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Honesty and Economy in the Management of the State Government.

The conservative citizens of South Carolina profess to be in favor of honesty and economy in the management of the State and county governments, and also profess to be willing to join hands with any party which gives any evidence of its ability to bring this desired state of affairs about. The Republican party has had control of the State during the past six years, and during that time many wrongs have been imposed upon the people through the machinations and unholy combinations of bad and irresponsible men. The party recognizing the above fact has made a desperate effort to relieve itself of the load which has been pressing upon it, and to a very great extent has succeeded in accomplishing the object sought. It has honestly striven to bring about a better state of things, by selecting intelligent, competent, honest men to administer public affairs, thereby throwing around the public offices that security which is necessary to perpetuate Republican institutions in both the State and nation. It is perfectly natural for parties to select their standard bearers from their own ranks, and we have yet to learn the time when the Democracy, while in the majority, ever stepped outside of its own party lines to select a candidate for an important office, and yet that is just what the Democrats seem to expect us to do here. We desire honesty and economy in the management of the State government, just as sincerely as does the *News and Courier*, or any other Bourgeois Democrat in this State, but we beg to be excused from believing that the Democratic way for bringing that state of affairs about is any better than our own. But leaving the question of party issues aside, we desire to ask any candid, intelligent man in South Carolina what it is in the record of Judge Green that induces them to believe he is a better man for the position, and will conduct a more honest or economical government for this State than would Chamberlain? It is all very well to assert that Green is a better man and more honest than Chamberlain, but what evidence have we, or has any man, that he will make a more acceptable Governor or will secure to the people a more honest and economical administration of public affairs? Can we judge of the future by his record in the past? Not at all, for he has no executive record whatever, and no one knows whether he will be honest, or will, even, excel in trickery and corruption the worst man that has presided in South Carolina since reconstruction. We have his word for his honesty, and that is all. So have we Mr. Chamberlain's word that he will give the people of South Carolina an honest economical government, and we undertake to say that no honest man in this State, be he Democrat or Republican, who knows Mr. Chamberlain personally, but will take his word for the deed, as quick as he would that of Judge Green.

We have already shown, in a former article, that if the candidates are to be judged by their "surroundings," then Judge Green will be sunk so low that the hand of political resurrection can never reach him. Nearly every one of his prominent supporters is a man of exceedingly questionable reputation, and most of them have been exercises upon the Republican party until they could no longer be tolerated, and when they see the power which they have hitherto held slowly but surely slipping from their grasp, forthwith they make a desperate attempt to retrieve their waning fortunes by assuming the role of reformers—by shouting lustily, "Stop thief!" stop thief!" when they are the very ones whom the party has tried for years to rid itself of.

We ask any honorable Conservative, how in the name of all that is decent and respectable, he can rally to the support of a man who has for his right hand men such persons as R. H. Cain, James A. Bowley, William A. Hayne, Georgetown Jones and Thomas C. Dunn, the great bond investigator, but a man of exceedingly short memory? Do the Conservatives of this State believe it would be possible to have an honest, economical government with such men as advisers to the chief executive of the State, and do they believe that such men would add anything to the dignity and respectability of the candidate who could be elected through their instrumentality? We think not. We give the Conservatives credit for more sense than that state of affairs would imply. While we do not doubt for one moment that every thoughtful Conservative in the State desires honest, economical government, yet we must be permitted to believe that they do not think such things can be brought about by Judge Green, with such a gang of sharks at his back as are now draining the Conservative purse.

Mr. Chamberlain has pledged his word and his sacred honor to stand by the pledges which he has already made to the party which placed him in nomi-

nation, and every honest man in the State, and out of it, who knows him, knows that he means to do just what he says. Mr. Chamberlain never permits himself to get into a condition where he does not know just what responsibilities are resting upon him, and just what is expected at his hands at all times; but this is vastly more than can be said of Judge Green. A man who leads an economical private life, would be much more likely to look carefully after the affairs of the State than one who yields to his appetite and becomes the slave of a passion which he cannot control. That Judge Green is a prey to his passions is patent to every one who knows the man intimately, and yet there are intelligent men who prefer to entrust the destinies of a great State to the keeping of one who cannot control himself, to one who is clear-headed, sane and sober at all times. We need honesty and economy in the management of the State government, but we ask to be excused from believing that such a state of things can be brought about through Judge Green and his motley and questionable "surroundings."—*Columbia Union*.

"Curfew Must Not Ring To-Night."

[In the time of Cromwell, a young soldier, for some offence, was condemned to die, and the time of his death was fixed "at the ringing of the curfew." Naturally, such a doom would be fearful and bitter to one in the years of his hope and pride, but to this unhappy youth death was doubly terrible, since he was soon to have been married to a beautiful young lady whom he had long loved. The lady, who loved him ardently in return, had used her utmost efforts to avert his fate, pleading with the judges, and even with Cromwell himself, but all in vain. In her despair she tried to bribe the old sexton not to ring the bell, but she found that impossible. The hour drew near for the execution. The preparations were completed. The officers of the law brought forth the prisoner, and waited while the sun was setting, for the signal from the distant bell tower. To the wonder of everybody, it did not ring! Only one human being at that moment knew the reason. The poor girl, half wild with the thought of her lover's peril, had rashly, unseen, up the winding stairs, and climbed the ladder into the belfry, and seized the tongue of the bell. The old sexton was in his place, prompt to the fatal moment. He threw his weight upon the rope, and the bell, obedient to his practiced hand, rumbled and swung to and fro in the tower. But the brave girl kept her hold, and no sound issued from its metallic lips. Again and again the sexton drew the rope, but with desperate strength the young heroine held on. Every movement made her position more fearful; every sway of the bell's huge weight threatened to fling her through the high tower window; but she would not let go. At last the sexton went away. Old and deaf, he had not noticed that the curfew gave no peal. The brave girl descended from the belfry, wounded and trembling. She hurried from the church to the place of execution. Cromwell himself was there, and was just sending to demand why the bell was silent.

Slowly England's sun was setting, o'er the hill-tops far away,
Filling all the land with beauty, at the close of one sad day,
And the last rays kissed the forehead of a man and maiden fair—
He with footsteps slow and weary, she with sunny floating hair;
He with bowed head, sad and thoughtful, she with lips all cold and white,
Struggled to keep back the murmur—
"Curfew must not ring to-night."

"Sexton," Bessie's white lips faltered, pointing to the prison old,
With its turrets tall and gloomy, with its walls dark, damp and cold,
"I've a lover in that prison, doomed this very night to die,
At the ringing of the curfew, and no earthly help will not come till sun-set," and her lips grew strangely white,
As she breathed the lucky whisper—
"Curfew must not ring to-night!"

"Bessie," calmly spoke the sexton, every word pierced her young heart,
Like the piercing of an arrow, like a deadly poisoned dart,
"Long, long years I've rung the curfew from that gloomy, shadowed tower;
Every evening, just at sunset, it has told the twilight hour;
I have done my duty ever, tried to do it just and right,
Now I'm old I still must do it,
Curfew it must ring to-night."

Wild her eyes and pale her features, stern and white her thoughtful brow,
And within her secret bosom Bessie made a solemn vow,
She had listened while the judges read without a tear or sigh,
"At the ringing of the curfew, Basil Underwood must die."
And her breath came fast and faster, and her eyes grew large and bright—
In an undertone she murmured—
"Curfew must not ring to-night."

She with quick steps bounded forward, sprung within the old church door,
Left the old man threading slowly paths so oft he'd tread before;

Not one moment paused the maiden, but with eye and cheek aglow,
Mounted up the gloomy tower, where the bell swung to and fro;
And she climbed the dusty ladder, on which fell no ray of light,
Up and up—her white lips saying,
"Curfew shall not ring to-night."

She had reached the topmost ladder, o'er her hangs the great dark bell;
Awful is the gloom beneath her, like a pathway down to hell.
Lo! the ponderous tongue is swinging, 'tis the hour of curfew now,
And the sight has chilled her bosom, stopped her breath and pale her brow—
Shall "she let it ring? No, never! Flash her eyes with sudden light,
And she springs and grasps it firmly—
"Curfew shall not ring to-night."

Out she swung, far out, the city seemed a speck of light below,
"Twixt Heaven and earth her form suspended, as the bell swung to and fro,
And the sexton at the bell-rope, old and deaf, heard not the bell,
But he thought it still was ringing fair young Basil's funeral knell.
Still the maiden clung most firmly, and with trembling lips and white,
Said to hush her heart's wild beating,
"Curfew shall not ring to-night."

It was o'er, the bell ceased swaying, and the maiden stepped once more
Firmly on the dark old ladder, where for hundred years before,
Human foot had not been planted. The brave deed that she had done
Should be told long ages after, as the rays of setting sun,
Should illumine the sky with beauty; aged eyes with heads of white,
Long should tell the little child,
Curfew did not ring that night.

O'er the distant hills came Cromwell; Bessie sees him, and her brow,
Full of hope and full of gladness, has no anxious traces now.
At his feet she tells her story, shows her hands all bruised and torn;
And her face so sweet and pleading, yet with sorrow pale and worn,
Touched his heart with sudden pity, lit his eyes with misty light:
"Go! your lover lives," said Cromwell,
"Curfew shall not ring to-night."

Naming the Baby.

Smudge had ransacked the various books for a name, and as the sixth of the latest edition of Smudge was indicative of ton in the ranks of men, as the infant looked strong—almost warlike—a great name was the quest of its distracted parents. Mrs. S. wanted it named after some old Bible character. Smudge suggested Sampson Goliath, which would typify strength; Mrs. S. leaned to Moses Samuel, emblematical of weakness.

Smudge declared that he would rather expose the child to the measles than have it called Moses Samuel. Then he hinted at Jonah; but Mrs. S. would listen to no such monogram. She didn't want her last child's name connected with a fish story! Already they had named a child Haman, and she was sure he would be hanged some day. Seeing that no Scriptural name could be agreed on, she suggested Omega," reminding Smudge that they had named their first born Alpha.

"You don't call this one Omega, said Smudge, "I'll put the name away, and when we want it I'll let you know. How would Martin Luther do?"
"I'm a Baptist, I am Smudge!" retorted Mrs. S., coloring. "I don't want any Lutheran names in this house. For your mother's sake, I allowed one of my children to be called John Wesley. She don't poke any Methodist names on to me again. If Luther had been a Baptist, the name might do. There's Roger Williams. Roger Williams Smudge would sound well! He could write it R. Williams Smudge, you see."

"But he never will!" cried the parent, with determination. "Roger Williams was a Baptist, and you know Mrs. Smudge, that I don't lean that way. I'd sooner call him Tom Paine."
Mrs. Smudge shrieked.
"Call him Tom Paine, and I'll kill him before he's weaned."
"You like Puritans, Mrs. Smudge. Call him Miles Standish."

"No, sir! I don't want my child to grow up with any such outlandish name. You called our second boy Plymouth Rock Smudge, and that name will kill him before he votes. No more Puritan names."

"You're the confoundest particular woman I ever saw," retorted Smudge. "If it had been a girl, we would have called her Cleopatra Octavia."
"No, we wouldn't! Our fourth girl now groans under the name of Olympia Tarpeia. It will make her be an old maid. Let's compromise Smudge. You like a strong name—Goliath, for instance I, a Baptist one. Let's call the baby Roger W. Goliath Smudge."
"Put the Bible name first."
"I won't do it."
"Then we'll call him something else."

"My father's name was Joshua Gideon," meekly suggested Mrs. Smudge.
"What do I care if it was? None of my children shall be called after any of your relatives. That's settled! Let us fall back on a late name—Garibaldi, for instance."

"Or Bonaparte"
"Which one?"
"Napoleon the Third."
"No; I won't have him called Napoleon."
"Then you shan't call him Garibaldi," retorted Mrs. S. as firmly.

"Smudge, you are the trickiest individual I ever lived with. You won't listen to anything. I am reasonable—willing to listen to anything you propose."
"Then call the boy Daniel Webster. I always admired the old statesman."
"Our family shan't be disgraced by a Whig name," said Mrs. Smudge.

"Lafayette is a great and good name."
Smudge thought so; he was on the eve of suggesting the name of the great Frenchman himself.

"Lafayette Williams!" said Mrs. Smudge.

"There's your old Baptist name again!" I tell you Roger Williams shan't, in any form, hang to that boy's coat-tail."
"Then you shan't call him Lafayette."

And thus the quarreling over the christening continued for six mortal hours. Finally, the affair was settled. Smudge's twelfth baby is to face the world with the simple cognomen of John Smudge.

The Southern Planter.

There must and will be, a radical change in the conduct of the rising generation of planters. The younger men are, I think convinced that it is a mistake to depend on Western and Northern markets for the articles of daily consumption, and for nearly everything which goes to make life tolerable. But the elders, grounded by a lifetime of habit in the methods which served them well under a slave regime, but which ruinous now a days, will never correct themselves. They will continue to be wail the unfortunate fate to which they think themselves condemned—or will rest assured that they can do very well in the present chaotic condition of things provided Providence does not allow them to fail. They cannot be brought to see that their only safety lies in making cotton their staple crop; that they must absolutely dig their sustenance, as well as their riches, out of the ground. Before the war, a planter who owned a plantation of two thousand acres, and two hundred negro slaves upon it, would, when he came to make his January settlement with his merchant in town, invest whatever there was to his credit in more land and more negroes. Now the more land he buys the worse he is off, because he finds it very hard to get it worked up to the old standard, and unless he does, he can ill afford to buy supplies from the outer world at the heavy prices charged for them—or if he can do that, he can accomplish little else. As most of his capital was taken from him by the series of events which liberated his slaves he has been compelled since the war to undertake his planting operations on borrowed capital, or, in other words, has relied on a merchant or middle man to furnish food and clothing for his laborers, and all the means necessary to get his crop, baled and weighed, to the market. The failure of his crop would of course cover him with liabilities; but such has been this fatal persistence in this false system that he has been able to struggle through as in Alabama, three successive crop failures. The merchant, somewhat reconciled to the anomalous condition of affairs by the large profits he can make on coarse goods brought long distance, has himself pushed endurance and courage to an extreme point, and when he dare give credit no longer, hosts of planters are often placed in the most painful and embarrassing positions. So they gather up the wrecks of their fortune, pack their Lanes Penates in an emigrant wagon or car, and doggedly work their way to Texas.—*Edward King in Scribner's for October.*

A Leaf from the Record.

In the legislature of South Carolina, immediately after the war, Judge John T. Green represented in part the county of Sumter. It was that Legislature which passed the famous Black Code and Green was one of its warmest supporters. We find on page 78 of the journals, the following amendment offered by Green, but rejected by the House:

Add to section 46, "And in case the servant shall absent himself without leave from the service of the master, during the continuance of the contract, the master or his agent is hereby authorized and empowered to arrest him wherever he may be found and compel him to return to his employment."

A beautiful idea of free government this is, and the man who gave expression to it now seek support from the very men whom he sought by all means in his power to re-enslave. Even Green's Democratic allies refused to swallow this amendment, and it was voted down by 63 to 42, Green standing closely by his infamous progeny. It mattered not how inhumanly and brutally a servant might be treated by his employer, if he dared leave before his contract expire, he could be arrested and compelled to go back to his chains as complete a slave as before the shackles were stricken from his limbs by a just government. Is this the kind of a man to entrust with the high office of Governor of this State?

Senator T. C. Dunn is the recognized leader of the bolters' movement in favor of honest government and against the "Bond Ring." Have the people forgotten the position taken by Senator Dunn last winter in regard to the Blue Ridge scrip and the Conversion Bonds? Was he not the champion of both these repudiated obligations, and did he not use all his influence to upset the settlement bill after it passed and became a law, because these matters were unprovided for? Did he not champion Mr. Wesley's little claim of an hundred thousand dollars or more, and for what purpose? Mr. Wesley was a large holder of scrip, and one of the agents of the "Bond Ring" in New York. There are good reasons for believing that Senator Dunn is acting in the interests of that "Bond Ring," and that his opposition to Mr. Chamberlain arises from the fact that the latter unalterably opposed to any bond scheme whatever. Did not Senator Dunn, or his committee, secure a pay certificate for \$2,500 last winter, to pay the expenses of the investigation of the bonds, and did he not in addition to that amount, receive \$700 from the Attorney-General for the same purpose? We are credibly informed that he did.—*Columbia Union*.

Bottled Hash.

Where is (Primus) Green? We hear his silvery voice no more.

Positive Dunn, comparative Durdent superlative Dunn-gone
U. S. Dispensary.—Dandelion root, good for the liver complaint; also, good for greens.

They ring him together with a cow-bell in Washalla, and he marches down in a squad of one.

The difference between a bolter and a bottle—one is smashed when dore with, and the other done with when smashed.

Should sea captains always go to the Lee ward?
An Hades de-camp—Getting away with a good-sized pay certificate.
Dare you beat the State ticket?
To disgrace we're not wedded;
And we'll go double headed.
Just to beat that State ticket.

[O'Reilly.—*Columbia Union*

Ludicrous Scene in a Pulpit.

A German paper relates the following anecdote.

In a Bavarian town of the most pronounced orthodoxy, the priest preached lately against the Old Catholics, and related such horrible things about them that his pious hearers were literally horror-stricken at Old Catholic improprieties. At last the preacher cried out:

"The Old Catholics are so vile that they will all be cast into the pit, and if what I tell you is not true, may the devil take me now on the spot!"

His excitement was so terrible, and he so struck the cushion that the book fell from it. Not far from the pulpit there sat an American, who had a negro servant with him, to whom he beckoned to take the book up to the priest, who, perhaps, had never seen one of those sons of ham in his life. The negro at once obeyed, and as he mounted the lowest of the pulpit steps, the clergyman repeated his wish that the devil might come and take him if what he had said against the Old Catholics was not true. Although the negro went softly the preacher heard his footsteps, and turning round saw a black object solemnly, steadily and surely approaching him. He looked at him with terror, and believing that he would the next instant be collared by his Santanio Majesty he cried out with a trembling voice:

"It is, after all, possible that there may be good people among the Old Catholics."

Turning then round to see if the object had disappeared, he saw it still steadily approaching. The perspiration burst out on his brow, and full of despair he called out:

"There are even many good people among the Old Catholics!"

Thinking that this would suffice, he turned round, but what was his horror to find the object close at hand. Imagining himself in the very grasp of Belzebub, turning partly to the negro and partly to the congregation, he cried out:

"May the devil come and take me if all the Old Catholics are not better than we are!"

The terrified preacher fainted from fright and it was only after some time that he recovered.—*N. Y. Times*

The Vagabond Sage.

An old man of very active phisognomy, answering to the name of Jacob Wilmont, was brought to the police court. His clothes looked as if they might have been bought second hand in his youthful prime, for they had suffered more from the rub of the world than the proprietor himself.

"What business?"
"None; I'm a traveler."
"A vagabond, perhaps."
"You are not far wrong. Travelers and vagabonds are about the same thing. The difference is that the latter travels without money and the former without brains."

"Where have you traveled?"
"All over the Continent."
"For what purpose?"
"Observation."
"What have you observed?"
"A little to commend, much to ensure, and a great deal to laugh at."
"What do you like?"
"A handsome woman that will stay at home, an eloquent preacher who will preach short sermons, a good writer to much, and a fool that has sense enough to hold his tongue."
"What do you censure?"
"A man that marries a girl; for her money and fine clothing, a youth who studies medicine while he has the use of his hands, and the people who will elect a drunkard to office."
"What do you laugh at?"
"I laugh at a man who expects his position to command that respect which his personal qualifications and qualities do not merit."
He was dismissed.

"He handled his gun carelessly, and put on his angel plumage," is the latest Western obituary notice.

As appropriate to the season, a Toledo woman muzzled her husband to keep him from kissing the chamber maid.

Why should there be more marriages in winter than in summer? Because in winter the gentlemen require coats, porters and the ladies muffs.

"See," said a sorrowing wife, "how peaceful the cat and dog are." "Yes," said the petulant husband, "but just tie them together and see how the fur will fly."

When you see a young man with a yellow vest, with a girl hanging on his arm, walk up to a candy stand and recklessly call for some gum drops and a hull stick of lickerish, you may mark him as a candidate for the poor house.

This is old but good. Two young princes of Austria entered into a violent quarrel, when one of them said, "You are the greatest ass in Vienna." Just then the Emperor, their father, entered and said indignantly, "Come young gentlemen, you forget that I am present."

A Yankee poet thus breaks forth: Oh! the snore, the beautiful snore, filling the chamber from ceiling to floor! Over the coverlet, under the sheet, from her wee dimpled chin to her pretty feet. Now rising aloft like a bee in June; now flute-like subsiding, then rising again, is the beautiful snore of Elizabeth Jane.

After the prosecuting attorney had hooped vituperation upon the poor prisoner without counsel, the judge asked him if he had anything to say for himself. "Your honor," replied the prisoner, "I ask for a postponement for 18 days, in order that I may find a blackguard to answer that one there."

Diphtheria.

The following are said to be effectual remedies for diphtheria, or sore throat. Gargle or wash the inside of the throat frequently with a tea spoonful of tincture of buckebush, diluted with a little water. Commence using it on the first symptoms of soreness or inflammation. It does not burn or cauterize but soothes and relieves the irritation. Do not swallow, as it will nauseate. Continue the use once in two hours until relieved. In a clinical lecture by M. Bucquoy, delivered at the Hospital Cochin, Paris he expressed his preference for lemon juice, as a local application in diphtheria to acids, chlorate of potash, nitrate of silver, perchloride of iron, alum or lime water. He uses it by dipping a little plug of cotton or wool, twisted around a wire in the juice and, pressing it against the diseased surface four or five times daily. For a grown person four drops of sulphuric acid diluted in three quarters of a tumbler of water; with a smaller dose for children. The effect of this treatment was said to be instantaneous; the acid at once destroying the parasites and the patient coughing up the obstruction. Children almost previously in a dying state, were declared to be playing about within ten minutes; and at a moderate computation some forty or fifty of these sudden recoveries have been placed on record with full particulars.

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