

The Orangeburg Democrat.

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Compost.

Editor Orangeburg Democrat:

On reading the article of Dr. J. W. Summers of June 12th on agriculture, we highly appreciate his notions in some particulars, but at the same time must object to his manner of making and preparing manures. His plan of building stables and sheds for all stock is highly profitable, not for the good keeping of stock alone, but the droppings are at least one hundred per cent. better than when left exposed to the sun and rains. But our farmers to a great extent seem disposed to travel in the same old plan of farming; they must plant a great deal of land because it makes but little; and from the fact that they plant too much land, they have to work hard to make a support, and have not time to make all these arrangements for making manure. We would suggest to all such to take the time, build sheds and houses for all stock as Dr. Summers recommends, make all the manure you possibly can, raise twenty bushels of corn where you now raise five, and you will find it not only profitable, but labor-saving. By making home manures you save the expense of buying commercial fertilizers, which too often take the entire crop to meet the advances of factors, leaving nothing for those who bear the burden and heat of the sun. I look at it in this light: The farmer who spends all the time he can command in the fall and winter seasons in making compost manures and in applying them to his lands when planted, has half his work done towards making a good crop. He surely does not have more than half the work, perplexities and anxieties of those farmers who depend on the fertility of the soil for a support, and have to plant forty acres to produce what he should make five acres do by raising manures in the fall and winter seasons. God only knows the trouble the farmer has who depends on commercial fertilizers, commercial bacon and flour. But this is somewhat away from what I intended when I commenced writing. We object to J. W. S.'s plan of decomposing manures, because in his plan of digestion, which he says must be done before the manure is fit for plant food, we think he must lose some of the most valuable element of his manures. As soon as he places his manure in a position that fermentation and decomposition takes place, heat must be generated, and he cannot avoid an evolution of ammonia. It is thus set free, and as the manure is in a condition to cause this state of things, it cannot cause this evolution of ammonia and retain it at the same time; it must escape in the air. As food taken into the stomach must undergo fermentation and decomposition before it is fit to nourish the system. What kind of nourishment would it make if the food were placed in a condition that would cause fermentation and decomposition before it be taken into the stomach? We lose the most fruitful parts by this process, and contend that decomposition must take place as nature devised it, in the stomach. The earth is the stomach from which plants derive their nourishment, and our manures should be decomposed there, which will take place sufficiently quickly for any crop we plant, and too quick very often if a sufficient quantity is not applied. Apply it immediately from your stables to your lands, and as heat is generated the ammonia is given off, the earth takes it up and retains it for plant food, and the whole process of digestion goes on just as regularly as nature devised it. Haul all the straw, leaves and mud from your ponds into your stables and sheds you possibly can; pen your cattle, sheep and hogs, make your applications of salt, cotton seed, stable manure and trash under your sheds as the top becomes filthy, not applying the cotton seed and stable manures thick enough at a time to cause too much heat. Cover it with trash at each application sufficiently deep to

pack well, and when it is kept packed well no heat is generated, and the ammonia is all retained. We think this is a much better plan than placing it in compost heaps. By making the different applications evenly and regularly, and cutting the bed straight down when hauling to the field, the whole can be very evenly mixed, and let the fermentation and decomposition take place in your soil, and retain all, allowing no escape of ammonia at all. Hoping that Dr. J. W. S. and Dr. J. C. H. will continue their letters on agriculture which are very instructive we must close.

AN OBSERVER.

July 20, 1880.

A Wise Old Darkey.

An aged darkey came into town in the Spring and wanted a lien for \$12. The merchant was surprised at the smallness of the amount, but the darkey said it was enough; that his wife had been dead a month, and he had nobody to feed but himself. He said however, that he was looking over for another helpmeet and had his eye on a "likely young gal dat dey said was mighty smart", but he hadn't spoken to her about it. The next time he came in, in answer to the merchant's question, he said he had "seed de gal, but she wasn't smart enough"—she had proved a little too smart for him. The third time he came he told the merchant that he had married "not 'de young gal" but a woman sixty years old. The merchant expressed surprise that he should have married a woman so old as that, but the old darkey said, "I looks at it dis way, boss; if she don't suit me I won't have to keep her long, no how." When asked his own age he answered that he was eighty.—*Newberry Herald.*

During the past week the thumb-screw has been applied to the clerks in many of the departments at Washington in the interest of the Republican Congressional Committee, and the result has been that a good many thousands of dollars have been drawn out of the clerks. In one bureau of the Treasury alone—the Sixth Auditor's office—over \$5,300 were obtained for the committee by passing around a subscription book and giving the clerks a knowing wink that they had better come down with their two per cent. As there are twenty two bureaus in the Treasury department, some estimate may be formed from the above as to how much money the Republican Committee will be likely to obtain from this department.

The return of Swails last Monday speaks with certainly more forcible than telegrams or newspaper clippings, that it is the purpose of the Radical party to secure our defeat in this county in the coming campaign if possible. It took us entirely by surprise, but with Swails to organize and hold communication with the greater lights at Washington and Sheriff Jacobs, who proposes to run for Sheriff again, as Lieutenant in Chief, we can undoubtedly look forward to as lively and live a campaign as Williamsburg can possibly get up. It will, most likely, if the Radicals can organize, as we presume is Swails' purpose, be a desperate political encounter.—*Kingstree Star.*

UNAH Phelps, white, was found in his store at Tyro, Davidson County N. C., a few mornings ago with his head severed from his body. The evidence indicates that the murder was done by a young man named Click in his sleep. He was addicted to sleep-walking, and was staying to assist Mr. Phelps in an expected attack from negroes, and probably rose in his sleep, seized a convenient axe, and beheaded his friend. He knew nothing of the matter until he found Phelps' dead in the morning.

MARY Walker calls the place, where she hangs her clothes, not a closet but a pantry.

ELIZABETH City is wondering over a black Episcopal minister.

A Card.

Editors Orangeburg Democrat:

As your highly appreciated paper appears to be a medium through which all political difficulties may be settled without the shedding of blood but ink in its stead, I offer in vindication of the "Straight-out Democratic Club" the denial of many misrepresentations offered to the public mind by one A. J. Evans as a feeler to assert his own strength and that of his associate, W. L. W. Riley, with the Democratic party, and I intend no stone shall be left unturned that will give light to the Democrats on the subject, and at the same time I will admit of having proposed to nominate Evans for president, and would have made my promise good, had it not been for the following cause: Mr. Evans had drawn the darkest pictures imaginable to me of W. L. W. Riley, and said he had once handled him with gloves off, and on the day of the election for officers of the club to my utter astonishment I found Riley and Evans on the ground, with legs tangled and eyes crossed. Riley railed out that he would carry Willow Swamp Democratic or run every negro off, and wanted his pledge sealed and confirmed by every one taking a drink with him, and those failing to drink, to smell. I did not drink or smell, and from the close association and brotherly love exhibited between these two law abiding patriots, I lost all confidence in Mr. Evans, and naturally went for a more straightout Democrat, and nominated Dr. Dowling in opposition to Mr. Evans. I being one of the tellers, gave the vote thus: Evans 13, and Dowling 6; two of the number were not members of the club, yet they voted for Evans. Mr. Evans also says Riley called for proof of my charges, which I failed to give. I did not think it necessary to offer proof against a man who had turned traitor to his country by joining the Radical party; but to satisfy the gentleman, I will state that I have been informed by the king bee of the Radical party that Mr. Riley was an honored member of the Union League, which I think, is sufficient to guarantee to him all its blessings. Mr. Evans boasts of his club numbering one hundred and fifty members. I class that with the way Riley had seven delegates elected, when the club only numbered one hundred and sixteen, and would have been entitled to five delegates. Riley moved that we suppose the club to number one hundred and fifty which several gentlemen opposed on the grounds that it would not be just for them to claim seven delegates in the convention unless the numbers of the club would warrant them in doing so; but independent of all that was said, seven delegates were sent. Mr. Evans refers to my speech as having disorganized myself. I can only say it was a part of the fight he gave me of Riley, and it would not stick. Mr. Evans seems to be filled with false modesty. My opinion is, anything that would shock his modesty would make a starved out blind mule leave his oats. Mr. Evans refers to Riley as having belonged to J. R. Millhouse's club, but I would have your readers to remember that he turned traitor to his party after he was a member. Mr. Evans also refers to Mr. Riley as a member of his company, and a willing subject to meet the Ellenton rioters but, misconstruing the intention of his chief-tain, he (Riley) wanted to seize private property in the shape of liquors. Is this not a nice man for Evans to try to bolster up as a sound Democrat? Mr. Evans says our club was organized with fourteen names, but to the contrary, we organized with twenty-eight names, and now in good working condition and number ninety-two names. W. C. MITCHELL. Willow Swamp, S. C., Aug. 1, 1880.

The Garfield boom is to be warmed over, by having every little Republican club in the country to renominate him.

Dots from Sodom.

Editors Orangeburg Democrat:

I have often wondered why you did not have a correspondent from this place. I am sure enough dots might be gathered from Sodom by a skillful penman to interest your readers. I have ever concluded to scribble your paper until the present and feel as if all this will be lost. As I may send you, however, at an early date my name and five dollars as a candidate for clerk of the Court, I will begin to practice for the better fulfillment of the office. Your readers may not understand where Sodom lies in this country without further explanation. Well we are a people residing in or near the forks of the two Edisto and the locality received its name from the heathenish and rebellious lives of its inhabitants ten or fifteen years ago when a few only were even church goers, much less Christians. What a contrast between then and now. Your correspondent as one of its citizens, feels proud to say that a few righteous men were found for the sake of whom our Father spared the city. There is now only a few of these non-church goers whom you may not find at church regularly and better still their children are punctual attendants upon the Sunday School at Bethlehem Church, which school numbers at present upwards of 130 scholars. Pretty hard to beat I think. Just here let me say that this vast improvement in the people is due to nothing more than the Sunday School. Just think of it, young men and ladies, a few years ago violators of the Sabbath. Several, old and young men pray in public, and I for one, do trust God that the work is but just begun. I am glad to know, Mr. Editor, that you are a Sunday School worker. We expect to have a big picnic this fall when we will be glad to have you and I feel sure your visit among us will add greatly to your subscription list from this community. Our improvement is as marked in farming as in morals of which I will some day with your permission give a few dots. BELL HALL.

Mr. W. M. Edwardly, editor of the Montgomery (Ala.) News Item, has published a statement in his paper. He says that he was an Independent, and had declared that he would support Gen. Grant as against Mr. Tilden. In consequence of this declaration he found himself the confidant of the Alabama Republicans, from whom he learned that Gen. Weaver's campaign in that State was entirely in the interest of the Republican party. On receiving this news, Mr. Edwardly abandoned the Independents, with whom he had been working to secure reforms in State administration. He says that Gen. Weaver, while publicly assuring his audiences that financial issues are the only ones to be considered, privately holds that the "main object is to overthrow the Democratic party in the South, and that can only be done through the Greenback party." Mr. Edwardly distinctly charges that Gen. Weaver is in daily communication with the New York Times, and asserts that he (Edwardly) acted as amanuensis to Weaver in the dictation of a news telegram from Birmingham, Ala.

Republicans who nominated and elected Grant to two terms have now discovered that there are grave objections to a soldier President. The objections come with bad grace from those who were prepared to vote for a third-term candidate who has no civil record except such as would cause honest men to blush. The candidate of the Democrats embodies the supremacy of the Union and the supremacy of the Constitution and the laws. He satisfies the instinct of the average voter, and justifies the aspiration of the patriot. His record commends him to the American people. He will give to the country an administration as pure, as clean as worthy as that of Washington.

Letter from Vidette.

Outpost, S. C., Aug. 7, 1880,

Editors Orangeburg Democrat.

All quiet along the lines except now and then a stray "Picket" fires away at random. He either does not dream that I am in front of him here on the outpost, or else he is inexcusably thoughtless of the great damage one of his random shots might bring about to his own comrades. Back in his rear his fellow-soldiers are sleeping that sleep which exhaustion of the physical energies, and a perfect mental quietude alone can bring. They need rest for the morrow's work. When they bivouacked last night they felt that peace which follows, a sense of security. They know that a line of pickets had been thrown out between them and their enemies. They relied upon these, their ceaseless vigil to keep until the rolling drum should again awake to action, or at least they were sure that they would not awake with the enemy in their midst. But alas! for their hopes of quiet repose. Fitful cat-naps illy prepare them for the work which awaits them. This random shooting of pickets along the line drives away the sense of security and brings on a nervousness that forbids repose. This firing at nothing only advises the enemy of your whereabouts and, but for us videttes, their scouts might pass into the very camp and then lead a column after them. Then too, Picket might hit one of us videttes and then the enemy would nab him sure. I always did dislike to be on vidette when recruits were put on picket. I would rather have a "dummy" in the pit. I felt safer—the army was just as safe and well it would save a mortal sight of saltpetre thus uselessly wasted. "Picket" ought to remember that Stonewall Jackson was the victim of random firing, and although I am not a Jackson neither am I a "stonewall" and I want Picket to mind how he shoots until I am relieved any how. If he don't I will slip up on him some of these times, when his rifle is empty, and lead him off like the Hebrew Children.

I don't wonder that he feels mad at the officers for they don't have to do picket duty. I can tell, too, from the crack of his rifle, that he would like to be an officer, and this random shooting looks a little like there might be a latent hope that some stray ball might bring about a vacant chair, and Picket end his aspirations there.

Now I confidently expect that Picket will fire in the bushes again, but I beg that he will remember that there is not one of the enemy between me and him. Aim high and likely your ball, after whistling harmlessly over my head, may knock sand in some of the enemy's eyes.

But the best way of all is not to shoot until you see something, and then as you are a good shot, "scoop 'em in."

VIDETTE.

P. S. The reason those fellows did not recognize you at church, was because you had kept them awake by your random shooting and they were sleepy—oh so sleepy!

Lost Opportunity.

"Ye know your duty but ye did it not," and another name was added to the long list of lost opportunities. It is said that the bitterest dreg in the cup of a wasted life is the thought that haunts us as the shadows of age gather around, of what I might have been. But we can't turn back the pages of our life history and revise and correct the errors and indiscretions of the past. Time past never returns, "and what is writ is writ," and vain regrets or the roll of centuries can never change or efface it. It is so with governments, communities and individuals. The present is all that is ours, all over which we have any control, and the squandered and neglected opportunities of yesterday are to-day a part of the irreversible records of eternity, as unchanged and unchangeable as the laws of the Medes and Persians.—*Palmetto Yeoman.*

Garfield, Arthur and Strife.

An Enjoyable Affair.

St. MATTHEWS, July 29, 1880.

Editors Orangeburg Democrat:

The citizens of our little town was regaled last night with a musical and dramatic entertainment for the benefit of the Baptist Church and Izlar Lodge, A. F. M. One of the citizens feeling it absolutely essential that the dull monotony should be broken, perceived the idea, and a good one it was. "Poet and Peasant," overture, by Misses Hoffman and Jacobson, on piano, accompanied by Messrs. Kohn and Jacobson on violin, was the introductory, and was but a specimen of what was to follow. Miss Jacobson then rendered that enthusiastic song by Milard, "Waiting," and was vociferously encored.

Miss Hoffman, of Charleston, and Mr. Jacobson then favored us with a duet from Il Trovatore. Miss H.'s delicate and musical touch on the piano has won her many musical admirers. In this role Mr. J. also displayed musical talent, which he is fast developing.

Violin duet by Messrs. H. Kohn and Jacobson next came. The ease, grace and dignity with which Mr. K. handled his bow was conclusive evidence of a natural musical endowment.

The audience was surprised when Miss Jacobson and Mr. Kohn came out in character with song, "Sister Ruth," a comic country love making scene. They brought down the house repeatedly with side splitting laughter. By request we then had a song entitled, "Wake, Lady, Wake."

The musical entertainment was then concluded with a march from Faust by Misses Jacobson and Hoffman on piano, accompanied by Messrs. Kohn and Jacobson on violin forming a quartette in the musical role which will compare favorably with and amateurs in the land.

The old and time honored farce, "Rough Diamond," concluded the evening's entertainment, and deserves special mention. Miss Minnie Rich, of Camden, as "Margery," acquitted herself handsomely, being well up in her part, and having a perception of what was expected in the caste, nerved herself to simply perfection. Her support was also perfect. Mr. Wetherhorn as "Capt. Augustus" and Mr. P. Rich, as "Sir William," would have deceived the practiced eye, and mistook them as having been on the boards for years. Mrs. Rich, as "Lady Plato," and Mr. J. Chaplin, as "Lord Plato," did credit to their part of the role. Last, but not least in averdupoise, comes "Cousin Joe," characterized by Mr. Witcover, whose appearance, brought roars of laughter from both young and old. It would seem impossible to have better placed that important part of the play. Nature having enowed Mr. W. for the cast.

The entertainment was a complete success beyond doubt, and all came away well pleased, many asking when to look for a repetition. The piano used was kindly loaned by Mrs. E. J. Bayck, and much of the pleasure is due to its sweet and delicate tone. To Mr. Phillip Rich is due the honor for it all, he being the prime mover, and by his indfatigable energy saw his efforts crowned with success.

MORE ANON.

THERE no longer remains a doubt that Chief Justice Willard will not yield the position of Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of South Carolina without an effort to establish his claims to the office, which he believes he has been duly elected to fill for the full term of six years. The Chief Justice is in Cashier's Valley, taking his Summer vacation; but as a matter of general interest we are prepared to say positively that he means to lay his case before the Supreme Court upon his return to Columbia, and that the decision of that tribunal will be invoked before he will consent to vacate the Chief Justice's chair.—*Register.*

Hancock, English and Peace.