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Lot of FRESH GARDEN SEEDS.
Jan 11

Conductor and Vice-president,

At a certain period, some six or eight years ago, the officers of one of our principal railroads had good reasons for believing that some of the conductors upon a particular section of their roads were in the habit of rendering inaccurate returns of their receipts from "way passengers" and as they were unable to fix the default upon the particular individuals, Pinkerton was employed to investigate the matter, and test the accuracy of their receipts. For the execution of this delicate service he selected a sufficient number of his best men to furnish four for every car in a train one to be seated at each door and two in the centre of the car, the latter facing to the front and rear, so as to see every person who went in or out. These men were directed not to recognize each other, but to pay their fares, and otherwise deport themselves like ordinary travelers. Each one was provided with pencil and paper, and instructed to keep an accurate record of every person that entered or left the cars, noting the stations to and from which they traveled, etc., so that if at the end of the trip their notes were in accord, it would be good evidence of accuracy. In this manner the major was enabled, in the course of a few days, to make a detailed report which showed conclusively that nearly every conductor upon the section of road under surveillance had been guilty of swindling. He also ascertained that one of these delinquents owned property to a large amount in Philadelphia. Whereupon, as I was informed, Colonel S., the vice president sent for the man; and the following dialogue ensued:

"Mr.—how long have you been employed as conductor on our road?"

"About seven years, Sir."

"What pay have you received during that time?"

"Eight hundred dollars a year."

"Do you own the house N.—upon Street?"

"I do, Sir."

"Have you other property in this city?"

"I have."

"What is its value?"

"Well, Sir, I can't tell precisely, but it is considerable."

"What estimate do you place upon your entire assets?"

"Something like forty thousand dollars."

"Were you the owner of any portion of this property when you entered our service?"

"Not a dollar's worth, Sir."

"You have a family to support, I understand?"

"I have a wife and three children."

"Will you do me the favor to inform me how you have been able in seven years to support your family and accumulate a fortune of forty thousand dollars upon a salary of eight hundred?"

"I have not the slightest objection to answer your question, Colonel S., provided you will suffer me first to ask a few pertinent interrogatories to you."

"Very well, Sir, I've no objections. What are they?"

"Will you, then, be so kind as to inform me how long you have been connected with the—Railroad?"

"Something like ten years."

"What, allow me to ask, has been your salary during that time?"

"I suppose it may have averaged about \$5000 a year."

"You have a family to support, if I am not mistaken?"

"Yes, Sir, I have a family."

"It is not an improper question, Colonel S.—, will you suffer me to ask what is the amount of your fortune?"

"Well, Sir, I don't know precisely but it is something handsome."

"Would you estimate it at half a million dollars, Colonel?"

"Yes, I dare say it is."

"That being the fact, Sir, if you will do me the favor to disclose to me the secret of the process by which you, in ten years, have been able to transmute \$50,000 into ten times that amount, without any visible means outside your salary, I will most cheerfully tell you how I have managed, by turning an honest penny now and then, to amass the comparatively insignificant amount I have named."

"That is all very well," replied the im-

perturbable vice president, "but you seem to have forgotten that there is a

slight difference between your status

and mine upon the—Railroad, in that you are responsible to me for stealing the company's money, whereas I am not accountable to you for my transactions. In view of this fact, it now becomes my duty to inform you that your services are no longer required upon our road."

"The facetious conductor probably anticipated this result, and with his characteristic coolness remarked: "In that event, Sir, it may at some future time become necessary for me to seek employment upon another road. Would it be asking too much for you to give me a letter setting forth your estimate of my ability to perform the duties of conductor?"

"If you desire it, I certainly have no objections to giving you a testimonial to the effect that I look upon you as the most unscrupulous and unblushing knave that has ever disgraced the catalogue of our employes, and that any company having anything to do with you will be morally certain to be robbed.—*Harper's Magazine.*"

Why is a national bank currency like

an umbrella? This conundrum has excited the enthusiastic attention not only of those who are by nature interested in trying to find out why one thing is like another, but also of that large class of theorists who are always ready to give their views on anything remotely connected with the finances of the country. If the answers which have thus far been received shall be the means of bringing about a resumption of specie payments, or of restoring public confidence in the strength of our present system, and thus relieving the money market, the compiler will feel abundantly rewarded for his exertions. Without further preface we submit a few specimens of the answer which are at hand:

"The old man: It fits like it?"

"Nice Young Man: Because you can make a spend with it."

"A Wall Street Man: Because it is the hardest to borrow when you need it the most."

"A Poor Young Man: Because it don't take long to count all you've got."

"An Experienced Man: Because it don't do any good unless it is used."

"An Unfortunate man: Because you can't get it back again when you lend it."

"A Jovial Young Man: Because it is very convenient when the heavy duns come."

"A Disgraced Man: Because the chances are, if you've got it, it is where you can't get hold of it just at the time you want it."

"A Theorist: Because there's no system of central redemption whereby it can be returned after leaving possession of its owner."

"A Young Lady: Because it is handy to have when one goes on a journey."

"A Hard-Money Man: Because it is inconvertible. The owner can't present his umbrella at the Treasury and demand coin for its full value."

"An Importer: Because it won't pay duties at the custom house."

"A Careless Man: Because it is easy to lose it."

"A Miserly Man: Because one dislikes to have to lose it."

"Jones: Well Jones, who needs an excuse for not paying his board bill says, as far as he is concerned, his currency is like an umbrella because it is used up."

"A merchant going home elevated, staggered against a telegraph pole."

"Beg your pardon," said he; "I hope no offence. It's rather dark, and the street is narrow, you see."

"In a few moments he came in contact with another pole."

"Couldn't help it, sir," said he, lifting his hat; "I never saw such crooked lanes as we have here in this city?"

"Again he ran foul of a pole, this time with a force which sent him backwards to the ground."

"Look here, neighbor, you needn't push a fellow down because he happens to touch you; the road is as much right to be here as you have, old stick in the mud?"

"He picked himself up, and made another effort to reach his home but the soon came plump against another pole."

"There is nothing so effective in bringing a man up to the scratch as a healthy and high-spirited flea."

Why we Honor the Party.

We are suspicious of the man who is continually boasting of his noble ancestry. To know a man, we must know what he is, not what his father was. Noble descent is well enough in its place, but when a man has nothing better to boast of than his pedigree, he has reached the bottom, and is little better than the snail that looks up with envy at the strong-winged eagle in its lofty flight. It is nobler to ascend than descend; to improve on the family stock rather than deteriorate. To fall back upon the reputation of our great-grandfather to sustain our own, is little better than robbing a grave to secure the jewels buried in it. So with parties; we honor them for what they are, not what they were in days gone by. We see nothing in Democracy but the shadow of a great name. When we ask what it has to commend it to our confidence, its Tweeds and Garveys and Warmouths, with their party plunder concealed from view, point us to its honorable past, before slavery corrupted its honor, or treason destroyed its political virtue. Not so with the Republican party! We glory in its past achievements, because out of them have grown its present strength and nobility. What it was yesterday it is to-day, a living, moving power, exerting an influence for good; defending the nation from its enemies at home and abroad; protecting the liberties of the people; establishing schools for popular education; teaching out its ardent restraints monopolies from encroaching upon the rights of the people; holding the scales of justice between capital and labor; organizing means to relieve the producers of the West and the consumers of the East, and exacting from its servants an honest and economical administration of the Government. For these good and sufficient reasons we honor the Republican party. We take just pride in its past achievements, because they have given birth to our present aspirations. We have taken no step backward. Some of our standards bearers have proven false, but the rank and file were true, and loyal hands caught up the old flag and kept it aloft in the van of civilization. The noblest army will have its deserters, the noblest party will have its faithless servants, but neither army nor party can suffer as long as the great body remains true to the cause. The Republican party represents the progressive ideas of the people, not the ambitious designs of its leaders. The defection of a leader, the dishonesty of an official, the failure of a representative to reflect the wishes of his constituents, have no other effect than to arouse the people to greater caution in the selection of their public servants. The great political body is sound; its faults are few, and, when discovered, easily remedied. As the present condition of the party is as worthy of commendation as its past, so the future will add rather than detract from its glory. We have much to do; the work so well accomplished having brought other and larger duties for the party to perform: To disarm ignorance, suppress vice, protect labor, encourage immigration, develop our wonderful resources, protect the public credit, adapt the national currency to the wants of the public, and to maintain justice and secure honesty in every section of the land and every branch of the Government, are duties as imposing as any that have been laid upon the party in the past.—*Exchange.*

A Difference of Opinion.

There is a slight difference of opinion between Democrats, North and South. The hard-shells of the South insist on keeping Democracy on the old Calhoun platform, while their brethren of the North as strongly insist on tearing up the old planks and replacing them with timber stolen from the Republican reservations. To gain a new base of power Northern Democrats are willing to make any sacrifice. To support the family pride, and keep up the pet theory of "a white man's government" Southern Democrats refuse to yield their old pro-slavery principles. The Southern sentiment is honestly stated in the following extract from the Memphis *Avalanche*, (Dem.):

"In fact the old Democratic party managers have been forced by the inexorable logic of events to surrender every thing but the name. To this they still

cling in most of the States. Their platform is labeled 'Democratic,' though in all, or nearly all essentials it is little else than a paraphrase of the Republican party platform of the past few years. As a measure of policy no objection can be made; but to deliberately smash one partisan creed, file a new one from one's enemy, and then insist that, because bearing the old name it is still the same old creed, is to speak mildly, arrogant hypocrisy. The doctrine held by A. H. Stephens, by Robert Toombs, by Jefferson Davis, enunciated in the Democratic platforms of 1864 and 1868, by Blanton Duncan's Bourbon Convention which nominated Charles O'Connor for President last year, is the ancient Democratic faith. It is the simple pure article. All other brands are spurious; yet not a 'Democratic' Convention, North or South, now ventures to incorporate it in a platform. If the old partisan creed—as is the fact—has been utterly abandoned; if to maintain a struggle for mere existence it has become necessary—as is the fact—to adopt, to so great an extent, the Republican party platform, why cling to the old Democratic name, especially since that name has become so unpopular as to bring defeat to any organization that bears it? This is answered by a few heroes over the past career of the old party. But of what avail? They cannot change minorities to majorities. Public confidence in a political party once lost can never be restored."

The *Pittsburg Post*, (Dem.) published in cooler latitude, differs slightly in opinion from the above extract. It says:

"The Democratic party has been out of power for twelve years. During all that period it has been gaining strength, and but for the negro vote it would at this moment hold possession of our State and General Government. Compare its history in this respect with those of its opponents, and now great, and what proof it affords of the honest tenacity of the solid voting portion of the party, the rank and file. The Democratic party is replete with vitality in every bone and sinew and nerve. It never can die while there remains in existence even a portion of the Constitution for which it can contend. When that glorious old political party dies it will be proof that the Constitution has been utterly destroyed, and that the last hope for man's self-government has perished from the earth."

Panics.

Panics, like extensive conflagrations, have small beginnings. A spark has within it the power to lay in ashes the largest city. If fed by combustible material, it soon becomes a flame, before which iron melts and granite crumbles into dust. So with panics. Words of suspicion are the sparks that lead to financial conflagrations. Distrust is breathed from one to another; instead of being quieted by calm advice, it is fed by popular excitement. Those who have least to lose are the loudest in their croakings over coming failures. A rash is made to sacrifice stock that is both profitable and safe; it is thrown upon the market along with fancy and worthless stock. A sense of insecurity seizes the buyer, and the result is, no sales, or ruinous sacrifices of stock that only needed the restoration of confidence to be worth more than ever. When a fire breaks out, efforts are made to confine it within its original limits. But the breaking out of distrust in a community is the signal, not for united efforts to confine it within its legitimate bounds, or its suppression, but for a general rush to feed the flames by gossip, ill-omened prophecy, or groundless rumors of some inflexible calamity. A rumor starts, affecting the financial standing of some bank official. It matters little whether it be true or false; the whisper is soon transformed into a storm. A sudden run is made upon the bank; then upon other banks, until the whole community is in a ferment. If the banks have facilities for prompt conversion of securities into cash, the storm may blow over; but if distrust is widespread, money is locked up or held for self-protection, and banks that are perfectly sound are driven by sheer necessity to suspend payment. No reasonable man can expect a banker to pay interest on deposits and keep those deposits locked in his safe, ready to be returned without a moment's notice;

yet men who claim to be reasonable act at times as if the thought this to be the case. Banks pay interest upon money, because they can loan the money received for a higher rate of interest, than they pay. They take securities for money loaned. To convert these into money requires time; and those having deposits should be considerate enough to grant it. The best bank in the country may be forced to suspend payment in the face of an unexpected and unreasonable demand, especially if popular excitement has so unsettled values as to render the conversion of securities into cash almost impossible. Panics should be stopped at the moment of their inception. Men of ability and judgment should unite to quiet popular distrust. Confidence should be strengthened by every legitimate means. Depositors, unless they have good reason for demanding payment, should assist, rather than cripple, the bank whose credit and standing they depend upon. Exceptional cases of failure may occur at any time, but a panic, such as recently swept over the financial centres of the country, ought to be an impossibility. We trust that the press of the land will exert its powerful influence towards maintaining a healthy state of public confidence.

Our Best Men for Office.

To destroy the Republican party because a few dishonest men have crept into office through its power, would be as wise as the killing of a healthy individual because a few boils trouble him. The party never was more healthy than at present. The few officials that are proven dishonest are, to the great body politic, what the spots on the sun are to the blazing orb that gives us light and warmth. As long as the masses of the people, who compose the party are honestly inclined, we have no fear of the party itself. Every Republican convention which has met thus far has placed itself on record as being determined to drive men from office who fail to practice economy and honesty in their public duties. We shall never free ourselves entirely from the influence of bad men. They will creep into power in spite of the greatest care and watchfulness. We can, however, throw an increased protection around the public service by a more thorough examination of the character of the men who present themselves for our support. A good citizen will generally make a good official. This is a simple rule which, if practiced in the selection of candidates, will greatly protect the public interests. Inquire into the private character of the man who wants your vote, and if you find him honest, industrious, charitably a good neighbor, and a public spirited citizen, you can safely give him your vote and support. You may run the risk, even then, of being cheated; but the chances will be so small that you can well afford the risk. But to expect to secure an honest official in the man who never pays his debts, who takes advantage of his neighbor, whose character is stained by intemperance or profanity, is to expect a clear balance sheet in the other world without paying your printer's bill in this world. Nominate your best men for office and the risk of finding dishonesty in high places will be exceedingly small.—*Exchange.*

The True Distinction.

Who would think of condemning a worthy merchant because he discovered in his employ a dishonest clerk? Sympathy, rather than blame, would be extended to him, and every fair minded man would approve the prompt dismissal, and if the law was violated, the speedy punishment of the offender. Why, then, should our opponents denounce the Republican party because it discovers among its thousands of officials a few exceptional cases of dishonesty? The party repudiates the acts of dishonesty, and the people put their stamp of condemnation, not only upon the offence, but upon the offender. No act of dishonesty, or official guilty of crime; no questionable or iniquitous measures have ever been condoned or protected by the Republican party. As soon as known, an earnest protest has gone up against them, and those involved have been called to a strict account. This is all that can be done. Individuals are liable to be deceived. A party can rise no higher nor better divine the future

than the individuals who compose it. As long as the party seeks to detect and punish the rascals who deceive it, and use due caution in the selection of its public servants, we shall have an abiding faith in it. We call upon Republicans everywhere to select for office the very best men in the ranks of the party, and to weed out every official that shows himself unworthy of public confidence.

Died with my Face to the Foe.

A single shot, followed by a loud shriek, told us that one of our best men, Bradley, was wounded. He proclaimed his agony with a loud voice, turned over on his back and commenced kicking; so vigorously that the surgeon had difficulty in getting in reach of him. "Poor fellow," said the doctor, as he saw a whitish liquid oozing out of the bladder; "I am afraid it's fatal," and he commenced opening his coat. "Oh my God," said Bradley, "I'm a dead man; I'll never get over it." "Keep up your spirits, my boy; never say die," said Captain Johnson, kneeling kindly over him.

"Doctor," asked the wounded soldier, feebly, "will you write to my dear mother and tell her that I died bravely doing my duty, with my face to the foe, and I thought of her when I was dying?"

"Yes, yes," said the doctor, with dim eyes and a husky voice; "I will write to her and tell her, too," but suddenly springing to his feet with an indignant and angry voice, added—

"Why, confound it, man, you are not hurt a bit; it's only your caudex that's shot, and that's the water from it; get up, will you?"

Bradley raised up slowly, felt himself all over, and with an exceedingly foolish countenance, crawled back to his position, until the uproarious laughter of the whole regiment.

For months after that, on the march or in camp, and sometimes in the stillness of the night, you would hear a voice in one direction demanding "What shall I tell your mother?" and perhaps half dozen responses would be heard. "Tell her I died with my face to the foe," and then "Canteen" Bradley would come out and angrily hunt for the man that said it. He seldom found him, but when he did there was certain to be a fight.

At the Limerick Sessions recently, the jury, after a quarter of an hour's absence, returned into court, "We find him not guilty?"

Chairman.—Are you unanimous in your verdict?

Foreman.—We are, your Worship; we are nine to three. [Great laughter.]

Chairman.—This is not a proper verdict.

Foreman.—We first decided, your Worship, that the minority should be ruled by the majority before going into the merits of the case. We then became all unanimous in the end. [Laughter.]

Chairman.—But how could you be unanimous when you say you are nine to three?

Foreman.—Your Worship, I took down those who were for finding him guilty, and those who were for acquitting him, and the minority agreed to the verdict of the majority.

Chairman.—O, go inside; each of the three men who were in the minority, are they of the opinion that this man is guilty? Go inside and let them agree about it. I don't want to hear any more of your deliberations; go inside and let them find that this man did not strike the prosecutor.

The jury then retired, and, after a few minutes, re-entered and handed in a verdict of "not guilty."

Chairman (to the jury).—Gentlemen, you have agreed to your verdict. You say that the prisoner is not guilty?

Foreman.—We do.

Chairman.—Is that the verdict of the whole of you?

Several jurors.—Yes, your Worship.

Chairman.—Discharge the prisoner now. (To the prisoner.) I hope if you ever come here again you will not get off so easy.

Prisoner.—It is my first offense, and it will be my last. [Load laughter, in which the whole court joined.]

Chairman.—But the jury say you have done nothing at all. [Laughter.]

This is the time for sentimental girls to gather autumn leaves and hornets' nests.