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The Orangeburg Democrat.

Vol. I.

ORANGEBURG, S. C., FRIDAY, OCTOBER 17, 1879.

No. 42.

A Grange Essay.

The Grange was formed for mutual education, elevation, assistance and sympathy among farmers; for an interchange of thought, observation and experience, so that each may be benefitted by the thought, observation and experience of all.

Farming is not such a finished, dead and buried science that there is nothing new to be said about it. There have been wonderful improvements made within the last few years, and who can say the future will not bring out still more wonderful things?

We are instructed to adorn our homes, to make them attractive to our children, to buy more books, take more newspapers and magazines, so that we may compare favorably as a class with other classes. Now this cannot be done without money, and if our means are limited I see no way of inflating the currency in a safe and perfectly legitimate way except by purchasing our supplies at wholesale prices.

Lost Things.

There are a great many things lost that are found again, and a great many things that are lost and never found. There are reputations lost which cannot be regained; there are hopes lost, which come not back again; there are joys and friendships lost!

A Democratic gin in Burke county, Ga., killed a negro the other day. We give the politics of the gin for the benefit of the stalwart organs. There was no provocation on the part of the negro. The gin simply reached and took him in.

Revenge is Sweet.

A strange and terrible revenge was recently taken by a discarded lover in Indiana. He was about thirty years of age, and had been industriously courting a girl of fifteen, but when he came to pop the question he was contemptuously rejected, the girl saying that he was old enough to be her father.

Faithful.

In the list of deaths from yellow fever at Memphis, are the names of E. E. Marshall and Mrs. Jane Marshall, his wife. The circumstances attending their death form one of the most singular incidents of the epidemic. They were both taken down about the same time, and died within a half hour of each other.

Stop My Paper.

Some people think that the way to make an editor view matters as they do, and force him into measures when things don't suit him, is to order him in a most peremptory manner to "stop my paper!"

In the neighborhood where I once lived a man and his wife were almost constantly quarreling. During their quarrels an only child was generally present, and of course had got many of his father's expressions. One day when the boy had been doing something wrong, the mother, intending to chastise him called him and said: "Come here, sir; what did you do that for?"

A bold, bad burglar recently broke into the house of an editor in the watches of the night. The editor awakened and questioned the intruder: "What do you want here? What look you for?"

Our Jury System.

The grand jury of Fairfield County, in its report to the Circuit Court, has this to say about the present system of trial by jury: "We honestly believe that a new law is now needed. Under the present system one villain upon a jury is equal to eleven honest men, and may in all cases even of the most flagrant nature, defeat the ends of justice and run the county to endless expense by making mistrials from term to term.

The Courtship of Blanqui.

The courtship and marriage of M. Blanqui, the French revolutionist, are said to have been very romantic. When only nineteen he became a tutor in an aristocratic family living near Toulouse. He fell in love with a young lady also residing in the chateau, but she was wealthy and he did not venture to disclose his devotion.

Joining Her Betrothed in Death.

CINCINNATI, Oct. 6.—Miss Lillie George, a pupil of the Cincinnati College of Music, 18 years of age, whose home is at Bonaparte, Iowa, was engaged to be married to Mr. Fred. M. Ferriman. At 1 a. m. on Sunday he was taken with congestive chills, and died at 10 p. m. Miss George attended him faithfully during his illness, and before he died she said: "Good-bye, we will not be separated long."

Tribute to a Worthy Colored Man.

John Scott, a worthy colored man, of Mechanicsville, and a staunch member of Hampton Democratic Club which he joined about three years ago, at a time when it was a reproach among his race to be a Democrat.

Georgetown not only has the most beautiful women and the smartest men, but also a benevolent old turkey gobbler. Mr. Ed. Harper informs us that, near his place, on the county line, is a brood of young guineas, all hatched out by a turkey gobbler belonging to his mother-in-law.

A POISON LABEL.—A man in London the other day died from fright at the sight of a poison label on a bottle from which he had just taken a dose of medicine.

Items of Thought.

POPULAR, S. C., Oct. 3, 1879. Editor Orangeburg Democrat: How inactive and unenthusiastic everything seems without change! Earth itself, with all her grandeur and beauty of seasons, all her varied aspects of land and water, would without change lose many passionate admirers.

The youths of our day are not contented to be always the same; they look forward to manhood and womanhood. The middle-aged are consoling memory with reminiscences of their past lives, but looking forward to that change of years, which is fast approaching. The old look back on their past existence as a vast scene spread out before them, and themselves the chief actors on the stage of life.

A Mad Rat Killer.

One day a tramp walked into a barroom out West, and, representing himself as the champion rat-killer of the States, told the proprietress that, in consideration of a good dinner, he would destroy every rat upon the premises. To this she readily consented, as the house was indeed terribly infested with the vermin.

Loveliness.

What constitutes true loveliness? Not the polished brow, the gaudy dress, nor the show and parade of fashionable life. A woman may have all the outward marks of beauty, and yet not possess a lovely character. It is the benevolent disposition, the kind acts, and the Christian department. It is in the heart, where meekness, truth, affection, humanity are found, where we look for loveliness; nor do we look in vain.

AN instance of hereditary crime is furnished by Elias Phillips, of Free-town, Mass., who recently appeared as a witness in a burglary trial, having turned State's evidence. He is a great-grandson of Maibone Briggs, a notorious criminal, who was in prison with seven of his sons at one time.

GREAT MISTAKES.—To set up our standard of right and wrong, and judge people accordingly. To expect uniformity of opinion in this world.

To worry others and ourselves with what cannot be remedied. Not to make allowances for the infirmities of others.

To consider everything impossible which we cannot perform.

WHAT this great and glorious country of ours needs most just at the present time is a deaf and dumb politician.

The Old Folks.

Do young people ever think they will be old; they will soon feel that the grasshopper is a burden and fear is in the way? Only a few short years ago that aged man and feeble woman were young, strong and full of life; their loving hearts were gushing with tenderness and care for the little ones who now stand in their places. Do not jostle that aged couple out of your pathway, but rather lift them with tender care over the rough, declining road.

A Modal Rat Killer.

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Fear Not.

Last night, while sailing on the sea. The tender moon looked down on me, And seemed to write upon the tide This legend strange, in letters wide: 'Tho' storms be rude, fear not, fear not, For God hath never yet forgot.'

A storm came down, and reckless bore Our groaning bark from shore to shore. Ere long, upon the lark's wing, That same sweet legend shone again: 'Tho' storms be rude, fear not, fear not, For God hath never yet forgot.'

So tho' my soul be troubled now, And tempt bid my courage bow, Still will I chant the sky-born hymn I read upon the waters dim: 'Tho' storms be rude, fear not, fear not, For God hath never yet forgot.'

Second Marriages.

The subject of step-mothers having provoked many effusions from the members of the "Household" in the Detroit Free Press, one of the writers sums up the questions as follows: "As a rule, second marriages are as happy as first. As a rule, second wives are far better than first wives, and in support of my views, give the following reasons: Second marriages are made with more care for the position and relation to be occupied than the first; and although the love may not be so ardent, the tenderness, care and consideration are greater.

The Family Circle.

If there is any bond in life that ought to be sacredly guarded from everything that can put it in peril, it is that which unites the members of a family. If there be a spot upon earth from which strife should be banished, it is the fireside. There centre the fondest hopes and the tenderest affections.

How lovely the spectacle presented by that family which is governed by the right spirit! Each strives to avoid giving offence, and is studiously considerate of the other's happiness. Sweet, loving dispositions are cultivated by all and each tries to surpass the other in his efforts for the common harmony.

Who would not realize this lovely picture? It may be realized by all who will employ the appointed means. Let the precepts of the Gospel be applied as they are designed to be, and they will be found to shed a holy charm upon the family circle, and make it what God designed it should be, the most heaven-like scene on earth.

A Fly Story.

The Anderson, S. C., Journal, says: We are informed on the most reliable authority of the following remarkable incident: Last week a little white girl, living with Mrs. Joe Neville, of Wallhalla, felt a disagreeable buzzing in her ear, when Mrs. Neville undertook to relieve it by pouring in a few drops of sweet oil. When this was done a common house fly made its appearance from the orifice of the ear and it was followed by others until sixty-four came out by actual count. Being covered with oil, the flies were assisted out with a feather, but how came them there is the question.

The Hood Orphans.

The Columbus Enquirer sees it stated that the children of Gen. Joseph Wheeler, in North Alabama, are preparing an extra fine bale of cotton, which will be sent to New York to be sold for the benefit of General Hood's orphans. Brass ties and heavy cotton duck have been ordered from Nashville to put it up with. This is a generous expression of sympathy, and just such a one as might have been expected from children whose father was as true and brave as theirs, and who was a friend and comrade of the gallant Hood.

An Enquiry Answered.

Editor Orangeburg Democrat: I see in the Times of last week an inquiry from "A Forker," wanting to know why it is that the Barnwell and Colleton boys all come to Orangeburg for wives, while none of the Orangeburg boys ever go to Barnwell or Colleton in search of better halves. In reply I will state, for the benefit of "A Forker," that he is not posted and knows nothing of that which he writes. I know one family of seven sons, four of whom got wives in Barnwell County, and one more of the same family that will soon do likewise. Now, "Forker," I can tell you why the boys in Barnwell come to Orangeburg for wives. They know that a prophet is not without honor save in his own country. It is not because Barnwell has no pretty girls in her territory. I think "Forker" had better get the position of census-taker and in that way he could investigate the matter, and he will find to his surprise that ten times as many boys go to Barnwell for wives as come to Orangeburg from Barnwell, and the reason is simply this, the Orangeburg boys are so good looking that the Barnwell boys don't stand any chance when we put in an appearance, but we can go any where and "hold the fort." Don't be alarmed, "Forker," if you are a true son of old Orangeburg's soil; you are safe at home and the Barnwell boys won't hurt you. If one of them has taken your sweetheart, it is your own fault. Retaliate—go over and court some Barnwell girl and if you are worthy of a good wife you will get it.

FOUR EIGHTS, Oct. 7th, 1879.

Origin of Dixie.

The Baltimore Gazette says: Some years ago, long before the war, a very musical family by the name of Dixie, lived in Worcester, Mass. One of the brothers, Walston Dixie, we believe, decided to apply his talents in the negro minstrelsy line, and soon the famous Dixie minstrels were known from one end of the country to the other. This same founder of the troupe wrote the celebrated song, "Dixie's Land," which attained such great popularity. It was, verily the land for him, as he found in the Southern States the germs of the quaint negro songs, which he brushed up and placed in his programme. The South adopted the song and hence allowed this gifted minstrel of Massachusetts to give that section of the country a new name, which will always stick. Many songs were adopted and sectionalized in this way. Our own "Yankee Doodle" was written by an Englishman as a satire, but our ancestors picked it up and gave it a home.

Crimes at the North.

One of the most absurd charges brought against the South is the violence and lawlessness that are said to prevail. It is absurd when we consider the source and in view of what is daily occurring at the North. For the last few days we have partially scanned the record of Northern crime, and we do not hesitate to affirm that, population considered, there is double the crime in the Northern States than there is in the Southern States. We do not say this by way of revenge or rejoicing, but because the records will sustain the charge. It requires a vast deal of cheek in any people to be hurling accusations at their neighbors when greater cause for complaint lies at their own doors. There is a refinement and ingenuity of savagery and diabolism in the crimes of the North of which our scoundrels as yet know nothing.—Wilmington Star.

The editor who squashed a juicy cockroach with the butt end of his lead pencil and afterwards forcefully sucked the same while wooing a coy expression, suddenly found a word, but it proved to be foreign on the subject under contemplation.

A gentleman was promenading the street with a bright little boy at his side, when the little fellow cried: "Oh! pa, there goes an editor!" "Hush, Hush!" said the father, "don't make sport of the poor man—God only knows what you may come to yet."

When a woman finds she cannot afford a new dress, she economizes by spending as much as she would have cost in buying ribbon to cover the old one with bows.