

# Orangeburg Times.

\$2 PER ANNUM, f

"ON WE MOVE INDISSOLUBLY FIRM; GOD AND NATURE BID THE SAME."

IN ADVANCE

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AUCTION SALES.

BY F. P. BEARD.

On MONDAY, October 6th, at 10 o'clock, A. M., I will sell at my auction room, one door east of McMaster's.

HOUSEHOLD FURNITURE,  
DRY GOODS,  
CROCKERY,  
HOSIERY, &c

ALSO;

A lot of Fancy Goods and Notions.

Bargains may be expected.

Goods received till 9 o'clock on day of sale.

F. P. BEARD, Auct. and Com. Merch't

ATTENTION ALL.

Persons indebted to me by open Account, Note, Bond and Mortgages or Lien, are notified that they MUST make payment by the first day of October next, or their papers will be placed in the hands of my Attorney for collection. I am in dead earnest.

I also offer

FOR SALE,

At ten per cent Discount on Cost,

SIX THOUSAND ACRES OF LAND,

Situated in Orangeburg County, including the property known as the Whitmore Soap Factory, and other Lots in the Town of Orangeburg, also one valuable tract of land containing six hundred acres, situated in Aiken County. One three hundred acre tract situated in Lexington County. One tract containing one hundred and thirty acres situated on John's Island. All of which lands were bought cheap and will be sold for cash ten per cent below cost.

aug 27-tf.

## POETRY.

Nearer Home.

One sweetly solemn thought  
Comes to me o'er and o'er:  
I'm nearer home to-day  
Than I ever have been before.

Nearer my Father's house,  
Where the many mansions be;  
Nearer the great white throne,  
Nearer the jasper sea.  
Nearer the bound of life,  
Where we lay our burdens down;  
Nearer leaving the cross,  
Nearer wearing the crown.

Closer, closer my steps  
Come to the dark abyss  
Closer death to my lips  
Presses the awful chrysm.  
Saviour, perfect my trust,  
Strengthen the might of my faith.  
Let me feel as I would when I stand  
On the rock of the shore of death.

[CHANGED CROSS.]

## SELECTED STORY.

### The Old Vassar House.

"Major, who occupies that old stone house, among trees, out on the Cape?"

"You refer to the old Vassar House; a noble old place it used to be," said the Major, thoughtfully. "There's a story connected with it. Would you like to hear it, Mr. Evesham?"

Evesham nodded. "Ten years ago," continued the Major, "the old Vassar House was the home of a prosperous family. Ralph Vassar was a retired sea captain. He had a wife and two children—a son and a daughter. The son, Vere Vassar, went into the army; the daughter came home from school, a great beauty. Many parties and much merry-making was the result of Honore Vassar's return. All the young men were wild about her. I remember her. I don't wonder," murmured the Major, reflectively. "Well, Miss Honore showed her preference, by-and-by. It was for a young captain who came home visiting with her brother Vere. It was often you'd see Captain Balfour's great gray horse, with his silver bits, pawing up the sods under the trees of the Vassar lawn; for there was a military post about two miles from here, and the young men were stationed there. In about three months Miss Honore's engagement to the Captain was announced. They were to be married in a year, but just before that the war broke out, and young Vassar and Balfour were ordered down South. Many tears and prayers followed them.

Vere Vassar was killed right off; but every week letters came to Honore from the Captain. Then something happened that created a great panic. "The Vassar House was closed against visitors. No one but the physician went there. Mrs. Vassar and beautiful Honore had been seized by small pox. "They got nurses, and I expect they had every care, but Mrs. Vassar died in great agony on the tenth day. The daughter recovered.

"But from the day of her rising from that sick bed no human being has ever seen her face. We supposed it was horribly disfigured, for she covered it with a veil which is never removed. All mirrors were banished from the house, at her request. And when Captain Balfour came, she refused to see him, or hold any communication with him. He was easily repulsed, I fancy, for he went away and married soon after.

"A curse seemed to have fallen upon the place; everything went to ruin. The old captain half lost his wits, and aged very fast. He feels the change keenly, and has a great horror of strangers. How Honore Vassar passes her time, year after year, no one knows. She is never seen. It would seem better to die than to lead such a life," concluded the Major.

In spite of the bright morning, Evesham fell into a gloomy reverie. His new home, built in a fair garden of roses up the beach, was finished that day. When he had finally drove to in-

spect it. The building was of soft, cream-colored limestone, with French windows. It had been erected upon the site of an old mansion, and the grounds were under elaborate cultivation. Along the paths were fountain basins, and arbors of wisteria. Rank, dark ivies shaded the beds of japonicas and heliotropes. The birds bred in the aspen trees, and the September sky bent soft above much beauty, as Evesham stood upon the lawn, idly breaking roses, and looking thoughtfully about him.

He had a home now. Years before he had planned a home similar to this, fully expecting to share it with one of the most beautiful creatures God ever made. In plain words, Mary Maples jilted him. Then he banished all thoughts of a home and happiness. He became a wanderer upon the face of the earth—a self-indulgent pleasure seeker. Disgusted with such follies, he had at length come to a better mind. Satisfied that there was no Letha in dissipation, he had dropped the unworthy role, and returned to the high purposes and pure aims of his youth. He had turned to his profession, the bar, and already famed, was gathering laurels for his brow. Yet an inexpressible weariness gathered in Basil Evesham's eyes as he stood upon his lawn, breaking the yellow lanurque roses, that afternoon. There was a sad echo in the dainty rooms—of mournfulness in the sunny study. To whom should he give the roses when they were gathered?

"It is a house, but not a home," he said, throwing down the blossoms, with his usual impetuosity, and striding away. As he re-entered his carriage he remembered that he had business in town. He should have barely time to attend to it before dark. He turned his horse and urged them into a swift trot.

It was quite dark before he left the city. The roads were not familiar, and he took the wrong one.

He had just discovered his mistake when he heard a voice singing. So fine, so sweet, so clear was the voice, that it seemed to Evesham like a Lurley's cry, and he whipped his horses away from the spot as if he feared some enchantment. After a full half hour's drive about, he discovered his hotel.

A fearful storm of wind and rain came up at midnight. Evesham was awakened by a knocking at his door. "Mr. Evesham, will you please get up?" called the Major. "There is a man here in great trouble, and I want your advice."

Evesham hastily dressed and descended. He groped his way through the dark house to the great dining hall, where lights glittered, and where several persons surrounded a shaking old man.

"When did she go, sir?" asked one of the hotel servants, respectfully. "She must have gone last evening. She often roves about the house after it is dark, but she never goes beyond my sight. But I thought she was in her room last evening, nor did I miss the boat until the rain woke me in my bed, and I went to her door to see if she heard it—for she suffers much in thunder storms—when I found she wasn't there. I searched and called, all in vain. At last I found the wherry gone, and then, sirs, I knew I must come for help. My servant is old. I never disturbed him in his bed, but came down here where I knew there were strong and ready men.

"You see, sirs," said the Major to Evesham, "Miss Vassar is lost. She is probably drowned," he added, in an undertone. "Stay here, sirs," laying a kind hand on the pitiful, shaking figure of the old father. "My men will give you dry clothes, and make you comfortable, while we do all that can be done."

Evesham, the Major, and three of the men, went out upon the sands. The sky was dark as pitch, the rain driving.

"God! a woman out such a night as this! But she must be dead!" said the Major. They set three boats about the shore. They set three boats about the shore. They set three boats about the shore.

ness, but soon the water recounded with their calls.

The sounds separated and grew fainter. The sea sullenly washed the sands. All else was still. Twice Evesham put ashore to some dark object, and found only the brown rocks. He was soaked by the rain, and chilled by the blast. Of course the woman must be dead. She could not be living after so long an exposure.

He rowed his boat against a snag, and set her leaking at last. Then he was obliged to put ashore.

As he stepped upon the sands, his foot touched some yielding object. Startled, he stooped down, and placed his hand upon a cold face and soft human hair. With an involuntary cry he dropped upon his knees, and found the inanimate body of a woman, sunk in a bed of sea weed, stretched beneath the pitiless night-sky.

He was a mile from the hotel, but close at hand a light burned in the shanty of one of the boatmen. Lifting the senseless form, he bore it into the light of the blazing fire upon old Levi's hearth. The men flung down their cards, and sprang up, awe-stricken. Evesham himself paused in astonishment as his eyes fell upon the face and figure he bore. No marble was fairer than that lovely, senseless countenance, no lips sweeter, no hair a more lustrous gold than that which swept in glittering waves to the very floor.

"It is Miss Vassar!" murmured old Levi, bewildered. "I haven't seen her these nine years."

They laid her before the fire, covered her with hot blankets, and forced brandy between those exquisite, pale lips. She opened her eyes at last, raised her head, and looked around her, bewildered; then, with a cry, covered her face with her hands.

"Who has saved so frightful a creature from death?" she cried. Evesham was bewildered, but one of the old boatmen roughly snatched a small mirror from the wall, and held it before Miss Vassar's face.

"Sure," he cried, "there's no signs of small pox about ye now. Your skin is as clean as the leaf of a lily. If you'd but ha' kept a glass before you in the old house, ye needn't have shut yerself up away from the world this many a year past."

Miss Vassar looked within the mirror, and burst into tumultuous sobs. The torn lace of her veil was yet tangled in her hair. She plucked it out and threw it from her.

"You think me silly, you rough, honest men, to care so much about my looks," she sobbed. "But, oh, it would be dreadful to see eyes that had shone with pleasure upon you turn away in fright and disgust—horrible to be loathed by those who loved you. Oh, I thank God for giving me back my old face!" And the old boatmen turned aside with tears in their eyes.

In the morning Miss Vassar was able to be removed to her own home. Evesham accompanied her.

He came often to the old Vassar House. He could not forget that he had once held all that loveliness close to his heart.

Miss Vassar was grateful, and the sun shone for her again. Life was no longer a horrible nightmare, but a sweet reality. And by-and-by she put the orange flowers of a bride over that glory of hair, and promised, in calm content, to love for aye the man who had saved her life, and who worshipped her.

And in the new house, in the old garden, Evesham has discovered who sings as sweetly as a Lurley.

FOR GOVERNOR.—Holding it to be the sacred duty of the honest and true men of South Carolina, who are opposed to affiliation with either faction of the Radical party, and who will not support the nominees of either Regulars or Bolters, to organize at once and place candidates of their own in the field, we suggest the name of General James Chestnut, of Camden, as a man possessing every qualification for the position of Governor, and one to whom all classes of the community could commit their interests with safety.—SUMMER NEWS.

Appointment of County Chairmen. COLUMBIA, S. C., Sept. 10, 1872. Under the resolutions adopted by the State Democratic Executive Committee, the following gentlemen are appointed County Chairmen. They are charged with the local organization in the respective counties, and are requested to communicate with the Central Executive Committee:

Abbeville—J. S. Cothran. Anderson—J. A. Hoyt. Aiken—W. P. Finley. Barnwell—G. B. Lartigue. Beaufort—Wm. Elliott. Charleston—G. H. Walter. Clarendon—B. L. Barron. Chester—W. A. Walker. Chesterfield—E. W. Duvall. Colleton—J. J. Fox. Darlington—F. F. Warley. Edgefield—W. T. Gary. Fairfield—J. H. Rion. Georgetown—B. H. Wilson. Greenville—Wm. Beattie. Horry—J. T. Walsh. Kershaw—J. B. Kershaw. Lexington—H. H. Meetze. Lancaster—J. D. Wylie. Laurens—J. W. Ferguson. Marion—A. Q. McDuffie. Marlboro—J. H. Hudson. Newberry—Simeon Fair. Oconee—R. A. Thompson. Orangeburg—J. F. Izlar. Pickens—R. E. Bowen. Richland—John McKenzie. Spartanburg—J. H. Evins. Sumter—T. B. Fraser. Union—R. W. Shand. Williamsburg—S. W. Maurice. York—Cadwallader Jones.

M. C. BUTLER, Ch'm State Dem. Ex. Com.

### Greeley on the Question of Color.

Greeley discussing the question of color, said: "Fellow-citizens, if our movement should prevail, as I trust it will, we will sweep away all this refuse of lies in three months, and will say to the colored men we proffer you nothing except the protection of the laws, the same for you as well as we have. You will have to use all your abilities, all your energies, all your faculties, and make the most of them you can. If the laws do not favor you they will thoroughly protect you, and in three months, if we succeed, the colored people will be so disabused that some men can never deceive them again—never again. But suppose we fail, and we may fail if the colored men do not believe that power is against us, that money is against us. If they do not realize that the Treasury, the army of one hundred thousand office-holders are all banded against us in force. They believe we cannot overcome them or they would not be so universally hostile to us. They think we cannot succeed, and they want to be upon the winning side. That is a part of it, but they are also deluded in regard to our purposes. We say we are not your enemies, we will not be your oppressors, we will not, though you have done us injustice, we will try as well as we can to have your children educated and enlightened, so that the mistakes you have made cannot be made over and over again.

"THE REAL ISSUES."—The New York HERALD says: "The real issues upon which the Liberal Republicans and Democrats combined are popular. These are the restoration of the South, amnesty, harmony of the two sections of the country, relieving the Southern States from the rule of ignorant negroes and carpet-bag plunderers, economy in the government, civil service reform and other reforms which the regular Republican administration party has refused. These were the great and overshadowing issues inaugurated by the coalition. They ought to meet with popular favor all over the country."

The New York Sun says the Administration expended \$800,000 to carry North Carolina.

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General A. R. Wright has been nominated for Congress from the Eighth Georgia District.

The Hon. B. F. Perry has formally accepted his nomination for Congress from the 4th Congressional District.

No one wishes to have a bald head, but no one wishes to lose it when he has it.

Nitric acid will produce a black spot on steel. The darker the spot, the harder the steel. Iron remains bright when touched with the acid.

General P. M. B. Young has been nominated for election to Congress in the Seventh District of Georgia.

The prisoners in the Oregon Penitentiary are divided on Greeley and Grant, with the chances in Grant's favor.

The Geneva arbitration awarded 15½ millions to the United States in satisfaction of the Alabama claims.

Milton Kennedy, Editor of the So. Chris. Advocate, who has been confined to his bed for some time, is slowly recovering. We trust he will soon be fully restored to his wonted health.

A lady, who says that her opinion is based upon a close observance, says that men, as a rule, regard their wives as angels for just two months—namely, a month before marrying her and a month after burying her.

After the first of October those persons who hold revenue stamps no longer required in use, may claim back from the Revenue Commissioner 95 per cent of the face value of the amount.

"Six feet in his boots?" exclaimed Mrs. Beeswax; "what will the impudence of this world come to, I wonder? Why, they might as well tell me that the man had six heads in his hats."

We learn from the Winnsboro' News that Jackson Brooks, colored, who escaped from the penitentiary several nights since, was overhauled Tuesday by officer Potec, of the police, and lodged in the guardhouse to wait the proper requisition.

A correspondent of the Country Gentleman had four horses that contracted the habit of crib-biting. He painted the wood work of the stable with crude petroleum, and was amused by the grimaces of the animals over the smell and taste but rejoiced that in his case it effected a cure.

THE NORTH CAROLINA ELECTION.—It appears from a published letter from Judge A. S. Merrimon, late Democratic Conservative candidate for Governor of North Carolina, that he will contest the election if sufficient evidence of fraud is collected, of which he seems to entertain no doubt.

INTERNAL REVENUE STAMPS.—This is the last month that internal revenue stamps will have to be affixed to legal documents, as the new law abolishing all stamp duties imposed by schedule B, except the tax of two cents upon bank checks, drafts or orders, takes effect on the 1st of October.

THE STATE ELECTIONS.—On the third Wednesday of October next, the people of the State will be called upon to vote for State and county officers, and to vote for one or against two amendments to the State Constitution, which will be submitted for their ratification. The first amendment proposes to change the day of the State elections from the third Wednesday of October to the first Tuesday after the first Monday, the day of the Presidential election. The second amendment proposed, prohibits the contracting of any State debt except for ordinary current expenses, unless ratified by two-thirds of the qualified voters of the State. It is supposed that these amendments will be unanimously adopted.