

Orangeburg Times.

Vol. 1 No. 4

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

IN ADVANCE

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POETRY

A Dinner and a Kiss.
"I have brought you dinner, father,
The blacksmith's daughter said,
As she took from her arm the battle
And lifted its shining lid,
There is not any pie or pudding,
So I will give you this,
And upon his toil-worn forehead
She left the childish kiss."
The blacksmith took of his apron
And dined in happy mood,
Wondering that in the favor
He'd his little daughter
While all about him were visions
Full of prophetic bliss,
But he never thought of magic
In his little daughter's kiss.
While she, with her kettle swinging,
Merrily trudge her way,
Stopping at the sight of a squirrel
Catching some wild bird's prey,
And thought how many a shadow
Of life and fate we should meet
If always our frugal dinners
Were seasoned with a kiss.

ADDRESS

DELIVERED AT THE END OF FEB., 1872,
BEFORE THE

ORANGEBURG SURVIVOR'S ASSOCIATION,

AT THEIR FIRST ANNIVERSARY

By JOHN A. HAMILTON, Esq.

Mr. President, Ladies and Gentlemen:

Among the few privileges left us, is this of assembling with votive offerings, in tribute to our fallen brethren. Memory quickens with the scenes of yesterday, and the fetters of to-day drag a people's soul to the slough of despair. The eye wanders wearily through the gloom of the future, and soft eyed peace seeks vainly for a resting place.

It is not our aim to recur to the past with feelings of enmity; its oppressions, and violated faith, its gory fields, and loathsome prison houses, we commit with the "Lost cause," to the hands of the great Arbitrator of nations, and while rearing monuments of imperishable glory to its martyrs, let us throw the veil of Charity over the misdeeds of our oppressors. Even they, flushed with success and spoil, attest the fame that will ever enshrine our dead, and garland the living, as they see a wasted array of finished soldiery, upon the field of Appomattox, laying down their arms to a host of twenty to one.

No mural tablet, nor stately obelisk may raise their head to record their matchless worth; yet, 'tis reserved for the impartial page of history to write a tale, where duty was fully rendered, and patriotism never more splendid.

The mutations of governments, which are incident to the rise and fall of particular political creeds, render permanency and stability impossible; any system of public polity, however grand, which disregards the great underlying principles of truth and equity, must fall from that innate corruption that belongs to the sordid ambition of man. Egypt, with her splendid civilization under the

Patriotic, backed by a fabled wealth, and a legal code that challenges the emulation of the best modern governments, where virtue was rewarded, and vice punished, where enterprise was fostered, and idleness proscribed, even she, in the vain attempt to stifle truth, as revealed within her borders in the first century, fell easy prey to anarchy and dismemberment.

Rome, the proud mistress of the world, whose gonfalon floated from sea to sea, and whose aegis nurtured the nations of the earth. Whose genius, and whose power, whose wisdom and grandeur, reads like a tale of fiction, exchanged her regal sway for Agrarianism, a doctrine that excited the basest passions of man, and her empire dwindled to contempt, like a ball cast from hand to hand. She became the sport of nations, until her palaces were parcelled as spoil among the vandal soldiery of the Goth and Hun. Here the cunning sophistries of philosophy, pandered to the depraved passions of its disciples, and truth the immutable source of light, fled her borders, leaving behind a chaos of darkness and confusion.

Mark the history of modern France, where proscription and persecution attempted to bind a peoples' conscience to the decree of tyranny. A land of loveliness, and garden of beauty, is turned into a slaughter house, and scene of mourning, and thousands fled in exile to alien lands. To-day the world's gay capital is the spectacle of infernal crime, and the charnel house of butchery, and her proud arch of triumph, the fest of a mob.

Let us contemplate our own land, so lately the arena for the development of the grandest civilization, under the fostering care of untrammelled political and religious liberty. A land destined to be the theatre of the most brilliant achievements recorded in any previous history, and while it invites genius to expand its wings in realms of undiscovered science, it gathers from every quarter of the globe, the festering elements of disaffection and depravity. The liberality of its institutions opens wide to the oppressed an asylum of refuge, and here the victim of tyranny assumes the dignity of a freeman. Yet its privileges of citizenship are too readily vested in those whose adventurous spirit, bold aim, or ignorance, render them restive under the mildest restraints, and ever ready to accept new theories, tending to personal advancement, or pecuniary benefit, they enroll upon the side of revolutionary factions, whose leaders mould their pliant and ready material to their selfish ends. And while a few are capable of elevating themselves to an atmosphere of truth, the masses ignorant, or reckless of the rational objects of life, and its duties, degrade themselves below the most slavish instincts as they swell the tide of depravity that threatens to sweep over the barriers of law and order. Here, already burn the fierce fires of socialism, more relentless than Indian savagery, the practical embodiment of an infidelity, that knowing no higher law than self, would uproot civil rule, and establishing a "communism" would devastate the work of patient industry with the torch of incendiary. The doctrines of human equality, self-government, and natural right of suffrage, are being now tested, amid a mass of heterogeneous material, the record of other like experiments is a failure, and present indications point to a similar result.

Turning to the Convention at Philadelphia, scarcely a century ago, we see an assembly of patriotism and wisdom, calling from the chart of experience, a

course or safety for the ship of state. How anxiously did the "old thirteen," emerging from a baptism of blood, regard that deliberative body, and with what accord, and oneness of sentiment, did they endorse a constitution, which in language almost irreverent, "was too good for man, and only fitted for angels." Lexington and Eataw, Moultrie and Trenton, had cemented a brotherhood of feeling that knew no North, no South.

Scarcely had the victorious thunders of Yorktown died away, ere party spirit, with specious plea sought to amend the compact, which, with amendment, succeeding amendment, is to-day a patchwork of caprice, and a meaningless scroll.

Six of the States that gave their all to the cause of liberty, are to-day tributary dependencies of a despotism that gives license to ignorance, to insult and goad, while the protests of her children are scoffed and unheeded. Liberty—says Montesquieu—"is a word that admits of more varied significations than any other." With some it exists only in monarchy, with others in wearing a long beard. With some unless the government is vested solely in those of the manor born, liberty is lost; and with others it applies only when peculiar national tastes, or inclinations are gratified. This being so, the word is anomalous. The noblest aim of good government is to enhance the prosperity and happiness of the governed. Then, in the fruition of a proud nationality, its people acknowledge true liberty. But when one portion of a people, representing the property, the intelligence, and honor, are disfranchised, and plundered, to enrich partisans, whose affinity is with ignorance and corruption, then is government a system of oppressive fraud, and the governed victims of tyranny.

How glowing the contrast of then and now; then, the public weal was the aim of rulers, now law is subverted to selfish ends; then the "well done" of a constituency was the acclaim coveted, now, the hisses of an outraged people, fall on ears long used to contempt, and amid the glisten of bayonets that prop a falling state, is seen the tooth of decay, steadily wearing the crumbling arch, amid the pomp and splendor, that gilds an imperial court, is seen the handwriting of a destiny measured, and an end fulfilled.

It is conceded that in small States, there exists a purer glory, and higher patriotism, than where a denser population, bloated in its civilization subverts the nobler aspirations of its people, to a sordid ambition. Hence the picture of a giant horde, conscious of its might, and greedy for conquest, employing every means, of skill, of force, and of treachery, to overthrow a people, whose pride was their devotion to principle, and whose genius gave wisdom to the councils of the nation. There existed on the part the South, a distinctive and prominent individuality that excited the envy and hatred of the North. Tenacious of her rights, she repelled any invasion of them, not with braggart haughtiness, but with appeals to the Constitution. Sensitive of her honor, she declined to share the division of unlawful spoil. Proud of her traditions, she clung to the cause of truth and justice, and daring to defend them, she bared her breast to the shock of war, until an hundred plumes dank in her children's blood, and falling she found no fitter sepulture than amidst the ruins of her ancestral homestead. To-day, she sits at the graves of her sots, the day that gave birth to the genius of liberty, is her day of sadness, that the garlands which decked the brow of a Washington, are spurred by the heel of tyranny.

"Ah, who—who will assume the bay,
That the patriot's wore,
Wreaths on the tomb of days,
Gone evermore;
The laurel we will twine for them
And bays for hero's diadem,
The fading rose, befits the grave
Of the tyrant and the slave."

Were the cause of our oppressors just, why should they employ physical force to sustain it; nay, the very restraints they seek to impose upon our will and actions, imply, on the part of those enforcing them, a blindness to justice, or a carelessness, to determine what is truth, and what is error. Belief is admitted to be often an involuntary state of mind, and the adherents of a cause, which by accident, or fortuitous circumstance is defeated, are accredited with a lack of independence of will, and living for dead issues, which from generation to generation have been propagated without the option of dispute. This may apply to a theorem, the practical application of which has deduced success, but 'we' who prefer to reverse the principles of the "Lost Cause," have yet to learn that it is the cause of error. Under its principles this government grew to a state of might and wisdom, respect and influence, that rendered the American name, the synonym of success. For seventy years her sons were called to the high places of her councils, and the galaxy of intellect she contributed will shine with a peerless splendor, when lesser lights will have been lost in forgetfulness. A decade has not waned, since the dawn of a power that promised a revolution of progress, that would bedazzle an admiring world, with its broader philanthropy, and more expanded civilization. Let the era of to-day attest the experiment, Aye; in our own State "instar omnium" where the boastful champions of progressive liberty, have had full scope, to display the largess of their virtues. See the levies of huge taxation, ostensibly for the public weal. To these a patient and hark-rapt people responded, Five years of jugglery, have so manipulated the affairs of finance, that "its array of figures are as inexplicable as if written in Sanscrit." They said smooth things, while preaching to abandon the sinking ship, and the end is at last. The beautiful fabric they planned is a failure, and "the credit of a once proud commonwealth is moribund and worthless." Let the blush that suffuses every honest brow write its disgrace, and let our duty be, still to maintain a reverence for the past, whose entombed truths will quicken at no distant day to rescue this broad land from scenes of ruin, or lend its genius to found a newborn liberty on the site of a fallen despotism.

(To be Continued.)

We make the following extract from the speech of Hon. Francis P. Blair, of Missouri, before the Missouri Legislature, Jefferson City, January 4, 1872:

"I am well aware that he (General Grant) cannot write newspaper articles, and for that reason is not considered a very great man by many who can write such articles. I know he has never distinguished himself as a stump orator, and is greatly looked down upon by some of us who do make stump orations; but there are other qualities which he possesses which make him a most dangerous man, in my opinion, in the position which he now occupies. I do not believe that he cares a straw about our frame of government. His military education and military genius necessarily make him arbitrary in his ideas of government, and he places no value at all upon any other government than that which is absolute-

ly arbitrary and military. He has surrounded himself with clerks who all wear uniform; that is a very slight indication of the temper of his mind. But, my friend, he has other qualities in addition to that; he is a man capable of conceiving most dangerous purposes, and executing those purposes with irresistible will, and I think he has demonstrated since he assumed the power of the Executive of this nation that he will hesitate at nothing and stop at nothing, at no deed which will give him the supreme power in this country, and I do not expect him to halt or hesitate to do anything to give him pre-eminence in this country, except that he shall deem it most imprudent to attempt it."

Two Dutch farmers at Kinderhook, whose farms were adjacent, were out in their respective fields when one heard an unusually loud rattling in the direction of a gap in a high stone wall and ran with all speed to the place, and the following brief conversation ensued:

Farmer: "What's that?"
Farmer: "That's the matter with your fence. It's broken down."
Farmer: "How broken down?"
Farmer: "It's broken down right in the middle, and the stones are flying out on top of the high stone wall, and I'll tell you, all the stones fall down, and my arm and half of mine arms, bashed my eye in, and those pig stones are lying on top of mine head."
Farmer: "What do you say?"
Farmer: "My eye hollowed so loud I got my eye out."
Farmer: "What's the matter?"
Farmer: "My eye's out."

A Young Boy: "What is a miracle?"
Boy: "Dunno."
Parson: "Well, if the sun were to shine in the middle of the night what should you say it was?"
Boy: "The moon."
Parson: "But if you were told it was the sun, what should you say it was?"
Boy: "A lie."
Parson: "I don't tell lies. Suppose I told you it was the sun, what would you say then?"
Boy: "That you wasn't sober!"

Why are women like churches? Because, firstly, there is no living without one. Secondly, there's many a spite to them. Thirdly, they are objects of adoration. And lastly, but by no means leastly because they have a loud clapper in the upper story.

Mr. B. Webster, keeper of the Court House and grounds at Spottsylvania, Court House, it is supposed, was murdered at Guiney's depot, on the Richmond, Fredericksburg and Potomac Railroad, on Thursday night last, while in a state of intoxication.

The Lancaster Ledger says that a letter has been received here from ex-Judge H. G. Onderdonk, of Manassas, N. Y. proposing to assist the people of Lancaster county in building a railroad from this county to Monroe, N. C. a distance of twenty-one miles. Judge Onderdonk represents Northern company, of large capital and which company is now, if we are not mistaken, building the Wilmington, Charlotte & Rutherford Railroad, which passed Monroe. The propositions contained in the letter have been favorably considered by a number of our business men and a correspondence has been opened.

A country girl coming from the field, was told by her cousin that she looked as fresh as a daisy kissed by dew. "Well, it wasn't any fellow by that name, but it was by Jones that kissed me. I told him every person in the town would find it out."