

# The Orangeburg News.

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ALWAYS IN ADVANCE.

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## Jewell and Bristow.

We begin to have hope of the resuscitation of republican enthusiasm and ultimate republican success. That there has been great lukewarmness on the part of republican ranks by the apparent fostering of corruption and corruptionists at Washington, it would be folly for any one at this day to dispute. Any complaint or attempt to put a stop to these evil practices has been met with swift evidences of anger and disapproval on the part of those nearest to the President. The people had really begun to suspect that the President himself was in close affiliation with those who were thus intent upon the upholding of corrupt practices, but the recent accessions to his councils have given gratifying evidence to the country that such is not the case. The republican party can only be held together by the maintenance of an administration free from all complicity in fraud and corruption.

Postmaster-General Jewell and Secretary Bristow are evidently gentlemen of the old republican school, who have carried into the cabinet and poured into the ear of the President the grievances of the better class of republicans of the country. They have broken through the Chinese wall which had men and self-seeking advisers had built around the executive chamber, allowing no one to enter without their concurrence in the object of the visit, and their approval of the subject to be discussed. This policy had driven from the President all those who were unwilling to be made the mere tools of cabinet officers and truckling politicians. Men of character, who, during the first term of the President, had his confidence and respect, have, during the past two years, felt that their advocacy or recommendation would be fatal to any in whose behalf it was exerted. Having no personal motives to subservise, they have retired in disgust from any attempt to maintain their former friendly social relations. It is this state of facts that has caused so much lukewarmness everywhere, and here in Maryland has produced so much disorganization and lack of enthusiasm. Hence, we hail with gratification the determination of Messrs. Bristow and Jewell to correct the errors of the administration which have done much to bring disaster to the republican cause, and to relieve the President from apparent carelessness as to matters of vital importance if no wishes to maintain the confidence and respect of the republican party.

The efforts making by Messrs. Bristow and Jewell for the correction of abuses, the expulsion from the service of the government of improper officers, and the stoppage of leaks in the treasury, are receiving the cordial and earnest aid of the President, showing that he has been the victim of gross deception. Every one cognizant of public affairs has known that for the last four years the public offices at the South have been largely filled by most disreputable characters, who have brought the republican party into contempt and weakened its hold upon the people. When charges were made against them, men of equally bad characters were sent South to investigate, who, of course, brought back reports sustaining and maintaining the good character of their fellow-reprobates. They doubtless went with instructions to return with white washing report, and were selected for the purpose that they were the subservient tools of their superiors. Through the efforts of these two cabinet officers, fresh from the ranks of the people, light has been thrown into the vision of the President, and as the first evidence of his determination to correct the evil so long complained of, telegraphic dispatches were sent by the secretary of the treasury on Saturday to ex-Governor Pease, of Texas, tendering him the office of collector of Galveston, and by the postmaster-general to Mr. Sabin, of Galveston, tendering him the postmastership of that city. Neither of these gentlemen had made application for the positions, and it is not yet known whether they will accept them. The President is understood to have also expressed his determination to discharge all inefficient and improper characters from office, and to tender their places to the very best men to be found in the ranks of the republican party. It is also understood that the views of Mr. Bristow and Mr. Jewell relative to the dictation of members of congress in the matter of appointments of federal officials in the States and the departments have met with the hearty concurrence of the President. Had these measures been adopted two years ago many disasters would have been averted and New York and Pennsylvania would have been free from doubt as to the result of the election next week. Let us hope that the advent of Messrs. Bristow and Jewell may not have been too late.

"Lord, what a cow!" was the approving remark of a teetotal judge of Vermont after swallowing a potent punch, which had been offered to him as a glass of milk.

## Seeing the Responsible Editor.

That very clever story, "The Tyrant of Calvras" just now going the rounds, recalls an accident which took place in the New Orleans *Picayune* office many years ago, when George Washington Reeder was very small, not over four feet six inches in height, and singularly youthful in appearance, and given to a pompous, overwhelming, elaborate politeness, which in connection with his diminutive stature and magnificent costume, generally rendered one of a benevolent but highly diplomatic turn. Apart from his journalistic pursuits, Reeder had quite a name in the theatrical line, being a diligent connoisseur of considerable merit. Every body liked him, laughed kindly at his little peculiarities, and respected the brave and chivalrous spirit which they had found to be among his characteristics.

To see Reeder in the editorial room receiving an inate party, and particularly one of the rougher species, was a privilege to be eternally grateful for. His microscopic size, his gorgeous toilet, his profuse courtesy, and his grandiloquent address were simply amusing. Callers with well defined injuries, but limited intellect, went away in the firm conviction that Reeder thought them the purest, loftiest, and most persecuted of mortals. Entering the *Picayune* office with the robed purpose of mauling and bruising the managers of their complications they would retire, believing that Reeder was too amiable for this world, and that his references to them were only made after a bitter struggle with remorseless duty and at the expense of a bleeding heart.

He was perfectly ready to fight however, whenever the case demanded it; and thereby hangs a tale.

One day an enormous, rough, frolicsome looking man entered the office and inquired for the editor. Much to his sorrow, Reeder had to say that the editor was absent.

"I'm sorry of that," said the big man, sitting down and depositing a large money bag near his chair. "I stopped over one day just to see him. I'm from Texas, you know, and I saw something in the *Picayune* that sort of riles me. I was going home, but I thought I'd like to see that editor before I went, so as I could tell the boys what passed. I want to see him alone for about two minutes—that's all." And here the visitor's voice grew plaintive, and his fingers played with the butt of a Colt's army revolver which hung in full view from his belt.

"I regret extremely, sir, that the editor happens to be out, just now. I feel sure from the impression you make on me that he would esteem it a privilege to meet you. He would like to take back to Texas his assurance of friendship and admiration. Couldn't you, my dear sir, couldn't you call a little later?"

"Well, I guess I will come again, long as I'm here till to-morrow anyhow. You see, it would make things easier like if I was to meet the editor."

About 6 o'clock in the afternoon he returned. Nobody but Reeder happened to be in.

"So sorry, my dear sir, but the editor has not yet appeared. Pray be seated, sir, and permit me to enjoy the accident which made us acquainted."

"Now, I think this rather a hard case," said the brawny Texan, who said he was beginning to get impatient. Here's a paper that pitches into Texas, and, so to speak, bull-rages the Texans, and, when I call to see about it, there's no one in. Where I live things are different. If a paper makes any unpleasant remarks about a gentleman, we always know what to do. We just walk around to the office, and the editor's there, ready to give it to us any way we want it. But here you have other fashions. You go for Texas like blazes in the morning; and when I call—being the only Texan in town—to chew up the editor a little and swap bullets with him in general way, I can't find my man. I don't like it. If a paper butters fellows this sort of way, it ought to have a responsible man—"

"Pardon me," said Reeder, stepping daintily into the middle of the room, with one hand thrust into his bosom and a face literally beaming with good nature. "Pardon me a thousand times. I quite misunderstood you. I supposed you wanted to see the chief editor only. If it is a responsible man you're seeking, that's another thing."

"Certainly. That's all I want; a responsible man—somebody I can rattle about this article. That's what I've been saying all the time."

"Behold him! George Washington Reeder, at your service, sir. I'm the responsible man of this paper sir."

The astonished giant looked at Reeder, and then at his pistol, which was nearly as large as Reeder, and his face became a battle-ground where surprise, disappointment, disgust and amusement struggled for predominance. Then he stuck the pistol back into the case, picked up his carpet-bag, and, eye-

ing Reeder all over with disparaging regard, blurted out the exclamation: "Jerusalem!"

And left, a swaddled and an injured man.

## General McDowell's Report.

The report of General McDowell of the operations of the troops under his command in the Southern States, which we printed last Saturday, ought to convince even the most obtuse doubter that the tales of outrages in that section of the country have not been exaggerated. Trained as a soldier to take a conservative view of matters in general, and being a democrat, if he is anything, in politics it was not to be expected that General McDowell would make a report of which the opposition could justly complain, and it is certain that he has not made one for political purposes. His character as a soldier and his reputation as an officer serve as sufficient guarantees for the correctness of his statements. What do they show? Simply and briefly that a feeling of distrust exists between the whites and the black which had its origin in the reconstruction acts and other sequels of the war, and has now, under the provocation of political excitement broken out into our deplorable strife. That the victims of this strife have always been either black men or white republicans is a fact we have long maintained, and one which is proven by the report in question.

"It is a philosophical as well as a political question," says General McDowell, alluding to the solution of the difficulties, adds that the problem presents very great complications, and of which I do not myself see a solution, and I doubt if any one knows, although he may think he does. Of course, it was not his duty to solve the problem, as he calls it, but his opinions will carry great weight, and when he says that the troubles are largely the result of causes which look away back to the past, he hits the nail square and fair on the head. They began when intelligent and educated white citizens of the South refused to take part in political affairs; and thereby allowed the so-called irresponsible State governments to pass into the hands of their political opponents. When this was done, when the blacks were organized as one mass against the democracy, and when new ideas of governmental policy were being enforced, it was too late for them to wrest the power from the hands of their enemies which they had so foolishly thrown away. Discontented as they were with the result of the war, they became more discontented with the result of succeeding elections, and finding it impossible to regain power by fair means, they have resorted to foul means. When the war ended, they boasted that their previous relations with the blacks had been of such a character as to insure friendly intercourse in the future, but gradually this possibility faded away as they began to show their opposition not only to negro suffrage, but to equal political rights. If they had nursed those friendly feelings, if they had from the beginning given evidence of kind intentions towards the blacks, or if they had tempered their political prejudices with the mercy of strict justice, the organizations which now exist to expose them would never have been called into existence. But they have gone so far as to organize themselves, not for political purposes, alone as the blacks have, but for the persecution, the robbery and the murder of their political enemies, and the only recourse left for the government is the use of its armed forces to preserve peace. We may as well make up our minds to this now, unpleasant as the thought may be and really is, as after awhile, because if General McDowell's report shows any one thing plainer than another, it is that the whites of the South are so lawless as to require the constant presence of United States soldiers to keep them in order.

## How to Keep a Situation.

Be ready to throw in an hour or an hour when it will be an accommodation, and don't seem to make a merit of it. Do it heartily. Though not a word is said, your employer will make a note of it. Make yourself indispensable to him, and he will lose many of the opposite kind before he will part with you. Those young men who watch the clock to see when the very second of their working hour is up—who leave, no matter what state their work may be in, at precisely the instant—who calculate the extra amount they exact their work and yet not get reproved—who are lavish of their employers' goods—will all ways be the first to receive notice, when times are dull that their services are no longer required.

It is useless to abuse a miser. He always takes pleasure in his (s) coffers.

Warning. If you see a policeman aiming at a dog, try to get near the dog.

## A Wyoming Peculiarity.

The shooters were a queer lot. Some arrant cowards, others not. Some brave under peculiar circumstances, such as street fights or promiscuous shooting, and sneaking when "other fellow had the crop," or when tackled by anything out of their peculiar line.

I asked Dave Reed: "How did you happen to kill Heenan?"

"Why, I fired a little derringer I had from my pants pocket."

"But what was the cause of it?"

"Well, you see, he thought he was chief, and I know'd he wasn't and I one day I was drinking at the Star Sample Rooms and he came up to me, and I seed business in his eye. I fooled him. You see I had my hands in my pants pockets. I didn't have my six-shooter slung to me. He wanted to know if he couldn't get away with any son of a— who had tow hair. I've got light hair, you see. I allowed he might if he had the drop. He allowed I was a liar, and I just shoved my pocket easy agin his belly and turned loose. Some of the boys talked a little rough about it, but they know'd Heenan meant to call me that day; he said so; the only difference was I held the best hand. "The authorities!" And Mr. Davy's chuckle implied anything but approval—respect for the powers that were in that burg. "Oh, —! Do you suppose them fellows dare touch me when I had such a clear case of self-defence?" So it was. Cases like this could be told by the scores, and worse. There were many in which the colour was called, if convenient and the verdict rendered, "Killed by party or parties unknown." As for highway robbery, it was as little thought of as taking a drink. No one thought of going out at night with any amount of money on the person. Toward midnight, none but the most venturesome went into the streets alone, and then armed and carefully avoiding the sidewalks. —*Cincinnati Commercial*.

## The work of Editing a Newspaper.

In commenting upon the failure of a newspaper manager, the St. Louis *Globe* tells a plain truth in the following words:

"The business of journalism will continue to be an inviting field for experiments to those who have a large quantity of egotism. A man who, having edited a newspaper until he was forty, should suddenly announce himself a lawyer, would be regarded as a fool by the legal profession, and yet we often hear of lawyers of forty making sudden professions to journalism. There is an idea that the business of editing requires no apprenticeship; that editors come forth from law offices and colleges fully armed for the profession, like *Pallas* from the brow of *Jove*. It is a mistake; there is not in America to-day a single journalist of national reputation who has not devoted more time and more hard work to his profession, than, with equal fitness and application would have made him a great lawyer or good doctor. And yet ninety out of every hundred you meet on the street will hesitate about carrying a load or mending a pair of shoes, whereas there will probably not be one in the hundred who can't, according to his own judgment, edit any newspaper in the country better than it is edited, no matter in what manner or by whom."

## The Check Rein.

Why is it that so many of our farmers, and nearly all of our city carters insist on using a tight rein on working horses? When a horse left to his natural inclination has a heavy load to pull, he can best exert his best force in one continuous line, and this he will invariably do if not prevented by a tight check rein. Some claim that it prevents a horse from falling down, and that a man can raise himself over a fence by a lift of his suspenders, we will believe it. When a horse falls a tight rein will not effectually prevent him from getting on his feet again. Try it without the rein, and see if we are not correct in our practice and theory both.

Hon. Alexander H. Stephens of Georgia, has written another interesting giving expression to his views on the Louisiana questions. Concluding, he says: "Honesty in politics, as in everything, else, is the best policy. He who would have justice done to himself, looking to the present as well as to the future, should do justice to others; upon the golden rule—'As ye would have others do unto you, do ye also likewise unto them.' I would not have the friends of constitutional liberty through this country to hazard their great principles now at stake by resting them upon this side—and, as I deem it—erroneous issue of charging usurpation against Gen. Grant in the Louisiana explanation."

A Washington newspaper claims to have made an impression on a gas company. Don't believe it.

## Burning of a Ship at Sea.

The Cape papers bring intelligence of the destruction of the full-rigged ship *Oliver Cromwell*, of Liverpool, by fire. The vessel was bound from Newcastle to Aden, and was ultimately abandoned about 300 miles from the Cape of Good Hope, the captain and crew arriving at that place on September 12, after enduring great privations. Captain Jack, the master of the ill-fated vessel—who highly extols the conduct of his men—states that the *Oliver Cromwell* left Newcastle on the 18th of June last, with a cargo of steam coals. She was well supplied with ventilators, and, whenever the weather would permit, the hatches were removed, for the purpose of preventing the accumulation of gas. Some hot vapor was, however, frequently observed, and at length a fire broke out in the fore hatch. The ship's course was at once changed and headed to the Cape, and orders were given to get ready the boats. Two were accordingly lowered, but one was stove in and lost. The other boat was successfully launched, and on the after hatch blowing up with a terrific explosion the crew got into the boat that had been successfully launched. The captain succeeded in saving his chronometer and the ship's papers, but owing to the small size of the boat, the men's luggage was left behind. The fire increased rapidly, and an attempt to board the vessel to obtain a compass—the only one in the boat being a small broken one—was rendered abortive by the fury of the flames. When the ship was finally abandoned, those in the boat consisted of Captain Jack, the first mate, Mr. Bartlett, of Shields, the second mate, Mr. Roberts, and the whole of the crew—altogether twenty-one persons. They had with them two small casks of water strongly impregnated with tar, 300 pounds of bread, four hams, and some preserved meat. As, however, the weather was moderate, they all had strong hopes of making the land safely, and after seventy-two hours of great privation, owing mainly to the wind having risen, and the necessity of constantly bailing out the boat, they were taken on board a bark outside the breakwater at Cape Town, at which place they were eventually landed in safety.

## The Kind of Man He Was.

[From the *Selma Republican*.]

A few days since a raw-boned, double-fisted North-Alabamian lounged into a saloon and asked for a glass of beer. He was accommodated, and at once threw the liquid out of sight with a degree of skill to be acquired only after long years of patient and conscientious practice. "Gimme a cigar," was the next demand, and this was also complied with. He was then provided with a match, whereupon he lit his cigar very deliberately and turned to go out of the room, but was intercepted with "Say, you niggers figgits to pay me for main beer and a new cigar," by the Teutonic proprietor of the establishment. "I never pay for nuthin, and that's the kind of a man I am," responded this chap from North Alabama. "Well, den, you pay a tan a rub, and dat's de kind of a man I am," exclaimed the excited beer-slinger.

Noah was an architect of the first water.

The land department of the Atchafalaya and Santa Fe Railroad has just made a sale of land along the line of that road to a large party of Russian Mennonites, who have recently come from Europe. This is the largest land sale made in the West to one people. There are now at Topeka, Kas., about 1,800 of them and they are going immediately on their lands in Marion Harvey McPherson and Reno counties, in Arkansas valley 150,000 acres. They bring a large amount of money, and are buying principally for cash. They are the advanced guard of their whole people, who are now following them.

One of the saddest cases connected with the recent Fall River disaster is that of a woman whose three daughters were killed, but who still insanely believes that they are alive. Every day, when the factory bells are ringing for dinner, the woman, who saw her three daughters borne away to be buried, that Sunday takes a tin pail, as she used to do, and starts for Granite Mill, No. 1. Sometimes her neighbors divert her attention by telling her it is ball time, but, other days, she walks to the place where the mill once stood, sees nothing she can recognize, turns back in a dazed way, and goes to her deserted home again.

The Rev. Jesse H. Jones of Abingdon Mass., holds that man has a natural right to as much land as he can work with his own hands; that land should not be bought or sold, and that no man has the right to make a will, for the reason that, when he is dead, it is none of his business what becomes of what he leaves behind.

## Fight it Out Like Pa and Ma Do.

A story is told of a daughter of a prominent person now in the lecture field, which is peculiarly suggestive of unconscious wisdom. A gentleman was invited to the lecturer's house to tea. Immediately on being seated at the table the little girl astonished the family circle and the guest by the abrupt question: "Where is your wife?"

Now the gentleman having been recently separated from the pursuit of his life, was taken so completely by surprise that he stammered forth the truth: "I don't know."

"Don't know," replied the *enfant terrible*, "why don't you know?"

Finding that the child persisted in her interrogatories despite the mild reproof of her parents, he concluded to make a clean breast of the matter and have it over at once. So he said, with a calmness which was the result of inward expelives:

"Well, we don't live together, we think as we can't agree we had better not."

He stifled a groan as the child began again, and darted an exasperated look at her parents. But the little torrent would not be quelled until she exclaimed:

"Can't agree! Then why don't you fight it out as pa and ma do?"

"Vengeance is mine," laughingly retorted the visitor, after "pa" and "ma" exchanged looks of holy horror, followed by the inevitable roar.

A son of a mother in Missouri has named her daughter Mazin Grace. A neighbor inquired how she came to select such an old name. "Ma," says she, "I got it out of the hymn book." The neighbor expressed surprise, and said she had never seen the name in any hymn book she had used. "You haven't?" said the mother of Mazin Grace. "Why, don't you recollect that familiar old hymn commencing 'Mazin Grace, how sweet the sound?'"

A wealthy Pittsburg merchant is reported as having said: "I always feel happy when I am advertising, for then I know, that waking or sleeping, I have a strong, though silent orator working for me, one who never tires, never slacks, never makes mistakes, and who is certain to enter the households from which, if at all, my trade must come."

The Brooklyn Eagle says: The wrong the Louisianians suffer are and have been such as would have stung any other people to frenzy long ago. Living posts in New York would be as thick with corpses as Jersey pine trees with crows, had our people an experience so half so bitter as the people of Louisiana have.

People are a great deal more Jewish when they pay out of a common treasury than when they pay out of their own pockets.

When a poor young lady hints her inclinations for a rich bachelor, it may be suspected that she is seeing that she may reap.

A rich Siamer merchant, visiting England, on being asked if he was a native of Siam, haughtily replied: "Of course, Siam."

"Where do people go who despise their fellow men?" asked a Sunday school teacher of a pupil. "To Europe, was the prompt reply."

An editor who wrote a glowing article on "The Great Horse Fete," was driven to frenzy on seeing it in type as "The Great Horse Fete."

Why is a young lady considering the numerous proposals she has received, like the terrestrial sphere? Because she is always on her axis.

Value the friendship of him who stands by you in the storm; swarms of insects will surround you in the sunshine.

A tailor was startled the other day by the return of a bill which he sent to a magazine editor, with a notice that the manuscript was respectfully declined.

An Arkansas paper says that Stats has been saved from the grasshoppers by the office seekers, who are so numerous that they have crowded the grasshoppers out!

A Missouri woman, who applied for a situation as car driver, being asked if she could manage mules scornfully replied: "Of course, I can, I've had two husbands!"

A citizen of Maine, on his death bed requested that the village auctioneer should take charge of his funeral, as he had all sorts of a thing off to the best advantage.

"Wife, do you know that I have got the pneumonia?"

New monie, indeed! Such extravagance! You're the spendthriftest man I ever did see, to go and lay out your money for such trash, when I do your a bountee so much!"