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Vol. I.

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No. 8.

IS PREPARED TO DO ALL KINDS OF

Job Printing

SCHOOL CHILDREN.

VALUABLE SUGGESTIONS TO PARENTS AND TEACHERS.

It is the time of the ringing of the school bells. If they could all be heard together, it would be, in its meaning, the greatest chime of the age.

To all intents, it is a partial transfer of the child to a new parental roof. The teacher, to no small degree, comes in not only as assistant to the home, but for the time being, as a principal.

So much of destiny centres around these school buildings, that we cannot too much feel the greatness of the interests involved. All the more because it is not always very manifest destiny.

Nowadays there are so many sections left out of what is called common school education. Grandfather worked on the farm when he was a boy; went to winter school, and to night school besides; made a good merchant up to forty; then a successful farmer; and, though not very largely booked, was fitted for and filled his sphere in life.

John James Paterson, who represents Pennsylvania from South Carolina, does not stand very high in the estimation of the St. Louis Republican.

There are most cogent reasons why children at school should be so provided for as that all their surroundings tend to a comfortable physical condition. Simon, speaking of artisans, says "that it is their right that whatever work their employer assembles them to do, should, as far as is in his power, be divested of all unhealthy circumstances."

A queer case is to come up for trial in New York this week. A Miss Horn sues a friend of her childhood days, when both lived in Austria, for breach of promise.

No school should commence without a thorough knowledge on the part of its trustees as to the adequacy of the buildings, its desks, its heating and other apparatus, its general fitness for the conduct of the work purposed to be done on it.

Let him find a faucet of water near a bowl, where he may rinse his hands and wipe them on a paper towel, which he will use up himself; and which will cost the trustees about one dollar a bushel.

is poor housekeeping, and that always makes trouble.

Have the boys and girls fitted to their respective desks; not only with a view to convenience, but size. Often the blackboards are so located that the child must face a glare of light.

Laws of posture, both in sitting and standing, are greatly overlooked in schools and slight spinal deflections from the natural line give future aid to one-sidedness.

Dr. Seguin read an interesting essay on "Nervous Diseases as Fostered by School Life" before the National Medical Association and claims that physical considerations must enter far more largely into our system of instruction.

Meanwhile a daughter who had grown up into womanhood, returned from the boarding school she had been attending for some years, and her rare beauty and accomplishments rendered her very attractive.

"Honest John."

John James Paterson, who represents Pennsylvania from South Carolina, does not stand very high in the estimation of the St. Louis Republican. Speaking of his early retirement to the shades of private life, that paper says of him: "Senator Paterson, of South Carolina, after a career which it were better for his reputation he had never entered upon, is about to retire from public life."

A Queer Case.

A queer case is to come up for trial in New York this week. A Miss Horn sues a friend of her childhood days, when both lived in Austria, for breach of promise. She alleges that while he was in the old country, he wrote promising to marry her if she would furnish the money for the trip.

Michael Sullivan, a man of national reputation as the largest cultivator of land ever known, died suddenly Thursday while sitting in a chair in the cabin of the steamer Guthrie, en route from Evansville, Indiana, to Louisville, Ky.

TRUTH STRANGER THAN FICTION.

A NARRATIVE THAT READS LIKE A FINE NOVEL.

That truth is stranger than fiction is often illustrated in every day life, and sometimes the reality is mixed up with a deal of romance. An instance of the strange vicissitudes of life, with a touch of the romance, is brought to mind by an article in a Memphis paper lately received.

Some years ago when Memphis was a mere village, an Italian couple located there, and conducted a small but lucrative peanut and fruit business on a street corner, until they accumulated sufficient capital to open a little barroom.

Meanwhile a daughter who had grown up into womanhood, returned from the boarding school she had been attending for some years, and her rare beauty and accomplishments rendered her very attractive. Mme. Vincent was, notwithstanding her vocation, much respected, and her husband, Vincent Baccigalupo, was not very long since prominently mentioned in the Memphis papers as a proper person to fill the office of Chief Magistrate of that city.

But before we proceed further, another character in the drama we were rehearsing, should be introduced. Mr. Jas. Brizzolari, a brother of Madame Vincent, a young lawyer of fine talent, was coming into notice. He had already risen to the dignity of a place on the Democratic Executive Committee, and was believed to have good prospects for a seat in the Lower House of the Tennessee Legislature.

His rapid rise to prominence gave promise of a brilliant future, when, in consequence of a newspaper article which he construed as reflecting on him, he challenged the author, a fellow of the legal profession, and a duel ensued, in which he, Brizzolari, was wounded. The duel was conducted with great éclat, the combatants sailing down the river in separate crafts, and saluting each other as they passed, in true chivalric style.

While the public mind was still somewhat excited over the "meeting," and public curiosity about Brizzolari giving place to sympathy for the wounded hero, the announcement fell upon the public ear like a clap of thunder, from a clear sky that this brilliant and promising young man eloped with his niece, the beautiful and accomplished Miss Baccigalupo. The parents were deeply mortified that a daughter and nephew should have so disgraced their family name, but time, which heals all ills, soon blotted out this episode from the memory of the public, if not from the minds of those most closely identified; and when the elopement was almost forgotten, Brizzolari was heard from, a saloon keeper in Fort Smith, Arkansas, his niece, his wife no longer, living alone in Little Rock.

Another actor in the drama, albeit he might have been introduced sooner though he figures in these dramatic personae in the last act of this play, is Angelo Marre. Like the hero of the story, Marre was a tall, well-formed, muscular man, of fine physique, and enjoyed a reputation that his associates considered enviable. He owned a lucrative saloon business, was popular, and enjoyed considerable local political influence.

It is a well known fact that the Memphis Chief of Police, the very headquarters of the thief catchers, had been burglariously entered, the safe broken open and robbed, and the public was surprised to know that Marre had been arrested on suspicion of complicity in the burglary. Marre was indicted, tried and convicted, and sentenced to a long term in the penitentiary. After serving some

three years he was pardoned by the Governor in consideration of good conduct, and passing by his old home, he went to Little Rock, where he met the late Mrs. Brizzolari (nee Miss Baccigalupo) and married her. They lived together until recently, when the fickle woman left the ex-convict suddenly and returned to her first husband, her uncle Brizzolari.

Again we go back to Madame Vincent. The yellow fever epidemic in Memphis last summer carried off Madame Vincent and her husband, Vincent Baccigalupo, both dying suddenly and intestate, and leaving an estate valued at \$200,000. The latter husband of Miss Baccigalupo, who had been so long absent from his old home, returned to the Bluff City and asserting that he had reformed his ways since his discharge from the penitentiary, with an earnest desire to again walk in the paths of rectitude and become an honest and respected citizen, sent a petition to the Governor asking to be restored to citizenship.

The recommendations were such that the petition was granted, and shortly after the Governor had forwarded the papers, a telegram was received in Memphis from Brizzolari asking that the petition of Marre for restoration to citizenship be not granted until he, Brizzolari, could be heard from. But it was too late. Then followed a suit, just now entered, for the possession of the heiress to the property left in Memphis, each claiming her as his wife.

Visit Your Schools. Visiting schools is much neglected by both officers and parents. That more attentions should be given to this work few will deny. We would insist upon the exercise of this duty for the following reasons:

- 1. For the encouragement of pupils. 2. To encourage, restrain and assist the teachers in their work. 3. That they, as patrons, may see exactly how the schools are conducted.

That they may learn how schools are conducted, with an eye to the improvement in their administration.

These propositions are so self-evident that they need no argument to sustain them.

Parents and officers cannot expect to improve their system while they remain in total ignorance of what it is, or what it should be.

The vote of the people has much power in deciding what laws shall govern their schools; but how ignorant many of these voters!

The people should study education that they may be able to improve the system and its administration.

Parents, do not complain of the school until you have visited it frequently.

Without a Newspaper.

Nothing presents a sadder commentary upon the present condition of society than the large number of families in the county that subscribe to no newspaper at all. Hundreds are thus growing up ignorant of what is transpiring in the world around them, ignorant of the mighty events of the day. But who can tell the vast injury being inflicted on the rising generation, those who are to take our places in the busy world at no distant day—growing up without any knowledge of the present and study of the past, this ignorance too being imputed to them by the sneer of those who should, but doubtless does, know better, did they only think of the injurious effects of their insane course. Let the head of every family think of this, and place in the hands of those for whom he is responsible, the means of acquiring some knowledge of the moving panorama in which we act the different parts.

Mr. Nathan Lyons, of St. Paul, said that Misses Emma Faber and Mary Hendricks were too proud to do the duties of farm's daughters, and promised them each a fifty dollar silk dress if they would drive or lead a cow through the streets of the Minnesota metropolis. Accordingly Miss Faber took the cow in tow, with Miss Hendricks armed with a broomstick, acting as rearguard, and thus they escorted the animal down Third street and earned their silk dresses.

BEECHER ON THREE THEMES.

RETURNING BOARDS, CHINESE EMIGRATION AND MORMONISM ALL TOUCHED UPON.

Mr. Beecher mixed politics with religion in his sermon yesterday, and several times his hearers applauded. There was no clapping of hands, but the stamping of feet was so vigorous that it raised the dust, and even Mr. Beecher himself seemed astonished at such demonstrations in a church. One of the occasions of applause was his reference to the Presidential election of 1876, and the vote in Louisiana, South Carolina and Florida. He said that if Louisiana had been left to herself she would have given such a decided majority that no returning board could have been in doubt as to the result, or could possibly have muddled things so as to raise a doubt.

Mr. Beecher made an indirect allusion to cipher dispatches when he said that there was too much corruption in political matters. He thought there ought to be more morality in politics. Christianity should pervade the legislative halls and the halls of justice. The Catholic church had a stronger hold than the Protestant church upon the members because she made her morality a corporate morality. In other words, she made herself responsible for the faith and practice of her members. She had a discipline, and she formed a commonwealth spirituality of which every member was a part. Protestantism, on the other hand, while having more freedom of thought and action, allowed her members to set up individual systems of morality, in which there was not sufficient unity of action.

Mr. Beecher also referred to the Chinese question, saying: "Our government professes that it is founded upon the principle that all men are equal, and yet we have had our attention attracted to a bill excluding Chinamen from the land. The hand of an executive officer who would offer to sign such an outrageous bill should be struck with paralysis, so that the pen would fall out of his nerveless grasp" (Applause.)

A Celebrated Irish Murder.

Dr. Kerwin, the famous Ireland's Eye murderer, has been released from Spike Island prison, in Queenstown harbor, after twenty-seven years of incarceration. The murder for which this man was convicted, in 1851, was one of the most celebrated criminal cases Ireland has ever known. Dr. Kerwin was a wealthy and very distinguished physician in Dublin. During the early summer of 1851 he visited the island, in the harbor of Dublin, known as Ireland's Eye. Soon after the body of his wife was found on the beach of this island. The woman had been stabbed to death with the blade of a sword-cane. The visit of the doctor to the island was readily established, but there was little or no evidence going to show that his wife accompanied him. The ablest counsel in Great Britain defended him, but the jury brought him in guilty of murder in the first degree, and he was sentenced to death. The queen, however, in consideration of the fact that the evidence against him was circumstantial, commuted his sentence to imprisonment for life.

Postal Telegraph.

The report of the British Postmaster General, where the telegraph is part of the postal system, gives several examples of errors in telegrams, which it says, are sometimes to be traced to failures of the most trifling kind. For instance, a pleasure party telegraphing to some friends stated that they had "arrived alright," but the message was rendered "we have arrived all right." In another case, a poor person desiring to state that her daughter was ill, wrote on her message, "Mary is bad;" this was rendered, "Mary is dead."

A Boy's Throat Cut to Save His Life.

A young lad named Henry Brinker, who resides in Cincinnati, while eating hickory nuts swallowed a piece of one about the size of a dime, which lodged in his throat, and resisted all attempts to remove it by coughing or otherwise. He did not experience from it, however, and went to bed. About three o'clock in the morning he awoke up choking and deathly sick, and rapidly became worse, finally becoming almost incapable of breathing. His step-father, Mr. Schwarte, accompanied by his brother, started out in search of a doctor, but though at that time it was but half-past three o'clock, it was nine o'clock before they could get one to come to the house. They called on at least a dozen physicians, all of whom, on one pretense or another, refused to come to see the boy, though they told them he was dying. Finally Dr. Davis came, but on seeing the lad, the parents say, told them he was too far gone to do him any good. He gave them a prescription, however, for emetic, which he told them to administer, and left, promising to return at noon. In the meantime another messenger who had been dispatched for a physician returned with Drs. Dawson and McMechan, and the latter, on seeing the boy's condition, determined to resort to a surgical operation to save his life. With Dr. McMechan's assistance, Dr. Dawson made an incision across the throat, and, inserting a dull probe, scraped away the tissue until he reached that portion of the wind-pipe called the trachea, which he cut open. He then inserted a wire, with which he felt around for the obstruction. It was found in the larynx, where it had lodged, and, being sharp-edged, had cut the flesh, and the blood had got into the bronchial tubes, filling them and rendering breathing almost impossible. After the nut-shell had been removed, the patient coughed up a large quantity of this blood. The wound having been sewn up, he breathed quite freely, and the next night after the operation was resting easily.

A Beautiful Story.

Coleridge relates a story to this effect: Alexander, during his march into Africa, came to a dwelling in peaceful hut, who knew neither war nor conquest. Gold being offered him, he refused it saying that his sole object was to learn the manners and customs of the inhabitants. "Stay with us," said the chief, "as long as it pleases thee." During this interview with the African chief, two of his subjects brought a case before him for judgment. The dispute was this: The one had bought a piece of ground, which, after the purchase, was found to contain a treasure; for which he felt himself bound to pay. The other refused to receive anything, stating that he had sold the ground with what it might be found to contain, apparent or concealed.

Said the chief, looking at the one: "You have a son;" and to the other: "You have a daughter; let them be married, and the treasure given them as a dowry."

Alexander was astonished. "And what," said the chief, "would have been the decision in your country?"

"We would have dismissed the parties and seized the treasure for the king's use."

"And does the sun shine in your country?" said the chief; "does the rain fall there? Are there any cattle there which feed upon herbs and green grass?"

"Certainly," said Alexander. "Ah," said the chief, "it is for the sake of those innocent cattle that the Great Being permits the sun to shine, the rain to fall and the grass to grow in your country."

After all, there is really but one kind of "Southern outrage" for which the Radicals have no forgiveness, no bounds of compassion. They care little for the wild tribes of rifle clubs, bull-dozing, intimidation, and all that sort of thing. But it makes their blood boil, and fills the air with blue streaks of profane obstructions, to realize the awful truth that thousands of their colored friends have voluntarily departed from the fold, and with deliberate purpose and intent, voted the Democratic ticket. This is the mill-log that breaks the Radical camel's back.—Washington Post.

THE BLACK DEATH.

THE PLAGUE WHICH HAS RE-APPEARED IN RUSSIA.

The black death, which has again appeared in some parts of Russia, has proved very destructive, and caused the greatest alarm. This is the same disease which, in the fourteenth century, desolated the globe, and it gets its name from the black spots, symptomatic of a putrid decomposition, that show themselves at one of its stages on the skin of the sufferer. It is thought to have had its origin in 1333, some fifteen years before its outbreak in Europe, and it raged for twenty-five years, while droughts, famines, floods, earthquakes that swallowed towns and mountains, and swarms of locusts spread devastation everywhere. During the same period Europe had as many abnormal conditions as the East. The order of nature seemed to be reversed. The seasons were at various times inverted; thunder storms were frequent in mid-winter, and volcanoes, long considered extinct, burst forth afresh. The theory is that the extraordinary activity of the earth, accompanied by decomposition of vast organic masses—myriads of locusts, brutes and bodies of human beings—produced some change in the atmosphere inimical to life. Some writers say that the impure air was actually visible as it approached with its burden of death. The plague owed its extension almost wholly to infection and contagion. Three years passed from the date of its appearance in Constantinople before it crept by a huge circle to the Russian territories. Statistics were not obtainable then, but it is estimated that in China alone 13,000,000 people died, and in the remainder of the East 24,000,000, while in Europe 25,000,000 persons perished, making a grand and terrible total of 52,000,000. Although there is little danger of the spread of the pest in Western Europe—for many generations it has been confined to the East—it is not strange that the Russians should be startled by ravages the black death has already made. Persons attacked by it are said to die like flies, and superstitious peasantry are so terrified by it that many are thought to have perished of pure fright. Fortunately, the laws of health and the peculiarities of disease are much better understood now than in centuries gone by.

According to the Radical press, the Republican members of the Potter committee have been earnestly "trying to get at the truth," and the Democratic members have been exerting themselves "to conceal the truth." When the cipher telegrams were issued in Washington, there was an earnest desire on the part of Morton, Brady, Burbank, Bullock and others to "get at the truth," and as soon as they got at it they stole a good deal of it and burned much more. The boldness of the Radicals on the Potter committee in overhauling telegrams after Morton & Co. had fixed them is equal to the valor of a militia regiment, at Williamsport, that actually charged on a line of earthworks fifteen days after they had been dismantled and abandoned.—Post.

Farm Life.

It is a common complaint that the farm and farm life are not appreciated by our people. We long for the more elegant pursuits, or the ways and fashions of the town. But the farmer has the most sane and natural occupation, and ought to find life sweeter, if less highly seasoned, than any other. He alone, strictly speaking, has a home. How can a man take root and thrive without land? He writes his history upon his field. How many ties, how many sources he has; his friendships with his cattle, his team, his dog, his trees, the satisfaction in his growing crops, in his improved fields, his intimacy with Nature, with bird and beast, and with the quickening elemental forces; his co-operations with the clouds, the sun, the seasons, heat, wind, frost. Nothing will take the various social distempers which the city and artificial life breed out of a man like farming, like direct and loving contact with the soil. It draws out the poison. It humbles him, teaches him patience and reverence, and restores the proper tone to his system. Cling to the farm, make much of it, put yourself into it, bestow your heart and brain upon it, so that it shall savor of you and that your virtue after your day's work is done!