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The Orangeburg Democrat.

Vol. I.

ORANGEBURG, S. C., FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 7, 1879.

No. 45.

IS PREPARED TO DO ALL KINDS OF

Job Printing

An Example to be Followed.

In one of the towns of central Iowa there resides a wealthy banker whose eldest daughter has but recently become engaged to be married. As would be expected from the position of her family this young lady has had the benefit of the best social and intellectual advantages at home, besides having been a student at Vassar for some time, and traveled considerably, from all of which she has attained quite an unusual degree of culture for a lady of only twenty years.

To an ordinary observer it would seem that her training had been all that could be desired; but her father thought differently. When he found that she had decided to take upon herself the duties of wifehood, he, knowing how greatly the happiness of families is affected by the housewifery qualities of the woman at the head, declared that the marriage should be delayed until she had made herself thoroughly acquainted with the duties of a housekeeper.

To be thorough, he knew required more than mere theoretical knowledge, so with wise thoughtfulness he was careful to provide the means whereby the practical worth of all instruction received could be fully tested; and to this end the mother was requested to retire into the background for a season while the daughter should assume the responsibilities of housekeeper. The mother consented and the young lady undertook the duties of her novel position with a will to do her very best. Several months have elapsed, yet her interest is never known to flag, although her position is no sinecure. The family is very large, and being exceedingly hospitable, the house is seldom without the presence of guests from abroad; but inspired by the ambition to acquit herself creditably in the present, as well as by the sweet hope in the future, when she shall preside over a home of her very own, her zeal and enthusiasm increases from day to day as experience adds to her proficiency.

In order that her work may be systematic, she is allowed a certain sum of money each month with which to supply the table, and as a special inducement to the exercise of economy all that can be saved therefrom is placed to her private account for individual use. The monthly allowance being by no means large, she is obliged to exercise care in the expenditure; therefore the minutest details are studied, and not a dish makes its appearance upon the table without the cost having been fully estimated previous to its ordering. In this manner she is learning many things that may be of great value to her in the future.

Not long since she was heard to remark that it is really astonishing to discover the many ways of economizing possible to woman; and as an instance of her own experience, said she frequently found, for some expensive dish desired, that something else equally as wholesome and fully as palatable, could be furnished at half the cost.

The father often accompanies her to market and instructs her in the selection of vegetables, the cutting of meats, etc., showing such as are suitable for different purposes, and how to avoid wasteful and unwholesome purchases.

Does not this little sketch contain a valuable suggestion for the benefit of other parents? This young lady will gain in less than one year, at an expenditure of probably one-third the vital energy required in the school room, knowledge that will contribute a thousand fold more to the happiness of those depending upon her in the future, than any amount of school training could possibly do; yet how few think to give daughters similar preparation for the home cares and home duties so sure to form a part of every woman's life. Were parents more thoughtful in this respect, the burdens of young wives would be greatly lessened, while the amount of money which would be saved to young husbands would oftentimes be sufficient to lay the foundations of great wealth. The thought is worthy of consideration on the part of those who may hold in their hands the shaping of a young girl's future.

It always takes the sunshine out of a man's soul to put on his winter underclothes and then the first day turn out to be warm enough to justify a small boy in going swimming.

Story of a Woman's Devotion.

The Indianapolis *Sentinel* relates this: Twenty years ago there was a wedding. The bride was of good family, and she loved her husband with the characteristic devotion of a wife. But she found herself grievously disappointed, for in time he inflicted a series of studied injuries that eventually ended in the loss of her character and a separation. She drifted to this city and became proprietress of a house of bad repute, in which terrible business she remains to the present day. For years there has lingered in her heart memories of what she might have been but for this wretch whom she owned at one time for a husband and she had nothing but curs for the irreparable ruin he had wrought. The husband continued at his old home, and prospered, and the world treated him as an honorable man. He surrounded himself with new domestic ties, and apparently prospered, but the old saying, "the mills of the gods grind slowly," but they grind exceedingly small, had illustration in his case, for with reverses in business came disease, and disaster followed so swiftly that in a few years there was none so poor as to do him reverence. Consumption incapacitated him from making a living, and the public hospital was his only resort. Then it was that the cruelly treated wife, whose life of degradation had been of his own making, sent for him, and he was brought here, and is now lying on his death bed in a residence apart from her own, but surrounded with every luxury that can possibly smooth his descent to the grave. One of the leading physicians of this city, a gentleman high in the profession, is his constant medical attendant, and there is hardly an hour of the day or night but this woman is watching over him with the tenderest solicitude. This is no fiction.

Just Sentiments.

Ex-Gov. Chamberlain, of Maine, recently delivered a speech in that State, at the dedication of a monument to the memory of Union soldiers, that is a just and fitting rebuke to the men who are laboring to keep up the war feeling in the county. He said: "There are some who will not have it that the war is over till they have their own way. From much of the talk of late one would think that all the toil and trial of the war was in vain; that these soldiers and sailors of yours did nothing of lasting value; that the glorious war and God-given victory must count for naught, and that the real way to save the country is to keep certain politicians in office, and that servile following of them is the only test of loyalty to the Union. For one, I resent this perversion of our motives and this belittling of our achievements. I am indignant at this insult to that great company of noble souls who are martyrs in a sacred cause and a triumphant cause. Do not mistake the issue. Your sons will not have died in vain because rebellious States are brought back into the Union and send their best men to represent them in Congress, even though they had the courage to wield the sword instead of the pen in the time of mortal struggle. Men who freely poured out their heart's blood for their convictions, though wrong, are less to be feared than those who skulk in the rear and gloat over the strife so long as they can fill their pockets with plunder, snatched alike from foe or friend."

A Married Pair who Never Scold.

An ex-mayor of St. Louis asked his wife to convey some real property that he desired to sell, and she surprised and angered him by refusing. He swore that, unless she complied, he would never speak to her again, and she was still obdurate. That was sixteen years ago, and although they had been a loving couple and have since lived in the same house, they have never exchanged a word directly. They roomed apart, but sat at the same table, and were never guilty of any disrespect toward each other, save that of silence. When circumstances made communication between them absolutely necessary, they respectively addressed their daughter, and she spoke for both. Their questions, so put, were always framed in the third person. The daughter died a short time ago, but the parents are said to still decline to become reconciled.

Niggers.

The ridiculous fancy of niggers for the word "colored" is one of the strangest phenomena of the times. You may kick a nigger from New Orleans to St. Paul and back if you only call him a "colored gentleman." There is nothing on earth will rile a nigger quicker or more effectually than to call him a nigger. The literary niggers are worst of all. We get several nigger newspapers in exchange, and the fellows talk about colored papers! The darkey editors are talking about holding a convention of colored papers! Just think of it! Colored papers! And we read about colored bands, colored schools, colored votes, and all kinds of colored things, meaning at the same time nigger papers, nigger bands, &c. If Sambo, after getting his eye-teeth cut, had insisted on calling himself a negro, all right; but he is nearly as much ashamed, or at least he gets as mad, when called a negro as when dubbed a nigger. He must be colored or nothing, though the word is meaningless. Colors vary from that of a frozen pumpkin to that of a brindle steer; and a "colored individual" may be any tint from a yaller dog to a black snake. Negroes, Mulattoes, Quadroons and Octoroons are specific and well known names that mean something. Nigger is a generic name is short, expressive and sociable. There is an aroma of hail-fellow-well-met and even tenderness in the despised word, "nigger," that is dissipated by the Flora McFlinsey affectation "colored." How many, many millions of us in our youth have been touched with the song "There was an old Nigger, and his name was Uncle Ned," and mourned over the good uncle's departure? The word nigger is immortalized in a thousand songs that awaken kindly and tender thoughts of the darkey. The plaintive melodies dwell in our ears, and the nigger lives on their sympathetic strains. If we were black we would insist on being called a "nigger."

C. P. Leslie Heard From.

The *Sumter Watchman* publishes the following extract from a letter received by a Republican in that town from a colored man named Stuart, recently removed from that place to Kansas: "C. P. Leslie, Land Commissioner, and some time boss of Barnwell County, is here. He has been enjoying perfect obscurity till I found him out. He was very nervous on the subject of being carried back to South Carolina for trial 'till I mentioned to him the infamous compromise that took place in Charleston in April. That intelligence threw him in convulsions of joy. He says the only thing he is sorry for is that he did not steal the whole God-damned State of South Carolina, and that if he had to do it again, he would try his level best to steal it all; that none but a fool would suppose a man was going to risk his life in the South without stealing whatever he could get hold of. "Taint human nature," said the old veteran thief as he warmed up with his theme. He has been here near two years." The people of Kansas had better keep their eyes on the old scamp, as he may take a notion to steal that state.

The Partner for Life.

Many a man has seen his choice for a partner in life in the humble girl far beneath him in the opinion of the world, and although love and pride might have struggled with him for a while, yet pride triumphed, and he sought one from the higher walks of life. In all the vicissitudes of social existence, there is nothing capable of inflicting more certain misery than is sure to follow such a course. It distracts the general harmony of our days, mis-shapes our ends, shortens the length of life, lessens the stature of manhood, and is contrary to the divine instructions of the Bible; for it declares where love is there is peace, plenty and thriftiness. Everything is sure to follow a happy union. Let not pride interfere in this matter.

Death by a Cotton Gin.

On Wednesday last, while working at a cotton gin, Mr. Calloun Huff, a young man well and favorably known throughout the lower portion of Greenville county, and son of the late Louis Huff, met with a sudden death. He was operating a gin at the residence of his cousin, Mr. F. L. Huff, being the old homestead of the late Philomen Huff, and in endeavoring to push seed down and out of the way of the lint, one of his hands became entangled and severely cut removing the thumb. From this wound profuse bleeding set in, which, with the great shock he had received, produced his death early the next morning.

Goods Are Going Up.

We have information from business houses at the North that all classes of goods have gone up from 10 to 15 per cent. on early fall prices. This is always so. As soon as cotton goes up and the business circles at the North are pretty well assured of it, goods are at once put up to take in the extra profits of the planter. The same plan is pursued with reference to Western producers.

This rise in cotton will go far to meet old scores, but if our planters want to get the benefit of full prices for their crops, they must persistently make their farms self-supporting as far as possible. The business edict is, and we cannot escape it: Diversify and live; pursue one exclusive industry and die—and die in debt at that. Let not, then, enhanced cotton prices deceive our planters. Let them not neglect the bread and meat question; for the Western producer has become a necessity across the water as well as west. They will be now the great exporters and they will depend upon the market abroad for their range in prices. The consequences will be, they will be forced into the protective system of the North and the business of the country will be brought to a safe, business like basis, in which producers will get their own. It is a long lark that has no turn. We at the South can no longer control the price of provisions. The only safe way is to raise them for ourselves and take a clean advantage of the rise on cotton when it comes, without having to waste our earnings on costly Western provisions. A burnt child should dread the fire, and it is time our people should have learned this thing down to the bottom, and as soon as they are foot loose from their old debts turn over a new leaf in this regard. We are not in a hurry about the future of the South, and we do not care a groat for the Blaines, and Conklings, and Chittendens, and Hills. There are great business questions looming up which, if we have sense enough to wait for and heed, will take care of the country and set aside issues that are sprung upon us of the South with chronic regularity. Let us be wise our in day and generation, and put our house in order, not for battle, but for better things, and they will come—very surely they will come.—*Columbian Register*.

Nobility of Farming.

Ex Governor Horatio Seymour, addressing the farmers at a fair in Oneida county, N. Y., the other day, said: "I am not much of a farmer, and have little right to stand before you as such; but I brought over here for exhibition some potatoes that certainly exceed my speech. In reference to the depression of the times, let me recall to you an ancient fable: There was once a giant so powerful that he could not be overcome. But he derived his strength from his mother-earth, for no matter how exhausted he might become, he regained his powers the moment that he came into contact with the soil. The way in which he was finally overpowered was by coming into contest with an opponent so strong that he could lift him from the ground and hold him suspended in the air until he was strangled to death. Now there is a lesson in this for us. So long as this people of ours can seek its support from mother-earth, so long it cannot be overcome. There never yet was a President of the United States who, when he left his office, did not seek the country and retire to his farm. Washington did this; so did Adams and Jefferson. Our greater statesmen have sought for rest, health and peace in retirement to their farms—witness Webster and Clay."

Keep it to Yourself.

You have trouble—your feelings are injured, your husband is unkind, your wife frets, your home is not pleasant, your friends do not treat you fairly, and things in general move unpleasantly. Well, what of it? Keep it to yourself. A smoldering fire can be found and extinguished; but when the coals are scattered, who can pick them up? Bury your sorrow. The place for sad and disgusting things is under the ground. A cut finger is not benefited by pulling off the plaster and exposing it under somebody's eyes. Tie it up and let it alone. It will get well itself sooner than you can cure it. Charity covereth a multitude of sin. Things thus covered are often cured without a scar; but, once published and confided to meddling friends, there is no end to the trouble they may cause. Keep it to yourself. Troubles are transient, and, when a sorrow is healed and past, what a comfort it is to say: "No one ever knew it until it was all over."

No Objection to Women.

The Harvard *Lampoon* publishes a speech made by Deacon Hardhead, of Podunk Farms, at a debate on female suffrage: "I dunno," said the deacon, "as there's ary objection to the wimmin's ruinin' the destrict schools. But as to given' 'em any right to make laws, both Scripture an' common sense is clean agin it. In the first place, how on earth are they going to git 'em inforced? This Govment by majority is based solid on the fact that of the the vast comes to the vast the majority can lick the minority. Ef they can't lick, they can't rule." The speech created a great sensation.

Why is It?

Editor Orangeburg Democrat:
 Will the DEMOCRAT be so kind as to answer a few simple questions: Why is it that the *Orangeburg Times* is so mild in its sayings about Mr. George Boliver? I noticed in the fast municipal election he seemed to have been a popular candidate on one side, but the *Times* had but little to say about it, whereas your paper came out in full blast and gave us all the desired particulars. Why was it that the *Times* didn't do likewise. Again, why was it in the Boliver-Byas scandal the *Times* was so mild in its comments. Byas in my estimation was perfectly justifiable in what he did, and as a Democratic people we should see that Byas gets justice. Have we forgotten how instrumental Byas was in the last two or three campaigns? We will need help again. Who would not have acted as Byas did, especially with such a man as Boliver, whose name will be a disgrace on the pages of Orangeburg's history. I think the Town Council did wrong in making Byas pay a fine after he was allowed to his house and brutally assaulted by two men. Who, Mr. Editor, would not have acted as Byas did? We must be thankful for what we have received and remember that we will need help again (*tempora mutantur et nos mutantur in illis*). Mr. Editor hoping you may be able to enlighten me on the above I remain yours respectfully.
 HEALTONTIMOREMENSUS.

How Ladies Kiss

Two ladies meet. They pucker their mouths into an angular protuberance, and cocking their heads to one side, as a hen will before picking up a grain of corn, two faces, full of unspokeable resignation and inflexible devotion to duty, approximate, touch and retire.
 The school-girl kiss is a very different affair. As unlike the kiss of friendship as August is unlike December, as fire is unlike ashes, as life is unlike death.

A Double-Headed Woman.

Milly Christine, the double-headed woman, although not a particularly attractive person, has had five offers of marriage during her life. Count Rosebud, one of the midgets, is in love with the nightingale on account of her winning ways and accomplishments, and would marry her to-morrow if she would consent. One head is willing, but the other is not, it is asserted, and the two heads have been disputing about this matter for the last two years. It is, in fact, about the only subject about which they are not fully agreed. A man who would marry a woman with two heads and subject himself to the raking fire from such a double-barreled gun as that whenever he came home late at night might elicit admiration for his valor, but not for his discretion.

A Norristown Story.

An exchange tells of a man who turned gray in an hour. He slipped from the side of a canyon, and catching a protruding rock, his body was suspended in the air a thousand feet above the roaring waters of the Arkansas. We once heard of a young woman who experienced a similar metamorphosis. She had jet black hair, all of her own raising, reaching to her waist. She fell in love. The wedding day was named, and that young lady, who manifested considerable nervousness during the marriage ceremony, turned Gray as soon as the clergyman pronounced the couple man and wife. The fact that her husband's name was Gray is supposed to have had something to do with the change.

Sensible and True.

"Senator Bayard," says the *New York Herald*, "is coming to the Democratic front. If one state is as good as another, according to Democratic doctrine, why is not a Senator from Delaware or Rhode Island as good as a Senator from Colorado or Texas? and if Senator Bayard is a good man, why not Georgia give him her vote as readily as if he were from Illinois? This may not be politics, but it is common sense."

The Theological Seminary.

The condition of the Presbyterian Theological Seminary in Columbia has evoked a lively discussion in the Georgia Synod. An Augusta paper says "certain leading questions by Mr. Gordon, of Savannah, and Dr. Irvine, of Augusta, Ga., brought out the sad information that the funds of the Seminary had been woefully depressed by the loss of ten thousand dollars, through the failure of a bogus and bankrupt factory in Alabama, seventeen thousand dollars by the failure of a commercial house in Augusta, Ga., and very recently by the failure of a house in Charleston the Board of Trustees had lost twenty-five thousand dollars, making, in all, a loss of fifty-two thousand dollars."

You'll Never Guess.

I know two eyes, two soft, brown eyes,
 Two eyes as sweet and clear
 As ever danced with gay surprise,
 Or melted with a tear;
 In whose fair rays a heart may bask—
 Their shadowed rays serene—
 But, little maid, you must not ask
 Those gentle eyes I mean.
 I know a voice of fairy tone,
 Like brooklet in the June,
 That sings, to please itself alone,
 A little old-world tune.
 Whose music haunts the listener's ear,
 And will not leave it free;
 But I shall never tell you, dear,
 Whose accents they may be.
 I know a golden-hearted maid
 For whom I have built a shrine,
 A leafy nook of murmurous shade,
 Deep in this heart of mine;
 But in that calm and cool recess
 To make her home she never came—
 But, oh! you'd never, never guess
 That little maiden's name.

Not so Much of a Shower.

As the official vote of Ohio shows, the triumph of Foster was not such a Waterloo as the Republicans hoped for and the Democrats at first conceded. The total vote for Governor is stated officially at 668,337, of which Foster, Republican, received 336,261; Ewing, Democrat, 319,132; Stewart, Prohibition, 4,145, and Platt, National, 9,120. Foster's majority over Ewing, 17,129; over all, 3,855. We find therefore that, in a Republican State, after prodigious exertions and the concentration of the whole Radical machine, directed by the President and his Cabinet, a beggarly majority of 3,855 has been secured. The *Augusta Chronicle* adds: Remove from the calculation all voters who opposed Ewing simply because they could not endorse his financial ideas, and we venture to say that a clear majority, or fully 350,000 Ohio men, do not sympathize with the Stewart idea as to the South or State Rights. This, we think, will be demonstrated in 1880, when Mr. Sherman and his money bags will have some other work to attend to, and cannot be dumped into a single Commonwealth. The Democrats have much to mourn over, but they need not grieve as one without hope.—*News and Courier*.

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"Going to the Fair."

Editor Orangeburg Democrat:
 Beautiful and bright was the big day of the Fair, and of course all wanted to go. Our kind hearted Professor gave his pupils the day and expected all would attend. The result of which was, that before night had thrown her sable curtain over our land, fathers and mothers were surrounded by pleading hopefuls. We drew a long breath and thanked kind Heaven that such things do not come often. It is really an exciting time when such things as Fairs, Camp-meetings, etc., are to take place, even in our country home. Fathers and mothers, the feeble as well as the strong, are aroused by the youngest perhaps of the little brood, in order that they may arrive at the Fair in due time. Early breakfast must be had, lunch baskets fixed, conveyances made ready, clothes laid out, and as the kind hearted mother is busying herself in these essential preparations, her cars assure her that she is not alone in the great hub-bub for the Fair. Conchman and nurses are warned that they will be left or are too late. Self pride is seen, heard or felt. One by one the young Americans sally forth from their apartments, all arrayed in their Sunday best, and as proud as young roosters with their first spurs; and you can judge how important they feel from the manner in which their shoe heels meet the floor. The young lassies and ladies are perplexed about this or that dress, bows, curls, puffs, etc., and as they often ask, "how do I look?" or "how does this suit you?" they remind some of the Stalwart tame fowl that when the sun is bright they delight to look at their gay plumage, but to others they are as sweet as transparent pies, and as fair as fresh blown roses. All made ready now, the where-with to get into the Fair must be had, the last desire of the youthful Fair-goer. Of course each has his idea how much he must have, or what will be required to make the day a gala one. This brings them plished, fathers and mothers, having been worked up to a high key, may now gradually descend, and thank God that their household does not consist of a baker's dozen. Parting advices good-byes, and kisses are given from their dear mother who hopes they will spend a pleasant day, and they are off. Mother may now rest her weary and excited self, for well she knows what the night will bring. This, Mr. Editor, is a fair picture in some of our country homes when the Fair comes off. The sights, the awful or pleasing sights they will see at the fair, a recital of which each must give for themselves. Hard indeed is the parental heart which does not delight in the sweet and innocent prattle and enjoyments of their offspring. 'Tis then we forget the bustle and weary excitement of the morning, and almost regret that these pastimes do not come oftener. We are sad, then glad, we are weary, then rested, we sigh and then rejoice. Such is life. And while our thoughts delight to dwell on the fleeting enjoyments of earth, we sigh to think and are impressed with these solemn thoughts, how clothfully some make the great preparation for that fair land of everlasting rest, where pleasure never dies. A. M. R. OAK GROVE, Oct. 31st, 1879.

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