

Subscription rates: One Year \$1.50, Six Months \$1.00, Ministers of the Gospel \$1.00. Advertisements: First Insertion \$1.00, Each Subsequent Insertion .50.

The Orangeburg Democrat.

Vol. I.

ORANGEBURG, S. C., FRIDAY, OCTOBER 3, 1879.

No. 40.

IS PREPARED TO DO ALL KINDS OF

Job Printing

Branchville. BRANCHVILLE, S. C., Sept. 26, 1879.

Editor Orangeburg Democrat:

I have thought that a line from this bustling, busy town might not be unacceptable to your readers. But little appears in your paper from this section of the county. It is not, however, your fault—it is ours. We do not write—and we do not write, not because there is nothing to say, but because of an indisposition to exercise pen and head.

I take the above from the Orangeburg Times of last week. Observer has evidently too much bile on the stomach—he should take something. There are several, however, who owe Observer one for a hearty laugh, among whom is critic himself.

Wicked Ben. Old Ben Butler is the best nominated candidate that has ever been before the people. Most aspirants are satisfied to secure the majority of a single convention, but not so with Butler.

Munificence. Northern munificence will soon become as proverbial as Southern hospitality used to be. The princely endowment of a Southern institution at Nashville, Tenn., by Vanderbilt, and the liberal donations from charitable Northern people to every well endorsed claim for sympathy shows that the "yankee" and the Southerner are after all one people, one race, one stock, one blood, one common humanity.

"He Goes for M. L. B." ORANGEBURG, Sept. 20th, 1879.

Mr. Editor:

I noticed a letter in the DEMOCRAT last week signed "M. L. B." which I confess I am unable to understand. I have come across the writings of this individual before, and they are all wrapped in mystery and enigmatical allusions. Why don't he write in plain English so that he might evolve some thought for his readers to profit by? All that I could make out of his article was a would-be ridiculous Critic. But this won't set well. The people are pleased with Critic and know him to be a practical and successful farmer, which is more than they can say of "M. L. B."

I take the above from the Orangeburg Times of last week. Observer has evidently too much bile on the stomach—he should take something. There are several, however, who owe Observer one for a hearty laugh, among whom is critic himself.

Wicked Ben. Old Ben Butler is the best nominated candidate that has ever been before the people. Most aspirants are satisfied to secure the majority of a single convention, but not so with Butler.

Munificence. Northern munificence will soon become as proverbial as Southern hospitality used to be. The princely endowment of a Southern institution at Nashville, Tenn., by Vanderbilt, and the liberal donations from charitable Northern people to every well endorsed claim for sympathy shows that the "yankee" and the Southerner are after all one people, one race, one stock, one blood, one common humanity.

Sound Advice.

The New York World gives the following advice to the South, which must commend itself to the people of this section as both sensible and expedient: "The Northern Democracy are to be assailed as the upholders and defenders of an alleged cruel and coercive policy of the Southern Democrats in respect to dealing with the negroes as citizens, as voters and as laborers. In the face of such an impending contest at the North it will not do for the South merely to protest that it has no policy to present, but must stand still to act as an umpire between the East and the West, should they disagree. Let the Southern States understand that they are self-governing States under the Constitution and then let the "Solid South" prove what its civilization at home is to be, and what doctrines about free election, finance, taxation and public economy its people will uphold. Since the Stalwarts will have it that a "solid South" dictates to the Northern Democracy, let the "solid South" accept the situation and put out its flag plainly and boldly, in order that the independent voters of New York may see for themselves what it is that the South seeks and will vindicate. General Chalmers of Mississippi, in his outspoken declaration that such a Union soldier and lover of civil liberty as Gen. Hancock is his first choice for the Presidency, sets up a standard in our columns to-day which we do not think will terrify the business men and the right-minded voters of the North."

Atrocious Murder.

On Saturday last a young negro woman, named Margaret Simkins, living on the plantation of Captain James Brooks, five miles northward of us, was shot through the neck with a single-barrel shot gun and instantly killed. She was lying at the time across the foot of her bed, and lengthwise in the bed lay her husband, Jno. Simkins, sick of intermittent fever. This man reports that he was started by the sudden report of the gun, &c. But, to make the story short, the jury of inquest, which has met twice, have rendered a verdict that the woman came to her death at the hands of her husband, and consequently the man, John Simkins, has been lodged in our jail. The woman was about 25 years old; the man is about 30. Jealousy is supposed to be the cause of the foul deed.—Edyfield Advertiser.

One Good Result of the War.

The misfortunes of the war, culminating in the loss of servants, has devolved on the daughters in Southern families much of the hard work formerly done by the slaves, and they have become more practical women than they could ever have been if reared with a servant at their command, ready at all times to do their bidding. In all that pertains to the art of housekeeping, the girls of today are better educated than their mothers were. They have learned to work for themselves, and for the families of which they are members. Cultivated in mind, muscles and morals, beautiful in form and manner, modest in speech and apparel, the Southern girls are the peers of any the world can produce.

A Bargain.

There is some humor in Texas. The other day a man brought out a forlorn spavined-looking steed, and addressed the spectators thus: "Fellow-citizens, this is the famous horse, Dandy Jack. Look at him. He's perfect. If he were sent to the horse-maker nothing could be done for him. What shall I have for the matchless steed?" "What will you take for him?" yelled the crowd. "Two hundred dollars." "Give you \$5."

A Clean Job. Two sons of Erin, shovelling sand on a hot day stopped to rest, and exchanged views on the labor question. "Pat, this is mighty hard work we're at." "It is, indeed, Dennis; but what kind of work is it you'd like if you could get it?" "Well," said Dennis, leaning reflectively on his shovel, and wiping the perspiration from the back of his hand, "for a nice, aisy, clane job, I think I would like to be a bishop."

Woman's Right.

Do not be frightened at the caption reader, for we are not going to inflict on you a long homily on modern Woman's Rights. We are opposed to all that kind of nonsense, but women have God-given rights, much higher than any of these. Chief among her rights is protection at the hands of man. Recently we commented on the Sprague Conkling affair, and condemned the creature, who pretend to be men, for throwing dirty slurs at a lady on no evidence whatever of her guilt. There is where we have ever stood. Female virtue lies at the very foundation of society—without it, there can be no society; without society no government, and without government no progress, no civilization. It is a thing infinitely above price. It is only the meanest of Gods creatures that will wantonly rob a woman of her good name. If, in a thoughtless moment, one repeats some rumor concerning a woman, one feels a loss of self respect, and the stigm of conscience proclaims that a great wrong has been done. A man who can, without remorse, add, by his tongue, to woman's blame, is fit for any crime that his cowardice will permit him to perpetrate. A woman's character is much dearer to her than her life, and he who attacks her character, is much worse than the assassin who seeks only the woman's life. God made woman the weaker, and has placed her under the protection of man. She does not vote or mix in the out-door turmoil of life, nor do we agree with those who would place her in such positions, but while she is in the home, as man's weaker companion, he should cherish her honor, even at the expense of the last drop of his blood. Protection is the right of the woman, and when she barters it away for the ballot, she throws herself out of the channel designed by her Maker, becomes the target of the world's malice, and the moral standard of society goes down, down into utter anarchy.

Matrimonial Fairs.

Matrimonial fairs are still kept up in the south of Ireland, where all the "likely boys and girls" in the parish are on view, and all the "matches" in the year are made. For days before there is quite a stir in the neighborhood, and a twitter runs through the entire female population. There is a universal stitching and a buying of ribbons; every girl you meet on the road holds out her hand for six pence, and you can't speak to a domestic servant without hanging out the signals of distress. On the day of "sbraffing" the girls stand in a row on the village green, while "the boys," as they are called, cluster together at a little distance, dressed in their best, but looking as sheepish as possible. The real business of the occasion, however, is done by the parents on both sides.

Why She Wept.

A young lady of Douglass, Mo., recently showed more good sense than is common with loveliest damsels. She had been courted by a young man who took the name of Westmoreland, and who, though a stranger, had secured her consent and that of her parents to their marriage. The twin were on their way to be married, when Westmoreland was arrested by Sheriff Donald, of Springfield, Mo. It appears that the real name of Westmoreland was Wood, that he had been indicted for fraudulent voting, had skipped from Springfield, and that the sheriff had been sent in search of him. When the young lady was informed of the facts she cried as though her heart would break. Sheriff Donald asked her if she wept for her lover, and she gave the sensible answer, "No; I'm mad to think what a fool I was."

"That's times for all things," said Daddy Wilson, "and one of the best of 'em is the time when you hold both bows and the ace—don't you disremember it." "But," said his grandson, "s'pose the joker, an' queen an' nine, an' ten is in the other feller's hand, what then?" "Dern yer modern improvements!" exclaimed the old man sorrowfully. If Cetewayo should come to America he would find but little difficulty in making money. People would rush in such numbers that he wouldn't know whether he was a walking match or a boat race.

Gentlemanly Girls.

The young lady of the period rather prides herself on her gentlemanly appearance. She wears a round hat, and raises it by way of acknowledging a bow; uses her umbrella or parasol as a cane; thrusts her gaily colored handkerchief in her "ulster" pocket, and flourishes it from time to time in a marked manner. She uses slang, and characterizes her male friends as "jolly fellows," or "slow coaches." This boldness towards her male friends is far more disagreeable to us than the wearing of hats suitable for men, or garments cut in a shape formerly used by gentleman alone. Girls make a great mistake in thus forgetting the delicacy of their sex. How strange they do not know that manliness or boldness is as offensive to young men, if they are true gentlemen, as it is to their mothers. Young men know that the jewels need to be sought after, and do not lie on the surface to be picked up by any one. When young men are ready to marry, they seek the modest, unobtrusive young ladies, who are busy with books and home duties, who dress in quiet taste, and are neither in gait nor manners inclined to manliness. Girls like these do not need to "do the courting," or dress conspicuously to attract the attention of the other sex. Think less of your "nobby hat," girls, and more of the heads beneath them.—Palmetto Freeman.

A Fatal Accident.

A most distressing accident occurred at the residence of Mr. W. P. Wright, in Martin township, near the Abbeville line, on Monday evening last, which resulted in the death of Mr. William Fields and the painful if not serious injury of Mr. Wright. It seems that Mr. Wright had called together a number of his neighbors to assist him in raising a crib, which was to occupy the same ground of an old one recently torn away. On one side of the old building was a shed, which it was desired should remain and become part of the new building, and which had accordingly been propped up. As they were proceeding with the raising of the new crib, however, from some cause or other, the shed fell, striking both Mr. Fields and Mr. Wright, the former dying from the injuries received within an hour's time. The injuries sustained by Mr. Wright were not so serious, though at first it was feared he could not recover. He was better when we heard last, however, and it is thought he will be able to be out in a few days. Mr. Fields was a valued citizen, a quiet and industrious farmer and a good neighbor, who enjoyed the confidence and esteem of all his acquaintances. He leaves a wife and several children to mourn his untimely death.—Anderson Intelligencer.

The Reason Why.

We often wondered why girls marry. An Austin young lady upon the subject says: "Well, no, I don't know as I'd marry for money alone, but if a man had plenty of money allied to a sweet disposition, and a mustache that curled at both ends, and nice blue eyes, and a respectable profession, and his father was rich, and his mother and sisters were aristocratic, and he wanted to marry me, and would promise to let me have my own way in everything, and keep me liberally supplied with coin, and have a nice furnished house with a big piano in it, and would give me two diamond rings, and would pay my dry-goods, milliner's and dressmaker's bills without grumbling, and I really and truly loved him—I wouldn't consider his money any drawback to the match."

The Fort Wayne (Texas) Democrat reports that in Johnson County, a lady was visited by two of her lady friends who spent the day with her. She told them of having lately received a large sum of money, and that the absence of her husband annoyed her because she was afraid of being robbed. That night a stranger stopped at her house, and during the night, being awakened by a noise in the lady's room, he looked through the window and saw two negroes in her bed. He fired at them and killed both, and just then two persons fled from near the house. On investigation it was found that the negroes were the lady's guests dignised, and it is supposed the two who fled were their husbands.

Second Hand Love.

What care I if you have loved before, So that you love me—love me best and last! Nor would I ask you to forget the ties That bound your heart to happy days now past. 'Tis the remembrance of the loves that were By which your heart can gauge its love for me; 'E'en as my own throbb'd at another's touch. Beats it now more quickly with thoughts of thee. I know that you have whispered oft before 'The same sweet nothings you breathe to me now; I know your lips have passionately pledged. In other moments, Constasy's fond vow. I know that there are tender memories still That speak to you of happiness gone by; I know that, in its deepest depth, your soul Hath hidden feelings that may never die. Yet care I not if you have loved before, So that those loves are but in memory past; Nor do I ask you to forget those dreams Now that you love me—love me best and last.

Ohio.

The Detroit Free Press, commenting on the boast of the Radicals, says: "There has not been an election in Ohio within the past six years that the Republicans have not claimed, in advance, that they would have a majority of 20,000 or upwards, and there has not been an election within the same period of time in which they had an absolute majority of 5,000 votes, and the highest plurality for their party was but 7,516 given for Hayes in 1876. The Democracy carried the State in 1873 and 1874. The Republican plurality in 1875 was but 3,544, and the majority less than 3,000; the Republican plurality in October, 1876, was but 6,636 and the majority 4,753; the succeeding November the majority was but 2,951; in 1877 the Democrats carried the State, and last year the Republicans had a plurality of but 3,154, and were in an absolute minority of over 41,000. The Republicans may carry Ohio this year, but if they do they will hardly have a single vote to spare. The force which almost carried the State, both in October and November, 1877, is solidly on the side of Ewing, and it alone can hold the Republicans down to a bare majority. When it comes to voting the Democrats of Ohio are usually on the spot."

Knights of Honor.

"The Knights of Honor is one of the very best Mutual Benefit Associations in the world. Statistics prove it to be in the front rank, if not ahead, of Associations of this kind. In an experience of six years it has paid two thousand dollars each upon seven hundred and three deaths; and one thousand each upon two others, making a grand total of one million, four hundred thousand dollars; and all this has been done by fifty-four assessments, or an average of nine per annum; in other words, it has only cost a man under forty-five years of age fifty-four dollars to pay his share toward making up the enormous sum named above; and all the time he has been insured in the sum of two thousand dollars, at a cost of only nine dollars a year. Who can ask for anything better or cheaper than that? and the result is more astonishing when we consider the fact that the Order lost last year within a period of ninety days, during the yellow fever epidemic, one hundred and ninety-three members by that terrible scourge; and whose benefits have been paid and are included in the above named deaths."—Plattsburg (N. Y.) Sentinel.

A sea captain, trading to the African coast, was invited to meet a committee of a society for the evangelization of Africa. Among numerous questions touching the habits and religion of the African races, he was asked: "Do the subjects of the King of Dahomey keep Sunday?" "Keep Sunday!" he replied, "yes, and every other thing they can lay their hands on." Timice has Ben Butler, like Caesar, been offered the crown. First by the Greenbackers, then by the Independent Democrats, and finally by the Butlerites, or Independents, pure and simple. Unlike Caesar, however, the modern warrior-statesman didn't make a motion to "put by" the glittering bauble. Whether those proposed to give it can "deliver the goods" remains to be seen.

Oats.

Editor Orangeburg Democrat:

How to improve your lands and make paying crops, was the proposition we started out with. I contend Mr. Editor, that the Oat crop ranks first in importance to the farmer in order to accomplish this desirable object. Very many farmers, in our county, are prejudiced against this crop. Our fathers, in ante bellum days, entertained the erroneous notion that the Oat crop was poisonous to land, and many of our present farmers, who have cotton on the brain, believe it to be a great exhauster, so much so that they will not sow it on lands good for cotton or corn. They plant on hill-sides too late in the season, without a particle of manure. What can they expect to reap? "J. C. H.," answers, Nothing! for he has tried this manner of planting Oats. It won't pay. "J. C. H." asserts from personal experience, that the Oat crop, properly planted and fertilized, is the most remunerative to the farmers of Orangeburg County. McQ. Salley, a successful Oat grower, will bear me out in this assertion, and his crops of corn and cotton following Oats, prove conclusively that Oats will not poison your lands. I am anxious to remove this prejudice from the minds of our farmers, and I think I can do it. Come and see what a luxuriant growth of Peas, (notwithstanding the unprecedented drought we have just passed through) I have on those acres, from which I harvested over one hundred bushels per acre. The Oat plant is a hearty feeder and thirsty plant. Ammonia and bone is the manure for Oats, with deep plowing to hold moisture. Oats should be planted from the middle of October to the middle of November, on well broken soil, properly fertilized. Orangeburg County affords the best climate in the world for fall Oats. J. C. H.

Two Years in Texas.

Yesterday we met at the union passenger depot a young man who was on his return to his home in South Carolina after spending two years in Texas, where he had been engaged herding cattle and getting them in shipping order for the Eastern market. He says he has had enough of Texas life, and proposes to spend the remainder of his existence in the States. Speaking about the roughness of the western part of the Lone Star State, he remarked that while on a trip to that section he came in contact with a man who said he had not seen a woman in two years. He said that he thinks this quite likely, as he traveled all over the western portion of the State for six months and did not see but one woman. The entire population of the country westward of Fort Worth to the line is composed of cowboys and stock raisers and herders, with here and there a small settlement of half-breed Indians. Our informant states that he saw numbers of Georgians in Texas. Some of them were doing well, while others were only managing to live, and intend to return as soon as they can procure transportation.—Atlanta Constitution.

Character is always known. Thefts never enrich; alms never impoverish; murder will speak out of stone walls. The least admixture of a lie—for example, the least attempt to make a good impression, a favorable appearance—will instantly vitiate the effect; but speak the truth, and all Nature; and all aids will help you with unexpected furtherance.

Two girls who lately ran away from Long Island are thus graphically described by their father: "Laura age 18, dressed in a straw hat; Florence J., age 16, blue suit." We tremble in view of the possibility of the fair Laura's hat blowing off.—Boston Transcript.

SINGULAR, isn't it, that when a man gives his wife a dime to buy a box of hair-pins or a gum ring for the baby, it looks about seven times as big as when he planks it down on the bar for a little gin and bitters for the stomach's sake? WHEN a man pulls out his sixpence and gives that, when he is laying by thousands and thousands of pounds, I can only consider that he forms a pretty accurate measurement of the value of his religion.—Spurgeon.