

The Orangeburg Democrat.

On the Wing.

LILLESVILLE, ANSON COUNTY, N. C., July 22nd, 1879.

Editor Orangeburg Democrat:

Did you ever travel on a slow train for five hours for about sixty miles without breakfast or the chance of getting a breakfast during the trip? If so, you can appreciate somewhat the journey from Charlotte to this point. A building with the words in large letters "Eating House," painted thereon, stared us while waiting at one of the stations for about half an hour, as a tantalizer and whetter of our appetites. Expecting relief from this place we were disappointed by finding the doors closed, and in being informed that all the breakfast had been eaten up by the passengers on a train which had preceded us a short time before. Strange as it may appear this compulsory control of our appetites afforded us no little amusement, and we have no doubt, amusement to some of the fair ones occupying the small half car attached to the slow freight train on which we were traveling. After passing said eating house, (to which after its cold treatment of us we gave the cold shoulder,) we reached a little station and espying in the distance a little store we made for it and procuring a few crackers and a box of sardines, (both of which looked like they might tell of some of the events connected with the late war,) we made as bold an attack upon them as they and the circumstances surrounding us would permit. We found that there was not much poultry in this region, (perhaps they have not gotten over the scare of Sherman's raid in 1865,) for we enquired at several places for eggs, but could not obtain any. Don't think though that we were egg-hunted—by no means. We are now under different circumstances; though not yet at our journey's end, we realize in the near future permanent relief from the cravings of the inner man, as well as pleasures of which anticipations can form no realization.

But this is rather a strange way to write about our trip, commencing with the second day's proceedings. You must allow circumstances to control us this time, and as we have been somewhat turned around to get here, must not object to our commencing so near the end of our trip.

Yesterday we were led off from Orangeburg by a belle which to us was unseen, but knowing that to yield gracefully on that occasion would be the more discreet course to pursue, we made no resistance, but followed the belle blindly. This is one time Mr. Editor, when the belle did not lead amiss. In due time we reached the other train which was to bear us on our way to the Old North State, and having secured comfortable seats thereon we were soon yafsted over the iron track of the Charlotte, Columbia & Augusta Railroad to Charlotte. On the way, there was not much of special interest to note. Rain is needed all along the line of the railroad, cotton and corn are both suffering for it, and unless soon obtained as far as we can see the crops of both of these products of our soil will be materially injured. Charlotte seemed to be all astir, as it has a local trade, which will always afford its merchants a chance to dispose of their wares, we were not surprised at the activity of its trade circle. We visited the Mecklenburg Iron Works, and were pleased with the arrangements there for manufacturing Engines, Mill Gear and Farming Implements, &c. Our next visit was to the engine house of the Pioneer Fire Engine Company No. 2. The steamer of this company appeared ready to meet any call made upon it to control the fiery element. Stabled within the building were two fine specimens of horse-flesh which are always near at hand to be attached upon short notice to the steamer, and away to the scene of conflagration. Above the room occupied by the steamer and hose-reel, was the company hall, well supplied with chairs, floor carpeted and walls adorned with pictures. Everything arranged in nice order to assist in the dispatch of such business as may be brought before its members. After strolling about for awhile we concluded it best to look after something to eat, and returning to our hotel we found supper ready, which we assured we did full justice to.

Hearing of a Y. M. C. A. room being open that night we started in

search of the same, but were disappointed in not being able to catch the least glimmering ray from their rooms. Seeing the light of a Lodge of Odd Fellows above their place of meeting we concluded that certain restrictions might be placed upon the Association in the use of its room, and gave up our efforts to meet with the Y. M. C. A. Returning to our hotel we sought rest in the arms of Morpheus; and this morning at 5:30 A. M. found us where we started this letter, on board the train for Wilmington. Our transportation being at hand we will bid you adieu for awhile at least. Dvo.

A Revolting Outrage.

It falls to our lot this week to record one of the most diabolical outrages that was ever perpetrated in this country. The circumstances are these: Mr. A. B. Humphries and his wife, living four miles from town, near Sardis Church, on Wednesday evening left their infant daughter, aged about 2 years and 3 months, in the care of a negro boy, named Ed. Holmes, aged about 17 years, while they went to church. On their return the mother discovered that the child was very bloody and her screams brought neighbors to the house. Dr. Beaty was immediately sent for, and upon examination discovered that the little creature had been outraged in a most horrible manner. As the parents went into the house the negro boy passed them, going out, and at last report was at large: but we think he cannot long escape the vigilant search of the excited citizens who are after him. It is supposed to be impossible for the child to live. The simple recital of this most revolting outrage makes the blood curdle in our veins.—Union Times.

A Touching Allegory.

A certain good-natured old Republican farmer, preserved his constant good nature, turn up what might. One day one of his men came in and told him that one of his lead oxen had stamped, it being that big blonde off-ox, Roscoe Conkling. "Well," responded the old farmer, "he always was a breacy chiss. I'm glad he's gone." Not long afterward another messenger came in haste to announce that old Brindle Butler was dead. "You don't say so!" responded the happy old granger. "He was an old ox, anyhow. Just take off his hide and sell it; it will fetch more than he was worth. I took him for a bad debt in the first place." The thing went on for some time, until the stalwart pross began to reprimand Hayes, saying that all his losses were judgments sent by the Lord for his wickedness. "Well," he responded placidly, "if the Lord will take out the judgment in that kind of cattle, it is the cheapest way I can pay it."

Sound Advice.

A physician writes to a young man as follows:—"My profession has thrown me with women of all classes, and my experience teaches me that heaven never gave a greater proof of love to man than to place woman here with him. My advice is go and propose to the most sensible girl you know. If she accepts you tell her you will divide the last dollar with her and that you will love her with all your heart in the bargain; and then keep your promise. My word for it she will live within your income, and to your last hour you will regret that you did not marry sooner. Stop worrying about feminine extravagance and feminine untruth. Just you be true to her—love her sincerely, and a more fond, faithful, foolish slave you will never meet any where. You will not deserve her, I know, but she will never know it."

A Good Rule.

A man who is very rich now, was very poor when he was a boy. When asked how he got his riches, he replied: "My father taught me never to play till my work was finished, and never to spend my money until I earned it. If I had but an hour's work in a day I must do that the first thing, and in an hour. And after this, I was allowed to play; and I then could play with much more pleasure than if I had the thoughts of unfinished task before my mind. I early formed the habit of doing everything in time, and it soon became easy to do so. It is to this I owe my prosperity."

Indian Corn.

Editor Orangeburg Democrat:

How to cultivate corn, to secure a good crop and improve soil requires some skill and science. Every farmer thinks his mode the best. I differ with the most farmers, they practicing shallow culture with scrapers and sweeps, I will give you my plan with its advantages. What manures pay best on worn soil? The analysis of corn shows that it contains much starch, sugar and fat. Cotton seed with carbonaceous and vegetable matter I find to be the best fertilizer for corn. To cultivate corn successfully we must give it distance five and a half by four, or five by five is the proper distance on sandy land. We may plant five by three on stiff or clay lands, with equal success, but if we plant close on sandy lands it will invariably get, in farmers' parlance, the yellows, and be light and chaffy. Distance in corn secures it against the injurious effects of droughts, which are common in recent years. Planters should plant and cultivate with an eye to this. Distance in corn enables the farmer to secure a good crop of peas when sown in proper time among the corn. A great desideratum.

At the commencement of my letters I promised to give you my plan of improving my land and make paying crops. A discussion of this subject in our Agricultural Society gave rise to these letters. I wish your readers to remember this. The proposition now is, how to raise corn on exhausted land. We haul, in the months of January and February four or five loads of wood's earth, (an admixture of straw, leaves and rotten wood) to the acre, depositing the piles convenient to be scattered broadcast with a pitchfork. Break down the bed with a turn plow; lay off the planting furrow with an opening plow. Just before dropping the seed run in the same furrow with a scooper as deep as the horse can pull, drop the seed, they will bury themselves; then sow ten or fifteen bushels of cotton seed with about one hundred pounds of horse manure; cover with scooper plow two furrows to the row; block off two or three days before coming up; this will destroy the small grass, pulverize the clods and leave a smooth and even surface for your first scooper furrow, which should be given in eight or ten days after the corn is up; in eight or ten days follow with a five inch twister, adjusting a thin board to prevent the earth from covering the corn; in eight or ten days you may break out the middles; then in eight or ten days side with sixteen inch sweep; and in eight or ten days more you are ready to lay by, which should be done just before corn shows its tassels with two Farmer's friend or Watt plow furrows and one sweep furrows. The pens having been dropped your corn is laid by with pipe or eleven furrows to the row, and will yield more than if twenty-one furrows were given, which was the custom in olden times. Mr. Editor, you lay my plan, I claim for it a decided advantage over the flat culture or Dixon plan, which is the plan of most of our farmers, I hope some of your correspondents will discuss this with me. J. C. H. FORT OF EDISTO.

Awful.

A Madison paper gives a fearful account of woman's perfidy. A young man went to take his girl for a walk, but found that she had not done her milking. With a gallantry that does credit to the Madisonian young man, he volunteered to do the milking for her while she was making her toilet. After he had got her milking done, had hung the milk-stool on the bars and set the pail of milk in the kitchen, washed his hands at the pump with soft soap and wiped them on the tail of his duster, he discovered that she had gone to a circus with another young man who did not know enough to extract milk from a milk wagon. The deserted young man kicked over the milk pail and went his way a sadder man.

An editor got shaved in a barber shop lately, and offered the darkey a dime, which was refused, because said he, "I understand you is an editor!" "Well, what of that?" "We never charge editors nuffin!" "But such liberality will ruin you." "Oh nebbber mind, sah, we makes it up on gentlemen." Heavy on the editors.

Unhappy Marriages.

One of the saddest characteristics of the time is the frequency of accounts of marital infidelity and the wreck of households. Scandalous elopements, ruinous infatuations, crime led up to by illicit passion, occupy a distressingly large space in the news of the day. More impressive to the feelings than even these affairs whose tragic details are given to the world, is the thought that if they have become of so common occurrence, how vast must be the amount of domestic unhappiness that lies concealed from the public eye, but which must tend to poison and corrupt society. Why is it that there are so many unhappy marriages? How is it that people who have been drawn together by love can fall a prey to hatred? To understand these problems completely we should have to understand the mystery of love, and that is hid at the core of the mystery of being. If, as all metaphysicians agree, our consciousness itself is inconceivable in thought, how shall we trace and analyze that rapport which establishes itself between two beings, and which we call love. We know from observation that it is not unerring. In youth it is almost invariably mistaken in its apprehensions. The warm and inexperienced imagination of a boy has strength to raise a mortal to the skies. His spirit has established a mysterious affinity with some girl, it may be of sterile mind and ignoble feelings. To him she is a lovely apparition, the discovery of whose graces has enlarged his mental horizon and raised him to perceptions new and strange. It is natural to infer inward perfections from outer charms. In the same manner will the true and loyal soul of some gentle girl enshrine and worship the ideal her imagination has wrought from the play of some common-place youth. What warnings shall be uttered to these enthusiasts? The instruction of experience would doubtless be that love adheres where enjoyment fastens, and that to know whether love will be persistent we should examine our feelings to determine whether our enjoyment of the loved one's society is based upon transient things or those which will endure. Boy and girl love is generally only a form of self-conceit. The complacency begotten by the adulation of love-making is the largest ingredient in the reciprocating feeling, and attachments of this sort soon run to dissolution. But while it is frequently the case that people marry under the attraction of pretty faces, eyes and winning manners, without any real appreciation of one another's moral qualities, how common is it for such marriages to result in happy unions. The yoke-fellows are in the flexible, adaptive periods of their lives, and before the illusions disappear they are bound together by durable ties of affection. But then, too, it must be admitted that a life-fellowship begun with ardent attachment too often becomes filled with cruel and intolerable friction, and the sacred bond of wedlock may gall like the chains of a galley slave. The man who is above all things a man of honor, will respect his marital obligations, even should his youthful love far his wife wear away in the daily contact of life. In entering into the ties of wedlock it is not upon ardent professions that lovers should base their expectations of happiness, but upon one another's truth and loyalty to duty, displayed when pleasure is not a motive force. Under the protection of honor love will nestle securely, and such marriages cannot prove unhappy.

Paul Morphy, the once noted chess player, in his insanity imagines himself a great lawyer, with an abundance of clients. The great case that absorbs nearly his whole attention is an imaginary one against parties who had charge of an estate left him by his father. He utterly repudiates chess, and denies having ever known anything about it. He lives in New Orleans.

It is said that "true love never did run smooth." We have never seen it attempt to run, but it does some of the smoothest kind of swinging on the front gate.

The evening the young man hasn't money enough to take his girl into an ice-cream saloon he sends her a note stating he is sick.

Free Schools.

Editor Orangeburg Democrat:

I am looking to your next to see something from some one of the female teachers in reference to the silly parenthesis by "Esculapius," and I never heard of a woman being guilty of such a thing, i. e., being competent to teach. They are well able to defend themselves, but if they do not notice such gross aspersions, you may insert this.

There are many well educated women, who are teachers, and good teachers, too, who would scorn to fill such places if they were not competent; found to be so by intelligent patrons, who have known them for years, and are sending to them still. But enough of this, such a sickly attempt to lower their position and limit their usefulness, requires no more than an exposition of its aim, to settle the matter.

Another point. The usual vote for schools is from one to three mills; this gives a cheap school for two or three months. We ask how much has "Esculapius" advocated or proposed to vote for this tax?

As to the question of fifty dollar teachers. I do not object to the best teachers, but there must be a line struck somewhere. Shall we apply for one who is competent to fill the presidency of a college, or take one who can write well, read and spell correctly, with a knowledge of arithmetic and geography.

Does any one pretend to say that unless our teacher is a thorough mathematician, a linguist, an astronomer, &c., he won't do for our piney woods' school? A carpenter may be competent and satisfactory for building a nice comfortable house in the country, who would not undertake to build a five story one in the city. Neither would the proprietor pay the price for the latter.

If Dr. Cooke or the School Commissioner will say that a good reader, writer, speller and arithmetician is not competent to teach reading, writing, spelling and arithmetic, then I disagree with them, and I'll have the millions on my side. TRUSTEE.

Heavy on the Boys.

Perhaps it is because of the growing scarcity of available men, perhaps it is of the increasing independence of the fair sex—what ever the reason, it is a fact patent to all who frequent places of amusement that ladies venture abroad in the evening without male escorts far more frequently than they did ten years ago, and it is greatly to the credit of our community that they can do so with impunity. A lady would hardly go out alone of an evening, but if accompanied by another of her sex, especially if one of the pair be tolerably along in years—it is not necessary to give exact figures—both feel comparatively safe. The result is that young men are not so much of a necessity as they once were, and are made to feel that they are no longer indispensable. Time was when a young man, simply because he was a man, was permitted to feel that he was a very important creature, but now that a male escort can be dispensed with on occasion, he has been made to descend from his high horse. He was wont to impose his cheap "horse talk" and slang on his lady friends, and was permitted to parade his conceit and ignorance simply because he was a necessary evil; but times have changed all that, and he now often finds that unless he can command respect by knowledge, his character, or gentlemanly deportment, his room is considered more desirable than his company. All of which is having an excellent effect upon the average young man of the period.

Bad luck is simply a man with his hands in his pockets, and his pipe in his mouth, looking on to see how it is coming. Good luck is a man of pluck; with his sleeves rolled up, and working to make it come out right.

Girls, whose opinion about such things, is always valuable, say there is too much shirt collar and too little young man in the present fashion to suit their tastes. Boys, something must be done.

The boy who left a piece of ice in the sun to warm up was no more foolish than the man who opened a store and expected people to hunt him out and buy his goods.

Williamston Female College.

General James F. Izlar:

DEAR SIR—I have received through a friend, a catalogue of the Williamston Female College, from which I see that you, with others of my old time pupils are its patrons.

Do you occasionally photograph for the instant, the old log school house with its split long benches, its clay floor and chimney, and windows made, if I may make an Irish Bull, by neglecting to put in a side log. We learned to spell and read there, and learned it well.

But enough. Williamston Female College seems from its record to be the very place for our daughters, that should and will be, the future queens of Southern households. I do not see that they will be carried there into an atmosphere so artificially elevated as not to know a garden vegetable. I am pleased with what is set forth as to the elementary English Department. It says:

Unusual importance is attached to Spelling, English Composition, Penmanship and Drawing of Maps.

Spelling is taught by a judicious combination of exercises, mostly in writing; and the premium offered for excellence in this branch is the whole of the next Session's regular tuition.

Compositions are always written in the presence of the teacher, who announces the subject to the class after they have assembled. If a composition contains a prescribed number of errors (the higher the class, the smaller the number), it must be duplicated in full with the errors corrected; and if the duplicate has an unreasonable number of errors, it must be re-copied, until a respectable accuracy is attained.

I sincerely hope that others may see the advantages of a so thorough tuition and fill this College to overflowing. Yours truly, M. L. B.

A Quaker Printer's Proverbs.

Never send an article for publication without giving the editor thy name, for thy name oftentimes secures publication to worthless articles.

Thou shouldst not rap at the door of a printing office; for he that answereth the rap sneereth in his sleeve and loseth time.

Never do thou loaf about, nor knock down type, or the boys will love thee as they do the shade trees—when thou leavest.

Thou shouldst never read the copy on the printers' cases or the sharp and hooked container thereof, or he may knock thee down.

Never inquire of the editor for news, for behold it is his business to give it to thee at the appointed time without asking for it.

It is not right that thou shouldst ask him who is the author of an article, for it is his duty to keep such things unto himself.

When thou dost enter his office, take heed unto thyself that thou dost not look at what concerns thee not, for that is not meet in the sight of good breeding.

Neither examine thou the proof-sheet, for it is not ready to meet thine eye that thou mayst understand.

Thou shouldst not shudge thyself with the thought that thou hast saved a few cents when thou hast secured a dead-head copy of his paper, for whilst the printer may smile and say it's all right, he'll never forget thy meanness.

Marrying for Money.

A late author very truthfully says: "Gold cannot buy happiness and the parents who compel their daughter to marry for station or money commit a grievous sin against humanity and God. And a woman who marries a churl for his wealth will find that she has made a terrible bargain—that all the glitterings of heartless grandeur are phosphorescent glitterings of heart wretchedness; that her life will be like a crag on the black side of a desert mountain, where cold moonbeams sometimes glitter, but no birds sing, but wild storms howl and hoarse thunders roar, and through the sweeping storms shall be heard the stern voice of the great God, saying, 'Your riches are corrupted, your garments are moth-eaten, your gold and silver are cankered, and the rust of them shall be a witness against you, and eat your flesh as it were fire.'"

A horse thief was hung at Sidney, Nebraska, the other day. He went West to go up with the country, and succeeded.

Several Subjects Considered.

Editor Orangeburg Democrat:

I propose to comment a little in your valuable paper if you will permit, occasionally. I have been the recipient of a new "old man's son" I call it, a blunt one, and if it writes bluntly your readers will please forgive. I think the agricultural critic of the Times must have one of the same. Well, we get at the truth sometimes, through pens that are not too limber. Critic, you are right, keep them straight—"J. C. H.," "J. W. S.," and the old fogies, and make the way so plain that a young farmer, though a fool, cannot err therein—a wide ring for Critic.

Our friend, Dr. J. H. Foeser, has found perpetual motion, of course. How often this has been discovered; still we use the superfluous steam, and drive the mule, instead of making use of this stupendous discovery. When two bricks of precisely the same weight will lift each other alternately, then Dr. Jno. Hunter can use them for perpetual motion. I have seen his machinery, and admire his mechanical skill, ingenuity and enthusiasm; but when he asks me to believe in anything except muscle as a propeller, I say, your most obedient, excuse me.

The history of the Edisto Rifles, by Gen. J. F. Izlar, worries us like going over a troubled dream after awakening. It is interesting, because many of our friends were missed during the war, and no one except the immediate comrades knew whither or how they went. But the war captain of the Rifles could only give us a sketch, a synopsis of casualties and events. There is a history of the unwritten; it will ever be unwritten. It is the every day soldier's life. It is the enthusiasm, the hope, the fears, the personal joys and perils; in fact, each soldier's experience is a history by itself. I have had opportunities to listen to recitals of personal adventures from soldiers of all sorts; some experiences in that stupendous corps, the old Reserves, and am astonished that if one single writer could command the camp literature of the war, his fortune would be made by the book.

"Society of Friends," by Mualin, a Utopian dream. It is to be feared that the "silvery light of intellect," that is to illumine from the Teachers' Institute, will never make him who has stood at the bar, desk and counter, to say nothing of following the plow, a man without guile.

Pic-nic literature. Is not this getting to have too much of a sameness? Allow me to suggest a form that will cover nine out of ten of these effusions: "We came to the dinner table, we saw the dinner table, we conquered the dinner table." Any one who can't stop at this may add that "beauty was there," that "so and so went home without vest buttons," &c.

Why there is more interest in the standing advertisement of a progressive grocer! Let it be understood that the picnic is not objectionable; everybody likes to eat, frolic and corner beauty; but when we have it in a polynum of our paper, it is too much like stale soda water which the editor and his readers are obliged to swallow.

ORANGEBURG, July 25.

The Zulu Assegai.

The shaft of this instrument of warfare is about five feet long and about as thick as a man's little finger. It is made of wood known to botanists as the gurtissa of loginea, not unlike the mahogany, brittle and elastic, the latter quality giving the spear a vibratory motion, on which its accuracy of flight depends. The head of the weapon is generally blade-shaped, with a raised edge along the centre, concave on one side and convex on the other, being like the feathers of an arrow. The torq of the head is made red-hot, and so burns its way into the wood, around which a band of wet raw-hide is bound, that contracting as it dries holds the head as firmly as an iron ring. The Zulus fling these weapons with great accuracy, and they carry oval rawhide shields impervious to the darts to cover their entire bodies. Besides three or four missile assegais a Zulu soldier carries a shorter and stronger stabbing assegai.

How rapidly a man loses all interest in politics and national finance when he shuts a door on his own thumb.