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REUNION ON THE 5TH.

Speeches by Generals Kennedy, Butler and Hagood.

Notwithstanding the inclemency of the weather a large crowd numbering between fifteen hundred and two thousand were in attendance at the reunion of the survivors on the 5th. Indeed, it was not until 8 o'clock in the morning, that it seemed possible that the programme of the day could be carried out. Rain was steadily pouring down and the clouds looked heavy and threatening. At that hour however, a considerable number of people were already upon the streets, the rain had ceased, and for the rest of the day until late in the afternoon only one or two slight showers came in the way and every thing went on smoothly.

At 12 o'clock M., the procession formed in front of the Court-house and marched to the stand in the following order:

Capt. D. J. Griffith, Marshal of the day.

Maj. D. T. Barre, M. H. Witt, Dr. W. T. Brooker and W. M. Johnson, Aids to Marshal.

The Columbia Silver Cornet Band. Survivors bearing the 7th Regiment's battle flag; the flag of Company K. 13th Regiment; the flag of Company A. 15th Regiment, and the flag of Company F. 5th Cavalry.

The following companies as far as we could ascertain were represented: Captains Griffith's and Koon's companies, 15th Regiment. Companies C, H, I, and K, 20th Regiment. Company K. 13th Regiment; Company F. 5th Cavalry; Palmetto Sharp Shooters, and such survivors as could not parade with their former organizations; the officers of the Survivors' Association. About three hundred survivors were in the procession. A large number of citizens brought up the rear.

The programme at the stand was opened with several stirring pieces of music from the Columbia Silver Cornet Band.

Maj. G. Leaphart, the Chairman, then announced that the proceedings would be opened with prayer by Rev. J. H. Bailey, who performed that duty in an appropriate and impressive manner.

Maj. Leaphart then said that the speakers he was about to introduce had been, with the survivors present, in the service and trials of the war, and it was not necessary for him to dwell upon their record. They had also done their State political service since, but as this was not a political meeting he would not say any thing about that. He then introduced General John D. Kennedy as the first speaker.

We give below a synopsis of the speeches as reported in the Columbia Register.

He said this was no empty pageant, but a reunion of men who, after serving four years in war, had returned to civic duties and the pursuits of peace—men who, while they mean to be true to the government they live under, make no excuse for the past and scorn the imputation of traitor and rebel. The day was not far dis-

tant when the causes of the war would be better understood and its lessons utilized for the good of all sections of our country. The necessities of the country required that the war should come. There were misunderstandings which finally led to the North doing the South great wrong. The North and the South construed the Constitution from different standpoints. African slavery was not the main cause of the war. It was only an important incident, which led the way to the discussion of the right of the general government to interfere in the affairs of the States. The Confederate war, as well as that of 1776, was waged for an abstract principle, and therein they both differed from the War of the Roses and other wars in Europe, which had their origin in practical grievances or in the desire for power. We of the South fought for principle and to resist encroachments upon our institutions; and, while no section of this country is more loyal to the general government than the South is today, yet it to be proclaimed forever that no true Southern man ever asked pardon for the part he bore in the armies of the Confederacy.

He bestowed an eloquent eulogy upon the leaders of the Southern army, and said that the time was coming when the impartial verdict of history would embalm their names among the greatest of the earth. Two of them, however, far excelled the others, and stood the peers of any military genius the world has ever produced. These were Jackson and Forrest, and he gave an interesting description of their different military methods and peculiarities. He would not, he said, join in the cry as to the obstinacy and self-opinion of the distinguished gentlemen who stood at the head of the Southern Confederacy. His great services, his talents, and his sufferings would embalm him forever in the hearts of his people.

But the virtues of the Southern people shone brighter far in the character of the soldiers they sent to the war, and in their devotion, patriotism and self-sacrifices, and the faith they had in the justice of their cause.

To pay a tribute to the noble dead, the women of the South are erecting monuments to their memory. Would that the base of each of these monuments could be as broad, its shaft as lofty and its proportions as beautiful as the patriotism, the virtue and the lives of these dead heroes. He said that it was the duty of the people of the South, while honoring their past, to look the present and the future in the face and realize and adapt themselves to the new order of things. Upon the aesthetic we must engraft the practical and the material. The glorious attractions of our climate and soil will attract immigrants to our borders, and our people must be prepared to meet them and grapple with them in the race of life. With this infusion of new blood will inevitably come changes in the constitution of our society. These changes are now beginning, as the result of our contact with other peoples of the world and of our new condition. Education is essential and must reach every strata of society—not simply in consequence of the franchise but because the struggle of the future will be one of brains and not of muscle.

In mentioning the changes in our condition he said that it is a fact that some of our people reprobated the methods of avenging private wrongs which were formerly in vogue, and the Legislature has been invoked to provide a more perfect protection to person and property; that we are determined to perpetuate catholicity of opinion in this State, and this disposition has gone abroad more than ever among our people. These are some of the changes to which we have to adapt ourselves. After the struggle we have gone through in the past fifteen years our country has come forth many fold stronger than ever, and to-day we are living in the best country and under the best government the world ever saw. The example of our fallen heroes tells us to preserve for our prosperity the

benefits we have won in those struggles, and the fields where they fell will yet become shrines where the youth of our country will draw inspiration for noble conduct in the future. Let liberty be regulated by law, and let the preservation of our form of government animate every member of our community, and let it be understood that in religion and in politics the law of progress is the law of right. [Applause.]

At the conclusion of General Kennedy's speech little Rosa Meetze presented him with a beautiful bouquet.

Major Leaphart next introduced Senator M. C. Butler, who was greeted with applause. He spoke with some complimentary remarks to the ladies, and followed these up with a funny anecdote, which captivated the audience and prepared them to receive the solid advice he was about to give them.

He said he would not impair the force of what had been said by his eloquent friend General Kennedy by making any extended remarks. He saw in the audience many familiar faces that recalled scenes and memories which reanimated his heart with pride and he did not believe it was inconsistent with our new obligations that we cherish the memories of our dead cause and dead heroes with a feeling of respect and veneration. It is not inconsistent with our highest duty to our common country that we occasionally revive those memories as they were doing here, and pay homage to all that is glorious and worthy in them, and rescue from oblivion the devoted courage and patriotic sacrifices of the men and women who made the Confederate struggle immortal. A decent respect for the grandeur of our own achievements will prepare us the better for a faithful and patriotic discharge of the duties of citizenship under the new constitution and the new Union.

He said: I need not admonish you, my soldier friends, my fellow-citizens, that a faithful obedience to the Constitution and laws of the country, a cordial support of the proper authorities, is the first and highest duty of every soldier who wore the gray; that he can best fulfill the obligations of an honorable parole by a strict observance of his responsibilities as an American citizen. This government and this Constitution is ours. Our forefathers shed their blood for the principles of both, and we shed ours, not to destroy those principles, but to perpetuate them as we understood them. Republican institutions were always dear to us, and there was never a day or an hour during our struggle for the maintenance of our interpretation of the Constitution when we would have consented to the destruction of the work of the fathers. That work lives to-day endowed with all of its essential elements and is as worthy of our support and guardianship as when it contained, in our judgment, the doctrine of secession and the protection to slavery. Both those features are dead and buried forever, and their traces are fast disappearing. Shall we, the surviving Confederate soldiers, build upon their ruins a new country which shall preserve all the glories and grand memories of the old whilst we forget and put behind all that is not worthy to be remembered and cherished? The history of your conduct since the war answers the question affirmatively. The foundation of that building has been completed by the peaceable rescue of our country from the hands of the stranger and the grip of the robber. We must now go forward and complete the superstructure by keeping it jealously covered and protected by the axis of good government. You can only do this by keeping the whiteness of your souls uncontaminated by contact with Radicalism. I mean by Radicalism that political and social dynasty which arises out of the corruptible and vicious elements of society and has for its basis the rotten foundation of ignorance and imbecility. You have overthrown that dynasty once. You must keep it down, and whenever and wherever it raises its crest in your midst, and in what-

ever form, strike it down as you would a hissing serpent or some special abomination.

Radicalism is abroad in the land. It is stealthily and insidiously watching its opportunity. It will seize you by the throat when you least expect it. So keep your lines dressed, your sentinels out, and heed the alarm in time to save your civilization, for I can assure you more than Democratic supremacy is at stake. It is not a political organization alone that we have to combat; it is not an intellectual contest that we have to wage with people of our own race, equally capable with us of the exercise of those powers and faculties necessary for good government and equally anxious with us for its blessings, but a contest with trained villains directing the dark masses of ignorance, operating upon their worst passions and stimulating them to the most dangerous acts of violence and intolerance which constantly menace the peace of our society and the safety of our property. Sometimes this evil manifests itself in the form of Independentism, sometimes as a Greenbacker, sometimes it raises the familiar crest of unadulterated Radicalism. In any aspect it is dangerous to the best interests of our people and must be put down.

If any man doubts that he has profited by Democratic rule let him take out his tax receipts and compare them, or let him look at the school houses, or at the faces of the darkeys, and see how much slicker and greasier they are now than they were under Radical rule. Let him look, too, at the countenances of our people and see how much better satisfied and happy they are. Some people think that a Governor ought to be a stump speaker, and that because Governor Simpson hadn't run around and made a great deal of fuss that he isn't much. But his administration has been one of justice, honesty and modesty. He (the speaker) didn't have as much respect for stump speakers now as he used to have, for he had come to the conclusion that to be a good stump speaker it was only necessary to have a loud voice, plenty of brass and no brains. It was the duty of every one to go forward and elect our ticket by a tremendous majority. [Applause.] The Radicals are Greenbackers, and they would depend on Radical votes. [Applause.]

Music by the band.

Captain Leaphart then introduced General Hagood as the next speaker. [Cheers.]

General Hagood said he was not here to make a political speech; that pleasure he promised himself at a later day when the clans of Carolina had gathered together to meet the Radical hosts. He had prepared notes to be used on this occasion, thinking it due to his audience that he should do so, and he would use them freely, inasmuch as he was not one of those stump speakers so humorously described by General Butler. In the days of the war he had the honor to command the brigade to which the citizen soldiers of Lexington belonged. In that command he was preceded by one of Lexington's own citizens, who was still among them—General Paul Q. Webb. [Applause.] At subsequent periods of the war he had been associated with the soldiers whom Lexington had sent to the front, and he had found them the peers of any who fought beneath the red cross of the South in that contest which was one to challenge the classic pages of history, and upon that page the soldiers of Lexington had indelibly inscribed their names.

And among the women of the South, though there arose none to emulate those heroines of ancient times, who unsexed themselves in becoming such heroines as they were, yet the women of the South by their exertions almost entirely clothed the Southern army, and they tenderly nursed and cared for its sick and wounded. They inspired them, too, with that courage which bore them through the struggle. It is fit that the women of Lexington should rear a special shaft to the memory of her

dead. The issues of the past are dead, but if we would do our duty we must emulate the fidelity and devotion of the men of the Confederacy. The new South is but the daughter of the old, and the daughter claims the characteristics of the mother, though those characteristics will be manifested in a different way. Look at that period when we were overrun with all that was vile in the population of the earth and when desertion from the ranks of patriotism and virtue was rewarded with almost certain promotion and wealth; how few of our people yielded to the temptation! And when the opportunity for relief came, how gladly they availed themselves of it. And now, with virtue and intelligence exercising control in the government and with the bed rock of financial security well fixed, the era of prosperity has come. But in all her future greatness her history will never have a chapter in it which will compare, for all that dignifies humanity, with that which records the heroism, the trials and the sufferings of the Lost Cause. [Applause.]

It had rained once or twice while General Hagood was speaking, and also during General Butler's speech, and General Hagood closed his remarks without proceeding to great length.

After some music, the exercises at the stand were adjourned, and in a short time the company were invited to partake of an abundant picnic and barbecue.

Ladies Monumental Association.

In the afternoon on the 5th a meeting of the ladies was held in the Court-house, for the purpose of organizing a Ladies' Monumental Association.

Gen. Quattlebaum was called to the chair, and G. D. Haltiwanger requested to act as secretary. Gen. Quattlebaum on taking the chair delivered a short and appropriate speech.

The names of forty-six ladies were enrolled as members.

This organization is to be known as the Ladies' Monumental Association of Lexington County, and has for its object the erection of a monument to the memory of the Lexington men who lost their lives in the Confederate war.

An election of officers was then had and resulted as follows:

President, Mrs. M. Y. Harth; Vice-Presidents (one from each township): Mrs. W. D. Schoenberg, Lexington; Mrs. J. W. Geiger, Congaree; Mrs. Alfred Mims, Black Creek; Miss Virginia Quattlebaum, Chinquepin; Mrs. Samuel Harsey, Bull Swamp; Mrs. Carrie Keisler, Gilbert Hollow; Mrs. Martin Chapin, Broad River; Miss Carrie Bookman, Fork; Mrs. M. H. Witt, Saluda; Miss Leila Barr, Hollow Creek; Mrs. John Green, Boiling Springs; Mrs. John S. Brooker, Platt Springs; Miss Hattie Geiger, Sandy Run. Treasurer, Mrs. G. Leaphart; Recording Secretary, Miss Lizzie Souter; Corresponding Secretary, Miss Alice Meetze.

The organization being completed, Col. T. S. Arthur and Capt. H. W. Rice were appointed to conduct Mrs. Harth to the chair.

On entering the Court-house Mrs. Harth was greeted with applause. A better selection could not have been made. She is energetic, capable and patriotic, and under her guidance we may expect every thing to be done that can be towards erecting a monument.

The President stated that the various committees would be appointed at an early day and published in the county papers.

It was moved and carried that the proceedings be published in the county papers.

Capt. Rice addressed the Association in an excellent speech of half an hour's length, urging the importance of erecting a monument worthy of the cause for which so many of our brave men gave up their lives.

The meeting then adjourned.

A fresh tomato leaf is a sovereign cure for a bee-sting.

Bill Arp—His Crops.

When a farmer has laid by his crop and the seasons have been kind and the corn and cotton look green and vigorous, and the sweet potato vines have covered the ground, what an innocent luxury it is to set in the piazza in the shades of evening and with one's feet on the banisters, contemplate the beauty and bounty of nature and the hopeful prospects of another year's support. It looks like that even an Ishmaelite might then feel calm and serious, and if he is still ungrateful for his abundant blessings he is worse than a heathen, and ought to be run out of a Christian country with the Chinese plank in the Democratic platform. Every year brings toil and trouble and apprehension, but there always comes along rest and peace and the ripe fruits of one's labors.

In the journey of life the mountains loom up before us and they look high and steep and rugged, but somehow they always disappear just before we get to them and then we can look back and feel ashamed that we borrowed so much trouble and had so much anxiety for nothing. What a great pile of miserable fears we build up every day. It's good for a man to ruminate over it and resolve to have more faith in providence, and I am ruminating now. I was thinking about the crop that has been laid by and that brought to mind another crop that was pretty much done with and is able to take care of itself with a little watching. I mean the crop of children that for 30 years has kept us a working and worrying by day and by night, in summer and winter, in peace and in war, but it's all over now thank the good Lord for His mercies.

The last tender shoot is about laid by. No more nursing and toting around and warming the milk by the midnight lamp. No more baby songs or paregoric or teething or colic or catnip tea. No more washing and dressing and undressing and putting to bed. No tiptoeing round the room when they are asleep or playing horse and bear and monkey when they are awake. Never again will there be a two or three of em crawling all over a man or under his chair, or riding on his back or trotting on his weary knees as he sings the same old songs that he has sung a thousand times before. Our last and youngest, has passed the rubicon. Bless her little heart, if it was all for my sake, I wish she would never grow any more or any older, for she is the comfort of my declining years. She can now wash and dress, and undress, and say her own prayers and put her little self to bed. She can sing her own songs, and look at the picture books, and save us many a step, for she writes on us now like a fairy and fills the house with sun-light. The crop is laid by, thank goodness and I wouldn't undertake to make another for a house full of gold. In the hey-day of our youthful vigor a kind Providence enables us to bear up splendidly under these sort of burdens, but an old man can't—it wasn't intended—it's against the order of nature. Many a time have I watched the old blue hens that lays and sets and hatches her little brood, and works and watches for em a couple of months, and then lays by for another. We can't do that, and I don't want to, for I tell you I'm tired. If there's any peril in life that is like a lingering suicide, it is for an old widower who has raised one crop to marry a young wife and go to cropping again. I don't think they will ever get to Heaven, for the Arabs say that Paradise wasn't made for fools. If ever I am a lone widower which the Lord forbid, I'll flee from a marrying woman like I would from the wrath to come, for my time is out. I've served my full term, and now that I am luxuriating in the long shadows, I don't want anybody but her to sing John Anderson my Joe to me. I've been trying to get her off to Catoosa for a week or so to recuperate her feelings and enjoy society. I offered to sell a yearlin and raise a few dollars, but

she is afraid that something might happen. Little Carl is her idol and yesterday he was footing around shutting up bumble bees in gimpson weed blossoms and got stung and his hand and his arsus are all swelled up and my wife, Mrs. Arp, she had read about a little bee sting killing a man and of course a big bee sting could kill a little boy all the easier. Then again the grapes are ripe and the apples are green and the children hanker after em and might get sick, and there's some little clothes to make, and the winter socks are to be knif and so on and so forth, and lastly but not leastly there seems to be some trouble about something to wear. When she puts on her best clothes she always looks mighty pretty to me, but I suppose I'm no judge of such things. I told her that every blessed woman at Catoosa was exactly in the same fix. They had nothing to wear. But after all, that is a little pardonable weakness that we men have no right to complain of, for they are a heap better than we are whether they have got anything to wear or not. We must all do the very best we can to clothe em decently. When old mother Eve had to leave home she made the same complaint and father Adam did the best he could—he got her some fig leaves and a few straws and fixed her up.

A farmer has got some leisure now to ruminate upon his State and his country. It's every patriot's duty to reflect upon the political situation and prospects and get all the light he can. For several years we have been mostly concerned about our State—prizing her out of the mud. But now she is all safe and its a fitting time for us to consider our national affairs. Our national politics is a big thing. It always was a big thing, but it seems to me now that the coming presidential contest is bigger than it ever was before. I've been hoping for a change ever since the war, but it was a weak sort of a hope that was prepared in advance for a disappointment, but now I've got an abiding, consoling faith that the end of the lane is in sight—that we are bound to whip 'em, horse, foot and dragons. My hopes are so pregnant and exhilarating that I could hardly bear up under defeat. The calamity to the nation and to me would be awful. As one of the early two original Hancock men, may be I—take it to heart too much and feel more responsibility than I ought. Me and Mr. Stephens got on the same line together somehow and started the Hancock boom. We are the only two pure and unadulterated originals: Jim Waddell comes next. He was mighty close on behind. We three will live in history like them fellers who arrested Maj. Andre in the revolution. They saved the country and so will we. The Democratic party took our advice and now, if it don't make any mistakes or blunders, the country is safe. Another revolution is going on. Office-suckers and office-seekers are fleeing from the other side in gangs. I hear the flutter of their wings and their plaintive screech! sounds like the wild geese flying south in the fall of the year. It's most astonishing how some men can diagnose an election and how shifty they suddenly become. I hear men hollerin for Hancock now who have been side-wipin around Grant and Hayes and Sherman and company ever since the war. They are trying to imitate the regular Democratic yell, and are ready to swear they never was anything but a Democrat. These office suckers and seekers are the best sort of diagnostes. Its a good sign to see em slipping and sliding back into ranks.

CURE AND PREVENTION OF HOG CHOLERA.—By experiments I have discovered a cure for this fatal disease. Knowing it will be of great benefit to the whole country, I send it to you for publication. An equal quantity of molasses, hard, and a light sprinkling of salt, stirred together and given once a day, spread on a board, will put a stop to this distressing disease among swine. S. P. WILSON.

SOCIETY HILL, July 13.