

The Orangeburg Democrat.

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Prospectus of "The Orangeburg Farmer."

Orangeburg has just cause to feel proud of the rapid progress made since the war in the development of her agricultural resources. But few of her sister Counties can show as bright a record. All that remains to make her the banner agricultural County of the State, is an agricultural paper for the dissemination of useful knowledge amongst our farmers and planters. Impressed with the importance of this, the undersigned has determined to establish, or at least to make an effort to establish, an agricultural monthly at the Court House, to be called, if the effort succeeds, THE ORANGEBURG FARMER. He does not profess to know, or to be able to tell all about farming, but having devoted the whole of his time for fifteen years to both the practice and study of the noble calling, he flatters himself that he will be enabled, assisted by an able corps of contributors, among whom will be numbered the veteran agriculturist, Dr. W. F. Barton, Drs. Summers and Holman, and Dr. W. S. Dudley, President of the Military and Agricultural College at Milledgeville, Ga., to have the pages of THE FARMER well filled with matter, in which old as well as young farmers will find something to add to what they already know about farming. In the preparation of original matter for THE FARMER, lengthy offusions upon subjects that are of little or no interest to farmers, as are sometimes seen in agricultural journals, will be avoided; and only such topics treated of, as are of interest to all engaged in the pursuit of agriculture; a proper regard being had to the importance of treating all subjects in as brief and pointed a manner as practicable. The creed of THE FARMER will be, system and method in the management of every thing pertaining to the farm. The use of means to prevent the washing and wasting of our cultivated lands during heavy falls of rain. This can be done, and is of the utmost importance to every farmer whose fields are not perfectly level. The preservation of our forests, and the reclaiming of fields, that from neglect and injudicious management have been badly worn and wasted, and on that account abandoned as no longer fit for cultivation. Diversified farming with rotation of crops. Strict and close attention to the making and sowing of domestic manure, which is the chief corner stone to successful farming.

Small, against large farms; that is, the cultivation of smaller areas of land for the capital invested than is the practice with many. Deep and thorough preparation of the soil for planting with the liberal use of manure. Nice and careful planting, and clean and thorough cultivation. In short, thoroughness in everything done on the farm.

The risk of loss, in subscribing for a paper before it becomes so pecuniarily established as to place it beyond the danger of failure, is not unfrequently the chief difficulty in the way of its success while struggling for existence; by causing many to withhold their patronage. To avoid this difficulty, it was determined at the outset to commence the publication of THE FARMER only under such circumstances as would place it at once upon a permanent basis. The plan adopted to accomplish this result so highly important to both proprietor and patrons, is to solicit at first only the names of subscribers, their subscriptions not to be handed in until a sufficient number of names have been obtained to make up the amount of money necessary to defray all expenses of publication. All therefore, who may be desirous of having their names entered upon its subscription list, are earnestly and respectfully requested to send, or hand them in as early as practicable. When the necessary number is received notice will be at once given for subscribers to come forward with their subscriptions. Promptness in

responding will be important, and is urged upon all, as a part of the plan is not to commence the publication of THE FARMER until the whole amount necessary for the purpose has been realized. THE FARMER will contain sixteen pages 12-1-2 by 10 inches. Though local in name, it is by no means designed that it shall be local in its sphere of usefulness. On the contrary, it is intended for any and every part of the State. One dollar will be the subscription price of THE FARMER for one year. Names of subscribers can be forwarded through the mail to the undersigned, or left with Capt. Hamilton at his store. Single hints or receipts in an agricultural journal not unfrequently prove of much greater value to a subscriber than the cost of the paper.

We once saw in the *Southern Cultivator* a communication from a Georgia farmer, detailing his plan of curing meat. Impressed with it as being a good one, we adopted it, and are satisfied it has saved us many times over the subscription price of the *Cultivator*. Had this plan been generally known and practiced at the commencement of the last butchering season, the demand for Western bacon would not be quite so great as it is.

Arrangements have already been perfected with the well-known establishment of Walker, Evans & Cogswell, printers, of Charleston, for the getting up of THE FARMER. The name of these gentlemen is a sufficient guarantee that their part of the contrast will be carried out to the letter.

Our aim has been to get up a paper at as small cost as possible, in order that we could afford to furnish it to our subscribers at a correspondingly low figure. All that we can hope to realize over and above the expenses of publication, &c., will hardly amount to more than a reasonable compensation for our services. With this however, we will be content; and will labor as faithfully and as earnestly in the discharge of our duty to our patrons, as if it amounted to a small fortune. All we ask of our brother farmers is their liberal patronage. With this promptly extended, the plan for establishing THE FARMER on a permanent basis, will certainly prove, as it is designed a safeguard against a failure of the enterprise, and consequent loss to subscribers.

Give us a trial, and if at the end of twelve months we can find a subscriber who can hold up his right hand and say that he had not received the full value of the amount invested, we will not only return him his money, but will make him a present of as fine a pair of pigs as the county can afford.

We want three thousand subscribers, and as many more as we can get. Our friends throughout the country, (and we hope their name is legion,) are earnestly solicited, not only to send in their own names, but to endeavor to obtain and forward at the same time scores of others.

We want canvassing agents to operate from the mountains to the sea board. If our enterprise is successful, and they will certainly have it in their power to make it eminently so,—they will be well paid for their services. Besides, as their labors will be amongst a people renowned for their hospitality, they will be at little or no expense. There are doubtless those who from ill health, the loss of an arm, or some other misfortune can not well engage in any of the ordinary pursuits of life, but would find no difficulty in acting in the capacity of an agent. An extensive tour through the country, would doubtless, in some cases be far more beneficial to one in poor health, than all the medicine he could take in twelve months. Agencies with parties desiring it will be made permanent, as it will be important to canvass from year to year for new subscribers, and at the same time to collect subscriptions when due.

Particulars as to terms will be furnished upon application.

A word in conclusion to our fair friends the ladies. We have unbounded confidence in the influence and power of woman to accomplish whatever she undertakes. It is seldom that a cause in which she is enlisted fails. With the influence and kindly offices of the ladies in behalf of THE FARMER we would feel assured of its success. Their aid in making the enterprise a success will entitle them not only to the heartfelt thanks and lasting gratitude of the writer, but also to a claim upon THE FARMER, which he will take great pleasure in recognizing by setting apart certain of its pages under the head of "Ladies Department," for their special benefit and pleasure.

A. G. SALLEY.

Orangeburg, August 6th, 1880.

Boys.

Get hold of the boy's heart. Yonder locomotive with its thunder train comes like a whirlwind down the track, and a regiment of armed men might seek to arrest it in vain. It would crush them and plunge unheeded on. But there is a little lever in its mechanism that, at the pressure of a man's hand, will slacken its speed, and in a moment or two bring it panting and still, like a whipped spaniel, at your feet. By the same little lever the steamship is guided hither and yon, upon the sea, in spite of adverse wind or current. That sensitive and responsive spot by which a boy's life is controlled is his heart. With your grasp gentle and firm on that helm, you may pilot him whither you will. Never doubt that he has a heart. Bad and willful boys very often have the tenderest heart hidden away somewhere beneath incrustations of sin, or behind barricades of pride. And it is your business to get at that heart, keep hold of it by sympathy, confidence in him, manifestly working only for his good, by little indirect kindnesses to his mother or sister, or even his pet dog. See him at his home, or invite him to yours. Provide him some little pleasure, set him to some little service of trust for you; love him—love him practically. Any way and every way rule him through his heart.—*Sunday School Times.*

Laughing Off a Duel.

"Speaking of the Cash Shannon duel," said the *Exchange* fiend, putting his feet in the waste basket, "we need a few men like Judge Dooly. He laughed out of duels with an audacious wit that compelled even the admiration of his enemies. You remember he said, when they threatened that if he didn't fight his name would fill the columns of a newspaper, that he had rather fill ten newspapers than one coffin. Once he went on the field with a man who had St. Vitus' dance. His opponent was standing at his post, his whole frame jerking nervously from his malady. Dooly, in the soberest manner, left his post and cutting a forked stick, stuck it in the ground in front of his opponent.

"What does this mean?" asked his opponent.

"Why," says Dooly, "I want you to rest your pistol in that fork so that you can steady your aim. If you shoot at me with that hand shaking so you'll pepper me full of holes the first fire."

"Then there was a laugh all around and the duel was put off without a day."—*Atlanta Constitution.*

THE following, which we clip from the *Camden Journal*, certainly claps the climax: "On Sunday last A. J. Clinton, colored, of liberty Hill, sent a letter to Horace White, also colored, by his son. The letter was of an offensive nature, and ended by challenging him to a duel with pistols, at ten paces; and said he only wanted a chance to put two bullets through his damned heart. Now, Horace did not want the bullets put through his heart in that manner, so to prevent it he came to Camden on Monday and had a warrant issued for Chilton's arrest for sending a challenge."

A Harmless Letter.

The following letter, recently published in the *Washington National Republican*, explains itself:

CASH'S ERROR, S. C., July 18.

Gen. M. C. Butler, Edgefield, S. C.

GENERAL: I have seen your letter of the 13th published in the *News and Courier*, and I believe every friend you have must blush for shame at your conduct. It is the first time in the history of this State (and probably the first in any civilized land,) that one occupying the exalted position in which the people of South Carolina have (unfortunately) placed you, has disgraced and degraded that position by making an unprovoked, uncalled-for, basely false and cowardly attack upon a private citizen, who has tamely and willingly submitted to the laws, and awaits a full investigation of his conduct and asks for nothing more from his countrymen than a fair trial and even-handed justice. You, sir, have prostituted your high office to array public opinion against me and to have judgment passed upon me without a hearing. Your course was "unprovoked" and "uncalled-for," as I had never expressed to any one the unbounded contempt I had for you. Your attack is cowardly, for you assail me now when I am in the fetters of the law. Your attack is basely and maliciously false, for while you profess to know nothing of the merits of the case, you carefully misrepresent (and to my injury) the facts you do know, and you have the brazen front to use the words "swash-buckler" and "border ruffianism." Your past record should severely admonish you against the use of such expressions. In addition to your other qualities of heart and soul, you may add that of the basest ingratitude.

A short time after you had completed your campaign as a peddler of bogus lottery tickets, you pitiously appealed to me to aid you in removing the barnacles and filth you had collected upon you in the foul wallow. You had no claims upon me, but in pity for you I generously urged my injured friends to give you a fair hearing before you were condemned. They await that "hearing" now, General, but doubtless will wait in vain. Subsequent to this you cunningly, adroitly and very politely solicited the privilege of inserting your hands into my pockets, but I politely declined the distinguished honor. Can that be the sore that chafes you now, General? or has your intuitive sharpness enabled you to read my unexpressed thoughts, and that you are now my enemy, for the reason that you know I believe you to be unscrupulous, heartless, totally selfish, cruel and cowardly? I could not expect or wish, General, that a man of your soulless character could understand or in any manner appreciate the motives that actuate and sustain me in my present difficulties, nor would I hope for sympathy from a man who has recently been branded in public as a liar and who only sought redress by returning the offensive epithet. As you have heretofore on all occasions been for sale to friend or foe, Radical or Democrat, the idea occurs to me as to the propriety of buying you for the present occasion. Please, General name your price?

E. B. C. CASH.

Gen. Butler's Reply.

A reporter of the *News and Courier* called on Gen. Butler at Edgefield, and the following conversation occurred:

Reporter. Have you anything to say, General, in reply to the charges which Col. Cash brings against you?

Gen. Butler. No, except to say that they are purely imaginary. Not a word of truth in any of them. Of course, I do not say whether his charge, that I am a coward, is true or not. It is never safe to pass judgment on any man's courage. I have seen some people terribly disappointed in that regard, and Col. Cash may

find it so in this case, but we cannot always tell.

Reporter. Have you ever had any moneyed transactions with him? What does he mean by "the privilege of inserting your hands in his pockets," &c., &c.

Gen. Butler. Why, it means that the man is crazy or something worse. I never had a moneyed transaction, or endeavored to have one with him in my life, or any other business transaction. So he has drawn entirely on his imagination for this statement. Nor did I ever "piteously apply to him about the 'lottery,'" as he calls it. My town and Gen. Gary's connection with that business, has been explained again and again, and was about the same as that of Gens. Beauregard and Early with the Louisiana Lottery. The difference is, that theirs has been a success, ours was a stupendous failure. Our attempting such an enterprise, under the circumstances was a piece of ineffable stupidity, but I had no occasion to apply piteously to Col. Cash or anybody else about it, and, therefore, his statement in regard to it is without foundation in fact. Like every man who makes such a mistake, I felt disgusted with myself about it, but I am not in the habit of complaining of sympathy being withheld as Col. Cash does in my case.

Reporter. He says that you had "recently been branded in public as a liar, and only sought redress by returning the offensive epithet." Did such an occurrence ever take place?

Gen. Butler. Never. There is not a word of truth in it. And I have only this to say as to that. If Col. Cash will produce one respectable or reputable man who will say that such a thing happened, if I do not prove that he lies I will make to him the most abject apology for any grievance real or imaginary, that was ever made to man. And if he does not do so, where will he be? Oh, no, I have no objection to the publication of the letter. Very hard things have been said about me before, and I have survived them and trust I will survive this. There are some things that I might say about the publication of my letter, but I shall not do so now; nor shall I indulge in recriminations with Col. Cash, or throw mud at him but leave him to his own conscience, which I hope will cause him to feel ashamed of his letter. He was not in the "fetters of the law" when my letter was written, to my knowledge, and they do not appear to chafe much now. I have nothing to retract of my letter, but cannot see why Col. Cash should feel specially aggrieved, as no more mention is made of him than others connected with the duel unless the "cap fits him" better than others, for which I am not to blame. I only expressed my opinion about a public transaction in which a number of persons were engaged. Why, have I not the right to do that.

It is suggested, in the light of George Eliot's recent singular marriage, and the announcement of the Baroness Bariat-Coutts's engagement to a man twenty-seven years her junior, that it is getting to be really fashionable for women in the "best society"—which sometimes means the "poorest"—to marry men younger than themselves. We suspect that the possession of a substantial amount of cash by the lady is rather essential in a match of this kind, if the difference in years is very marked. And even then the young man is quite likely to repent at leisure for his folly.

An old darkey being asked if he thought Garfield would be elected, said: "Well, you see when we used to have so much fun, long ago, down on the river fishing we always flung away all the Gar-Fish we catch, and I don't think you will hear much about dat Gar-Fish man arter next November, case he'll be dun tho' away too by dat time, mark what I say."

"The Republican party" says the *Tribune* "is about to take off its coat, just so; and the Democratic party is about to lay on the hickory gad."

A Query on the Code.

"Messrs. Editors:—I am a strong advocate of the Code of honor, and think it the proper rule and guide of conduct for 'gentlemen.' I regard myself as a gentleman of the first water and cannot brook an insult. Now, I find on inspection of the records (yes, it is recorded against me) of a case by the Planters' Bank of Fairfield against me on a note for money loaned me, and which I never defended, in what is called the declaration, the following words of the defendant: 'Let the said defendant, not regarding his said, several promises and undertakings, made in favor of aforesaid, but contriving and fraudulently intending, craftily and subversively to deceive and defraud the said plaintiff, has not as yet paid the said several sums of money, or either of them, or any part thereof, to the said plaintiff, although often requested to do so.'"

"The question I wish to ask you (for of course you will agree that this was an insult of the most aggravated character) is whether twenty-one years having elapsed since this vile slander was perpetrated, I can now properly challenge the bank; and, if so, what particular officer shall I challenge? Again, if the proper officer be dead, can I challenge his administrator?"

Yours truly, B. FURFOSO.

P. S. and N. B.—This is a private letter and not for publication.

We can find no information on this point in our cyclopaedia. The statute of limitation might be pleaded, unless the maxim "nullum tempus occurrit regi" applies to the Code. As the form in question was printed, the printer might be held responsible. The death of the Planters' Bank is an obstacle, but the Receiver got its assets and he should satisfy all claims certainly this one, if he makes himself privy by collecting the money. Otherwise, the Winnsboro National Bank, as successor, comes in. We would not go for an administrator; administrators have a rough enough time anyhow.—*Winnsboro News and Herald.*

Garfield on the Road.

Presidential combinations on the road have hitherto been an unbroken succession of political disasters, and General Garfield should have studied their history carefully before starting out on his present starring tour. It is true, that there was urgent necessity for a general council of war by the Republican chiefs. Chairman Jewell's flank movement under Gen. Weaver in Alabama, resulted in a most disgraceful rout, and closed the campaign in the South for the season. Maine is now trembling in the balance and is threatened with capture by the same fusion that Jewell and Weaver tried in Alabama, and if Maine shall fall in September, it will carry every doubtful State with it in November. It was not expected that Gen. Garfield could give valuable counsel to the national committee about carrying the debatable States, but the critical nature of the emergency doubtless made the managers feel anxious to have their Presidential candidate take a full share of individual responsibility for a battle that may bring irretrievable disaster. It would have been vastly better for Gen. Garfield and his cause if he had remained quietly at Mentor, instead of imitating the many exhibitions of the Presidency on "the road," all of which are remembered with regret. No Presidential candidate of the last half century or more, with the single exception of Mr. Tilden, has been able to manage or wisely direct the policy of his own campaign, and Gen. Garfield is a pointed illustration of the truth of the statement. He is able, eloquent, scholarly and one of the most experienced of our public men; but the Presidential nomination has awarded him until he is unable to utter a brave sentiment without qualifying it.—*Phila. Times.*