

# Orangeburg Times.

Mortimer Geover

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

IN ADVANCE

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### POETRY.

[For the Orangeburg Times.]  
A WELCOME TO SPRING.

The spring, the spring is coming,  
Her breath is on the air;  
And swift her heralds running,  
Proclaim that she is near.

The South-breeze as he passes,  
Whispers—"she comes! she comes!"  
The tall pines' swaying masses,  
Answer—"Joy, joy, she comes!"

The amorous mock-bird wooing,  
Sings to her all the day;  
With passionate rapture suing,  
He calls her with his lay.

The trees don all their beauty,  
On leaf and spray and bough,  
With emerald and with ruby  
To deck her sunny brow.

All waters softly murmur,  
And to their depths are stirred,  
As the rejoicing rumor  
Is by each wavelet heard.

The glorious, melting moonlight,  
Gives all its lambent beams,  
Tracing the heart of midnight,  
With spring's love-freighted dreams.

Fondly the sun is smiling,  
To greet her bonnie face.  
For many a month, repining,  
He missed her winsome grace.

The woods are faint with odor,  
Her breath it is so sweet!  
We fall—we fall before her,  
And languish at her feet!

Oh, sweet the red, red roses,  
That bloom upon her lips!  
Love on her breast reposes—  
The honeyed nectar sips!

Oh, soft her warm, warm kisses,  
On lip and brow and cheek!  
Our throbbing heart she wiches,  
'Til we could widely weep!

Oh, come! come quick! We are pining!  
Come to our eager arms!  
Come in thy glory shining!  
Come, with thy wealth of charms!

### ADDRESS

DELIVERED ON THE 22ND OF FEB., 1872,

BEFORE THE

ORANGEBURG

SURVIVORS' ASSOCIATION,

AT THEIR FIRST ANNIVERSARY,

BY JOHN A HAMILTON, Esq.

[Concluded.]

It is well for us that the fate of to-day, was hidden in the decrees of Omnipotence, and that it was no sudden transition. Who from a standpoint of ten years ago, could have contemplated this hour, and not have courted the van where danger lurked, rather than survive so great a degradation. The middle ground of change was fierce and dire, yet amid the din of battle, and carnival of blood, the flames that lit a thousand homesteads, and left the blight of eternal separation, there beamed ever, if feeble, a ray of hope to soften the asperity of war. Now the clouds of savage struggle have lifted, and we see a people fettered, like the victim of Mythology to the rock of despair, while his quivering vitals are the prey of the vulture.

In the physical, as also in the moral

world, there are growths from the merest pigmyism, to the tallest gianthood, then succeeds the opposite change, and the stateliest head declines to weakness, and succumbs to decay. This is a part of the plan of Creator of mind and matter, a plan that admits of no question or check, and is eternal as its author. Yet amid all the changes of nature or governments, nothing is lost, or becomes extinct. Centuries may roll their lengthy round, but a century of centuries is an handbreadth which must measure eternity. Day by day are repented the affairs of forgotten ages, whether it is the recreative order of nature of spontaneous growth, or the sudden phenomena of irruption, all recur, unaffected the undisturbed plan of their Creator. The puny plant just emerging from its germ which is destined to outlive the cycles of ages, begins life unnoticed, gains vigor with each changing season, and puts on strength with years, for awhile it towers in glory, then its iron frame is the prey of decay, and it wastes back to nothingness. The child with timorous step essays his way in life, soon the dawn of halcyon days, sees the cheek of youth flushed with hope; then the full embodiment of the man, finds him upon the arena, breasting now the wave of opposition, and again exultant in success; but the proud shout of "Eureka," mocks his baffled soul, as the dim eye of decrepitude looks into the open grave. And so through the endless cycles of perenity revolve the eternal wheels of creation. Yet there exists no void nor vacuum in nature, even the scene of death, is the birthspot of some new being, the genial showers of April, garland with fresh beauties, the wreck of December's blast, and the riven earth that engulphs with convulsive agony the mountain pile, is cheered with a gladder life as the rushing waterfall courses its resistless way. Even the proud monuments of genius, though overturned by civil commotion, bear a record of lasting fame or infamy. Everything pertaining to man aside from his immortal nature, shows in every change, the short lived fate of his noblest schemes. To this the fixed laws of the natural world are in glaring contrast, revealing ever the direction of an infallible hand. The harmony which guides innumerable words in their set spheres, each poised in space, yet all affecting the others' balance, the perfect mechanism of a system of spheres.

"Where science yearns, with wildering ken to pry,  
Whence hang, unhung, worlds' laid the azure sky."

The changes of seasons, the equating influences of heat and cold, of night and day, all attest a wisdom infinite. But mark the ever shifting panorama, where man in his boastful wisdom attempts to guide, and see the varied pageant which at times elevates, only to see him debased to a lower depth of moral depravity. Such periods as give birth to the name of Shakespeare and Spencer, Newton and Locke, lift the fog of moral darkness and incite the mind to nobler ends, as the blaze of splendor bursts upon the world, but how transitory; the red hand of revolution bared with its bloody falchion raised on high, surges like a wave of fury from continent to continent, as a Cromwell rears his iron throne upon the wreck of thrones, a Charles XII deluges an hundred fields with mad ambition, or a Bonaparte for a no less sordid ambition, dictates the fate of empires, amid the riven foundations of his own. Nor has this land escaped the fate of its compeers, its institutions the creation of finitude, have passed the stages allotted to

them, and like them must succumb to decay.

Let us then regard our condition as an incidental part of the plan of the Creator, and from it deduce such reflections, as will enhance our happiness in the drama of life. Let us tread the walks of peace, and be undisturbed save for our impotence to fitly discharge those duties, which court not the "sceptre of an hour," but earn their immortelles of whirled regrets he is no more:

"Cease then; nor order, imperfection name;  
Our proper bliss, depends on what we blame,  
Know thy own point, this kind, this due degree

Of blindness, weakness, Heaven bestows on thee,  
Submit in this, or any other sphere,  
Secure to be as blessed, as thou canst bear,  
Safe in the hand of one disposing power,  
Or in the natal, or the morning hour,  
All nature is but art, unknown to thee  
All chance, direction, which thou canst not see,  
All discord, harmony, not understood,  
All partial evil, universal good,  
And spite of pride, in erring reason's spite,  
One truth is clear, whatever is, is right."

In conclusion my friends, permit me to add, that upon each of us there devolves a duty to be discharged. Let us not with stoical indifference, attach no importance to the claims of to-morrow. True, "life is but a brief candle, a walking shadow a poor player, that struts, and frets his hour upon the stage," yet in the role of life there are duties involved, which if fitly rendered here have a reward hereafter. You are here to-day, the representatives of a cause that accepts no compromise with falsehood if side by side, at Manasses and Shiloh, you met the serried ranks of an enemy, to repel the invasion of your homes and principles, and there were actuated by duty, then with equal unanimity are you expected to resist the march of political schemes, which if accepted, will brand the records of your ancestral past as a lie, and fasten a stigma above the lauded graves of your brethrep. Have our kindred fallen in vain; have your own proud deeds been wasted upon a barren cause; have the prayers of the daughters of the South, gone heavenward like the meaningless wail of the wind. No; no; the suppression of truth is not its extinction, the trampling of principle to the dust of derision, is not its overthrow. Truth is immutable, and like the diamond, though crushed to atoms, each fragment is a gem that flashes back the purity of its origin. The ban of disfranchisement may be our portion, greater evils, and heavier claims may await us, these we cannot avert. No love of country may animate, to boast a proud citizenship, the battle for liberty has been fought, and lost; the battle for nobler issues is the duty of to-day. We have no part in the history of South Carolina under its present regime, we are aliens and strangers among a horde, who desecrate her soil. No stain can pollute the white vestments of her former glory, and the usurpers will assume in vain the regal covering to disguise their nideousness. Before us are fields of other duties. Let us with sacred affection preserve the memory of our patriot dead. Let us with charity have a care for their widows, and orphans, and let us develop the material, and intellectual resources at our command, that we may the more fully appreciate the immunity we claim from things we justly loathe.

We are just entering the portals of another year, its early gush of light is too young for promise, save in hope, a rugged and hidden journey is before us, and the goal of happiness. Ah; who shall reach it. Already upon the shores of time are stranded wrecks of fortune and of peace, Castaways on life's troubled

sea, but duty impels us on, and whether amid sorrowing or sunshine, tears or smiles, the Mecca of our pilgrimage must be won. As survivors of the "Lost Cause," let us bow to the decree of Omnipotence, and with virtuous zeal fill up the measure of our days, in pursuing the ends of peace and usefulness; and learn

"this truth—enough for man to know  
Virtue alone is happiness below,  
One self approving hour, whole years outweighs,  
Of stupid stares, and of loud huzzas"

And now I would ask if there is an occasion that enlists the attention of man, that can with safety exclude the sympathy of the gentle sex? Is there an aim of life that has a nobler incentive than woman's approval? Is there a hope that is not mercenary without her favor? Nay; except we are animated with purposes that lay every duty tributary to her claims, we forfeit that refined manhood that owes everything to her influence and worth. Whether it is her smile, that is the plaudit to urge us on in the race of life, or her tears that are the last waning lights that follow to the tomb, she is the holy link that binds about our carnal nature, the talisman of virtuous hopes, and the "guide star" amid this waste of trouble. Here are they, whose busy fingers, ceaseless prayers, and truant tears were the attendants of every bivoque and clashing struggle. Here are mothers who, with Spartan pride, send forth the wearers of the "Grey" and bid them return "with the shield or on it." Their part in the history of to-day, is to treasure, as only woman's heart can, the vacant places of their jewels, and consecrate every effort to home, where escape can be had in its sacred retreats from the discord without.

"There is a spot of earth, supremely blest;  
A dearer, sager spot, than all the rest,  
Where man, creation's tyrant, casts aside,  
His sword, his sceptre, pageantry and pride,  
While in his softened looks, benignly blend,  
The sire, the son, the husband, father, friend,  
Here woman reigns, the mother, daughter, wife,  
Strews with fresh flowers, the narrow way of life.

Around her knees, domestic duties meet,  
And fireside pleasures, gambol at her feet,  
While in the heaven of her delightful eye,  
An angel guard, of loves, and graces lie,  
Where shall that land, that spot of earth be found;

Art thou a man; a patriot; look around,  
Oh, thou shalt find, how'er thy footsteps roam,  
That best of places, only in thy home."

A lecturer, whose name we suppress because we do not want him bothered to death by applications from Lecture Bureaus, was recently addressing a rural audience. On using the word "phenomenon," he saw at once that he had flown too high, and that his meaning was not visible to the naked intelligence of the spectators. With a felicity that is rare in gentlemen who receive only fifty dollars and their expenses, he proceeded to explain. "It is possible," he remarked, "that you don't know what a phenomenon is. Well, I will tell you. You have seen a cow, no dobt. Well, a cow is not a phenomenon. You have seen an apple-tree. Well, an apple-tree is not a phenomenon. But when you see the cow go up the tree tail foremost, to pick the apples, it is a phenomenon." The only applause he got that evening, came in here, and was richly won. But see how genius is misunderstood! The next day the village newspaper came out with a caustic attack on the gentleman for saying that he had seen a cow climb up an apple-tree! This reminds us of the reporter of the London times, who, in reporting Mr. Hope's late speech, made him describe Mr. Ayrton as the "jester" of the nineteenth century. Mr. Hope said "Chesterfield."

### A Good Reputation to Have.

The little story I am going to tell you, happened just before the war, when every one was very, very busy. Soldiers were enlisting and going away from almost every home in the land.

One young man had volunteered and was expected to be daily ordered to the seat of war. One day his mother gave him an unpaid bill, with money to pay it. When he returned home at night, she said, "Did you pay that bill?" "Yes" he answered.

In a few days the bill was sent in a second time. "I thought," she said to her son, "that you paid this."

"I do not remember, mother; you know I have had so many things on my mind."

"But you said you did."

"Well," he answered, "if I said I did, I did."

He went away and his mother took the bill herself to the store.—The young man had been known in the town all his life, and what opinion was held of him this will show.

"I am quite sure," she said, "that my son paid this some days ago, has been very busy since, and has quite forgotten about it; but he told me that day he had, and says that if he said then that he had, he is quite sure he did."

"Well," said the man, "I forgot about it; but if ever he said he did, he did."

Wasn't that a grand character to have? Having once said a thing that was enough to make others believe it, whether he remembered it or not.

I wish all the boys in our land were sure of as good a reputation.

HABITS.—Like snowflakes falling unperceived upon the earth, the apparently unimportant events of life succeed one another; and as the snow gathers together, so are our habits formed. No single flake that falls upon the pile produces a visible change—no single action creates, however it may exhibit, a man's character; but as the tempest hurls the avalanche down the side of the precipice, and overwhelms the inhabitants and their homes, so passion, acting upon the elements of mischief, which indulgent, pernicious habits have piled up mountain high, though by imperceptible accumulation, will as surely overthrow the habitations of virtue and truth.

GREELEY ON THE SOUTH CAROLINA REPUBLICANISM.—About the coolest thing that has occurred this winter is a resolve of a State Convention of the faction dominant in South Carolina in these words: "Resolved; By the Union Republican party of South Carolina in convention assembled, that we endorse the administration of President U. S. Grant, in its wise and successful financial policy, which has reduced the national debt, while lessening the public taxes, and at the same time preserved full faith with the public creditors."

Considering how these rascals have sold themselves to measureless infamy over and over, by stealing their poor State poorer than she ever was before, quadrupling her expenses, doubling her debt, and trebling her taxes, this resolve strikes us as the Chimborazo of imposture and villany.

[New York Tribune.]

Pretty Teacher—"Now, Johnny Wells, can you tell me what is meant by a miracle. Johnny—"Yes ma'ma. Mother says if you don't marry our new parson that will be a miracle."