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The Orangeburg Democrat.

Esculapius and School Marm.
Editor Orangeburg Democrat:
In a previous communication I referred to a class of teachers who stand in the way of progress, and made allusion, parenthetically, to the incompetency of woman for this vocation. This seems, and very naturally, to have aroused the indignation of many of those charged in that opinion.

"School Marm" essayed a reply in which she affects to abhor the idea of being put in the category of newspaper polemics; and as to the impertinent excoomb who, quite oblivious of his obligation to woman, dares to assert an opinion. Especially when it approaches so near that truthfulness by whose beauty one woman was "struck" and by whose pliancy many have been offended—"why, she doesn't wish to know him, have nothing to say to him, &c." This I relegate to her for her especial delectation as being irrelevant to the subject. Again she seeks to divert attention from the main issue by attempting to ridicule Esculapius in her allusions to the "perfectibility" of his knowledge, his thorough competency to decide such momentous issues, and her fear of having her "edge forever blunted, dulled hopelessly." This sort of quibble may do for some, but sensible people prefer facts, or argument based on facts.

It is only to correct an error in the construction of my article and to answer some direct enquiries that I again call attention to this subject. "Will Esculapius kindly furnish us with a list of the qualifications prerequisite in a first-class teacher?" Of course he will, and commend them to your study.

They are: first, intellectual capability; second, moral character and moral influence; third, power of imparting information; fourth, executive talent or power to maintain discipline. No three will make a competent teacher. These four elements are essential in the make-up of a good teacher as four quarters are to the completion of a whole. Let all be present and ability to teach will be unquestioned; let one be lacking, and incompetency is apparent. Woman is intellectually capable. When we come to the moral element, I doff my cap to woman, yielding to none in paying her due honor for her devotion to morals. In devotion to virtue and moral rectitude she is in "beings endless chain" the brightest emanation from Deity. But how about the other elements. The faculty of imparting information is a rare gift, and not an acquired talent; hence, slightly changing Horace's oft quoted line, we might say: Praeceptor nascitur non fit. Woman arrives at conclusions more by perception than by reflection, hence she evinces tact, but not profundity, and the profound and philosophic thinker can in every case make the closest demonstrations of any problem. A man may have wisdom and knowledge, but if he is lacking in the power to impart the same to others, he is no teacher. Not less important is the power to maintain discipline. Woman certainly lacks this element, hence I assert her incompetency. None can question the fact. Experience is conclusive. Ab origine, it was not given to woman to govern. Man was ordained the head of the woman and the family—the author and the administrator. Unquestionably God in Nature ordained it so. This is human instinct, hence the smallest child seems aware of the fact. I know of many worthy ladies who would be honored by an extensive patronage if—as the parents say—they could manage. I have in mind at this writing two large and deservedly popular schools where ladies teach as assistants and it is fair to presume that they are not wanting the elements of a good teacher, save the power to govern; for if the principals be removed, the schools immediately go down. Here they are practically adjudged incompetent. Without the power to maintain discipline they are most assuredly unfit for the primary schools; for it is here that we want the very best teachers. The majority of our youths step from these into actual life.

On the importance of securing the best teachers for the primary schools, I quote below from an editorial in the Times, presumably from the pen of Mr. S. R. Mellichamp, whose large experience and acknowledged ability as a practical educator entitle his views to peculiar respect. "It is a great mistake to suppose that ordinary teachers will do for the primary schools, and that we only want our best teachers for the higher schools and colleges. The fact is the reverse of this opinion would be nearer the truth. * * * The education of the boy improperly taught in the primary schools is apt always to be deficient." (Italics are mine.)

The editor of the Educational Column in your paper maintains this view. Our honored School Commissioner is pressing it upon the attention of all concerned. From every quarter comes the cry of our great need of efficient teachers. This is what I want to see supplied. Let no one, who is not qualified to teach in a high grade school, presume to teach the primary. This applies to male and female teachers. "School Marm" errs in understanding me to restrict the maxim "poor pay, poor prech." to females, I trust I have made my position clear. I am sure it is right, and I believe I speak the opinions of the people.

I noticed an article from "Trustee," it made no argument, and I deemed it unnecessary for me to reply. I thought "some one of the female teachers" would. He says in substance that very ordinary teachers will "do for our pincey woods' schools" and the females are just such as we want. I reckon he meant to help them.

A Story Teller Vanquished.

"When I was a young man," said Col. B., we lived in Illinois. The farm had been well wooded, and the stumps were pretty thick. But we put the coin in among them, and managed to raise a fair crop. The season I did my share of the plowing. We had a 'sulky' plow, and I sat in seat and managed the horses, four as handsome bays as a man ever drew rein over. One day I found a stump right in my way. I hated to back out so I just said a word to the team, and you'll believe it, they just walked that plow right through that stump as though it had been cheese." Not a soul expressed surprise. But Maj. S., who had been a quiet listener, remarked quietly: "It's curious, but I had a similar experience myself once. My mother always made our clothes in those days, as well as the cloth they were made of. The old lady was awfully proud of her homespun—said it was the strongest cloth in the State. One day I had just plowed through a white oak stump in the way you speak of, colonel. But it came together before I was out of the way, and nipped the seat of my trousers. I felt mean, I can tell you, but I put the string on the ponies, and, if you'll believe it, they just snaked that stump out roots and all. Something had to give, you know."

Seasonable Advice.

A metropolitan paper commenting on the fact that the greater number of people to be seen at the seaside and popular resorts are ladies and very young men, while the husbands and fathers remain at their drudgery in the city in order to earn the money necessary for their families' indulgence, reads the parents a lecture on the subject, and remarks: Do not struggle to give your children a fortune, or to push them into a higher circle of society than your own. Give them the best education you can, but give yourself one also. Take a part of each day, week and year to remember that you, too, are a man and not a mere money-maker. Study some language or science. Leave the farm or shop occasionally. Broaden your mind by friction with men. Go to the cities, to California, to Europe. Of course it will cost money. Dress, eat, furnish your house more simply; your sons and daughters will be better men and women for such simplicity.

Wm. Sawyer, aged seventeen, and Maggie Haggert, aged fifteen, eloped together from Gloversville, N. Y., some time ago, and were chased twenty-four hours by her father and an officer, whom they eluded and were married. Last Saturday the bride was sentenced to the Western house of refuge by a Utica magistrate, on the complaint of her husband that she was a vagrant, having no means of support.

For Boys to Remember.

A gentleman advertised for a boy to assist him in his office, and nearly fifty applicants presented themselves. Out of the whole number he in a short time selected one and dismissed the rest.

"I should like to know," said a friend, "on what ground you selected that boy, who had not a single recommendation?"

"You are mistaken, my friend," was the reply; "he had a great many, and if you care to listen I will enumerate a few of them. He wiped his feet when he came in and closed the door after him, thereby showing that he is careful. He instantly gave up his seat to an old man who is lame, showing that he is kind and thoughtful. He took off his cap when he came in, and answered my questions promptly and respectfully, showing that he is polite and gentlemanly. He picked up the book that I had purposely laid on the floor and replaced it upon the table, while all the rest either stepped over it or shoved it aside; and he waited quietly for his turn, instead of pushing or crowding, which evinces an honest, an orderly disposition. When I talked with him I noticed that his clothes were cleanly brushed, his hair in nice order, and smoothly brushed, and his teeth as white as milk, and when he wrote his name I also noticed that his finger nails were clean, instead of being tipped with jet like that hand-some little fellow's in the blue jacket. Don't you term those things letters of recommendation? I do, and I would give more for what I can tell about a boy by using my eyes for ten minutes than all the fine letters you can bring me."

Josh Billingsisms.

If a young man hain't got a well-balanced head I like to see him part his hair in the middle.

I don't take any foolish chances. If I wuz called upon to mourn over a dead mule I should stand in front of him and do mi weeping.

There is no man so poor but what he can afford to keep one dog, and I have seen them so poor that they could afford to keep three.

I say 2 thirds of the rich people in this world make the most of your money, for it makes the most of you. Happy thought.

I never argy agin a success; when I see a rattlesnake's head sticking out of his hole, I bear off to the left and say to myself that hole belongs to that snake.

There is one thing in this world that money kant buy, and that is the way of a dog's tail.

Flattery is like cologne water; to be smelled of, not swallowed.

Didn't Believe in Advertising.

The Piedmont News gives the following: A merchant of Culpepper was protesting a day or two since, that advertising benefitted nobody but newspaper publishers; money paid for advertisements was thrown away; nobody read them. We offered to insert, in the most remote corner of the paper he might select, an advertisement offering \$1.50 a bushel for wheat, provided he would make the offer good to those who might read the advertisement and call on him. And do you think he would do it? Not a bit of it. And this is the way with most men who denounce advertising. When asked to test the matter as to whether or not advertisements are read, they always decline, thereby showing what little faith they have in their own works, and tacitly acknowledging the great power of the press as an advertising medium.

Grown Up Babies.

The young man who, under the pressure of the least real or fancied adversity takes to drinking, is a grown-up baby; but he is nursing the wrong bottle. The young man who is ashamed of his mother because she doesn't "put on style," and of his father because he doesn't use elegant language, is a baby that had no business to have ever grown up. An overdose of soothing syrup would have been a blessing to him. The eighteen year old girl who is sentimental, and sighs for his early coming at the gate, well she is a grown-up baby. The young man who thinks every young lady in love with him because she is polite to him when in his company, is the worst type of a grown up baby.

Thoughts about the Examination.

PROVIDENCE, S. C., Aug. 26, 1879.

Editor Orangeburg Democrat:

All females who are interested in public school teaching will remember that last Friday, the 22nd inst., was the day of "fire," as I would style it, or perhaps rapping the "gauntlet" would be more modern. Well, 'tis past for this year! Draw a long breath of relief, and don't begin to sigh for the next.

Carefully considering the delicate constitutions of females generally, for we can sympathize with one another better than the sterner sex, except the pastor and family physician, I would venture a few brief sentences in the way of preparation for another time. First, go to the place where the examination is to be held the day before, not the building itself, but to a hotel or private house, and by all means get a good night's repose, without dreams of how you are going to succeed. Second, carry your gold pen along, if you have one, or borrow of your neighbor, and a well chewed pen holder—for where is there a lady who does not nibble her writing staff? The desks are not covered with velvet, nor are the seats cushioned; and as you may not do much writing but make a great many efforts to do so, scribbling will, in nine cases out of ten, be the final result. Third, The questions are asked in such a manner as to bring into existence all your hidden and forgotten light whether, under corn measures, or heaps of wordy cares, sorrows, responsibilities, perplexities, and last but not not least, earthly affections. So, be cool, considerate, and like the man whose wife (be it an everlasting shame to her) told him to "curse God and die." The answers will come up before you, or I ought to have said, at the end of your tongue—not all of them though—some have been hidden too deep I fear, and some never learned. But by atoms of knowledge dropped by the satellites above you, you may come out a wiser if not a better scholar. There is a gentle art about Mr. Samuel Dibble to draw out your ideas, and I know he was as good a teacher, as he is now an eminent lawyer. Mr. Sheridan must be a teacher to the manor born, his great patience and ready illustrations of subjects, classes him one, in my humble estimation. He has grown so stout since his residence in the great city of Orangeburg, where he enjoys the purest air and water, and I hope money, the brightest existing earthly boon, for his valuable labors, as editor of the DEMOCRAT. Mr. David Connor, our School Commissioner, also added much dignity to the Board of Examiners, as the many applicants can certify. Have I opened the school campaign for 1880? If so, lay your right hand above the seat of life, and close your optics and allow me to step down with all the dignity of a teacher and a mother.

A Witty Professor.

On the door of the Greek class room, Professor Blackie, of Edinburgh, had occasion a few weeks ago to put up this notice: "Prof. Blackie regrets he is unable to meet his classes." A waggish student, spying this, scraped out the initial letter of the last word of the sentence, and made it appear as if the professor was regretful at his inability to meet those fair specimens of humanity familiarly known outside the college quadrangle as the "lasses." But who can joke with Blackie? The keen-eyed old man, noticing the prank that had been played on him, quietly erased another letter, and left the following to be read by whom it might concern: "Prof. Blackie regrets he is unable to meet his asses!"

A Big Lie.

The New York Witness, a paper that circulates very extensively among colored preachers in the South, devotes itself to some extent to politics, and politics of the bitter kind. In a recent issue it publishes an extract from a speech by Wendell Phillips, in which the lie about Wade Hampton feeding his negroes on cotton seed is revamped. That he was exploded so long ago that even Wendell Phillips should have been ashamed to put it together again, especially as his imagination could easily have manufactured a new and entertaining lie that would not be so easily detected.

"I am Dying, Egypt, Dying."

The Richmond Enquirer gives the following interesting story of the death of Gen. Lytle, author of the beautiful poem, "I am Dying, Egypt, Dying." "He was killed far in advance of his command, while gallantly leading an assault upon our lines, and the steed and his dead rider were both captured. So soon as it was known that the author of that rare poem, as familiar and as greatly admired South as North, 'I am Dying, Egypt, Dying,' lay dead in the camp, officers and men crawled around to take a last look at the poet-soldier who had achieved so great a literary triumph. There was no rejoicing over this fallen enemy; but there was, in truth, something on each soldier's cheek that, for a moment, washed away the stains of powder. Tenderly they took him up; and when the battle was over, an escort of honor, appointed from among the leading Confederate officers, bore him back to his own camp, under a flag of truce, and on a rudely constructed funeral-bier, with his martial cloak around him. In life he had touched that chord of human sympathy which makes all the world akin; and in death its harmonious vibrations silenced all resentment, and thrilled the hearts alike of friends and foes with a nobler passion than hatred or revenge.

Kindness.

Kindness is as cheap as it is beautiful. It may be given in a word or a look, without diminishing aught of our wealth. With courtesies alone we may illumine our pathway, and pluck down blessings which no gold could purchase. To be brotherly to befriend and cheer and console as far as in us lie, these are the crowning graces of humanity—and all these are born of kindness. It is anger, breeding hate and contumely, that has filled the earth with misery and ruin. Anger between kindred and races, before which all that is beautiful in man vanishes, leaving only the wild, fierce animal of his being. Families divided, friends parted, communities at feud, and nation warring against nation—these are fruits of anger. It has begotten the foulest of crimes. But kindness, in proportion as this has been the ruling spirit among men, brings peace and happiness. The home-hearth has been the centre of a paradise, and the community a fraternal Elysium. Verily, "Better is a dry crust and quietness therewith, than a house full of sacrifice with strife." Let us study and strive to be kind, no matter how trivial the occasion nor how small the promised fruit. It is the only language of our nature that is universal and irresistible.

Food for Reflection.

Act well your part. Don't be selfish. Remember that it is by imparting happiness to others, and making ourselves useful, that we receive happiness. Stand by this truth, live it out, and always keep doing something useful for the common good, doing it well and acting sincerely. Endeavor to keep your heart in the attitude of cherishing good will to all, thinking and speaking ill of no one, and always with a kind word for everybody. Selfishness is its own curse: it is a starving one. The man who does no good gets none. He is like the heath in the desert, neither yielding fruit nor seeing when good cometh, a stunted, dwarfish, miserable shrub. Let all your influence be exerted for the purpose of doing all you can for the common good and individual welfare of every one.

The Reason.

A man was standing at a corner the other day gazing at nothing in particular, when a friend stepped up to him and said: "I see you have a mourning band on your hat?" "Yes, I have; it's for my mother-in-law." "Your mother-in-law?" "Yes my mother-in-law!" replied the man in mourning. "Why, I didn't know she was dead?" "Well, she isn't—she recovered."

A woman at Greensburg, Ind., was not sure that she wished to die, but thought she did; so she put her neck into a noose, stepped off a chair, taking precaution to hold a sharp knife in her hand. The choking left her no longer in doubt that she still desired to live, and she hastily cut the rope above her head.

Little Women.

I'd like a wife—a little wife, I want no stately dame, No great lady's lightning glance Can set my heart aflame. Let others bend, with eager gaze, At haughty beauty's throne, But ah! it is a fairy queen Who claims me as her own!

A dainty, wee, and winsome thing Like her the post sings, Who seems to tread this grassier earth Upborne by fairy wings. Who walks and talks and sings and smiles In such a witching way, That love must in her pathway spring As flowers spring in May.

The little bird, as all can see, Has e'er the sweetest song; To little flowers in the shade The sweetest blooms belong; The little gem of purest ray Is found without a flaw, And little women rule the world By universal law.

Her little head is always poised With such an airy grace; She's quite an artist in her hats, And critic in her lace. Her dress, however ruffled and puffed Is dainty, trim and neat; And, oh! St. Crispin's leather soul Would jilt before her feet.

I'll trust those feet, those little feet, To never trip or fall; I'll trust those little hands, for help, If help can come at all; I'll trust that little heart to solve The puzzling things of life; I'll wait for thee, my dearest one, To be my little wife!

How to Take Life.

Take life like a man. Take it just as though it was—as it is—an earnest, vital, essential affair. Take it just as though you were personally born to the task of performing a merry part in it, as though the world waited for your coming. Take it as though it was a grand opportunity to do and to achieve, to carry forward great and good schemes; to help to cheer a suffering, weary, it may be, broken-hearted brother. The fact is, life is undervalued by a great majority of mankind. It is not made half as much of as should be the case. Where is the man or woman that accomplishes one tithe of what might be done? Who cannot look upon opportunities lost, plans unachieved, thoughts crushed, aspirations unfulfilled, and all caused from the lack of the necessary and possible effort? If we knew better how to take and make the most of life, it would be better than it is.

Woman's Love.

Let the woman you look upon be wise or vain, beautiful or holy, she has but one thing she can give or refuse, and that is her heart. Her beauty, her wit she may sell you, but her love is the treasure without money and without price. She can only ask in return, that when you look upon her, your eyes shall speak a mute devotion; when you address her your voice shall be gentle and kind. That you shall not despise her because she cannot all at once understand your vigorous thoughts and ambitious plans, for when misfortune and evil have defeated your greatest purpose, her love remains to console you. You look upon the tree of strength and grandeur; do not despise the flowers because their fragrance is all they have to give. Remember, love is the only thing which God permits her to carry beyond the grave.

Labor.

Honest, hearty, contented labor is the only source of happiness, as well as the only guarantee of life. The gloom of misanthropy is not only the great destroyer of happiness, but it tends to destroy life itself. Idleness and luxury produce premature decay much faster than many trades regarded as the most exhaustive and fatal to longevity. Labor, in general, instead of shortening the term of life, actually increases it. It is the lack of occupation that annually destroys so many of the wealthy, who, having nothing to do, play the part of drones, and like them, make a speedy exit, while the busy bee fills its day in usefulness and honor.

A Horrible Fate Averted.

During a terrible wind storm the house of Mrs. Adelaide Burton, of Roxabel, N. C., was blown down and the lady covered with debris. She was finally taken out, apparently dead, and preparations made for burial. At the funeral, as the casket was being removed to the hearse, she raised up and asked what this all meant. Her sudden revival created consternation as well as joy. It was found that she had only been in a trance. She is perfectly well, and in a few hours was superintending the workmen clearing away her wrecked dwelling.

Tribute to a Mother.

Children look into those eyes, listen to that dear voice, notice the feeling of even a single touch that is bestowed upon you by that gentle hand! Make much of it while yet you have that most precious of all gifts, a loving mother. Read the unfathomable love of those eyes; the kind anxiety of that tone and look, however slight your pain. In after life you may have friends, fond, dear friends; but never will you have again the inexpressible love and gentleness lavished upon you which none but a mother bestows. Often do I sigh in my struggles with the dark, uncaring world, for the sweet, deep security I felt when, of an evening, nestling in her bosom, I listened to some gentle tale, suitable to my age, read in her tender and untiring voice. Never can I forget the sweet glances cast upon me when I appeared asleep; never her kiss of peace at night. Years have passed away since we laid her beside our father in the old church-yard; and still her voice whispers from the grave, and her eye watches over me, as I visit spots long since hallowed to the memory of my mother.

Editor's Work.

Some people, ignorant of what good editing is, imagine the getting up of selected matter to be the easiest work in the world to do, whereas it is the nicest work done on any paper. If they see the editor with scissors in his hand, they are sure to say: "Eh! that's the way you get up original matter, eh?" accompanying their new and witty questions with an idiotic wink or smile. The facts are that the interest, the variety and usefulness of a paper depend in no small degree upon the selected matter, and few men are capable of the position who would not themselves be able to write many of the articles they select. A sensible editor desires considerable selected matter because he knows that one cannot make so good as five or six.

Hands Off!

A woman's safeguard is to keep a man's hands off of her. If you need his assistance in walking, take his arm instead of his taking yours. Just tell him in plain English, "hands off!" He may not like it at the time, but he will respect you in future ten-fold more. Men will be and do just what the women allow them to do. Men will not do to trust. Give a man your arm and you will find him very confidential, and he will take a great many privileges he would not take if he were not permitted to do so. He will give your arm many loving squeezes and sly twists that he could have no opportunity of doing, and the opportunity is just what he is after.

The Republican campaign in Maine is not flourishing. Even the New York Times correspondent affirms that the party cannot obtain a majority on the popular vote, and in this case a combination between the Democrats and Greenbackers will make the Governor. The Radical leaders are all at sixes and sevens. Sherman scored a failure in his campaign. The Maine Radicals are stalwart, and are infected with soft-money theories. Sherman advocate hard money, and was not vindictive enough about the South. The election in Maine comes off on the 6th of September.

The man who spends a lifetime in investigating the idiosyncrasies of the spinal column of an insect, only known in Central Africa, and which can only be seen under a powerful microscope, generally gets a monument and is elected to various societies, while the man who gets up a ten cent sandwich and sells it for half a dime lives his allotted span and dies without causing a ripple of excitement.

Mr. G. W. Curtis says, "the bloody shirt has become again the banner of American liberty, and he who does not wear it is a contemptible coward." Bold language for a warrior who served his country with a chronic diarrhoea during the war, and would crawl into a bomb proof if another unpleasantness should arise—with Great Britain, for example.

Extensive preparations are being made in California to view the eclipse of the sun, which will be visible in that State next January.