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Electioneering in a Back Room.

The parties who were engaged in the following conversation are both candidates for the next Legislature, and each confident that he will win. For the sake of convenience we shall call one Quartz and the other Crusher. The place in which the interview took place is a small ten by twelve room.

Quartz—"I have been watching for a chance to have a chat with you for some time, Mr. Crusher, but the Argus eyes of these devils around here have been fixed so closely upon me that I found it next to impossible to do so without being caught. You see these fellows about this place, hangers-on, knowing that I am a strong man, and feared by the lesser constellations which adorn the political sky, would give anything for the least information from me in regard to my proposed plan of campaign. They want it and would make money out of it by imparting the same to my small fry-opponents. You understand. Now to business. I suppose, Mr. Crusher, you are aware of the fact that I am a candidate for the Legislature?"

Crusher—"Yes, and so am I. Certain men have had office long enough, and I intend to give some of them a—If they dare to offer themselves."

Quartz—"Somewhat excited," "Well, that's just it—the very thing I wanted to find out. There are five members to be elected to the House, and if you and I can agree upon some plan and work together, we will be two of them."

Crusher—"In a business like manner," "That will do very well to talk here, but how do you know that you and I will be successful provided we coalesce? Have you canvassed the chances?"

Quartz—"Months ago, and I tell you again there is no doubt about the matter."

Crusher—"Still unwilling to jump at conclusions," "How are Boehme, Van Dykes, Alphonso and Cuthbert? Do you think you can count on them?"

Quartz—"Oh yes! they will do anything in the world for me. Why they have proffered to spend money in my favor."

Crusher—"You say you are sure of the support of Van Dykes and Cuthbert?"

Quartz—"They may not support me as strongly as the other two; but they will help what little they can. They haven't got much influence you know any way."

Crusher—"Well, Quartz, you must have been successful in getting those fellows in a lively mood before they made you all these promises. They are usually very cautious and reserved."

Quartz—"Never so with me. My relations with them have been very intimate. I know all their secrets, and can command them if I want to."

Crusher—"I begin to understand you now. They've done something they would not like for the public to know, and will help you along to keep your mouth shut. Is that it?"

Quartz—"Yes. Now come and let us agree upon some plan. By coalescing we will unite our forces, and thus combined, we could weed out the small fry of a half dozen Counties like this."

Crusher—"I'll think the matter over and let you know to-morrow."

Quartz—"Well, if you do that remember that *num* is the word."

Here those two politicians separated, Crusher said to himself, as he was going home, "Now he is a pretty fool to think he can play his gum game off on me. He wants my influence. He shan't have it. All the men he mentioned belong to my clique, and I control them. I intend to tell them to low he hints at their secrets. He's got no influence and wants other men to carry him. I won't do it."

Quartz was left by himself and soliloquized thus—"Well, I've gained one point by talking with that fool Crusher. He's not on my side, I see that. What a fool I was for saying anything to him about what I know. But if he tells any body I'll deny it. My word is as good as his. To-morrow when he comes I'll tell him I have changed my mind. What use have I got for him any, how when Boehme, Van Dykes, Alphonso and Cuthbert have sworn to stand by me?"

Can any of our readers tell us who is

ahead? and who Boehme, Van Dykes, Alphonso and Cuthbert have lied to? Will friend Roarer at Branchville solve the problem for us?

The Emigrant Question.

One who has had some experience as a laborer in the North, and as an Emigrant to the South, would like to say a few words in connection with the subject of the communication of the Board of Directors in your last. The writer supposes from the information given in that paper, that matters in England and the North are about the same, with the difference, that the latter has a longer working season, and higher wages are given there. In an extract of a letter from N. Y., inserted a few weeks since, the prices were set down at 12 to 15 per month. Could that price be offered here, except to an expert laborer under the most favorable circumstances?

It is stated in the information given by the Board, that the farm hands take their meals in the kitchens. There may be gross misconception here if things be as at the North. Our idea of a kitchen here, is a rickety board or pole out house, with naked smoky sides and festoons of web and soot hanging from the rafters. At the North (and no doubt in Europe) the kitchen is a nicely finished part of the dwelling itself, adjoining, or underneath the family room; and is preferred sometimes by laborers because of its unrestrained comfort and hilarity. The advantage of, perhaps higher wages, with the current of Emigration (offering even on the route the Society of fatherland) that is setting so strongly all around us north of us, will be difficult to over-estimate, even if greater inducements be offered here, at every stopping point Emigrants are liable to be switched off on to this beaten track.

Another question is the fare. From all accounts, the German and English laborer live well, if not luxuriously. The article referred to gives wheat bread, cheese, beans, Irish potatoes (the most important) and meat, with beer and cider. Will not most of us who live out of town acknowledge this to be pretty good living? Yes! Well. What have we to offer as substitutes? What a very uncertain crop; cheese at 25c. per lb.—mark it out—beans at 85 per bushel—mark it out, but substitute (feld) cow peas, at which many, to the piny woods born, turn up their noses. Meat can be purchased, like cheese and flour, though at a very uncertain price; certainly not much will be raised on the farms for some time. Beer and cider mark out. In the spring, if he follow the usage here, the half-finished Emigrant, as we do, gets a few little baby potatoes, a half dozen to the spoonful, eating as potatoes, much as a calf a month old would eat like beef. As for the sweet potato crop, during the fall and winter, the new comer may eat at one end of his potato, but the rot will meet him half way from the other, and he will have to quit. Then comes the scratch for the poor Emigrant. The little money used up; corn bread (his abhorrence), very prevalent. All this eliminated, brings his bill of fare down to what it really is, with most families for several months. The dearest corn bread, bacon and collar cow peas, and a wormy tunip. Will this be a happy exchange for his wheat bread cheese &c. No!

No doubt there are those who may and will, share the luxuries of their tables with the unaccustomed Emigrant but will they find it to pay? Try, no body will be hurt.

The Southern planters have been, previous to the war extra hospitable. "A put your horse in the corn crib, and pile a stack of fodder on him people," can it be so now when the man of fifty bales goes out to drop the cow peas, that are to be his subsistence, in the corn field? The warm hand shake and the kindly greeting are still there but the affluence is departed.

"He offers you his last potato, that a cold one!"

God grant that the Southern heart may never bear the penny stamp.

But all this has reference to family men only. We will suppose the planter

has an unexceptionable young man. He is in the habit of attending church services regularly, but as a side play to drop in to some one of his sweethearts, or, if destitute for the time to look one up. Very likely at every stile he meets and banters an acquaintance on the same errand perhaps. If your help be a fraulien, she, equally expects the dropping in, or the hunting up, and if this has to be done over many miles of piny woods road on foot, or on the baulky sore backed mule, it will surely at last end in a higer. As for society in the sons and daughters of the land—haven't they been to college? ain't their diplomas hanging on the wall? They would much prefer to waste their sweetness on the desert air, than to brighten the lonely life of a foreigner, be he never so virtuous.

All this may seem to be irrelevant but it all goes to either make, or not make, a home feel prevail.

The writer ventures to say that more workmen have been driven away by the cross-cut, vixenish, look of dainty ladies, or the iceberg atmosphere of their pattern daughters; than from any other cause whatever, and unfortunately, it is an element which the employer himself cannot control.

Now mark, to make the isolated Emigrant feel at home requires the suavity, the kindness, and the familiarity of the employer, the good natured interest and proffer of assistance in wardrobe matters, from the mistress, and above all the simple, sweet mannered conversation, and society, occasionally of the unmarried females. Don't rasp him down Miss Araminta with your inapropos, "don't touch the hem of" my garments look." Don't be afraid. If brain be rough and shaggy he don't want to swallow you whole. Amuse yourself innocently with his *breaking* (better to make it not necessary) 'twill please him and 'twill not hurt you. If you have any desire to second the efforts of your friends in the emigration scheme learn from one who knows that other things being equal, the farmer who has the largest family of *available* daughters is always the most successful in keeping workmen.

The poor Emigrant like a transplanted shrub should be taken care of by his employer for a while at least. There are a thousand annoyances, besides the breaking up of all old associations; which with the addition of labor under a Southern sun, is dulling and irritating, and for all which the Employer should make allowance.

Orangeburg June 20th 1874.

M. L. B.

We publish the following letter from County Commissioner Smoak. It is not our desire to impale him upon his own petard, but in justice to ourselves it is but fair that we should state that it was at Mr. Smoak's own instance that we stated it to be the duty of the sub-Commissioners to repair the bridges. As to the insufficiency of the pay of County Commissioners, we shall say nothing except that it was our opinion heretofore that men were elected, not that they might get three hundred dollars per annum, but to do their duty. If we didn't act out four years ago what we "preach" to day, it was because we had our friend Edmond as one of our inspectors of roads and bridges.

ORANGEBURG, S. C.

June 22nd, 1874.

To the Editor of the "Orangeburg News."

Sir:—In your last issue you had occasion to comment very severely on the actions of the County Commissioners, stating that "complaints come in thick and fast concerning the condition of the bridges."

As the law now stands the County Commissioners are allowed compensation for one hundred days service per annum, and it is impossible for us to visit all the Bridges in the County every week for such pay.

You further say that "the County Commissioners must do their duty." In reply I will say that it would have been a benefit to the people of this County had you said this about four years ago and have acted out what you now preach. The present Board are all in

this County and try to do their duty, and, we intend to remain here until their term of office expires, and not weary of their work until it is done.

Respectfully,
E. T. R. SMOAK,
Chairman Board Co., Com'rs.

P. S. I will regard it as an especial favor should any one be aware of a bridge needing repairs to notify the Board of the facts before complaining elsewhere.

Under the Foam.

SCENES AND SKETCHES FROM CITY LIFE.

The softened glow that lingers around the memories of youth is the comfort and happiness of age. No life so dreary but has had its pleasures—none so barren but the heart recalls some joyous hours fragrant with recollections of by gone days. The good and pure and virtuous feelings that are born with us may have passed away; the heart may have grown hard and rocky; the generous impulses stifled and subdued; yet, somewhere back on life's dreary pathway are spots green in our memories; where flowers have grown in sweet memorial of a gentler time.

And to those whose lives have been free from wrong, who have fought and struggled bravely with the world and lost or won its honors, the same sentiments belong. There is magnetism in recollection. No matter whether the experiences we recall be said or pleasant, the mind reviews the incidents that come and flit through reverie, as if thought possessed a strange, weird beauty that no experiences in life could dispel.

These reflections naturally arise in recalling an incident of the late war, which may not inappropriately be called here.

THE STORY OF THE RING.

It relates to a circumstance which occurred when the old Medical college was a military prison. A party of young men—six, I believe—had been arrested somewhere in the interior of the state and brought to the city as prisoners of war. Months passed in weary confinement. Expectation and hope deferred makes the heart sick, and these men grew weary of their long imprisonment. At last they concerted means for escape. They worked hopefully and waited patiently, and the period of their deliverance came at last. An excavation under the walls and a bribed guard was all there was of romantic interest in the flight. But after getting far away from the prison one of the fugitives stopped short and announced his intention of returning.

"Return?" cried his companions, "why you will be taken. The guard have been changed ere this, and our escape no doubt discovered."

"True," he said, "but still I must return."

So far the writer listened to the narrative as it was related by one of the fugitives one night near the close of the war in a quiet little house nestled among the Lexington hills. The narrator was the centre of a scene of gaiety and brightness, a village party, but one where culture and refinement was as noticeable as in the most brilliant gatherings in the city. A lady sat near him listening eagerly to what he said. Even after the lapse of so many years I can conjure now the beautiful vision her memory recalls. A classic face, with glistening eyes, and a figure as faultless in contour and outline as the Medicinal Venus. The face was sad, even in that scene of pleasure. The shadow of some great sorrow hung about her life, and all the rose hopes of her youth had faded in their bloom.

I had noticed an evident constraint in her manners, when during the evening she was brought in contact with Mr. W., one of the guests. They appeared to mutually avoid each other; or rather he refrained from paying attentions that he feared would be considered disagreeable. And yet gossips said they had once been lovers.

"But to return is death!" urged, upon my friend said the narrator. "You will be shot if taken."

"I know it," he said, "but still I am going back."

The words were quietly spoken, but there was an inflexible determination in their tone which almost appalled me. I reasoned and remonstrated in vain. I showed him the certainty of capture and the possible death that awaited him. It produced no impression. He listened to me quietly, sadly I thought, but his resolve was unalterable.

"But why," I asked, out of patience with his obstinacy, "will you incur this risk? What reason, what necessity is there in it?"

"I am going back for my ring," he said.

At these words the eager listening lady started visibly, and her face flushed scarlet. But the narrator did not perceive it, and went on with his story:

"What ring?" I asked—not that little gold circlet I saw you wearing?"

"Yes," he said, it was the gift of a dear friend. I laid it aside as we were working under the wall, lest I should break it, and in the hurry of escape I left it. We were scarcely outside of the wall when I thought of it, but I would not peril your escape by returning then. Now you are safe, and I go back for my ring."

"But why peril your life for a trifle like that?"

"I told you it was the gift of a dear friend—a lady! It is the pledge of truth to her. If I lost or gave it away, she would hold me foresworn. If she saw me without it, I should stand in her eyes a traitor. I took it on those conditions and I must go back."

There was no doubt of the lady's interest in the narrative now. She leaned forward in her chair. Her whole soul was absorbed in listening. Not a word, not an accent escaped her strained and eager senses. My interest in the story had given place to my interest in the lady. I never saw such intensity of feeling in my life.

"I expostulated with him," continued the narrator, "I ridiculed the idea: 'What value is the ring? Tell the lady you lost it!' 'Not so he said, 'she could then say I loved liberty and personal freedom better than the gift she gave me.'"

"And he returned?"

"It was the lady who asked the question. Her voice was very low, and the inquiry came with a choking utterance."

"He did, and served for his gains nine dreary months of imprisonment, a solitary captive with ball and chain."

"And the ring? We all demanded eagerly. He did not find it!"

Even as he spoke, the lady rose from her seat and passed across the room to where Mr. W. was sitting.

As quick as thought it flashed upon us: these were the parties.

I heard her say as she came close to his side, "I did not expect from you im possibilities. You should have told me the story."

The sad mask had dropped from her face. Her eyes were full of tears but not of bitterness.

It is useless to tell of the happy wedding that ensued; of the joy and merry-making of the guests. Our fair readers can imagine that. And so ends the story of the ring.

Temper.

Few men have sweet tempers, or hold such as they possess under invariable control, though there are men who, with out this sweetness of nature, however much tried, never seem to lose their self command. No public man can get on long who has not his temper well in hand; but with the same amount of inflammable particles, men differ much on the occasions that set fire to them. Some people who are all composure when we might reasonably expect and justly excuse an explosion, will break down into peevishness or passing frenzy on slight provocations. We have known men, quite remarkable for a well bred serenity, to be unreasonably and childishly testy at some transient annoyance of a sort they are not used to. Highly sensitive organizations and intellects kept on the stretch are always irritable. DeQuincy, who has no heroes, says that Wordsworth, with all his philosophy, had fits of ill-temper, though the unexampled sweetness of his wife's temper

made it impossible to quarrel with her. The two great hymn writers and good Christians, Newton and Toplad, met but once, and for a few minutes, yet something passed—a trifling jest which upset Toplad's equanimity, and made his parting words, we are told by the friendly by-stander, not very courteous. There are times when men think they do well to be angry, and attribute their display of ill temper to a holy impulse, while the observer sees only a common pet—exposing itself at the most unsuitable moment—at the failure of the efforts to attract and impress, perhaps to shine. The preacher is particularly subject to the temptation of an angry remonstrance uttered in this spirit. It must be hard to feel your best passages lost through the restlessness of school children or the infectious inattention of the singing gallery, but it seldom answers to allow the chafed spirit its fling. The parson may be in a passion without knowing it, but not without the congregation being quite alive to it, and the remembrance of the scene will outlive every other effect of his discourse.

A Shocking Suicide.

A WOMAN CUTS HER THROAT FROM EAR TO EAR.

Wednesday evening just after the factory whistle blew for quitting time, our quiet town was thrown into a high pitch of excitement by the report that Mrs. Robert Buchanan, the wife of a factory employe, had ended her existence by cutting her throat from ear to ear with a razor. Subsequent examination proved the report to be horribly true, and those who hastened to the scene found the unfortunate lady weltering in her own blood. She had been sick some two or three weeks with pneumonia, during which time morphine had been given her to alleviate her pain and to satisfy the appetite she had previously formed for it, and at one time was considered out of danger, although she was not as well on the day of her death, as she had been a few days previous, and on account of her peculiarly nervous and despondent temperament, and despite the assertions of the doctor, her husband and friends that she would live, she had become firmly impressed with the idea that she would never get well.

About four o'clock she asked for two cigar boxes which were in the room, and they were handed her without hesitation or a thought of their deadly contents. She apparently satisfied herself with their possession, and when her husband came home from his work he placed them in their former position. Just as the family were preparing to seat themselves at the supper table, she requested that the door between the dining room and her bed room be closed, complaining of the heat, which was promptly done, and as one of the ladies who were attending to the household duties was about seating herself at the table she heard a strange, gurgling noise, which caused her to turn and open the door, little dreaming of the blood curdling sight that would meet her sight. There lay Mrs. Buchanan in the agonies of death, the blood flowing from several veins. The alarm was immediately given, and a man dispatched for Dr. Sander of Marble Hill, but before he arrived she had breathed her last, and her trials and troubles were ended.

After the deed, her actions of the preceding twenty four hours were easily interpreted, and now, for the first time, they were made aware of the fact that she had extracted a razor from one of the cigar boxes, and concealed it until the room was vacated, when she made the fatal stroke. The instrument did its work well, and in twenty minutes she was a corpse.

Rev. Mr. Fackler, a Baptist minister of Americus Ga., having preached against Universalism as "profane swears, gamblers, thieves, drunkards," Mr. L. W. F. Andrews demands a retraction, and threatens if it is not forthcoming within a month's time, to make it quite torrid for Mr. Fackler.