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ORANGEBURG, S. C., FRIDAY, AUGUST 8, 1879.

No. 32.

NEMESIS.

SCHOOL MARM REPIQUES TO THE ARTICLE OF "ESCALAPIUS."

Editor Orangeburg Democrat: Newspaper controversies, in my opinion, are never very amusing, instructive, or conducive to amicable relations between the contestants, because they are usually led away by their zeal into disagreeable personalities which have no logical or incidental connection with the subject under discussion.

Others are spoken of as being employed because "somehow or other, they deserve the charity of the community." Disinterested, unsurpassed charity—that which rewards so richly the daily harassing exertions of the average "school marm."

"Nor can a man who is really content to teach (and I never heard of a woman being guilty of such a thing) be employed for such a sum now."

The sentiments to which exception has been taken, are found embodied in the remarks of Escalapius with regard to the incompetency of woman to fill the position of an educator.

Are "the school marm competent," he asks. Subtle analogies sometimes exist between perplexing polemical questions and simple facts which very often escape the observation of the inquirer after their solution.

Will Escalapius kindly furnish us with a list of the qualifications prerequisite in "a first class teacher in the true sense of the term" before he (she being out of the question) can be considered competent to occupy the position?

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He says, moreover, "Does not the very fact of a man's accepting such a salary argue that he is not fit for anything else, and that he is trying to make a living at the public expense to the detriment of the children

of a community?" And what may I ask, does the fact of woman's accepting it argue? It argues that man is "a salary grabber."

That fact may argue, but it does not prove that the man who accepts is fit for nothing else, for unless his muscle is as deficient as his brain, he can "make a living" in hundreds of ways closed to his more delicate competitors in the school room.

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personal pronoun of the nominative case, third person feminine instead of masculine.

Mr. Editor, in the petition which came to me from the gentlemen mentioned above to say a few words in behalf of my class, was the expression, "We want you to take off the rough edge from him. You are sharp enough." Ah, me! I am afraid the sharp edge of my blade (if there is one) will be forever blunted, dulled hopelessly.

A Strange Story.

For some months past James Ashburn had been paying his addresses to Miss Mary Holt, of Woodson County, Kansas. Mrs. Holt, the mother of the young lady, was opposed to the marriage, and objected to her daughter keeping company with James. Unfortunately for them both they were married, the young lady returning to her mother's home and remaining a few days, awaiting the time fixed for her departure from home with her husband.

The Power of Woman.

During the last two weeks a large number of pilgrims have arrived at Glendale, among whom are a number of the gentler sex, and in consequence thereof no one can form an idea of the change that has already taken place.

The Power of Little Things.

All the great things of life and eternity are made up of trifles. Kisses and kind words may seem small, but they are the corner stones of a true home. Did you ever chase a cross word all day? What havoc it makes! Causing a smoking stove in the morning; weak coffee; overdone beefsteak and sour buckwheat cakes for breakfast; spoils the dinner, gets into the sewing machine and does not always end with burnt toast for tea?

FAITHLESS MAN. ROMANCE OF A GIFTED FAMILY—THE STORY OF UNA.

In his youth, Nathaniel Hawthorne was engaged to Miss Sophia Peabody, but upon seeing much of her sister, concluded he liked her best, and married her, leaving his former fiancée to mourn the inconstancy of man.

While Nathaniel Hawthorne was consul at Liverpool they came to his house as a frequent visitor a young American, Lathrop by name. It was soon plain to all lookers on that the subject of these visits was Hawthorne's eldest daughter, Miss Una, a highly accomplished girl, spirituelle in appearance and intellect in nature.

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Una was connected with this institution for years, until her health would no longer permit her personally to superintend it. Later on, her love for writing came upon her, and she wrote a charming story just before her death, two years ago.

The Difference.

Did you ever notice the broad, comfortable, shadily-looking Leghorn hats in the milliner's window? Just buy your wife one, and the first thing she will do with it will be to double up her dainty fist and punch a three-cornered dent on the right side; then she will pinch the front rim down and the back rim up, and then stave in three or four more big dents at odd corners, and when it resembles in shape an old tin pan that has been a target for a stone-throwing match, she will remark upon the "elegance and grace" of the affair.

A Democratic Discovery.

The five States of Maryland, West Virginia, Kentucky, Tennessee and Missouri, that are universally thrown into the hot-ch-potch as part and parcel of the "solid South," and as thoroughly "rebel," actually supplied the national government with a larger number of soldiers to fight for the Union and to suppress the rebellion than five New England States. Here are the official figures of the War Department:

Ohio is called the pivotal State because, under the present administration, it is impossible to turn round in Washington without running against a worthy citizen and office-holder from the State.

The Fallacy of the Supposed Influence of the Moon upon Weather.

From the Home and Farm.

It is astonishing to what an extent a firmly fixed belief prevails that the changes of the weather are the result, or are due to the changes of the moon. Why people will cling to exploded popular superstitions is surprising. The general answer is, that it is reasonable, or it was the belief of our forefathers.

That the moon acts upon the earth's surface by attraction is not disputed; this is manifest in the periodical movements of the tides, and that in intensity or quantity the tides are highest at the time of the new and full moon, and lowest at the first and third quarters, and the comparative immense extent of the Ocean waters rendering them more susceptible to a moving cause. But because the movements of the tides are the direct action of the phases of the moon, it can scarcely be pretended that weather is affected similarly, simply from the fact that the specific gravity of the atmosphere is so exceedingly small that there is really nothing for attraction to act upon.

Meteorological investigations have proven that there is no heat in the light of the moon; that this fact is within the experience of everyone. The moon's light is but the "borrowed" light of the sun. Undoubtedly the rays of the sun, impinging upon the surface of the moon, carry with them the heat of that luminary, but it is exceedingly improbable to suppose that this heat radiates to any distance from the surface of the moon. We have felt the heat reflected from a pond of water when walking near it, but this heat becomes more and more insensible as we leave the pond and finally ceases altogether.

Now who has ever discovered any lunar emanation? Not a suspicion exists that anything issues or flows from the moon as a source or origin. Then the influence which the moon is popularly supposed to excite upon the conditions of the weather is a delusion. And it is equally as idle to hunt up an almanac to learn when it is going to rain as were the proceedings of the old Roman Augurs in investigating the entrails of animals to foretell the issues of future events.

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Faithful.

TO AN ABSENT FRIEND—"L—" OF C—

Her presence cheered him in his dying hour; She caught the music of his latest breath; Pale Angel-watcher, like a drooping flower, But constant still and faithful unto death! True unto him to whom her heart was given,— On whom she lavished all its wealth of love; She came even like a starry hope from heaven, To guide his spirit to the realms above.

Ab! is it strange that she should often wander To the still spot where her lost idol lies? Or look with anxious yearnings over yonder With wistful love and longing in her eyes? And is it strange that she should pause To listen To the low-murmuring willows as they wave, Or that her eyes with silver tears should glisten When they are resting on her lover's grave!

O, faithful one! Oh, soul with anguish laden! Life yet for thee is beautiful and bright; May angels cheer the lonely-hearted maiden, And shadow her with drooping wings of light! For thine my heart beats warmly as a brother, As though thy grief and sorrow were my own; God knows that we should all love one another.

It is so hard to bear the cross alone! It is so hard to feel forlorn, forsaken; To live and know 'twere better far to die! For what is life when cruel death has taken The little light that silvered o'er its day? But though the skies be very dark above us; Though earthly sorrows weigh our spirits down, Let us thank God that there is ONE Will love us— The Cross at best is nothing to the Crown!

ORANGEBURG, July 13. F. L. S.

A Word to the Boys.

In the course of time boys make men, hence a word with them, now and then through the press, may have a salutary effect. Orangeburg can boast of some very good-looking well-behaved boys, while at the same time she has her share of rude bad fellows. There are places of resort in our village that a good boy will not frequent, so soon as he does he loses his standing and sacrifices his self-respect.

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WORDS OF COMFORT.

A KIND WORD FOR WOMEN WHO ARE NOT HANDSOME.

Beauty gets plenty of praise. Poets sing of it, romancers furnish it in abundance to their heroines, dramatists use it as the motives of their most stirring plays, painters and sculptors delight to portray it, all the world worship it—and yet there is something to be said about the noble qualities of ugly women. There is often more charm in an ugly woman than in half a dozen tall, queenly beauties, who have been on the watch all the time to pose well and make their points effective. There have been men in the world who thought it a fine thing to say that "an ugly woman has no place in the economy of nature." But if the records of the world were intelligently written it would be found that ugly little women have been the heroines, the help-mates of the heroes. It is the function of beauty to get man into trouble, Helen, of Troy, Cleopatra, Mary, Queen of Scots, and hundreds of others, wherever they came they brought calamity.

Beauty and anguish have walked hand in hand the downward slope to death, and whenever the poet dreams of fair women he is sure to dream of something doleful. If he were to have a dream of an ugly little woman it would be full of brightness, loyalty, devotion, sincerity, fortitude, and all those other lovable female qualities that make some one happy. Tall Beauty is epic, Little Ugly is lyric—homelike. Just think what a deep-seated compliment is involved in calling irregularity of features homeliness. It means that she is not for the ball-room, but for the home, for the friendships that cluster around the hearth, for the merry little social, the picnic of the off-hand game, or for the darkened sick-room, where she brings rest and comfort.

"Pretty is as pretty does" is an old maxim, whose truth is only half appreciated. For in the plainness of feature and insignificance of persons of homely women there is often found an earnestness, a whole-souled sweetness and sympathetic expression that win love far quicker than mere beauty. The world could far more easily afford to lose its supplies of beauty than to give up its precious stores of ugly little women. The beautiful wait to be loved; the others delight in loving.

What Becomes of Our Bodies.

With a very near approach to truth, the human family inhabiting the earth has been estimated at 700,000,000; the annual loss by death is 18,000,000. Now, the weight of the animal matter of this immense body cast into the grave is no less than 634,000 tons, and by its decomposition produces 2,000,000,000,000 cubic feet of gaseous matter. The vegetable productions of the earth clear away from the atmosphere the gases thus generated, decomposing and assimilating them for their own increase. This cycle of changes has been going on ever since man became an occupier of the earth. He feeds on the lower animals and on the seeds of plants, which in due time become a part of himself. The lower animals feed upon the herbs and grasses, which, in their turn, become the animal, then, by its death, again pass into the atmosphere and are ready once more to be assimilated by plants, the earthy or bony substance alone remaining where it is deposited, and not even there unless sufficiently deep in the soil to be out of the insorbent reach of the roots and plants and trees. It is not at all difficult to prove that the elements of which the living bodies of the present generation are composed have passed through millions of mutations, and formed parts of all kinds of animal and vegetable bodies, and consequently it may be said that fractions of the elements of our ancestors form portions of ourselves.

Mr. William Barlett, who lives near Lumpkin, Ga., has a hen that has peculiar notions about laying eggs. She lays like most other hens, but every other egg is as large as a goose egg; the others are of ordinary size. One of the larger size weighs three and a quarter ounces and measures six and a half inches around the shortest circumference, and seven and three quarters the longest. The same hen laid similar eggs last season.