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IN MEMORIAM.

Mrs. ELLA M. FREDERICK, the beloved wife of John P. Frederick Esq., who died in Orangeburg County, on the 14th of July 1874 in the 36th year of her age.

Expression has no holier office than eulogy. A human death is distinguished from the universal dissolution around it, by the cherished memories which find utterance in post funereal tributes. In this consists our lower spirituality, our earthly immortality, in this memorial incident, and character. The truth of the religious sentiment, that "it is not all to die" is here beautifully portrayed in the being remembered and mourned for after death. Unlike the ceaseless death of Nature, of which it has been said that "the exhaustless nutriment of existence is decay," our humanity delicately but imperiously asserts its individuality in that each closed life is loved and lamented for its own peculiar features of loveliness and worth. Shakspeare, who touches so dexterously the springs of human emotion, says:

Praising what is lost
Makes the remembrance dear.

and it is a truth that the rarest flowers of Poetry the most polished periods of rhetoric as well as the costliest and most elaborate monuments have served to perform the offices of panegyric. The glittering gems of thought set in peerless casquets of diction, as well as the hopegum, the obelisk and the pyramid have lent their amplest efforts to enlorge the dead.

Is this not well? The lesson of universal truth, so hard to take to heart, which is taught by all such deaths as this, is better learned and preserved in the memorial tribute. "When Death strikes down the innocent and good, from every fragile form, from which he sets the parting spirit free, a hundred virtues rise, in shapes of mercy, charity and love to walk the world and bless it. Of every tear that sorrowing mortals shed on their green graves, some good is born, some gentler nature comes. In the Destroyer's steps there spring up bright creations that defy his power and his dark path becomes way of light to Heaven."

Distant hearts unite in mourning for our dead. The scattered waifs of a dismembered household gather, with those, with whom she was lately more nearly associated, around her bier, and weep tributes of praise for all her gentle goodness. Her grave becomes a shrine around which scattered wanderers on the changeful sea of life, and a widowed heart that yearned with Motherly yearnings for the long absent, once a part of her olden home, meet and kneel together in token of their grief and love. Never has a life exhibited through a changeful and chequered course so changed a character of unselfishness, gentleness and affection. In her home of the olden time these traits made her the patient friend, the unwearied confidant, the kind nurse, the affectionate child and companion; in her associations with the young in after days as their teacher these traits made her the kind elder sister to the little ones, and rendered "love the law of the school," in her late relations and associations these traits made all her friends, her kindness begetting love in all around her; these traits endeared her husband to her with a tenderness of affection rarely seen even among those whose married life is cemented by unflinching love; these traits of gentle affection, of unselfish sympathy brought her close to the hearts of all her associates; and these traits endear her memory with a rectly frankness of love. The power of attraction in her affectionate nature to call forth and secure reciprocal love was most conspicuously shown, where it naturally should have been—in the regard of her devoted husband. "The buckling on of the knight's armor by his lady's hand was no mere caprice of romantic fashion. It is the type of an eternal truth that the soul's armor is never well set to the heart unless a woman's hand has blessed it, and it is only when the braves it loyally that the honor of manhood falls."

Truly she seemed to have braced the armor to meet life's battles around her husband's heart. He was strong in the

strength as he was rich in the wealth of her outlasting love.

Never more admirably was sentiment illustrated than in her:

Man's love is of man's life, a thing apart,
'Tis woman's whole existence.

Crowned with woman's starry crown of Honor—the fulfillment of her mission in the sphere of home; honored and blessed with a noble husband's love, she has died the highest style of woman. One of "the noble army of Mothers" her little one is left to live and to act out the lessons of her love. From Heaven, where she stands amid the throng of sainted Mothers, high among the Seraphim, near the Holy Mother of Jesus her spirit, the Guardian Angel of her boy will come to hover around his path and save him from the harming evil.

Into his grief, who has left to him but the phantom Memory of her great love, footsteps of angels will come, and with them a sainted spirit to bless with hallowed influence.

And her boy! Left to muse and miss the infant impression of its Mother's caress—her goodnight kiss!

True is it, that "the shadow of a mother's tomb grows darker and longer as the child walks on in the path her care would have smoothed! But may we not think that the child who has lost his mother is the peculiar care of Heaven?"

No life so good and kind and gentle is in vain. Its influence brings better thoughts and gentler words and thus her life has been a blessing sally realized in her death.

Nature preaches consolation in her saddest mood; she covers even graves with flowers. These speak peace and immortality.

That old, old fashion of Death is forgotten in that older fashion of immortality.

Silently one by one in the infinite meadows of Heaven
"Bless the lovely stars, the forget-me-nots of angels."

The galaxy of loved ones will soon be complete, and then in one of the many mansions of my Father's house there will be joy forever.

For us are her memory, her influence, the consolations of Immortal reunion, for her there is Peace!

Hidden beneath the flowers and the leaves in the sequestered graveyard rest her remains. Changes of glorious light from moving boughs, songs of birds, scents from wood and field penetrate to the shady spot, subdue its earthly odor and preach the Resurrection and the Life.

Up among the shining Ones, She stands, Transfigured in a spirit light, Beautiful, Glorious, Immortal. Does she not love us with her Spirit Love?

"Rock of Ages, cleft for me"
"Twas a bowled man sung them now,
Sang them slow and wearily—
Wan hand on his aching brow
Rose the song as storm tossed bird
Beats with weary wing the air,
Every note with sorrow stirred—
Every syllable a prayer—
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee.

"Rock of Ages, cleft for me,"
Sung above a coffin lid:
Underneath all restfully
All life's joys and sorrows hid
Nevermore O storm tossed soul,
Nevermore from wind or tide,
Nevermore from billows roll
Wilt thou need to hide,
Could the sightless, sunken eyes
Closed beneath the soft brown hair
Could the mute and stiffen'd lips
Move again, in pleading prayer
Still, ay, still the words would be
"Let me hide myself in thee."

The best kind of a salesman for these dull times is an advertisement in a newspaper. It never tires in its labors, and never shirks its duty; it talks to customers when they are in the best mood to be favorably impressed. It has access to the merchants, the scholar, the artist, the mechanic and the farmer. It goes unquestioned into the most private and sacred of retreats. The lawyer listens to it while working up his case; the doctor dives into it when not divining diseases; the ladies have it in their laps while leisurely lolling in their boudoirs. It is present in thousands of places at the same moment.

Western New York is raising two crops of potato bugs.

Solicitor C. W. Buttz.

A reporter of the Charleston Daily Sun has been interviewing Solicitor Buttz. We make the following extracts from the report:

Reporter. Major, owing to the vigorous, prompt and faithful manner in which you have discharged the duties of your office, since your election thereto, two years ago, the proprietors of the paper I represent, desire to obtain your views upon the political and financial situation of affairs in this State and especially in this county. Have you any objection to stating them?

MAJOR BUTTZ'S PERSONAL EXPLANATION.

Solicitor. I have an objection in speaking of State affairs, because I would be required in divulging the truth to condemn the conduct of so many men of my own party, that I would destroy my influence to do good with those in power, as well as with some of those seeking places at the coming election. And then I have had quite a bitter experience in Virginia.

In the year 1868, the Republicans in Virginia, during my absence in Europe, placed an objectionable ticket in the field, and upon my return, the election having been postponed until 1869, I advocated a new convention and the nomination of other men. A new convention was finally called; the result was a disgraceful fight in the convention by the bad men in the party, and the nomination of two tickets, one headed by H. H. Wells, and the other G. C. Walker, for Governor. I brought into existence the Walker ticket, believing each man on it to be good Republicans. The Democracy had their ticket in the field, headed by Col. Withers, of Lynchburg, now United States Senator elect from that State, with but little prospect of success.

They, however, soon observed their golden opportunity to obtain control of the State by making arrangements with Walker to net with the Democratic party, and thereupon they with Col. Withers and voted for Walker. He was elected, they treated him kindly until they were in power, and then soon gave him the cold shoulder. He made a good Governor, but I do not think the Democracy would elect him to the office of constable now; they used him, but have no gratitude. When I found the result of my action at the Petersburg convention was to assist the Democracy I withdrew from the ticket, where I had been placed for Congress man at large. In addition to what I have stated above, I will add that in 1861, I was a delegate to the National Convention that met in Baltimore, and which convention nominated Lincoln for the second time for the Presidency; at that convention a desperate fight was made to have Hamlin also nominated for Vice President. I took sides in favor of a Southern Union man; the result was, we nominated Andrew Johnson for the second place, and when the opportunity arrived he also acted with the Democracy. I therefore do not feel as though I should undertake again to assist in naming the coming man or men, in the ensuing campaign. I propose, however to do all I can to advance the interest of good government, and the claims of honest men. The people are certainly entitled to a just administration of affairs, as they have been patient and borne the burdens of misrule to an extent that "patience has almost ceased to be a virtue."

Reporter. What about the political situation of the county?

Solicitor. The most important office in the county is the Solicitor's office. If he does his duty faithfully, he can make it very hot for evil doers; but it is a thankless office. Every person you prosecute, as well as the relations of the defendant, become, and very unjustly to the personal enemies of the Solicitor; while the honest, law abiding citizen simply says, he is only doing his duty, we pay him for it.

Reporter. When will your term expire?

Solicitor. The sheriff, coroner, clerk of court, and myself, were elected for

four years; we have two years from November to serve.

BOWEN AND MACKAY.

Reporter. Is it true that Bowen and Mackay have become political friends?

Solicitor. I have no confidence in it, because it is too well known in the community that Mackay pursued Bowen beyond a mere political controversy. His desperate effort to crush Bowen was of a strong and personal character, consequently I do not believe that Bowen would ever consent to aid Mackay to be his successor in Congress.

Reporter. It is very important to secure intelligent men for

THE LEGISLATURE.

Do you believe there will be an improvement this fall?

Solicitor. I hope so; we have eight new members of the lower House, and one State senator to elect, and I am satisfied that not more than four or five of the present members will be returned. The two most prominent candidates for State Senator are S. E. Gailard, the present member, and W. H. Thompson, one of the county commissioners; both are black men of limited education. I believe, however, that Thompson will be elected, and if so he will make a fair representative.

There is a strong disposition among the more thoughtful and intelligent Republicans to place on the ticket for the Legislature, Honorables M. P. O'Connor, Henry Boist and T. V. Simon, all three of whom are regarded as men who would take a liberal view of the rights of all persons and be of immense assistance in bringing about reform in the State; the only argument I hear against it is that their position would so far restrain them from fully acting with the party in power that little would be accomplished by them.

THE TRIAL JUSTICES.

Reporter. Is there any truth in the report that several of the trial justices in the county cannot write their names?

Solicitor. There are six who cannot write a warrant or a correct affidavit for the issuing of a warrant; they have learned to write their names after a fashion. The trial justices as a class, have very little education and know nothing about law; of course there are several honorable exceptions. The law limits the number in the county, but the Governor has forgotten the fact and appoints every local politician a trial justice. A great many of them do not understand the difference between a civil and a criminal case; a majority of them, however, are honest in their intentions; but their opportunities for education have been so limited that they have not the requisite qualifications.

Hon. A. J. Ransier's Speech.

AT

LEWISVILLE, ORANGEBURG COUNTY.

Mr. Ransier said that he accepted the unexpected invitation to speak at the meeting with much diffidence, it being the first in the opening campaign—a campaign of more than ordinary moment to every man, woman and child in the State, of whatever political opinion, of whatever race, or color, because importance might be attached to what he might say, owing to the position he holds; yet he had a duty to perform in the interest of all classes in South Carolina, as a Republican and a citizen which he would endeavor to discharge, as he has always done.

He said that he was no stranger to the people of Orangeburg county, nor to the people of the State, that he has held important positions in the State for the past nine years, and though he was a poor man to day, with a large family, no man dare say that he has ever prostituted his office for private gain, or made a dollar dishonestly out of the people, or that he was unmindful of the rights of political opponents whilst contending for the rights of his race, and advocating the principles of his party; that if the people thought him unfit for the discharge of any duty attach to any office to which he might aspire, it was their duty to refuse to vote for him; for if there ever was a time in the history of South Carolina that the people should refuse to vote for those whose character and antecedents would not afford a reasonable

guaranty of security to South Carolina better government than that which curses us to day, that time is now.

He referred to the work and mission of the Republican party, and quoted from the address of the National Congressional Committee to prove that the work of the Republican party was not yet finished. He then dwelt at length on the affairs of the State and the absolute necessity, for the sake of decency and in the interest of the black man, as well as the white man, the non tax payer, as well as the tax payer, and in the interest of the life of the Republican party in the State and country, of an honest, earnest and united effort to lift South Carolina out of the unenviable position she holds to day in the eyes of the country.

He quoted from the address of the Executive Committee of the Republican party, and appealed to the colored people to lift from them, in self defense, the very strong suspicion that they are incapable of good government, and ask them not to consider for a moment whether a man is a candidate for office was a white man or a black man, a native of the State or a man of Northern birth, but to choose from them those whom they knew to be honest, and whom they believed would give to our State a better condition of affairs.

He said that, after all that is said of the grumbling and bitter complaints by the tax payers of the State, as he understood it, it was not so much our rates or system of taxation of which complaints are made, but the purposes for which the money so derived is spent, and the fact that the people derive therefrom no proportionate benefit; that whilst our rates of taxation are high, our public institutions depending upon this source for support, are but poorly maintained; our educational and other important interests languish; we fail to pay the interest on our State debt, and have therefore, destroyed confidence in not only our ability to meet these just demands as a State, but in the personal honesty and official integrity of those who make and execute our laws. He said that the sooner we begin to realize the situation and to look at those most important issues, not as mere questions of politics as understood in a contracted sense, but as vital, material issues, in which the whole common wealth is interested, irrespective of parties, and apply the remedy now in our own hands, namely, the election of honest, reliable men to office, in whom the people of the State and the county have confidence, the better for South Carolina, and the better for all her people.

There was an old couple at the central depot yesterday waiting to go through to the West, and they seemed loving enough until the old man went out and returned smoking a five cent cigar and with his hat slanting over his left ear. The wife looked at him twice before she could recognize him, and then opened her mouth and said: "What'd I tell ye, Philletus Remington, before we left New Jersey? Didn't I say you'd go and make a fool of your self the first chance you got?" He tried to pacify her by saying that the cigar only cost five cents, but she shouted: "You teased and teased till I let you git your boots blacked; then you wanted some soda water; then you bought apples on the train, and here's another five cents thrown away! It all counts up, and if you don't die in the poor house then my name hain't Sary!" —Detroit Free Press.

A certain "Uncle James of our acquaintance, whose execution is not quite equal to his preference for the violin, was paid a delicate left handed compliment the other night by his little niece, on being awakened some time in the small hours of the night by the hideous performances of two felines under the window, naively remarked, "Mama, I don't like to hear Uncle James play on a violin."

After the prosecution attorney had heaped vituperation upon the poor prisoner without counsel, the Judge asked him if he had anything to say for himself. "Your honor," replied the prisoner, "I ask for a postponement for eight teen days, in order that I may find a blackguard to answer that one there."

OBITUARY OF A WESTERN EDITOR.

—Ye editor sat in his rickety chair, as worried as worried could be, for ye Devil was grinning before him there, and "copy" ye Devil said he.

Oh, ye Editor grabbed his big quill pen, and it splattered ye ink so free, that his manuscript looked like a war map when—"Take this," to ye Devil spake he.

He scribbled and scratched through ye live-long day, no rest or refreshment had he; for ye Devil kept constantly coming that way, and howling for more "cop-ee!"

Day after day he scissored and wrote, a-slaying the whole cuntry; while ye Devil kept piping his single note, "A little more outside cop-ee!"

And when ye boys in ye newsroom heard ye noise of ye fray, ye sound of a blow and a blasphemous word, "He's raising ye Devil!" say they.

And oft when a man with a grievance came in, ye Editor man to see, he'd turn his back with a word of sin—"Go, talk to ye Devil!" sayed he.

And ever and oft, when a proof of his work ye proprietor wanted to see, "Ye proof shall be shown by my personal clerk; you must go to ye Devil," sayed he.

And thus he was destined, through all of his life, by this spirit tormented to be; in hunger and poverty, sorrow and strife, always close to ye Devil was he.

Ye Editor died . . . But ye Devil lived on! And ye force of life's habits we see; for ye Editor's breath no sooner was gone, than straight to ye Devil went he.

Don't lay me on the river bank
Amid the fragrant flowers,
Nor where the grass is watered by
The early Summer showers;
But put me in the kitchen range,
And open wide the damper;
And then my vaporous remains
Can up the chimney scamper.

A Worcester boy was engaged in nocturnal cherry stealing a short time ago, and was observed by the owner of the fruit, who, unnoticed by the young robber, placed a large stuffed dog at the foot of the tree and retired to watch the result of the strategy. The boy descending observed the dog, and then the fun commenced; he whistled, threatened unavailingly, the animal never moving, and finally the youth accepting the inevitable, settled down to passing the night in the tree. After some hours had passed wearily enough to the lad, morning dawned, and the proprietor of the tree coming from the house, asked him how he came to be in the tree, to which the boy answered that he took it to save himself from the dog, who had chased him quite a distance. It isn't healthy for a smaller boy to say stuffed dog to that youth now.

At a recent prayer meeting of colored people at Erie, the decency and good order of the meeting being disturbed by a colored man named Brown, whose prayers in public were only incoherent ravings, the pastor inquired? "What fool mans is dat prayin' down dar now the do?" A dozen people replied with one voice: "It am Brudder Brown sah," "Den," the pastor, "Brudder Brown subside," and let some one pray dat's better 'quainted wid de Lord."

A writer in the Milwaukee Sentinel deserves the respectful sympathy of all gentlemen who give out their washing. He says: "It is awfully annoying to have some other fellow's clothes left in one's room by the washerwoman. Saturday we put on another fellow's shirt, but couldn't wear it. Although it was ruffled around the bottom, the sleeves were too short to put cuffs on, and there was no place for a collar."

The New York Mail denounces as a double distilled fool a young French man, who, seeing the dead body of a very beautiful woman displayed at the Morgue, went and killed himself, first writing a letter stating that he committed the act in order to have his cadaver put on the next slab to hers.

A woman, fifty years old, in Cumberland, Md., has married her fifth husband two months after the funeral of the fourth. The new victim is only twenty-six years of age.