

Orangeburg Democrat.
A Paper for the People.
H. G. SHELDON, Proprietor.
JAMES E. SIMS, Editor.

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ORANGEBURG, S. C., JULY 18, 1879.

That it has been the potential agent in staying the hands of justice from visiting merited punishment upon a guilty head is a fact which cannot be gainsayed. It is a shame upon the land that it is so. The report of the Grand Jury for Richland County to Judge Wallace, on the 14th instant, is an instance of exemplary investigation, and the following extract from that report should be a note of warning to the officers of the law in every county in the State. Referring to three white men who had been confined for some trivial offence, and who were unable to give a bond of two hundred dollars to secure their relief, it says: "They are confined in a felon's cell, without one article of furniture, the bare floor and a few rags to sleep on, when men accused of the highest crime known to the law are placed in large, airy rooms, neat, clean and reasonably furnished." This practice of discrimination on the part of sheriffs and jailors in favor of criminals of social standing is widespread and merits rebuke. If we mistake not there is a statute against it. The popular sense of justice demands that this law be enforced.

The Heat.
On last Wednesday the great heat wave struck our town, and on Saturday the thermometer registered 104 degrees. The oppression was almost unendurable by man and beast. There were several instances of sunstroke, one of which, Mr. Michael Haley, a fireman on the South Carolina Railroad, who fell at the depot, terminated fatally, despite the kind efforts of physicians and friends in about four hours. Many were so prostrated as to be compelled to forego their usual labor. A universal calm seemed to prevail, there was no breeze to fan the cheeks of the heated sufferers, and the shadows of night brought but little relief from the oppressive sultriness. From morning until night and from night until morning there was no comfort to be found. The exhausted workman sought in vain for rest, and the gentlemen of leisure could no where find a cool spot to admit of repose. In Charleston the effects of the heat were fearful, causing a score of deaths and dangerously prostrating many of the people. In other large cities it was equally severe and fatal in its effects. On Sunday the refreshing showers came, and with it, the cooling winds, the of nights repose, and an unspeakable relief from the feverish distress of the days preceding. It will in all probability be a long time before we will have another such wave of heat.

The Yellow Fever.
This terrible scourge appeared in Memphis again a few days since, striking terror and consternation to the hearts of its citizens. Immediately the exodus began, and as fast as they could the people made their escape by every conceivable method of conveyance. So that in a few days from being a city of large proportions Memphis was left with but a handful of inhabitants. The excitement forbade the entrance of goods or persons from Memphis within their limits, thus completely paralyzing the commercial life of the city. But as we go to press the reports from Memphis are more reassuring. No new cases have appeared, and what at one time threatened to be the uprising of a dark cloud of disease and death to cover the Mississippi valley, does happily promise to die in its inception. It is true some cases have appeared in New Orleans, but every thing is being done to put that city in good sanitary condition, and there need be no fear of an epidemic there.

Loves' Labor Lost.
The Radical leaders here may organize and harrange the negroes as they did on the 4th of July as much as they please, but there is one thing they may as well understand at once, and that is, that the honest citizens of this county, white and colored, intend to control its affairs by electing honest men to office in 1880. They will never submit to being lorded over again by the thieves and plunderers that once ruled the destinies of grand old Orangeburg. Their day has passed, and we repeat, the Radical leaders may as well understand it at once. We also warn them to be careful how they stir up strife among the colored people and embitter them against their white neighbor, or forbearance may cease to be a virtue.

The fellow who holds the stolen Presidency, and draws \$50,000 annually that does not honestly belong to him, wants the army, so that he may protect the ballot-box. A pretty fellow to watch honest people.

He Came, He Saw, He Conquered.
Editor Orangeburg Democrat:
With the language of the proud Caesar on my lips, yet it is not of the Roman demigod that I think; but, "rolled and vast, and rolling far," my thoughts revert to Flodden Field, of which Sir Walter Scott has given so glowing a pen-picture. One scene, especially, comes vividly before me, suggested by the words above. "Tis where the poet with startling force utters the expiring cry of proud Marston's brave spirit:
"Victory!
Charge, Chester, charge! On, Stanley, on!"
The mist that veils the past seems lifted above their bristling lances, as far down the vista of departed years, we can in imagination see the Scottish hosts advance while no martial shout, nor trumpet tone, nor drum, nor bugle, nor trumpet blown, at times a stifled hum, which told Bigland, from his mountain throne, King James did rushing come."
In modern times and on the fabled field, another battle has been fought, which, if not so momentous in its causes and results, was waged with as much ardor, and in the interest of a whole people. This is not the only link, however, that extended the chain of ideas back to that olden time and riveted it there as if with hooks of steel, the name of the modern hero being associated with some of the most thrilling incidents of Albin's eventful history. Again it was "a Duncan" that down from his mountain home "did rushing come," and not only came, but carried victory before his keen and glittering lance.

On the 11th, a goodly host quailed before the conqueror, or, pardon me, I should have said, some of the number that rallied again under the stand at Union on that day fell victims. We were invited to a picnic there on last Friday, or at least, that was our impression, a mass Sunday School picnic, and remembering the pleasant day spent there last year on a similar occasion, most soothing and appetizing visions of probable treats in store for us, passed before us in mental review as we journeyed along early on the eventful morn, ere the solar rays had melted our day-dreams "like mists of a morbid fancy born."
At 9 A. M., we beheld an audience already seated under the stand at the camp-ground, designated as the chosen spot for this festal reunion in behalf of the children. There must be some mistake, we thought, no preaching here to-day, surely. The distinguished gentlemen invited to deliver addresses had not arrived, and we saw no occasion for this congregational arrangement; however, supposing that some new feature had been introduced into the prescribed order of exercises, we silently joined the silent throng, and had leisure to indulge in reflections on the patience and perseverance of the good people of Union. The day was fearfully warm, there being a number of trees but little shade on the encampment; but everybody (nearly) for four hours sat upon the ancient benches constructed simply of boards elevated on blocks. There was no necessity for their doing so, but they did.

After ten, Rev. J. B. Platt introduced as orator of the day, Rev. W. W. Duncan, the other speakers having failed to present themselves, but as he stated, although he had double duty to perform, to speak for himself and the absent, the Professor proved himself master of the situation. His remarks were addressed to the children, but were highly interesting and entertaining to all so fortunate as to be in sound of his voice; indeed, we have seldom seen any one so capable of attracting and riveting the attention of his audience in such a free and happy manner. So all who have not had the pleasure of hearing him, avail yourselves of the first opportunity, as he will visit Orangeburg very soon to attend the Creek camp-meeting on the 26th of this month. Let us frighten off those fond of brevity on these sultry days, we will state that Mr. Duncan did not speak four hours at one time, (he can do it, though, we know, with perfect ease.) The choir, composed of the best singers from each school, varied the exercises by singing appropriate Sunday School songs, and I would not be surprised if, even as I write, a dozen different persons are humming "The Master has come over Jordan," a favorite air with the Professor, which he learned us that day, at least, it is ringing in my ears, whistled, sung, or hummed all day by the musical young man of the family.

At mid-day, a recess of short duration, was given us. We understood that there was to have been a picnic on Friday, an educational meeting on Saturday, and a sermon on the Sabbath. But, as intimated above, our picnic was captured, we were captured, and accepted the situation gracefully, too. After a short intermission, we wended our way back to the stand, that being the coolest place to be found, and for awhile the hum of conversation arose in stifled murmurs, but suddenly our orator appeared again and we retreated for awhile. It was useless to think of fun—too warm for that; useless to talk about trifles, no sense in that when such weightier subjects were discussed, so exclaiming to our companions, partly in the language of the immortal poet quoted above,
Linger not here, O maiden fair!
Yonder the coos—charge again!
See—Duncan—in the rear—sing
Thy converse, a mightier strain
Of thoughts will now be heard again.
Check thy vain language! fly
O youthful speaker—hie
Thee from yon victor's field—
See he lifts his spotless shield—
Thy lips control—the war-cries sing
For Duncan now alone is king.
Like the representative of the Times, we deeply regret that other duties demanded our attention elsewhere, so that only fragments of the afternoon speech in behalf of Wofford came to our ears, but we have heard numerous testimonials of its worth. One earnest admirer said he would ride fifteen miles the warmest day in summer to hear him again—and that is our sentiment.

On Saturday, Mr. Robertson, a Baptist Evangelist of Virginia, addressed the children, and Mr. Duncan preached a memorable sermon both on that day and on the Sabbath, the rain preventing his fulfilling an engagement to preach at Providence church in the afternoon.

No description of a picnic is considered complete without mention of the refreshments, I suppose, and a more hospitable or more enticing repast was never placed before the hungry public than on this occasion—that is, hardly ever. Somehow, though, it seems to us, that notwithstanding their liberality and hospitality, the people have imbibed a singular notion with regard to conducting a Sunday School picnic. They think, and the little ones catch the infection, that nothing must be done which would be out of place at church on the Sabbath. My idea of a picnic is a time and place to enjoy one's self socially—any amount of fun being acceptable. But because the word Sunday is associated with school, they associate the idea also, and have a very quiet, proper time, the children believing they must wear along with go-to-meeting dress, their go-to-meeting air, and a child is hopelessly bad indeed who deviates from the strict code of propriety. I wish they could be transported to some Sunday School picnic I have attended, where superintendents and teachers taxed their ingenuity to invent and conduct games for the amusement of the little ones on their holiday. How shocked some would be to see the races and games in which they indulged.

This is simply a private opinion for which we are responsible—the more sober ones of other people are of as much importance—we merely suggest, not condemn, for, "The grace of God forbid we should be over bold to lay rough hands on any man's opinion. For opinions are, certes, venerable properties, and those which show the most decrepitude should have the gentlest handling."
MIGNON ETTE.

A Card.
Editor Orangeburg Democrat:
As one of the Robinson men who have been compelled to bear a good deal of censure for supporting him in the recent Convention, I hope you will not refuse me a short space to explain the situation. I know your well-known disposition to harmony may induce you to suppress and article like this, but in my opinion a sense of common justice and a love of freedom should cause you to hesitate to stifle the voice of the people.

We are charged with a lack of party fealty, and with endeavoring to throw a firebrand into our ranks in putting forward Mr. Robinson. I claim that it is not so; but that Mr. Robinson was the true choice of the people, and that the delegates from the country as a general thing came up to vote for him, but a large number of them were turned after they came into town by the arguments of the more influential friends of Mr. Glover at the Courthouse. As the matter turned out in spite of these conversions the vote stood, Glover 38 and Robinson 25; and I feel satisfied if the delegates had been left to themselves and had voted according to their own dictates and according to the wish of the clubs they represented that Mr. Robinson would have been elected.

The arguments brought to bear at the Courthouse were that it was only a short unexpired term, and that it would injure Robinson in the next general election, and it was best to let Mr. Glover alone for the little

while and Mr. Robinson could be elected the next time.

I know of a number of delegates who were Robinson men and told me so in the country, but after they got to Orangeburg I found they had changed to Glover men.

Now I do not write to cause dissatisfaction in the party, but only to let the truth be known. I believe in sticking to the choice of the Convention, but in future let this be a warning for every delegate to think for himself, and not to let others do their thinking for them. This is the only way to preserve the harmony of the party, and keep on the winning side.
A MEMBER OF THE CONVENTION.

Appreciation of the Press.
Gov. Simpson in his remarks to the press said that all the invitations showered upon its members showed the appreciation in which the "Press is being held," that it had borne the brunt of the burden of sustaining the people's courage in the late dark days, and though some few of its members may have been recreant, nearly all were untiring and staunch in their loyalty to the State and her civilization and honor, and now they are reaping their reward. This is very cheering. People have not fully comprehended the hard labor and constant watchfulness of the press, nor felt the full power of its influence. We are glad to know a higher and healthier sentiment begins to obtain.
—Newberry News.

Assignee's Sale.
In Bankruptcy, In re Thaddeus K. Sasportas, Bankrupt, ex parte John Fisher, Trustee, et al.
By virtue of an order of the District Court of the United States for District of South Carolina, I will sell at public auction at the residence of T. K. Sasportas on Saturday the 2d of August, 1879, at 11 o'clock, A. M.:
1 Cotton Gin; lot of books, &c.
Conditions—Cash.
P. V. DIBBLE, Assn.,
T. K. Sasportas, Bankrupt.
July 18, 1879.

Notice.
D. A. McIver, Adm'r of Henry E. Smoke, Plaintiff, vs. Elizabeth S. Speigler, et al.—In Common Pleas.
By order of Hon. T. B. Fraser, presiding Judge, the creditors of Henry E. Smoke, late deceased, are hereby notified to present and prove their claims against the estate of H. E. Smoke before the undersigned on or before the 15th day of September, 1879, or else be debarred payment.
WM. M. HUTSON,
July 18-4t Master.

Administrator's Sale.
In pursuance of an order of the Probate Judge of Orangeburg County,
I will sell for cash at Orangeburg C. H., on Saturday in August next, at public auction to the highest bidder, the following notes, accounts and other evidences of indebtedness, belonging to the estate of Jacob Hildebrand, deceased:
1. Judgment against J. A. J. Hildebrand.
2. Notes of Andrew Hildebrand, Frank Murchison, J. A. J. Hildebrand, Vandy Hildebrand, David Jumper, Henry Cery, Anthony Rumph, H. V. Hutto and A. Redmond.
D. L. HILDEBRAND,
August 18-2 Administrator.

A. B. KNOWLTON. A. LATHROP
KNOWLTON & LATHROP,
Attorneys and Counsellors,
ORANGEBURG, S. C.
Dec-13-1t

SAMUEL DIBBLE,
Attorney and Counsellor at Law
(Cor. Church & St. Paul's Street.)
ORANGEBURG, S. C.
Dec 13-1t

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JUST RECEIVED FRESH CONFEDERATIONARY, FANCY GOODS AND NOTIONS, which will be sold as low as any that can be bought in Orangeburg. Thankful for the past patronage of my friends and the public I still solicit a continuance of their custom.
T. W. ALBERGOTTI,
RUSSELL STREET,
Next door to Mr. J. P. Harley.
Orangeburg, Sept 13, 1879. 1y

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Ducks (M'cy) per doz.....5.00
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Turkeys per doz.....12.00a15.00
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PEANUTS, per bushel.....75a1.10
POTATOES, Sweet.....1.25a1.50
PEAS, clay, per bushel.....65a70
" Mixed ".....60a65
RICE, (Rough) per bushel.....1.10a1.20
BESWAX, per lb.....a22
HONEY, ".....10
HIDES, Flint, per lb.....10
" Dry Salted, ".....8
SKINS, Otter, apiece.....25a2.50
" Coon, ".....5a15
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" Goat, ".....5
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