonish you with the new thought how little happiness depends on money. She'll make you love home, unless you are a brute, and teach you how to pity, while you scorn, a poor, fashionable society that thinks itself rich and tries to think itself happy. Now, do not, I pray you, say any more, "I can't afford to marry." Go, find the true woman, and you can. Throw away that cigar, burn up that switch cane, be sensible yourself, and seek your wife in a sensible way.

For Better or Worse.

The old man Bendigo keeps a pretty sharp eye on his daughter Mary, and many a would-be lover has taken a walk after a few minutes' conversation with the hard-hearted parent. The old chap is stuck this time, however, and the cards are out for a wedding. After the lucky young man had been sparring Mary for six long months, the old gentleman stepped in as usual, requested a private confab, and left off with:

"You seem like a nice young man, and perhaps you are in love with Mary?"

"Yes, I am," was the honest reply. "Haven't said anything to her yet, have you?"

"Well, no; but I think she reciprocates my affection."

"Does, eh? Well, let me tell you something. Her mother died a lunatic, and there is no doubt that Mary has inherited her insanity."

"I'm willing to take the chances," replied the lover.

"Yes, but you see Mary has a terrible temper. She has twice drawn a knife on me with intent to commit murder."

"I'm used to that—got a sister just like her," was the answer.

"And you should know that I have sworn a solemn oath not to give Mary a cent of my property," continued the father.

"Well, I'd rather start in poor and build up. There's more romance in it."

The old man had one more shot in his carbine, and he said:

"Perhaps I ought to tell you that Mary's mother ran away from my home with a butcher, and that all her relations died in the poor house. These things may be thrown up in after years, and I now warn you."

"Bendigo," replied the lover, "I've heard all this before, and also that you were on trial for forgery, had to jump Chicago for bigamy, and served a year in State prison for cattle stealing. I'm going to marry into your family to give you a decent reputation. There—no thanks—good-bye!"

He Cut Off his Tail.

Our old partner, James T. Wells, Esq., who was a good and faithful soldier of the Confederacy, in conversation yesterday related such a good joke, showing the reckless humor of our boys while in prison, that we must needs tell on him. Our friend was wounded at Gettysburg, captured and confined at Point Lookout. Tuesday he paraded with the survivors, and, after donning his blue and gold badge, bethought him of a souvenir of his prison life to wear also on the occasion. This consisted of a curiously knit watch chain, made of black horse hair, which he accordingly attached to his hunting lever in lieu of his gold chain. And the way in which he obtained the material to construct the chain is the fun of the thing. One day at Point Lookout, the Provost Marshal hitched his horse in the grounds, and Corporal Wells, tired of the inertia of prison life and with an ingenious and fertile mind, slipped up on the gaily caparisoned steed and scissored his beautiful black tail off to the stump and quickly secreted it until the affair quieted down, when he began adding to his prison comforts by knitting and selling elegant horse hair chains. He retained one for his own use, and his relation of the affair would make a horse laugh.—Columbia Register.

Teachers' Convention.

Editor Orangeburg Democrat: I have been pained to see that the valuable suggestion which you made some time ago in the DEMOCRAT, that a Teachers' Convention be held in the County, has met with so few responses. I think it shows a great apathy on the part of both teachers and people on the vital subject of education. I am not accustomed to write for the public eye, but I am so enlisted in the cause of education that I cannot, consistent with my feelings, keep silent any longer. Our worthy School Commissioner has touched the key-note, which, I trust, will resound through every dark avenue and corner of the county. By all means let us have a Convention at as early a day as possible. I hope that the gentlemen whom Mr. Connor has named to arrange the time and place will see fit to serve, and that they will act promptly. TEACHERS.

A WORD ABOUT NEWSPAPERS.

RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED TO THOSE WHO NEVER PAY THE PRINTER. The Gainesville Eagle is the last to let fly a few sharp pointed and well-timed arrows at bores and dead beats who are always to be found wherever a newspaper is published. The following is to the point, and we move its unanimous adoption by the press of the country:

There is not perhaps in the whole range of business professions or callings, one that is so little understood, and about which there are as many erroneous ideas as that of the conduct, privileges, purposes and rights of a newspaper. From it people expect more, and propose to pay less than they would dare to ask from any other business in the world. A great many very good people seem to forget that newspapers are business enterprises. They ignore the fact that a newspaper man is flesh and blood, and that he must eat, drink, wear, live, move and have being as any other human biped. They seem to forget that he has like passions, like necessities, like cares, troubles and anxieties with other men. Hence, when he differs with them, when he expresses an opinion, in opposition to their own, with warmth and vigor, they are ready to denounce him, and seem as much astonished as if an angel had flown down from the outposts of heaven, and pelted them with a brickbat. He is expected to be above and beyond the small weaknesses of humanity, and soar around in the ethereal fields, of grandiloquent genius, or leisurely browse in the vernal pastures of pure wisdom, and see everything as everybody else sees it, and reconcile the vast differences of opinion of imperious thousands.

But it is not in this alone that the world mistakes us. Very many, very good people, good honest souls, who would never think of asking their grocer to give them a dime's worth of cheese, will ask a newspaper man to sacrifice his space, pay his printers, to set up the type, and wear out his material to do them a service, and expect him to acquiesce as a matter of course. It is astonishing how many people have axes to grind, which from their standpoint are "matters of public interest," and woe to the poor editor who cannot see it in that light.

There are two or three things, which many good honest people need to be educated to understand. One is that editors are human. They are liable to be mistaken, and are entitled to the same charity as other people who may do likewise. Second, that they cannot live on wind and sleep on fences, and must be paid for their stock in trade, the same as a merchant or any other business man. Third, that a newspaper does not belong to the world at large, but to its owners and conductors, and that it cannot be made a sluiceway through which to flow all the surplus bile of a community or the trashy off-spring of the brain of every nincompoop who itches to see his name in print.

The Sort of Girl to Get.

The true girl has to be sought for. She does not parade herself as showy goods. She is not fashionable. Generally she is not rich. What, oh! what a heart she has when you find her! sq. large and pure and womanly. When you see it you wonder if those showy things outside are women. If you gain her love you two thousands are millions. She'll not ask you for a carriage or a first-class house. She'll wear simple dresses, and turn them when necessary, with no vulgar magnificent frown upon her economy. She'll keep everything neat and nice in your sky parlor, and give you such a welcome when you come home that you'll think your parlor higher than ever. She'll entertain true friends on a dollar, and astonish you with the new thought how little happiness depends on money. She'll make you love home, unless you are a brute, and teach you how to pity, while you scorn, a poor, fashionable society that thinks itself rich and tries to think itself happy. Now, do not, I pray you, say any more, "I can't afford to marry." Go, find the true woman, and you can. Throw away that cigar, burn up that switch cane, be sensible yourself, and seek your wife in a sensible way.

Rich and Raoy.

The following letter to a New York firm is full of fun and explains itself: HIGH POINT, N. C., May 1. Messrs. John Smith & Co.: GENTS—Replying to yours of the 18th ult., I have to say, that for the prospect of having claims placed in my hands to collect, in this vicinity, and nothing more, I do not feel willing to report the "standing" of the party mentioned, or of any one else. I do not wish to be misunderstood as saying that I do not want paying business, but I do know that a lawyer would starve as quick on commissions and fees on collections as he would on corn cob soup in January.

I have had some experience in collecting since the war, or rather in trying to collect. I have offered to comp. claims by taking old clothes, frozen cabbages, circus tickets, patent medicine, whetstones, powder horns, old flour barrels, gourds, jay birds, owls, or almost anything, and yet I have a number of those old claims on hand unsettled. If I were to depend on collecting claims for my living, my bean broth would get so thin that it would rattle in me like pot liquor in a poor dog.

I don't like to shoot at long law, but if you are inclined to pay anything certain for the desired reports, I'm your man; say ten dollars cash, then I'm in, or if money is scarce, I would take shoes, large Nos., say 10s, 11s, and 12s, to the amount of ten dollars at wholesale prices.

It's hard times here—the niggers and the Democrats have pulled and worried each other till this country smells like cheese. How in the world would you collect money out of a people who plow little speckled bulls on hill sides. If you were to see a nigger plowing his garden with a sow, you would not wonder why I don't want claims to collect in this vicinity. Respectfully. J. R. BULLA.

Rich and Raoy.

The following letter to a New York firm is full of fun and explains itself: HIGH POINT, N. C., May 1. Messrs. John Smith & Co.: GENTS—Replying to yours of the 18th ult., I have to say, that for the prospect of having claims placed in my hands to collect, in this vicinity, and nothing more, I do not feel willing to report the "standing" of the party mentioned, or of any one else. I do not wish to be misunderstood as saying that I do not want paying business, but I do know that a lawyer would starve as quick on commissions and fees on collections as he would on corn cob soup in January.