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THE PLANS OF THE DEMOCATS

A Temporary Partnership with the Radical Devils.

GET HIM IN OUR CLUTCHES AND THEN THRESH HIM.

The Possum Policy to be Tried

DIVIDE AND CONQUER.

The Infamous Amendments to be Null and Void.

AN INDISCREET AVOWAL BY A BLUNT DEMOCRAT.

LETTER FROM G. D. TILLMAN, OF EDGEFIELD.

We make the following extract from a letter to the *Chester Reporter*. It exhibits the true spirit of the rebel democracy, which is now playing possum with a few deluded republicans:

"At the worst, I hope and believe that our political oppressions will cease very shortly after the inauguration of the next President. If that President be a democrat, it is reasonably certain that a majority of both houses of Congress will also be democrats, or at least conservatives. If so, the reconstruction acts will speedily be repealed, which would leave suffrage where it constitutionally belongs—under control of the States. Then, admitting the coerced amendments of the constitution to be valid, the States could attach a pro-tem qualification to suffrage without violating those amendments, which would practically destroy negro suffrage as a disturbing element in the body-politic.

"Again, after the democrats got possession of the executive and legislative departments, the present judges of the supreme court following public opinion as I wish in the future as in the past, and no longer dreading either personal or deprivation of salary, may declare the reconstruction acts, as well as the two fraudulent amendments, unconstitutional, and void, as if they had to do so, the court can be reorganized, simply by an increase of judges, even as the radicals did on a memorable occasion, and by making a proper appointment of new judges, the constitution of the fathers can be restored."

I have thus far considered only the probabilities of South Carolina being relieved by outside help. I will now very briefly discuss the question how she can help herself. Eight of the Confederate States have recovered practical possession of their State government. Of these only two—Georgia and Texas—about the radicals in the first instance out of that control in a fair fight in the polls on a square democratic platform. All the other disenthralled States, in order to succeed, had to use policy, and they have all pursued the same line of policy. As this policy has broken the chains of Virginia, North Carolina, Tennessee, Missouri, Arkansas and Alabama, it ought to have sufficient wisdom and morality to be adopted by South Carolina.

It is known as the "possum policy" in the States that have so successfully practiced it. It has five well defined features:

1st. The democrats must neither attempt to renounce any political principles whatever.

2d. They must make no nominations for any of the State offices, such as Governor, secretary of state, etc.

3d. They must leave every election district to do the best it can for members of the legislature and for local officers.

4th. At the first election they must give up every local office of profit, if necessary, to get even a bare majority in the hands of county commissioners and in one house of the legislature, so as to regulate the taxes.

5th. All democrats must, to a man, vote at the election first for their own candidates of course, then for the bolting radical candidates seeking State offices and relying to denounce for support, and, lastly, vote for the bolting radical candidates for local and legislative offices as may have been agreed upon, carrying out in good faith all compromises, trades and swaps of votes for offices and offices for votes.

In the six States that have rehabilitated themselves by this policy it has usually taken two general elections for the democrats to recover control. A second election must be held to gain the State officers alone. It is the part of wisdom because we cannot get all the offices to take none at all? Is not half a loaf better than no bread? In the present temper of President Grant and New England, it will not do for the democrats of South Carolina to get possession of more than one department of their State government at one election. We must capture the strongholds in detail, as the other States have done

that practised "possumism." It is perhaps because Louisiana, acting on the possum policy, carried her last State election by storm, almost sweeping the entire State.

"Until we divide our enemies we shall attack them in vain; and there is no bribe, no temptation we can offer that will so divide and demoralize them as by encouraging radical candidates who have been defeated for nominations in their own party to bolt and rely on the democrats for help to get the offices they want. In this way the second most popular radical leader that aspires to any office in the State can, as a rule, be bought up; and this combined influence would bring over to the democrats at least one-third of the radical followers who could never again find welcome in the radical fold. If preferred the policy may be called a temporary partnership with the radical devil to get out of his clutches and then thrash him. It has proven a very Pandora's box to the radicals in those States where it has been properly tried, causing fights at headquarters among the generals that have extended to their partisans throughout the rank and file. It has led to crimination and revilement, blows and counter-blows, not only over the feast, around the mahogany, but over the crumbs at the side table; caused quarrels, in the parlor, quarrels in the kitchen, quarrels in the cabin, quarrels in the field, and suspicion, hatred and war to the knife everywhere, that President Grant interfered in behalf of Kello's crew."

So efficacious has this possum policy been in rescuing the Confederate States from their chains, that the President and New England dread its use above everything in the four remaining prostrate States; and if South Carolina should successfully practice it to any great extent at the approaching election, it is stated before, I am persuaded the President would interfere with the bayonet as he did in Louisiana. New England is almost crazed at the prospect of losing the use of her tools of the South—the seal-wags and I care not to guess. She and Grant, as also written above, will hold control of the four prostrate States until after the next President election at all hazards, if they dare do it. For these reasons, at the present time, the possum policy to do more than give the democrats a majority in one house of the legislature, and perhaps a controlling voice in most of the boards of commissioners, even if four people should adopt that policy and had been properly preparing for it. But they have not been so preparing.

Our editor, politicians and voters should, since last spring, have been telling the radical aspirants for office all over the State that the democrats would nominate no candidates for State offices, and only a few candidates for local and legislative office in the election districts having a radical majority. They also should have been inviting every radical aspirant, when defeated for the nomination he sought at the hands of his own party, to bolt with his friends, and the democrats would help him get the office he sought. In this manner bolting radical candidates, strong in radical followers, could have been manufactured by the wholesale and formidable alliances formed for the day of battle. It was thus the other States did.

But some mysterious influence seems to have governed the editors of South Carolina since the war. Why they did not many years ago urge this possum policy on the people of the State is perfectly inexplicable. State after State in the South achieved victory by it, yet our editors have never once pressed it home on their readers. Still they could get up reformism—pledge the democracy of the State to a pure Radical platform, and then ask the radicals to give the democrats all the offices as a reward for their treason, when the offices were then and always will be the first thing the radicals want in politics. Our foolish, silliferous, palsied politicians cannot approve possumism, it seems, yet they could approve the radicalism of union reform, and came very near thereby destroying the organization of the national democratic party. They cannot humble their proud souls nor soil their clean hands with possumism, yet they could send a whining committee, hat in hand, to beg some bowls of compassion from Henry Wilson, who spurned them as he would whipped curs, just as they ought to have expected.

As long as the present powers shall rule at Washington, South Carolina will never knock off her fetters except with possumism. But help from abroad may be looked for soon, not because the West loves us, or pities our condition, but she loves herself, and interest bids her help us.

On the whole, the outlook appears more cheering than at any time since the long dark night of reconstruction commenced. But whether we release our selves, or be redeemed by others, or whether we ever get redeemed—what every may betide us in all we think say or do, let us never forget that we are white men and South Carolinians.

The Promised Reform.

Since Democracy lost the control of the Government it has been clamoring for reform. The most satisfactory Administration the nation ever had fails to satisfy it. Everything in the shape of governmental affairs need reformation and every time Democracy is the only party pure enough to bring it about. The thief, when pursued by the officers of the law, will oftentimes direct public attention from his own efforts to escape by crying at the top of his voice, "stop thief! stop thief!" So, Democracy, driven from its fields of plunder and close by pursued by the moral sentiment of the country, endeavors to divert the righteous punishment which is being inflicted upon it to an innocent party by crying out "reform! reform! we must have reform!"

It has deceived a few people and been successful in some sections. Texas fell a victim to its sly, sly clamor, and to day is paying dearly for Democratic reform. Its excellent school system has been reformed out of existence and its children, both white and black, will grow up in ignorance unless their reformation is brought in Democratic policy, or by the return to power of the Republican party. Its Supreme Court, composed of good men with loyal sentiments, has been so reformed that none of its loyal material is left, and in its place we find the old State judges under Confederate rule. The same reform has been practiced in every office under State control, so that at the present time a loyal man, in the true sense of the term, is about as hard to find holding a local office in Texas as a ray of sunshine in the midst of night. In several offices being reduced in number they have been multiplied, and the reform that was to save money to the State will cost it at least a third more than the administration which it supplanted. The elective franchise has been so purified by the Texas party of reform that but few Republicans in the rural districts dare appear at the polls, and reform prescription has been so thoroughly practiced that in a few years a Republican voter in Texas will be as rare a curiosity as an abolitionist was in South Carolina.

Like reform has taken possession of Georgia, North Carolina, Virginia, and other Southern States. And as some of the corrupt bar governments were thought to be the substitute in their place of Democratic reform has made matters worse, and we are not surprised that the better class of Democrats who would like to believe in the promised reforms have a ready revolt against them and to day are crying for deliverance from their friends. The broken promises of Democracy in Virginia are well set forth in the *Packerburg State Journal* an ably conducted paper in that State. The article is entitled "Democratic Promises Violated," and is so truthful a picture of like violations in every State where Democracy has gained power that we repeat it here: "We were promised," says the Journal—

That the convention and legislation growing out of it would cost but \$30,000—they have already cost over \$180,000.

That the sessions of the Legislature should be biennial—they have been so far semi-annual.

That there should be greater economy in the administration of State affairs—the cost in every department of the public State service has largely increased.

That a Legislature should be chosen that would guard the State Treasury—the most notable act of that body was to appropriate \$10,000 of the people's money for a Christmas spree.

That party would punish every dishonest public officer—it has shielded a peccator, convicted by a committee of his own selection, of overcharges to the amount of thousands of dollars.

That it would give us a constitution shorter, better, and plainer than the old one—it has given us one that is twice as long as the old one, and so complicated that neither the public nor the makers of the instrument can understand it.

That it would diminish the number of officers—it has largely increased them.

That it would diminish the number of judges—it has multiplied the number.

That it would diminish the number of members for the Legislature it has increased them.

That it would give us a cheaper county organization it has given us a more expensive one.

That it would lower the salaries of public officers—it has in every case increased them.

It promised the people local government—it destroyed nearly all we ever had gave the resurrected county court system in its stead.

It destroyed the trial by jury before justices, in order to concentrate business and power in the hand of court house cliques.

It has promised a reduction in taxes—taxation is not diminished, but rather increased.

It promised a homestead law for the protection of the poor man—it made one to rob the poor man.

This is the party that seeks to reform the nation that asks the people to give it a majority in the House of Representatives; that demands possession of the Government in 1876. What the history of the Republic will be under Democratic reformation can be written in a sentence: Repudiation, bankruptcy, anarchy, national disgrace. To all who seek to bring about such a reform the Democratic party commands itself. To all who desire to avoid it, who wish to maintain the credit of the nation, secure peace and prosperity within its borders, promote general intelligence by a wise system of free schools, and who earnestly hope to see the Republic take rank as the leader among the civilized and favored nations of the earth, we commend the Republican party. It has been tried and not found wanting. It has violated no promises, given no pledges which it has failed to keep. Its record is as clear as the moonday light, and the few faults which it has developed throughout its long and honorable career are but as the spots which the telescope reveals on the surface of the sun, of sufficient importance to merit inspection, but not enough to destroy the usefulness of the orb itself.—*Republic*.

Col. Susan Anthony—A Talk with the Woman Suffrage Leader.

[From the Chicago Tribune.]

Last night the ladies of the Illinois State Woman's Suffrage Association were on the quiver, for it was known in chosen circles that

THE PIONEER OF FEMALE SUFFRAGE was even then on the incoming train, en route for Chicago, to attend the mass meeting on Wednesday of this week. Mrs. Fernando Jones, the president of the association, was flitting hither and thither in her hospitable home, seeing that the rooms were heated to just such a comfortable temperature, that dinner was ready the moment the distinguished guests arrived, that Mrs. Jones left on time to attend Mrs. Anthony from the start, and no possible comfort could be omitted. The time passed. The writer had read an account of the proceedings of the trial of Susan B. Anthony for illegal voting, and had arrived at this sentence: "Is there a man who will not agree with me that to talk of freedom without the ballot is mockery—is slavery—to the women of this republic, precisely as New England's orator Wendell Phillips, at the close of the late war, declared it to be the newly emancipated black man?" when I raised my eyes and saw

A LADY-LIKE FIGURE, in a black and gray striped dress, and Paisley shawl, and sensible bonnet, standing before me sashed in hand. It was Miss Anthony herself, not a shade grayer, no a whit older in appearance, than when I last saw her. She had just arrived at the Twenty-second street station, on the Chicago and Michigan southern rail, having delivered the last of fifteen addresses at Benton Harbor yesterday. In a few moments she was relieved of her outer garments by ready hands and seated in a luxurious arm chair where she sat bolt upright; for Susan is not a lean back-kie-away sort of woman, no matter how hard she work. We all gathered around her; Mrs. Jones sat on her right smiling and elegant in blue silk trimmed with charity lace, and sparkling with diamonds and directly in front of her, seated on a low fauteuil, was her only daughter a school-girl, and a very pretty one at that; classical preparatory of last year, one of the invading young ladies of Prof. Burrough's college, a curly-headed, blue-eyed girl, who is born to radical love of all that elevates woman. As Miss Anthony adjusted her gold-bowed glasses and looked from one to another, her eyes filled with tea.

"Oh! she exclaimed, in her quick, nervous manner—"it is good to be where there love in the atmosphere; it magnetizes you and gives you strength!"

Atteupper, I asked her

A DIRECT QUESTION: "Is woman suffrage as strong an interest as you?"

Miss Anthony—"Stronger than ever; but I men are all working now, clecthering with might and main. You I never reach the working-men, day laborers. The politicians are rid of losing the votes of those men, I give us the cold shoulder to secure them. The working class is not educated to understand or appreciate univul suffrage. They think women are enough as they are—the greatest stake in the world."

L. BEECHER FOR A LEADER

Miss Anthony—"never had any man for a leader."

Jones—"Oh yes, Miss Anthony. That was Theodore Tilton!"

Miss Anthony—"That is so; we did have him, but only as a mediator; he thought he could unite the New York body of Suffragist with the Boston clique. The idea of that boy thinking he could teach his grandmothers?"

"Was he not available in your work?"

"No man is particularly available."

THEY KNOW TOO MUCH; are too overbearing. They all want to be autocrats. Mrs. Tilton was chair in of our executive suffrage association for one year. If you will remember, in one of her published letters she alludes to a meeting at which she presided, and said: "That blessed old Susan ran over to me and said that I had done as well as my lord and master could have done. You see the most acceptable praise must be filtered through a man's esteem."

"Miss Anthony," I began, plunging desperately into the middle of the subject at heart, "You have been through almost all kinds of scenes since last we met. Almost in jail for voting illegally. Did you pay your fine?"

"No, and I never mean to. The Smith sisters have done more than any of our conventions by refusing to pay their taxes when they cannot vote."

"WILL YOU VOTE at the next election?"

Miss Anthony—"I would, if I could go home and register. But I must keep on with my work in the West."

"Well Miss Anthony, you only did one foolish thing; was when YOU SAT ON THEODORE TILTON'S KNEE."

Miss Anthony smiled all over her face. "Well," she said, slowly and with a sort of grim humor, "that was my only lapse from rigorous virtue. All the men had declared that Susan was so sour she couldn't get a husband, and I thought I would show them I could set on a young man's knee just like any foolish girl. I was in Rochester, when a reporter called to see me. Now, I will not be interviewed—and I did not deny that I sat on Theodore's knee, and I never have denied it yet. The next day a long article came out—"Susan puts her foot on it, and stamps it a lie." You see I don't deny it. Why should I? It is a matter of opportunity to be womanly and loving, when I have been called an ogre all my life, and everybody claims to know that I never had a chance to be married!"

WEDNESDAY'S PROGRAMME.

"What are you going to do on Wednesday, Miss Anthony?"

Miss Anthony—"Just give one more screech for freedom! That's what we have been doing for twenty five years."

"What sympathy do you get from the crusaders?"

"The crusaders have helped suffrage more than they have helped temperance. Every radical step a woman takes in the right direction helps the suffrage question."

"The mass meeting on Wednesday will renew the agitation. It is probable there will be a large attendance. Do you expect many notable women?"

Miss Anthony—"The best and most intelligent women of the country have been hearing me speak. I anticipate a full attendance. Miss Phoebe Cousins, a young lawyer of St. Louis, will be present and speak. The Rev. Mrs. Lathrop, of Michigan, will be there. We want to break up the ring. The present

POLITICAL BODY IS CORRUPT:

any party would be corrupt after sixteen years of political life. I don't care an iota whether its a democratic or republican party, it's too long a term."

"Is that all, Miss Anthony?"

"I want to see every woman vote for herself, through her own personality, her own individuality, and not through the mouth of some man who has not the faintest conception of her needs. The work is going on, and the time is near when every woman will use the intelligence God has given her, to maintain her true standard of womanhood."

Here I made a digression; Miss Anthony was looking into the future of her sex with calm complacency, when I attacked her with a question so artfully put, as I believed, as to allow of no evasion. The gist of it was:

"Did you, Miss Anthony, sleep with Mrs. Tilton one night, and did she tell you

ALL ABOUT MR. BEECHER?"

How little I know the strategy of that wise General. She looked at me with mild reproach in her expressive gray eyes.

"Yes, I did sleep with Mrs. Tilton at different times, but I shall not tell the world what I know, or do not know. If I am summoned before the courts, and examined legally as a witness, it will be my duty to go; but I don't think I can remember all the things that have been told me in confidence during all my journeyings. The time is coming when a woman will be answerable only to herself for her own deeds. It is an abominable mixture of deceit, and either of the men is ready to sacrifice Mrs. Tilton to save himself. The fact is, if a woman

gives herself to a man, either in marriage or out of marriage, he will trample her into the dirt to serve his own ends. Women sell themselves too cheap. They sacrifice themselves on the spot, it does not matter whether the man has any brains or not; it is the creation over again. Old Adam said: "The woman tempted me and I did eat." Beecher says: "The woman tempted me and I did not eat." In both cases

SHE GETS THE BLAME.

Miss Anthony is looking well. If she were only some man's wife, mother, or grandmother she would be described as a dignified, serene-faced elderly lady; as she is an old maid, she is written down a vixen. She is a jolly soul, with a wonderful magnetic flow of speech; she is honest in her convictions, and has worked the most of her life like an Irishman, "Free gratis for nothing, without a cent of pay." The object of the present meeting is to reunite the members as no convention has been held since the president, Mrs. Jones, returned from Europe. Miss Anthony will make at least two of her telling speeches. Dr. Thorsas will second her. It will be held in the lecture room of the Methodist Church block.

The Very Alps of Impudence.

Policeman Badger of the Tenth Station, New Haven, had a bit of experience, the other night, which he is not fond of talking about. It was past midnight as he was leisurely pushing his beat through Jessop street, and as he came opposite to Drayton & Fogg's jewelry store he observed gleams of light through the chinks of the shutters, and he rapped at the door.

"Is that you, policeman?"

"Yes," answered Badger.

"Well—it's only me—it's all right; kind of chilly out, isn't it?"

"Yes."

"Thought so. I was just fixing the fire—good night."

Badger said "Good night," and pursued his way.

An hour afterward Badger passed through Jessop street again, and again he saw the light in the jewelry store. It was all right and he banged at the door loudly.

"Hallo! cried the voice within. As it you, policeman?"

"Yes."

"All right. Won't you come in and warm you? It won't hurt anything for you to slip from your coat a few minutes."

The door opened and policeman Badger entered, and he found the inmate to be a very gentlemanly looking man, in a linen duster.

"Come right up to the stove, policeman. Excuse me for a moment."

The man took the ash pan from the bottom of the stove and carried it down into the cellar and emptied it and when he had returned and wiped his hands he said, with a smile.

"Chilly night, isn't it?"

"Yes."

"Chilly outside and dull inside. [A other smile.] New goals for the spring, trade, and have to keep our eyes open. Lonesome work, this watching all night but I manage to find a bit of comfort in this. Won't you join me in a tip?"

You'll find it the pure thing."

And the man produced a black bottle and a tumbler.

Policeman Badger partook and having wiped his lips and given his fingers a new warming, he left the store and resumed his beat, satisfied that all was right at Drayton & Fogg's.

But the morning brought a new revelation. Drayton & Fogg's store had been robbed during the night of \$6,000 worth of watches and jewelry, and although Policeman Badger carries in his mind a complete daguerrotype of the robber, the adroit rascal has not yet been found.

The Slandorous Tongue.

The tongue of a slanderer is never tired. In one way and another it manages to keep itself in constant employment. Sometimes it drips honey and sometimes gall.

It is bitter now, and then sweet. It insinuates or assails directly, according to the circumstances.

It will hide a course under a smooth word and administer poison in the phrase of love. Like death it "loves a shining mark," and it is never so available and eloquent as when it can blight the hopes of the noble minded, soil the reputation of the pure, break down the character of the brave and the strong. What pleasure man or woman can find in such work, we have never been able to see. And yet there is a pleasure some sort in it to multitudes, or they not betake themselves to it. Some of the soul or body must be but no soul in high estate in it.

When a widow in any way sets her cap for a young man, she has one chance in a million for a woman to win, even if she holds

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