

The Orangeburg Times.

ONE DOLLAR PER ANNUM.

GOD AND OUR COUNTRY.

ALWAYS IN A IVANE

VOLUME VII/

FRIDAY MORNING, JULY 9, 1880

NUMBER 24

Carriage Factory.

The undersigned respectfully informs the public that he is prepared to do all

Kind of Work

in the above line on the shortest notice and at

Living Prices.

HORSESHOEING done in the best possible manner.

I also have in full operation my

PLANING AND MOULDING MACHINES,

And

GRIST MILL.

All work in this line done without delay and on reasonable terms.

A share of the public patronage is solicited.

July 25

H. RIGGS.

CALL AT THE

PEOPLE'S BAKERY

Established in 1871 by the Proprietor, who is still ready and willing to fill orders in

BREAD, ROLLS, PIES
CAKES

Of all descriptions.

GUNGERS

By the BARREL or BOX.

Also

BREAD

For Camp-Meetings or any other kind of Meetings.

Just received

Fresh Confectionaries,
Fancy Goods
And Notions

Which will be sold as LOW as any that can be bought in Orangeburg.

Thankful for the past patronage of my friends and the public I still solicit a continuance of their custom.

T. W. Albergozzi,

Russell Street, next door to

Sept 14, 1878—ly Mr. J. P. Harley.

OLD AND RELIABLE.

DR. SANFORD'S LIVER INVIGORATOR is a Standard Family Remedy for

Diseases of the Liver, Stomach and Bowels.—It is Purely

Vegetable.—It never

Debilitates.—It is

Cathartic and

Tonic.

TRY

IT.

To Have Good Health, the Liver

must be kept in order; its un-

healthy action causes Bilious Attacks,

Jaundice, Constipation, Dyspepsia,

Headache, Bowel Complaints,

Seasickness and other Disorders.

LIVER

INVIGORATOR

The Liver is the seat of material

diseases. The Liver Invigorator pro-

duces the system from Miasmatic

Influences. It purifies the Blood,

Regulates the Bowels, Assists Dige-

tion, and Strengthens the System.

The Liver Invigorator

has been used

in my practice

and by the public

for more than 35 years,

with unprecedented results.

SEND FOR CIRCULAR.

DR. T. W. SANFORD, M.D., 109 N. BROADWAY,

ANY DRUGIST WILL TELL YOU ITS REPUTATION.

Sept 19

ly

For sale by Dr. J. G. WANNAMAKER

and Dr. A. C. DUKES

nov 12 ly

Orangeburg, So. Ca., Dec. 1st 1879.

nov 25 1879

IXL RESTAURANT

BY

A. M. IZLAR, AGT.

At Briggmann's Old Stand

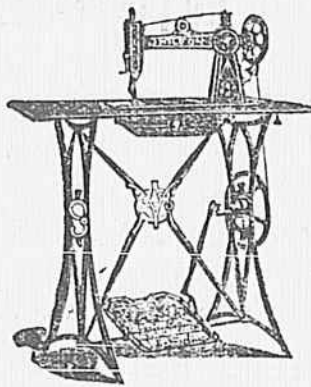
Call and get your Hot Meals, Fancy Drinks and Fine Cigars. Come early and order your

Oyster Stew, Oyster Fry, Chicken and Rice, Ham and Rice,
Beefsteak and Rice, Sausage and Rice, Hams and Eggs,
Coffee, &c., &c.

Having obtained a First Class Restaurant Cook, I prepare everything in Nice Style. Call and satisfy your appetite. Everything put down at Bottom Prices.

aug 29, 1879

LIGHTNING SEWER



THE NEW WILSON Oscillating Shuttle SEWING MACHINE

is wonderful in its conception, unprecedented for doing a large range of sewing in textile fabrics and leather. Its motions are continuous, admitting of an extraordinary rate of speed, either by steam or foot power. Every motion of the treadle makes six stitches, thus producing about one-third more work in a day than other Sewing Machines. It has no stop motions, and tightens the stitch with the needle out of the fabric. It uses the well-known Wilson Compound Foot on both sides of the needle. It has two-thirds less parts than any other first-class Sewing Machine. Its arm is fully eight and one-half inches long and five and one-half inches high, and the whole Machine is very compactly and scientifically constructed in proportions, elegance, design and appearance. Its simple, powerful and perfect mechanism places it as far in advance of all other Sewing Machines as the telephone is superior to the tin speaking tube. The WILSON MENDING ATTACHMENT, for repairing all kinds of textile fabrics WITHOUT PATCHING, furnished FREE with all WILSON SEWING MACHINES, together with a Tucker, Ruffler, Corder, Set of Hemmers, Binders, etc.

THEODORE KOHN

AGENT FOR ORANGEBURG COUNTY.

Oct 24

SHAVING AND HAIR DRESSING

Done in the most approved style by J. H. MATTHEWS, an Experienced Barber, on Market Street, in rear of the Postoffice.

F. DeMARS, Agt.

UNDER

MASONIC HALL

Friends and Countrymen

attend!

Do not wait until you spend

Every cent in places dear,

Make DeMARS your Grocer here!

Ask him for his HAM so nice,

Running at the LOWEST PRICE!

Stop and try his Flour so fine,

Cheese, and ALL things in his line!

Have some BUTTER sent around—

Every man should have a pound!

And if you feel well and able,

Put his MACKEREL on your Table!

Good are all things in his Store,

Reason cannot ask for more!

Only try his LIQUORS rare—

Can't be equalled any where!

Every man who knows DeMARS,

Runs for his good Segars!

In his Sample Room they fly,

Very true that they are dry!

Some thing tells them DE'S the man!

And he always leads the van!

Never yet did he retreat,—

Don't you know he can't be beat?

Look within his Store so grand,

In his Bar-Boom—near at hand;

Que him him and you will see—

UNDER-SOLD—HE CANNOT BE!

Oh! wait not till you are wiser,

Reason points to Mr. DE'SER,

Selling fancy Dri-ks to all—

Give him then a general call,

Rest assured, DeMARS sells cheap,

And the finest goods will keep,

Never cease to bless your stars—

Down with all—except

DeMARS.

F. A. SCHIFFLEY,

Russell Street,

(Next Door to Dr. Patrick.)

Would inform my friends that I have opened a first class

FAMILY GROCERY

On my own account, and would solicit their patronage.

ONLY FRESH GOODS

Kept, and sold for the

Lowest Possible Prices

For CASH.

my 14

3m

Choice Imported Port and Sherry Wine, for sale low, at Wallace Cannon's old stand.

HORSE SHOEING.

The undersigned has opened at the old stand, opposite Mr. J. P. Harley, where he is prepared to do all kinds of work in the

The Blacksmith Line,

Such as Horse-shoeing, making plows and Repairing Buggies and Wagons.

All work warranted to give satisfaction. Jan 9 3m WM. HOWELL.

DENTISTRY

OPERATIVE AND MECHANICAL.

— 50 —

By Dr. L. S. WOLFE. Office over Dr. Louis' Store. Satisfaction guaranteed in all operations.

Teeth extracted without pain, by the use of Nitrous Oxide Gas.

P. A. LEFVENDAH

BOOT & SHOEMAKER,

AT

HAREEY'S CORNER,

Respectfully informs his customers and the public generally, that he has on hand a full stock of the very best Material and Latest Styles, just suited for Summer, which will be made up in any style at from \$3 50 to 4 50 for Shoes and Gaiters, Boots from \$7 up.

Repairing done in the neatest manner and on the shortest notice.

I also keep constantly on hand a full stock of Leather, Lasts, Pegs, Awls, Thread, Ladies Grass Heel Plates, and the very best Shoe Strings, also, Cork Soles, Steel Stiffeners or Supporters, Shoe Tacks of all kinds, and Shoe Blacking of the best quality, and all other material used in this line.

Having many years experience in the business, I guarantee satisfaction in my work and prices. A trial is solicited.

I will not be responsible for work left on me longer than three months.

P. A. LEFVENDAH.

Feb 27

Editorial Notes.

The Cincinnati Trip—Prosperous Northern Georgia—A Wild and Rugged Country—The Great Cincinnati Southern Railroad—Hospitality of Cincinnati Merchants—The Beautiful Blue Grass—The High Bridge.

Our last letter was written from Atlanta. We will therefore take up from this point, and only give such matters connected with the trip of the Press Association as may be of interest and profit to the general reader. Many of us may be familiar with the scenes and objects of the limited excursion which we are about to describe, but it must be remembered that the majority of our readers are not blest with the opportunities of travel, and a truthful insight into the manners and progress of the people surrounding us, and the distinguishing characteristics of the country beyond our own narrow limits, may be both interesting and instructive.

From Atlanta to Chattanooga, besides our special coaches, Gov. Simpson, Gen. Hagood, and as many others as could be accommodated, were kindly tendered Senator Joe Brown's elegant private car. The country between Atlanta and Chattanooga is pleasantly varied with hill and dale, mountain and valley. This section is thickly settled by white people, and there are few colored people, and, as is always the case where the whites do their own work, there are evident marks of prosperity. In fact we find in all our travels that the line between former slavery and white labor is the line between stagnation and progress. No injury has been greater to the South than the introduction among us, by the money-making Yankee of the African slave. Its evil influence is felt and seen in more ways than one. It has fostered and encouraged amongst us a false and stupid pride, aristocracy, and has degraded and almost destroyed the true dignity and nobility of labor. On this point we could write a volume, but we must hasten on, and probably we will touch upon the matter again in another place.

We arrived at Chattanooga about 9 o'clock, and repaired to the cool and elegantly appointed Hotel on the top of a gently sloping hill, from which the city appears in a level plain below us, surrounded on all sides by mountains and hills. Here we rested most delightfully for the night, dreaming of Cincinnati, the next little station at which we proposed to stop for a few days. There are many points of interest around Chattanooga, connected with the recent war. But the foremost object which attracts the traveller, seeming almost within stones throw from the hotel, and yet over two miles distant, is Lookout Mountain, which rears its lofty summit in picturesque grandeur above the surrounding valley. We were anxious to scale its heights, and enjoy a sight of the beautiful scenery which it commands, but time forbid.

The next morning at 7 o'clock we assembled at the depot to make a start for Cincinnati. It was natural for us to suppose as we emerged from the circle of home influence, and near the great center of bustle and confusion, where thousands were assembled from every State in the Union, and where all were aglow with political excitement, that our attentions would cease and that we would be as strangers in a strange land, but to our surprise and gratification we were most agreeably disappointed. At the Chattanooga depot a clever, jovial, handsome little fellow (and by the way a red hot Republican) introduced himself to us in his easy, off-hand manner, as Mr. J. C. Blackburn, representative of the Merchants Exchange and citizens who had been sent to meet the Press Association of South Carolina and see them safely across to the "Queen city of the West." And right well did he perform his task. Thoroughly conversant with the frailties of human nature, he seemed determined, by the rich and bountiful provision made, that no one should languish on the way from hunger or thirst. Besides this, when within 50 miles of Cincinnati, we were met by the outgoing morning train by a delegation of merchants and other citizens.

At Norwood, about half way between Chattanooga and Cincinnati the train stopped about half an hour where a sumptuous repast was awaiting us, prepared for us by the managers of the great Cincinnati Southern Railway over which we were travelling.

The varied scenes presented to the eye in passing over this great route, embracing the grand, the picturesque and the beautiful, cannot be properly depicted in a short letter. The public will remember that this is a new

route which has just been opened within the past five or six months, the commemoration of which by the interchange of visits between the merchants of Charleston and Cincinnati is fresh in our memory. This road was accomplished by the most enormous expenditure of money and herculean labor, and in an incredibly short time, standing to-day as a noble monument to the enterprise and public spirit of the people of Cincinnati. Portions of the country through which the road passes is the wildest and most rugged we have ever witnessed. At one moment the cars are whirled along the sides of mountains, with yawning precipice on the one side, and towering mountain crest on the other; at another moment we are rattled over mountain rill, and while we are admiring its beauty, suddenly enveloped by the darkness of night, we find that we are lying through a mountain, and thus alternately between mountain crag, rill and tunnel, we are wafted over Eastern Tennessee and a part of Kentucky. Nor is this country altogether barren. The narrow valleys are fertile and luxuriant, and we have no doubt that these bold mountaineers are a happy and independent people. We say bold mountaineers, for we were handed one of the mountain papers at a secluded station, from which we saw the evidences of mountain pluck, whatever may be said of mountain dew.

Passing from these scenes we come to the rich fields of Kentucky. Here we saw with our own eyes the beautiful and far-famed blue grass section, covered with its green fields of vegetation, and "its cattle upon a thousand hills." Along this section we are also brought into rather uncomfortable contact with the fields of hemp which constitutes an important product of this State, and is now in a growing condition. This is beyond all doubt, including the section of the same State between Louisville and Nashville, which we saw on our return trip, a most magnificent farming country, and all the farm houses, stone fences and lovely villas bear evidence of internal wealth.

We now come to describe the greatest prodigy of art in its line we have ever witnessed either in this or any other line of our travels. We refer to the High Bridge over the Kentucky River. This bridge is 286 feet high, and 1100 feet long. It is claimed to be the highest railroad bridge in the world. It is said that there is a railroad bridge in Switzerland and which was thought to be higher, but upon a careful measurement, it was found to be several feet lower. To form a proper conception of its height, we have only to remember that the average height of our church steeples are probably 100 feet. This bridge is 286 feet high. Imagine then for a moment the cars running over a river on an eminence of nearly three times the height of our church steeples, and that too on apparently slender legs. When we consider this bridge, and many others on the route of less magnitude, and the many mountains of solid rock which have been bored through for the opening of this great thoroughfare, we are lost in admiration for the genius which conceived and the pluck which consummated this gigantic enterprise, which brings Charleston and Cincinnati in close relationship, and opens the way for the unlimited development of our Sunny South, if future enterprise will be in some degree commensurate.

About 8 o'clock on Monday night we rolled into Cincinnati, and after a pleasant night's rest, bright and early the next morning we went around to the splendid Music Hall of Cincinnati to witness the opening of the great National Democratic Convention. This was the first time on our trip that we ever dreamed or talked of politics, for our minds were engrossed on the way with scenes and thoughts of far greater interest and profit. In fact we breathed a purer atmosphere, and we all heartily enjoyed the short respite from politics and its conflicting vanities.

The next day one of the most elegant and flattering receptions were tendered the South Carolina Press on Highland Park by the merchants and other citizens of Cincinnati. But we are getting too lengthy for this issue, and must now come to a pause. An account of this reception, of the city of Cincinnati, of Music Hall and incidents of the Democratic Convention, of our return by Mammoth Cave, and other general reflections must come in future notes. And when we finish, if we mistake not, we think the reader, in comparing what has already been described with what is to come, will be ready to exclaim with the queen of Sheba when she

visited king Solomon, "Behold! the half was not told me."

With this we close until our next issue.

OUR BOYS AT CAMDEN.

CAMDEN, S. C., July 2, 1880.

Editor Orangeburg Times:
The B. B. party, 18 in number, arrived safely here, after being very seriously annoyed by a "news-man," (man in years, but an infant in what is known as sense) on S. C. R. R. These people, I mean "news-boys" and "news men," are a nuisance, and the authorities ought to see to it, that those who pay their fare ride in peace.

Arriving at Camden, our boys were taken in charge by the gallant Camdenians, and conveyed in fine style to the Latham House, where they were to feast the inner-man. Here they were well provided for. Friend Latham, taking a lively interest in our visit, had procured abundance of good things.

We were informed that we could not arrive home before six o'clock tomorrow, and as we had left with the intention of being back earlier, we posted to the Post-office, to purchase a postal card, on which to inform our employers of this fact. The post office, as a matter of course, is presided over by a Radical dignitary, commonly known as "Brooks," who coolly informed us, while sitting in his office, that he would not sell postal cards until 1 o'clock, it being then 12.30. This we thought was the meanest thing we had seen for some time; being an employee of the present government, however, is an excuse. If Gen. Hancock is elected, which is certain, and don't immediately kick this fellow out, he would deserve impeachment at the hands of respectable people. What say you people of Camden?

The game is starting. The scores are about to call, "Brown to the bat, Zeigler on deck." Excitement runs high. Now comes the Umpire, and fair and impartial friend Williams proves to be—"Ball to the bat" he cries, and the thing commences. The playing is superb on both sides. 4th inning, Juniors ahead, but the Camden boys with grace "close in" and leave the Juniors with a big O,—and coming to the bat are treated to a big O too. Nothing daunted, they give the Juniors another great big O, while they score 3, and gain the lead by one length. Excitement runs higher, shouts go up, but the Orangeburg "babies" hold their ground. The last inning is being played; the game is closed, and friend Barrott announces, amid cheers and excitement, only equalled by the announcement of the result at Cincinnati, "Orangeburg 14, Camden 24. With three cheers" for the Clubs, the Umpire, scorers and ladies, and for the next President, we were escorted up town, where at evening a supper was enjoyed. Next morning we were shown the beauties of Kirkwood in splendid style.

Our thanks are returned to every body, (the post-master excepted) for hospitable treatment.

We had visited the citizens of Camden before and got what we expected.

Long may they wave; and may they get rid of Brooks is my wish.

The Kershaw boys expect to visit our town, when the Orangeburg boys will return their many favors.

SCORER.

"PICKET" ON DUTY.

OUR POST, June 30th 1880.

Mr. Editor:

In a city as populous as Orangeburg, and in which there is so much intelligence and refinement, and where such strong friendship and love is manifested among the living—is it not strange that they are not more careful about the burial places of their dead? True some of these church yards are kept in tolerably good order, but how about the public Cemetery? Can they say really that they have one? There is a place wherein they bury their dead, but it is left open to be depredated by cows and any other animal which may fancy its flowers, or whose appetites may be tempted by its grasses. Some of the graves have been walked over and trampled level with the surface, and there are doubtless others of which no trace can now be found—"Somebody's darling," who in life was a heart's idol—who was fondly clasped to our bosom, and upon whose rosy cheeks was planted loves kisses, lies there, and the heart that would lay the long neglected love offering upon their graves, cannot find where they are. Sad—so sad. Will not the citizens of Orangeburg see to it that some needed attention is paid to the public grave yard.

PICKET.