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The Editors' Convention.

Editor Orangeburg Democrat:

[Respectfully dedicated to B., whose soul is in sympathy with the martyrs who have to plod through wearying columns of weakly contributions, consisting principally of "state picnic literature."]

In the latter part of the twentieth century, there once lived a great and learned cosmologist, who was indeed the marvel of his age. His generous heart was often wrung with woe while pondering on the ignorance of his fellow-creatures.

How best to accomplish this, he pondered long while sitting in his laboratory, for, in the pursuit of knowledge, he had not adhered to a solitary beaten track, and was not only deep in the lore of past ages, but knew the secrets of physical laws and phenomena, besides being conversant with all polite literature.

He bowed his noble form in speechless sorrow, keenly feeling the consciousness of powers to do, and nothing to be done, yearning to overleap the blank wall that stared him in the face.

"I will write!" he exclaimed, "I will educate—I will reach the masses—I will edit a newspaper which shall be in reach of all."

The longer he pondered, the more desirable and feasible seemed the scheme, yet it perplexed him to think how could he perform the work of a journalist and continue the pleasing labors he was unwilling to sacrifice.

"In order to instruct others, I must study myself, and while I expect to contribute a great deal to this beneficent undertaking, those who will be the recipients of my favors, must be co-workers in the field."

Accordingly, the preliminaries having been thoughtfully arranged, as the most effectual way of bringing such an important subject under the consideration of the public, he called a convention. At that advanced period of the world's history, the cause of education and enlightenment did not languish as it had done in times more remote, and now proved sufficient to attract a large number possessed of but ordinary intellect as well as the literati of the land, who crowded the large temple of learning in their attendance upon the Editor's Convention, as it was termed in the "Hourly News," published by Messrs. H. E. Arsay & Co., in the city where he resided.

With anxious hearts, the assembled multitude rested their eager gaze upon the high stage where towered the majestic brow of the learned autocrat, who now arose and in a deep-toned voice, unfolded in an eloquent oration, his grand scheme, and solicited, nay demanded their co-operation. He announced that "The Great Constellation" would soon illumine the literary world with its effulgence, and that they now enjoyed the unprecedented privilege of offering contributions to this mighty work, and requested each to state in turn the nature of his offering.

A solemn hush prevailed over the vast concourse. Each felt the importance of the hour. To each trembling heart, the spirit of Fame seemed lingering at the vestibule of the glorious future, and Ambition sighed for a single breath of the ethereal atmosphere she breathed. Each looked timorously around as a pale young

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AS PREPARED TO DO ALL KINDS OF

Job Printing

man arose. His dark eyes burned with hidden fire, as in low, eloquent tones he urged the claims of the Muse of Poetry. He spoke of the halo which she cast around the immortal geniuses that make the past illustrious, and the radiant glory she would throw around the vista of coming years, and compared her place in the "Great Constellation" to the steady glow of the fixed star which ever shines with a pure and unwavering light, which needs not the reflected glow of distant suns to enhance its beauty and brilliancy.

His period was cut short by one of stern, dark mien, whose severe glance emitted a baleful spark as he ridiculed the youthful speaker.

"Poetry, forsooth! what need has the public for that? How does it educate? Improve? What truths of nature does it reveal? It clearly enunciates the wonders of science, I suppose? Our poet would imitate the ancient philosophers who contributed their quota in erecting a wall of ignorance and superstition, by building up a crystalline structure which dazzled and misled the diligent searcher after truth. Each self-taught sage thought he could discern the errors of his predecessors, and establish his own speculations; consequently, time-honored theories arose, which mystified by the obscurity of their origin, the incertitude of their foundation, and the intricacy which invested them with an appearance of astuteness. The enthusiastic founder then fastidiously delineated his system in the classic cities of antiquity to throngs of eager students by whom his wandering vagaries were industriously propagated. Thus the idiosyncrasies of individuals became merged in a sect distinct from all others and strict in its tenets. The Stoic, the epicurean, the Platonic, the Pythagorean sects of philosophers—what were they but the reflection and illustration of the characters of their several founders? It required years of profound study by wise men to refute their erroneous doctrines. But through the untiring exertions of geniuses, they were finally corrected and assigned to the shades of obscurity whence they only emerge as examples to enforce the truth contained in the couplet,

"Errors like stars on the surface flow, He who would search for pearls must dive below."

In modern times, along with the tidal waves of knowledge, far-fetched errors are borne on the current of popular belief, and attain such a wide-spread circulation as to meet with universal reception. The average mind is so devoid of penetration as to catch the floating opinion of the world, and receding from any intense, individual exertion, merely receives the opinions of others, and by reconciling them to its peculiarities of constitution, imagines them to be its own original conceptions. To uproot these false opinions, ascertain the true, and implant them in the clouded brain, is the task which I purpose entering upon through the columns of your paper. Science being thus divested of the dark veil which obscures her brightness, her endless array of wonders viewed through the necromantic glass held up in the vacillating rays of this twentieth century, will dazzle the enlightened world with their gorgeous panorama."

Overawed by this glimpse cast through a glass darkly, into unknown realms of thought, another portentous silence reigned over the audience. With a sneer on his handsome face and an ironical smile curving his cynical lips, another speaker arose, and with mock gravity, and an admirable imitation of the former's bombastic tone, addressed the philanthropist on the rostrum:

"Pompous phraseology and a well dissimulated assumption of genius, mingled with presumptive transcendentalisms, very frequently are misinterpreted. Political fantasies and a pseudo philosophy the characteristics of which are eminently recrements, often infringe upon the stern realities of life, surreptitiously thrusting them aside, and substituting in their stead Utopian fallacies and transmutable speculations which at a cursory view, seem to be irrepensible, being founded on apparently creditable hypotheses. A senseless logomachy is then made subservient for reconciling these contradictory ideas and rendering the phantasmagoria impermeable as a consequence, false ideas of life,

and artificial conceptions of duty mislead the uninitiated. Sometimes, however, and I devoutly hope such will be the case in the present instance, this periphrastic defeats its own object, and the sciolism is repudiated by those wise enough to understand the nomenclature of these superficial productions, which never attain with them even a meritorious mediocrity, but are as the sparkling of a shallow stream reflecting superior effulgence."

His vein of sarcasm was arrested by a manifestation of restlessness in the audience, so that he made way for a timid individual, evidently much embarrassed, and in dread of criticism, who, in a few brief sentences, presented charms of fancy to the reader, and alluded to the soothing effects of light literature upon the mind when wearied with severer labors, concluding his remarks by modestly reading the opening chapter of a romance he proposed contributing.

A large imposing man with a business-like air next arose; with a wave of his hand which embraced the modern philosopher, his critic, and the would-be novelist, he began in sharp, incisive tones:

"I could scarce restrain my impatience while they were speaking. How insipid the stale topics agitated thousands of years ago! We crave something exciting, bearing on modern events, neither philosophy, nor yet a love-lorn ditty. Behold in me the chairman of a committee on presidential affairs. We want to know something about the times and the living men who are ruling our destinies. Who and what they are, is a question of more importance. Shall our government be in the hands of thieves and robbers? Shall we send men of sense to Congress, or miserable pettifoggers? Can we tamely submit to plunder?"

"Oh, leave it to the politician on the stage to thunder!" interrupted a bright-eyed, joyous looking young man. "Let those who are obliged to do so, think and talk about such things. A truce to your officials and politicians. This paper is for our benefit, and we do not want a national mill to grind out bills and vetoes, appropriations and elections. Give us something entertaining to refresh us when we have leisure to read. I offer myself as a reporter of all the festivals, grand occasions, balls, local objects of interest, incidents that transpire in our midst, including personal items. Let us know what is going on in the social world."

"His remarks sufficiently reveal the calibre of his mind," said a brisk-looking individual, with a wide-awake air, and a conscious smile on his features, who now stepped forward with agility. "Pleasure and festivals—he would like to attend them every day and write them up afterwards for those who did not participate. He would please a portion of the readers at the expense of the others, and fail to meet the public taste. Mr. Editor, we want the news in general, we wish to know what the world is doing, how we are progressing. History furnishes us with an account of past ages, oral communications will make us sufficiently familiar with topics of local interest merely, and upon these subjects it is useless to waste printers ink. Sir, in the interest of 'The Great Constellation,' I will penetrate the ice-bound regions of the North, explore the tropical world, compass land and sea to secure the latest information for its benefit. The names of the most illustrious actors on the world's great stage shall grace its columns—Cavagnari, Biddulph, Larmsden, Binghamton, Bostelick, Burkellon—you shall see them make their bow and say farewell. The latest telegraphic dispatches from Australia and Central Africa shall promptly appear, together with minute details in regard to the revolution in Siberia. No part of the globe shall escape my observation of its people, their manners and customs, political and social gossip, while the most experienced aeronauts shall keep me posted on their atmospheric explorations. In fact, Mr. Editor, I will endeavor to secure a world-wide popularity for this new periodical, by becoming its world-wide reporter."

His auditors wore a somewhat puzzled expression, but nevertheless, seemed to appreciate the importance of the self-styled "world-wide reporter," who seemingly entertained such a comfortable opinion of his own capabilities. Though the editor awaited further

offers, no candidate for literary honors presented himself. Seeing that the discussion was ended, the former arose, and closed the convention with the following remarks: "I have been very much gratified to see such a ready response to the call I have made upon this convention, but at the same time I am extremely bewildered. My intentions were to furnish the means of instructing and pleasing everybody, but today I have learned that that is impossible. The poet, the philosopher, the cynic, the novelist, politician, pleasure-seeker, the cosmopolite—how can their opposing tastes be reconciled? How can satisfaction be guaranteed to all these different minds in the compass of a single newspaper? I despair of a compromise, and will consider the subject carefully for some time longer ere I take any further decisive steps toward the publication of 'The Constellation.'"

And the bewildered philanthropist while endeavoring to enlighten others, received a lesson himself, and discovered for the first time that unless you consent to do it in their own elected way, some people absolutely refuse to be enlightened. MIGNON ETTA.

Not Generally Known. It has long been the boast of Britons that the sun never sets on the British empire. It may be news to many of our readers that the same boast applies with equal force to the United States. When the sun is giving its good night kiss to our westernmost isle, on the confines of Behring's Sea, it is already flooding the fields and forest of Maine with its morning light, and in the eastern part of that State is more than an hour high. At the very moment when the Aleutian fisherman, warned by the approaching shades of night, is pulling his canoe toward the shore, the wood-chopper of Maine is beginning to make the forest echo with the music of his axe. From the farthest eastern point of our country, at Eastport, Me., to the farthest of the Aleutian Islands—acquired by our purchase of Alaska—the distance is one hundred and ninety-seven degrees of longitude, or seven degrees more than half way around the globe.

Freedman's Saving Bank. The experts employed in examining the books and accounts of the Freedman's Bank are massing some evidence of the irregular manner in which the business was transacted and the deposits accounted for. They have discovered leaves cut from the original ledgers, leaves without numbers pasted together and balances not brought forward. Omissions occur to every book found. In deposit ledger "A" balanced foot up, with amount due depositors, aggregating \$40,000. Whether these have been transferred or finally settled it is impossible to tell, there being no indexes to the ledger, these being torn out and destroyed. Unfortunately the statute of limitation will prevent a prosecution of the persons responsible for this mismanagement of the affairs of the bank, but the depositors urge that it will be some satisfaction to know who the rascals are.

How, Now? The mild form of bulldozing which prevails in the New England States is as dangerous to the freedom of the ballot and to Republican institutions as the more violent form which is charged upon the South. The Wallace Congressional Committee, at present engaged in taking testimony in Massachusetts, has had many witnesses before them who testified that they were discharged because they refused to vote in accordance with the wishes of their employers. It is apparent to every thinking man that unless men are allowed to vote as they wish the day is not far distant when a Republican government in this country will be declared a failure.

The exodus in Texas is assuming a queer phase. Near Galveston the negroes, having become dissatisfied with their condition, had determined to emigrate. The white people approved the decision of the colored brethren, and formed a committee on emigration to raise money to send the negroes North, and soon steps will be taken to bring in white men to replace the blacks,

Sudden Death. Miss Marie E. Whaley, the eldest daughter of Maj. T. B. Whaley, a prominent lawyer of Orangeburg, died very suddenly last Wednesday afternoon, at the residence of Mrs. L. Alison's. Miss Whaley came to Aiken early in the summer for the benefit of her health, and her friends supposed she was improving, but in this they were mistaken. While walking out in the garden she was taken with a violent hemorrhage and in less than fifteen minutes the spirit of this lovely young lady had taken its flight to the land beyond the skies.

Just in the full flush of happy womanhood, her death is clothed with something more than common sorrow. Words cannot express the loss sustained by her grief-stricken father and brothers, whose chief consolation will be a hallowed remembrance of her pure womanly character while on earth and a happy re-union beyond the grave.

"The good die first, but they whose hearts are dry as summer's dust, burn to the socket."—Aiken Journal-Review.

For the Girls. This item, which we take from an exchange, is for the girls: "The blooming and beautiful young lady, rose-checked and bright-eyed, who can darn a stocking, mend her own dresses, command a regiment of pots and kettles, feed the pigs, milk the cows, and be a lady all at the same time, is the girl that sensible young men are in quest of for a wife. But you piping, wasp-waisted, doll-dressed, consumption-mortgaged, music-murdering, novel-devouring daughters of fashion and idleness, you are no more fit for matrimony than a pullet to look after a brood of fourteen chickens. The truth is, my dear girls, you want less of restraint and more liberty of action; more kitchen and less parlor; more exercise and less sofa; more pudding and less piano; more frankness and less mock modesty. Loose your corsets and breathe the pure atmosphere, and become something as good and beautiful as nature designed."

A Fatal Frolic. Three young ladies who were passengers on the steamer Danube during a recent trip to Shreveport, La., landed at Minden while the boat was wooing. In a spirit of gaiety they got into an ox cart for a ride. The oxen ran off, upsetting the wagon. Misses Carrie Brewer and Mattie Joyce were maimed for life. Miss Van Bokern, the other lady, was the only one who escaped apparently uninjured, but the shock to her nerves was so great that she was taken ill, and her illness terminated in death. She was an orphan, her mother dying but recently. Leaving home, and in a few weeks dying among comparative strangers with not one of her few relatives near to receive the last farewell on earth, is peculiarly sad, even heart-rending.

EDUCATIONAL COLUMN.

All communications intended for this column should be addressed to J. B. O'N. Holloway, Esq., who has kindly consented to edit it.

Mr. Editor.—I see the following item in a late issue: "That knife is worth a dollar. How is 'worth' parsed in the above sentence?" The only difficulty, I am persuaded, consists in the very defective and erroneous systems of grammar now in common use. Our schools suffer no imposition so egregious as in the cumbersome grammatical text-books in common use. They are full of contradictions, and worse than useless divisions and subdivisions, inappreciation of definitions and want of precision, that can serve no earthly purpose except to destroy the very science of English grammar, and to overtask the verbal memory and obscure the mental perception of the pupil. Once disencumber our grammars of all this useless and contradictory jargon, (introduced into them by the early writers to assimilate the Latin, when they have no manner of practical adaptation to our language,) and arrange a system on the true scientific principles of the English language, and the study becomes plain and simple. There will be no difficulty then in parsing any correctly written sentence.

"The British grammars of the English language, appear to me to be very imperfect, and in some particulars, very erroneous."—N. Webster's grammar, page 4. If they are imperfect why not supply their deficiencies? If they are erroneous, why not correct and explode their error? Who was more competent to do this than Webster? It must be a sin to teach what we know to be error, and it is high time that the truth should be made known. So defective and erroneous are the British grammars, and the compilations in the United States, formed on their principles, that, without further help, the construction of many established and legitimate phrases and sentences in our language cannot be explained. Webster's Grammar, page 4. Then why not have the helps? And not "helps" in the form of mere additions, rules and notes to the old systems which would only render confusion worse confounded; but "helps" by utterly discarding everything from our grammatical text-books which tends to only perplex and confuse and is of no earthly use in aiding the pupil to speak and write the English language correctly, and compiling a grammar in accordance with the true scientific principles of the language. Employ apt, simple and suggestive terms as the names of the parts of speech, and then parse every word according to its use. No matter what the word may be, if its use in the sentence is that of a verb, parse it so— if used as an adjective, parse it as an adjective—if used as a preposition, parse it accordingly, and so on through the whole of the parts of speech. When we have removed the accumulated mass of complicated absurdities from our system of grammar as now in use, the difficulties of the study will vanish as their air.

In Kirkham's Grammar, page 162, may be seen the following sentences, classed as idioms, anomalies and intricacies: 1 "The wall is three feet high." 2 "His son is eight years old." 3 "My knife is worth a shilling." 4 "She is worth him and all his connections." 5 "He has been there three times." 6 "The hat cost ten dollars." 7 "The load weighs a ton." 8 "The spar measures ninety feet."

Now, I understand Kirkham to say that while these sentences are correct English, yet our grammars do not furnish any rules or instruction how they may be parsed. These are but specimens of hundreds of similar expressions in daily use, and something must be radically wrong if our grammars furnish no rules by which they may be intelligently parsed. Why can't these sentences be parsed? We are told, "dollars" in the 6th; "ton" in the 7th; and "feet" in the 8th, have no governing world, because "cost," "weighs," "measure," being active-intransitive verbs neither have nor can have objects after them. But I must contend that these verbs do have objects after them, especially, when I see them frequently, as in the examples under consideration, governing objects. I must believe my own senses, any number of grammarians to the contrary notwithstanding. Is it not better to teach the pupil the truth rather than an error,

merely because the error keeps in vogue an old rule taken from a language governed by different scientific principles, and which contradicts the very senses of the student? "He has been there three times." What is difficult about this? "Times" is a noun without any governing word." But I beg pardon—"times" is not a noun in this sentence. He has been there often, frequently, first, last, seldom, qualify "has been;" "three times" is used in like manner, and words used alike should be parsed alike. In the 3rd example "worth" is a preposition (relative would be a much more suggestive and proper term) and governs shilling; so in like manner in the 4th, "worth" governs "him" and "connections," and in the sentence in your last issue "worth" governs dollar. In the 1st and 2nd examples from Mr. Kirkham, "The wall is three feet high," and "His son is eight years old," "high" is an adjective (descriptive is a much better term) and describes the wall and "three feet" help "high" describe the wall, and therefore are helping or auxiliary descriptives. And in the second, "old" is a descriptive and "eight years" helping descriptives. Is not this easy enough for any child of ordinary capacity? The difficulties that belong to the subject (grammar) have been increased by the use of terms merely technical in designating the parts of speech.—Webster's Grammar, page 3. "Attribute is a word better understood than adjective; though it were to be wished we could find a more familiar term for that class of words."—Ibid. What could be better than "Descriptive" when we consider the use of that class of words in our language? I am indebted for what I may know of English Grammar and for the ideas and views above expressed to a grammar written by Prof. F. J. Morris, and which deserves to take the place of all other English Grammars.

A New One. "Pshaw," said Czardine, as he seated himself in the Democrat sanctum, "the snake stories that are going about are all too thin. Why just look here. Last spring I went out into the woods. I took along an umbrella, which I laid down onto some rocks. Well, sir, about an hour afterwards I went to get my umbrella as it had begun to rain a little. I took hold of the handle, and as I gave it a shove something began to tear, and as the umbrella flew open a live black snake fell to the ground split in two from its head to its tail. The confounded critter had actually swallowed my umbrella, and I never noticed it until I shoved up the dumb thing and split the cuss open from stem to stern.

Adultery. We saw last week in the courthouse a white woman with her three mulatto children. She was arrested for adultery with a negro, under the recent law. We mention the fact to ask if adultery is any worse between a negro man and a white woman than between a white man and a negro woman? Is the law any respecter of persons and colors? Is the law to be impartially administered and all miscreants punished? If so, it is well. If not we cannot see the virtue of hunting up a few isolated cases of individual crime, isolated in being brought under the law, but not at all so in its criminal existence. Take them all up or let that poor creature out of the jail and repeal the law.—Kingsree Star.

A darkey was once attempting to steal a goose, but a dog raised an objection, and Sambo retired. The next night during a thunder shower he attempted it again, and just as he was on the point of getting away with his fowl, the lightning struck close by and the noise nearly frightened the poor fellow to death. Dropping the goose, he started away muttering, "Peers to me dar's a heap of fuss made bout a common goose."

They will have to search Grant when he arrives at San Francisco to see if he has any cholera germs secreted about his person. That terrible scourge is raging in Japan. Let Ulysses be well guarded and disinfect.