

J. S. HEYWARD, Editor.
F. P. BEARD, Associate Editor.

To The Orangeburg Public.

However great the surprise which greets our appearance before you, dear readers, in the guise of an editor, it cannot exceed our own. If the circumstance of the meeting is as mutually pleasing, we feel fully assured that our acquaintance is the first of many happy reunions.

It is not without purpose, however, that we thus unexpectedly greet you. A community of men of Southern birth, raising and sentiment, entirely without any public organ in their midst, of kindred sympathy, to represent their views upon the issues of the day, we are to the outside world, without interest in the political welfare of the State, of which we form no inconsiderable part, either in area, population or wealth.

Meantime, there is in our midst, and has been for some time past, an organ, which has not heretofore represented either the agricultural or political interests of this community in such way as is calculated to reflect either credit or justice upon us as men of the South; for it has, in sentiment, been Republican, and bitterly so.

Many citizens have been obliged to take it, as the only means of getting local news; while for the same reason, business men have been forced to contribute to it their advertising support; and our prime purpose is to afford to all the option of abandoning so false a position, by offering them the use of a live, entertaining and thorough Democratic paper.

We propose then, to advocate what we deem clear, practical views of such questions as arise from the political issues of the day. Such views as will be consonant with the honor of men who fought for State's Rights as the only line of defence between the Republic and a centralized despotism, which has come at last in spite of us. Our ancestors were proud to be Republicans, when a republic meant an equal share for all in the public government. Those who to-day call themselves Republicans, support a despotism which makes each and every one of us feel that he belongs to a set of public officers, to be taxed, arrested and imprisoned ad libitum. When the Republic was Republican, we were Republican, when it ceased to be so, we ceased to adhere. We are not, and cannot be; the time is past for honest Southern men to be Republican in sentiment.

For the farmer, especially, we propose to have the current and local news, (as for the business men,) and besides well selected reading matter, moral and entertaining for himself and wife, and improving to the little ones, well tested receipts for use in the house, yard and field, and light chat.

For the young folks, we will try to keep up a line of joke, the surest way to a happy marriage, and the last hints of fashion. By these means, we hope to afford to the business men and merchants of the town and elsewhere the further inducement of a first rate advertising medium.

Allow me, then, to bespeak of you, one and all, your kind patronage, which we will endeavor to deserve, and so use, that it may redound to our credit, your satisfaction, and the benefit of this community at large, whose interest henceforth to serve shall be our task and pleasure.

Respectfully,
JAMES S. HEYWARD,

Why?

Our Republican neighbor, the News, asks for a Democratic reply as to why, in all parts of the country, save the South, coalitions are formed between the honest men of both parties for the displacement of dishonest officials. It seems to us a strange query to be propounded to the Democrats of the South, who may reason-

ably be set down as in no way aiding or abetting the corruption of any officials of our country, as the said officials are universally Republicans and most probably enjoyed the opposition of the Democratic vote on the day of their election; which opposition they most undoubtedly will continue to control, whether the honest Republicans coalesce or not. The question to our minds is how any honest man, Republican or not, can withhold his opposition to the swindling misrule to which our State is subjected under the name of Republicans, and for which we are indebted to the uncoalescing vote of a Republican phalanx.

We can see no true Republicanism throughout the entire country, and in the South it means Radicalism, whose motto is the unrelenting *Vae victis*, which means uncompromising death to Democracy; and Democracy in South Carolina means, with very few exceptions, all the native intelligence and property (except State bonds—new issue) in the State.

Signs of the Times.

We see by the Columbia Phoenix, of the 7th, that our political Judge, newly elected of the Sixth Circuit, has been hrowling out his professional prospectus in characteristic style.

He recognizes on the part of his audience, (such as it is,) the cherishing towards himself a sentiment not unlike that which Daniel in the lions den entertained toward the lions, and he boldly, if not politely, declares his individual sentiment to be similar.

He is aware that the education and intelligence of the circuit are naturally averse to him, but beg; for the confidence of his immediate audience. Poor audience! to be thus prejudged by this man, who also says that gratitude to the black race, who elected him to his position, secures his best care of their trust.

He swears by the treacherous Longstreet, and promises to pray to God.

Of course he manipulates the last Radical bait for his down-trodden constituents, Ku-kluxism; and says with considerable spynxism that "the path of duty is the only path of peace and safety."

The Lunatic Asylum.

We clip the following extract of a letter from Dr. Ensor, to the editor of the Columbia Union. It is in regard to the proper care of our unfortunate inmates of the State Lunatic Asylum. We agree with Dr. Ensor in his indignation at the "penurious plan" and "littleness of soul" of our "law-makers," while we are disgusted at such inhuman vulgarity of legislation and want of confidence in their own fiduciary appointments as must necessitate a public discussion of matters, which are so sacred that they ought to be attended to with as few words as is possible.

"I make these extracts to show the penurious plan upon which our insane are provided for, and how insignificant the sum now asked from the State, for the support of our Asylum for the current year, when compared with the cost of other similar institutions, as well as to show the littleness of soul of those im-maculate law-makers, and patterns of official economy, who are opposed to giving to the insane that aid which humanity demands, and which the honor of the State cannot afford to withhold.

Very respectfully,
J. F. ENSOR, M. D."

We publish them as a truthful and honest effort in behalf of a public interest, the most near and dear, while we sincerely hope that the Doctor may succeed, and have our helpless properly cared for.

God knows we are taxed heavily enough for all purposes, though Mr. Niles G. Parker says "our" legislative labors are not provided for yet.

TAXED TO DEATH.—The proposition embraced in a bill now before the Legislature to levy a tax of nineteen mills on the dollar, for the ensuing year, is simply infamous. The Legislature itself, in its regular appropriation bill, estimates the amount required to carry on the govern-

ment of the State, including Legislative expenses, at the sufficiently high figure of \$990,000. At the proposed rate of taxation, there would be ground out of the flesh and blood, lands and personal property of this State, the enormous amount of three million and forty thousand dollars—more than three times the whole sum required for governmental purposes by the well considered estimate of the very Legislature which has the boldness to entertain this proposition for the legalization of highway robbery.

[Orangeburg News.

LOCAL.

JOB WORK—neatly executed at this office.

Mrs. Rebecca Sechrest, a widow lady, in the service of Rev. Mr. Johnson, of Yorkville, was severely burned on the 4th inst.

We ordered the head for the Times several days ago, but have not yet received it. Our readers will be greeted next week with our new head.

WHO KILLED THE CALF?—The attention of our Council is directed to the "dead" calf lying in the ditch on Railroad Avenue. Please have it removed, gentlemen.

The business management, mechanical department, and job establishment of this paper will be conducted by Mr. F. P. Beard, who will give strict attention to the appearance of the paper, and to all work entrusted to his care.

Among the bright stars in the diadem of hotels, is "Meroney's Hotel," in this place; and we can assure the public that no pains are spared on the part of the proprietor to make his house all that can be desired. See his card on fourth page.

THE Young America Fire Engine Company celebrates its eighteenth anniversary on Wednesday, 21st inst., by a banquet at their hall. A pleasant time may be anticipated. Mr. Henry Kohn, the efficient secretary of the company, will please accept our thanks for a "complimentary."

"THE Orangeburg Survivors Association," will celebrate their first anniversary at the Orangeburg Presbyterian Church on 22d inst., at 12 M. An address will be delivered by a member of the association and others. The public generally and the ladies especially are invited to be present. *Officers and Soldiers of the Confederate Army* are expected to attend.

The Orangeburg County Agricultural Society held its quarterly meeting at Young America Fire Engine Company Hall, on last Saturday evening. The meeting was called to order by the President, Dr. W. F. Barton.

The following resolutions, offered by Mr. Dibble, were adopted:

Resolved, That the matter of the annual fairs be referred to Executive Committee for its action, as follows: In case the charter passes the Legislature, at its present session, then to proceed under said charter. In case it does not pass, then that Executive Committee at once proceed to obtain subscriptions upon the plan of having trustees, as reported, and that the number of said permanent trustees be fixed at seven, besides the executive officers, members of the board—the officers of this society. And that in this case an election be held on Sales day in March next, between the hours of 10 and 2 for the members of the board of trustees, at the store of Mr. Kirk Robinson, under the management of three members of this society, and that the Executive Committee do have the terms of trustees carefully drawn out, and that vacancies be filled for the membership of this society. Under the above resolutions, the following committee was appointed: J. H. Fowles, K. Robinson, Dr. J. C. Holman.

The subject for discussion, namely: "The best method of making home-manure," was then opened by Dr. Murray, followed by Mr. A. M. Sally. The discussion was entered into with much interest by various members of the society. The president announced the following as the subject for discussion at the next meeting: "The Hog! What is the best breed for this climate, and what the best mode of breeding them?"

Dr. J. W. Summers and Mr. E. A. Nix were appointed to open the discussion.

List of Letters Remaining in Orangeburg Post Office to February 13th, 1872.

A—Adly, June. C—Clarke, John H. F—Ford, B. F. Fair, Mrs Cordelia W. K—Kelly, Mrs Sarah, Kenedy, J. B. M—Morison, Jas, McKenzie, Mrs Jenny, Mood, Miss Eleey. R—Reed, Maria. T—Thomas, Robert, Tyler, Mrs Catharine C. W—Walsh, Miss Laura A.
Persons calling for the above letters will please say they are advertised. F. DEMARS, Postmaster.

CONSIGNEES PER S. C. R. R.

W. F. Muller, W. A. Meroney, J. A. Hamilton, J. P. Harley, Champy Bros., Bull, Scovill & Pike, W. M. Eain & Co., G. H. Cornelson, D. A. Way, W. T. Knotta, J. H. Livingston, Mrs. A. E. Harville, E. Ezekill, M. Brandenburg, Mrs. John V. Glover, C. Thorn, J. F. Adden, Jeffords & Co., W. Wilcock, H. Riggs, W. W. Culler, A. C. Dukes, J. V. Glover, C. F. Gehrels, Geo. S. Shirer, John Easterling, Mrs. Abbergottie, John Barret, J. C. Lucas, Heyward & Beard, N. E. W. Sestrunk, Fejder, Vose & Izler, E. J. Oliveros, F. H. W. Briggman, A. W. Tharin, George Boliver, A. Haigler, Paul Mentrail.

ARRIVALS AT MARONEY'S HOTEL.

W. T. Notts and Lady, J. Meroney, Jas. Brown and Lady, Orangeburg; W. L. Hardin, Baltimore; J. Frank Wuhrman, Jr., E. S. Stewart, Charleston; R. Findlay, D. E. Goswell, Baltimore; G. W. DeHaven, B. H. Carrol, wife and two children, A. Miacco and wife, W. Miacco and wife, Jacob Haight, J. L. Mather-son, Geo. H. Rice, A. A. Buck, J. R. Hankins, J. A. Tuttle, New Orleans; P. O. Toole, Augusta; Mrs. Bryant and Son, W. P. Cain; St. Mathews; Frank P. Beard, Fee Gee Islands; W. R. Watt, J. M. Keller, Fort Motte.

There is bad blood between the friends of Vice-President Colfax and Senator Wilson, on account of the latter's aspirations for the Vice-Presidency. Colfax's promises of retirement to private life were all Pickwickian.

Neagle, Comptroller-General of South Carolina, informs the Legislature that he does not know how much money will be needed to pay the interest on the public debt, because he does not know how many of the State bonds are out.

The North Carolina Legislature has passed a bill authorizing the Governor to offer a reward of \$10,000 for the capture of Henry Berry Lowry, the negro outlaw of Robeson County, and \$6,000 for each of his band.

Thomas B. Jeter, late President of the Spartanburg and Union Rail Road, has been appointed by the new management superintendent of said road, and has already entered upon his duties.

In his opening speech Mr. Burr, President of the convention, advocated a union of all parties in opposition to Grant, and referred to the possibility of Mr. Trumbull being the anti Grant candidate for the Presidency in eloquent terms. These sentiments were greeted by the convention with the heartiest applause.—*Charleston News.*

INDECENT SEARCHING.—The Laurensville "Herald" gives an account of a search made in that town during the night, by a United States Marshal and a squad of soldiers, at the house of B. S. Garlington, which, for indecency and brutality, is worse, if possible, than anything we have heard of since the war of persecution first opened. They not only ransacked the house from cellar to roof to find Mr. G., but they actually searched the bed in which Mrs. G. was lying very ill, with an infant only a few days old at her side. Mrs. G. and the widowed mother of Mr. G. were the only persons in the house at the time. The bird had flown.—*Unionville Times.*

(Continued from First Page.)

the wounded man. The gambler sat moodily over his bank, running the small monte cards through his fingers, and perhaps thinking of the deed just perpetrated, when they wounded man gave a moan of agony as the doctor's probe reached the bottom of the wound.

The doctor inquired what State he was from, and the wounded man replied: "From Vermont."

The gambler raised his head, for it had been a long time since he had seen a person from the home of his childhood, and Vermont being the name of his native State, the mere mention of the name interested him.

The doctor next inquired the name of the place where his parents resided, if he had any. The wounded man replied: "Montpelier."

The gambler sprang to his feet, his lips trembled, and his face was pale as death, for Montpelier was the home of his youth, and perhaps the wounded man might have been his playmate in childhood—perhaps a schoolmate—knew his parents, his brothers and sisters. He clung convulsively to the table, and with the contending emotions of rapid thought and the weight of injury inflicted, he could scarcely keep upon his feet.

A stimulant was given to the wounded man, and he was momentarily relieved from that weakness the body is so subject to after a severe wound, when the doctor inquired if there was any friend in the city he wished to send for.

"Yes," he replied, "my wife. She is at the City Hall, on the corner of Clay and Kearney streets. Tell Mary to hasten for I am badly hurt."

A man was sent to bring his wife. "Doctor," said the gambler, "save that man's life, and there is my bank, an \$10,000 in Burgoyne, and you shall have it all!"

The doctor felt the pulse of the wounded man—bathed his head, and staunched the flow of blood from his wound, until the arrival of his wife. She came, accompanied by a few friends, and as heroic women bear their misfortunes she bore hers. Not a word of reproach passed her lips—words of cheerfulness only passed her lips, as tears coursed each other down her cheeks. To her inquiries as to the chance of her husband's recovery, the doctor assured her there was no hope whatever—that the wound was mortal, and that in a few hours the wounded man must die. She sank down on her knees, and invoked the mercy of a forgiving God upon her dying husband and his murderer.

The gambler knelt at the side of the wounded man, and asked his forgiveness for the great wrong he had committed, and also that of his afflicted wife, which was readily granted.

"This," said he, "is for disobeying the sacred injunction of my aged father and mother. I have faced death a thousand times, and still I have escaped; the balls of an enemy have whistled past my ears as thick as hailstones, and the bursting bomb has exploded at my feet. Still I have lived, O! God; and for this! High above the red tide of the battle I have carried my country's ensign, and that won for me a name among men. When not one comrade was left to tell of the battle, I escaped unhurt! Why was I not killed with the rest? All that was proud and pleasing to man I have had, and if I could recall this last act by living on husks, sleeping in a pauper's grave, and renouncing every proud act of my life, I would do it. I was born in the same village with that man; we were born beneath the same roof, and, O! God—the same mother gave us birth! He must not die—he is my brother!"

And the gambler sunk in a swoon upon the floor.

The wounded man raised himself on his elbows; his glazed eyes wandered over the room, as if searching for some particular one.

"Mary," said he, "is my brother Liam here?"

The words choked in his throat—gurgling blood stopped his utterance, and he sank a corpse upon his pillow.

The wife knelt again, but it was beside the dead body, and invoked the blessing of God on his soul, and forgiveness for the murder.

The gambler awoke from his swoon staggered up to the wife, and said:

"Mary, would it were otherwise, for have nothing to live for now; the deed and dying do not want anything in the world; take this certificate of deposit on our aged father, and tell our parents we are both dead; but O! do not tell them how we died!"

But before the woman could reply, any one interfere, the report of a pistol sounded again, and the fratricide had ceased to live! On the hill near Rinc Point were two graves, a few years ago enclosed with a picket fence, and on tombstone at their head, with the simple inscription—"Brothers."

Up stairs.)

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