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Anderson Intelligencer.

BY E. B. MURRAY & CO. ANDERSON, S. C., THURSDAY, AUGUST 22, 1878. VOL. XIV—NO. 6.

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THE PLANTERS OF LIBERIA.

EACH GENERATION NEARER TO PERFECT CIVILIZATION.

Correspondence News and Courier.

MONROVIA, LIBERIA, June 17.

When I closed my last I was on my way up the St. Paul's River, having left Clay-Ashland, and started for further exploration.

Five miles above Clay-Ashland we stopped at the plantation of Jesse Sharp, a native of Columbia, S. C., who left there as a freeman, a number of years before the war, when a young man. He is light colored, and has a fine sugar plantation, which pleased me more than anything of the sort I saw on the river, giving evidence as it did of thrift and care. He showed us with much pride over his cane fields, of which he has some 150 acres, which looked unusually clean and free from weeds and grass. Their owner seemed delighted to meet some one from South Carolina, and he and I had a long talk, comparing notes about Columbia and Columbia people. Most of his knowledge, it is needless to say, was too deep for me, being too far back for me, ken. He could and did, however, inquire regarding the children and descendants of those whom he had known. He seemed to have a great admiration for Governor Hampton, whom he says he remembers perfectly as a young man. He related with great glee several

REMINISCENCES OF HIS EXCELLENCY,

among others, one of his administering a severe castigation to a champion who was "on his muscle" and insulted him. The incident he remembrance of which seemed to give him the greatest delight though, was the Governor's purchasing a horse which its owner was riding over everybody on, and "bragging" about, and giving it to his servant to ride to market on. He laughed most heartily over this last anecdote, and remarked that he would never forget to his dying day how "cut up" the former owner of the horse had looked. When shown a photograph of the Governor, he evinced so much pleasure that I gave it to him. He has accumulated a comfortable fortune at sugar planting, and is preparing to retire from business, having a handsome house in process of erection at Monrovia. His

VIEWS OF AMERICAN POLITICS

differ materially from those of the general run of Liberians, his idea being that the negro can most safely trust his interests in the hands of his former master. The average Liberian derives his impressions of American life and politics from the *National Republican* and the Toledo *Blade*, as the *News and Courier* is only taken for its superior information regarding the emigration scheme. I know too much about newspapers to think of saying anything against one, just as the gunmaker is always the most careful in handling firearms. It can hardly be denied, however, that the *Republican* and the *Blade* are a "leetle" inclined to Republicanism in their political proclivities, and their utterances do much towards shaping sentiments here in that direction. The Liberians seem to have a general idea that nobody in the South calls a negro anything but a "d—d nigger," or at best "them niggers;" that the colored citizen habitually resides in caves, dens and other fastnesses, that he is habitually hunted at the point of the revolver just for fun, and that he has no rights whatever before the law or anywhere else. In talking with one of the most intelligent citizens and discussing the causes of the decrease of the colored population of the United States, he said, perfectly seriously and earnestly: "Well, then, I suppose some ten thousand are killed every year." (Notes of admiration!! at the reader's expense.) Another seemed somewhat astonished and incredulous when I told him that I did not belong to

THE KU-KLUX

and had never done a colored brother to death, he apparently believing that every male citizen south of Mason and Dixon's line was a member of that organization, and only acquired a standing in the community by performing that feat. When informed that I belonged to one of those horrible "rifle clubs," the females of another family gazed on me with apparently the same feelings as those with which they would contemplate a caged cannibal in a circus. I fear that the Azor's passengers, having such sympathetic listeners, will tell some terrible "yarns." All this is the more surprising from the fact that most of the more wealthy citizens have travelled. That is one feature of Liberian life worthy of commendation. As soon as they acquire means, they seem generally to go out to enlarge their ideas by travel and observation. Many of those whom I met had been to, and generally through, England and America, and several over the Continent of Europe. It is hard to imagine how any one could go to Europe, and be contented to come back and live in Liberia. It is said, however, that "the Laplander loves his home," (for that reason I have always regarded the Laplander as an ass.) None of the younger men seem ever to have gone down South much. This is natural, as they have no ties there to induce them to brave the dangers which they believe beset the path of every colored man who gets your side of Baltimore. Besides this, they have a social recognition and associations, in England and in places on the Continent and in the United States, which they certainly could not expect in the South. One or two who have been there expressed themselves as much disgusted and disappointed by the general poverty and ignorance of their race.

THE GENERAL LIFE

of the older and wealthier planters along the St. Paul's resembles in many particulars that of the Southern planter in the "good old days." Having a good brick house built, and his coffee, or sugar plantation well under weigh, the tiller of the soil generally takes his ease, wears good clothes, and smokes, only exercising a supervision of his affairs. The spirit or wine decanter is almost invariably at the service of his guests, and when he goes visiting or to Monrovia, he steps into his canoe, calls his crew together, and travels comfortably and sedately. As the present generation is growing old, the children take charge after the return of the heir from his schooling and "finishing tour." In view of all this, it is ridiculous to suppose that the Liberians are relapsing into barbarism. On the contrary, it is apparent that *each generation is bringing them steadily nearer to perfect civilization.* While these old lords of the soil in their conscious or unconscious aping of their former master's former lives, present occasionally ludicrous contrasts to their models by ignorance and lack of culture, their sons and daughters are growing up better educated, trained and supplied with the requirements of intelligent men and women. I saw the Liberians (especially the younger ones) brought into contact, and consequently contrast, with the Azor's immigrants. It showed there and then that whether the negro is capable of attaining the white man's level or not, he is capable of becoming much nearer a perfect man than he is in America. It showed that there is more capability in him for improvement than we have developed. It is conclusive evidence that there is a vast amount of good mental ground lying fallow, wasting or running to noxious weeds, in the negro. It is as well to say it right here—despite their many ignorances, their conceit and their improvidence and inertness, the average Liberian is in most ways immeasurably superior to the average American negro, and those at Sierra Leone are as far above him in acquirements as the clouds are above the earth. In the social refinements the better classes of colored people there seem perfect. In one thing I could notice distinctly the three degrees of progression, as illustrated by the English Colony negro, the Liberian negro, and the American negro—

THE OBSERVANCES OF TABLE ETIQUETTE.

This is a small matter at first sight, but it tells a story when looked into. History will show that in proportion as men have become civilized they have paid more and more attention to the little niceties and daintinesses that redeem the taking of food from the uncleanly and disgusting obedience to necessity and exercise of gluttony of the savage to the pleasurable, graceful and cleanly indulgence in a luxury of the well-bred European or American. It is very well to spout Burns, but even the most rabid universal social equality lunatic would find it difficult to realize that the man who sits opposite, who makes of his mouth an open sepulchre in which he interns all of his feelings, sensibilities and intellectual developments, shovels in on them huge and indiscriminate masses of food with his knife and gulps his wine as if it were a dose of medicine, *is* a man for a' that. People's style of eating is generally a fair indication of their progress in civilization. The Bushman eats his fish half raw with his hands; the Chinaman conveys it neatly and deftly to his mouth with chopsticks; the Englishman carefully, and as deftly, "scoops" it in with a silver fork. These are the three degrees. (I don't mean to say that a man is uncivilized unless he eats his fish with a bit of bread and a fork, but the civilized man, however he does handle his food, does it cleanly.) Tell it not in Gath, publish it not in the streets of Askalon, but almost every meal I took while on African soil was in company with colored people. A man, and especially a newspaper reporter, has, from policy and decency both, to subordinate his prejudices and habits to politeness, besides which

"We can live without knowledge; what is knowledge but grieving?
We can live without hope; what is hope but deceiving?
We can live without love; what is love but repining?
But where is the man who can live without dining?"

I can safely assoverate that he isn't in my boots at any rate. The correctness of the quotation is not vouched for. (It's the only part of "Lucille," if it is "Lucille," that ever impressed me much.") But the Sierra Leone people display a spontaneous and unconscious scrupulousness regarding the observances of all points of table etiquette, such as is hardly seen in the best American households, and puts an habitual sitter at hotel tables to diligently recalling the precepts inculcated in his youth regarding the proper manipulation of table furniture, &c. The Liberians are apparently much less enlightened on this subject, and seemed, with one or two exceptions, to pay little attention to it, while the Azor's people had each their own original and untrammelled style, the main object seeming to be the consumption of the greatest possible amount of food in the least possible time. Almost everybody, both in Sierra Leone and Liberia, had claret at dinner, and there was usually a glass of sherry or Madeira tendered before or after the meal.

TRADE WITH THE SOUTH.

But all this is wandering far away from my friend Sharp, which is my last geographical point. He displayed a feeling which seems quite prevalent among a large portion of the Liberians—a desire to do his trading with the United States, if possible with the South. More than one repeated to me his expressed sentiments, that "in spite of everything" their sympathies were with the land of their birth, and they would like to deal with her people. It is a flattering compliment to the business men of that section, that they seem to possess the confidence of those who knew them years ago, in the highest degree. One of the leading Liberians said: "I know the men who generally do business in South Carolina are gentlemen, and that they are above a dirty trick, or taking advantage of a man because he is far away." (the speaker is a Carolinian.) This feeling seems to be generally entertained. It may perhaps be partly attributed to the desire to escape from the monopoly held by a New York house, who do much business along the West Coast, and have been clever enough to obtain almost complete control of the Liberian trade, which seems to be quite a plum. They sell almost everything that is sold in Liberia, the Monrovian storekeepers replenishing their stocks from the New Yorker's ships, and paying, certainly, very good prices in produce or money. This is, I think, one of the obstacles to Liberian progress. Competition would enable them to sell higher and buy cheaper, thus stimulating trade, and necessarily increasing prosperity. Various Dutch and English firms have been established from time to time, and, receiving their own goods on their own ships, have been enabled to undersell and go away ahead of the Liberian merchants, making fortunes while they plod along in the same old ruts.

THE FIRST ORDER FOR CHARLESTON.

Jesse Sharp, who seems to be one of those men always willing to back up his words by his acts, showed his sincerity by sending a cash order to a large Charleston firm for sashes, timber, &c., for his house, the goods to be brought by the Azor on the return trip. While on this subject I will say that the new immigrants all manifested the same feelings. To precede the narrative a little, when I returned to Monrovia, and in answer to questions told them what I had seen of country cotton, exhibiting the samples they generally and joyfully exclaimed, "Well, you bet the cotton makers are here now. We've got lots of cotton seed and tools, and when you come back again if you don't see cotton bales around here you kin whip us." The next inquiry of several of them was as to whether I thought it would be possible to deal with

THEIR OLD FACTORS IN CHARLESTON,

and all of the Carolina darkeys seemed anxious on the subject. The matter may be worthy of consideration by Charleston business men. If many of the colored people come a valuable direct trade may be opened.

It may be more of the "sarcasm of fate," but exactly the state of affairs exists here now that I imagine made slave labor necessary in America. That is, every man is a landholder, an owner and an equal. No lower classes have come in yet to do the manual work. There are no servants, and servants are a necessity, except in an imaginative jackass's Utopia. A few of the poorer Liberians hire out, but they are as good as their hirers, and consequently matters don't work smoothly. All such "servants" are addressed by everybody as "Mr." and "Miss." It sounds funny to hear the master of the house say "Miss ——, a glass of water, please." When I visited the President I heard him ask: "Mr. Ross, will you bring in the wine?" This is, of course, a great hindrance to the cultivation of land on any extensive scale, especially when there are no horses. It cramps fearfully the sugar production, where much and cheap labor is indespensable at certain times. So, disguise it as they will, the Liberians have to

DEPEND ON SLAVE LABOR

at last, for it comes to that. They hire from a native king a certain number of his superstition-bound slaves for so much rum, so many brass kettles, iron bars and guns, and so much calico paid to him. The "hands" work well, and are faithful and obedient until the king, through caprice or having been paid, and wanting them to cut rice, sends orders to them to come back. Then they leave in a body, just, maybe, as the planter needs them most, and the Liberian government is too weak to enforce the performance of contracts made with its citizens. One secret of my friend Sharp's success I was told is that he makes an excellent quality of rum, with which he pays a king for "help," and is shrewd enough to keep on good terms with the potentate by sending him an extra cask now and then. In this way he and a few others manage to secure labor when they want it for their 50, 100 and 150 acre farms. One of a thousand acres, though, it would be difficult to work here. There are some comparatively free natives who hire cheaply, but they are unreliable and apt to "knock off" and go at any time. You can pick up a few always, enough to man your canoe or do odd jobs, and if you treat them kindly, they will hire out to you again, and do any kind of work. They cannot be depended upon in any considerable number, however. These natives are abjectly afraid of the white man, having acquired the idea (probably from the Liberians) that he is not only an habitual cheat, but an habitual cutthroat. It requires several months of acquaintance to get them fairly reconciled to the Caucasian. Then unless he be a bastard to the time who doth not smack of observation, they like him above all, and will give him the preference in hiring. These natives will take anything, and the Liberians (who "fled here from the slave holder's lash") do not scruple to administer unto them a thrashing when provoked thereto. The native frequently discerns the anger in his employer's face and the stick in his hand, and precipitately takes to flight, leaving, if necessary, like Joseph, his garment in the hands of the pursuer. All the revenge he ever takes is to quit and go home. It must be

AN INSPIRITING SPECTACLE

to see what was described to me in an incidental way by the chief actor himself, a free black Liberian man, soundly cudgeling a free black native man with a stick, while two more free black native men were flying over the neighboring hedges to avoid similar castigation, the three free black natives having been caught in the act of dragging a bag of rice through the mud. Such things make me weep when I think that Wendall Phillips was not there. The native is rarely "sassy," and the most he does is to complain in a sort of whine, in his broken English. It is a universal custom for them to address all who they consider as superiors as "daddy" and "mammy." (This information was a great comfort to me, as I had been much scandalized by being addressed as "daddy" by a fat Kroo boy, within an hour after my landing.)

THE DIFFICULTY REGARDING HOUSE SERVANTS

is in a great degree obviated by a practice now fortunately becoming common. That is the binding out of native children by their parents to serve in Liberian families until twenty-one years of age. There were from two to six of these youngsters around nearly every house I visited, and very bright, "handy" and honest they seem. In return for their services they are clothed, fed, learned reading, writing, Christianity and her handmaid Civilization. Quite an attachment in some instances seems to exist between master and servant. This shows a long step forward on the part of the natives—an appreciation of their inferiority to civilized people. A people or a man who can be made to see their or his own imperfections, is not beyond hope. Perfect self-satisfaction is the greatest bar to improvement, as it is the most unmistakable mark of a fool. Had the Liberians a little of the humbleness and consciousness of inferiority of the natives, I might have more hopes of them. So far, the civilized natives have made little progress. When they return to their tribes they have to doff European clothes, as, if they didn't, the medicine man would probably attribute the first misfortune that befell to his violation of the customs of his ancestors, which are more honored in the breech cloth than in the observance of pantaloons and paper collars, and a "settling" dose of poison would remove the progressionist. Their knowledge of the reading and writing of the English language, too, is now generally employed in aiding the king in some villainy. During their residence with the whites, they usually pick up a knowledge of commercial values, which makes them useful in facilitating the trading operations of their tribe. As the numbers of these civilized ones increases, however, their influence is bound to be felt for good.

Apropos of the natives, it may be mentioned that the principal tribes hereabouts are Mandingoes and Veis, the former noted for their aptness in manufacturing and trading, and the latter for having invented (patent not yet applied for) an alphabet of their own. These natives generally live in thatch villages, and subsist mainly on rice and cassada, varied by occasional game, or a free lunch composed of black ants, caught by sinking a kettle in the ground and allowing them to tumble in. Wheaten bread is a very rare treat, and they beg or trade for it eagerly. With considerable regret I took leave of my friend, the planter, and we re-embarked for the return trip. Where we stopped was about twenty miles above Monrovia. The St. Paul's is only navigable some five miles farther up, where the rapids, which are about nine feet high, interrupt progress. Nobody in Liberia has taken the trouble to explore the stream, and little is known of it above these rapids. The natives along its course are reported to be hostile and savage, and its source is unknown. Some persons seem to think that it is

A BRANCH OF THE NIGER,

which makes a long bend to the westward at a point about opposite the Liberian territory, but they advance nothing but theories and vague beliefs in support of their idea. Above Clay-Ashland are the settlements of New York, (200 population,) and Louisiana, (400 population.) Just above the rapids is the flourishing settlement of Arlington, with a population of between 600 and 700. This portion of the St. Paul's is the most thickly populated in the Republic, and most of the unoccupied land along the river front is owned by old settlers. There are a few settlements along the Junk and Po, and one on the lower portion of the St. Paul's. Then a few families are scattered about here and there, all of the remainder of the population being in the towns, most of which have already been named, and smaller settlements. Liberia has only received an addition of a few hundred by immigration during the past ten years.

From Clay-Ashland we came back down the St. Paul's River, stopping at several places to do a little foraging. The result was a bushel or two of butter pears, (a fruit about the size and shape of a very large pear, with a green or purple rind, and containing a soft, buttery interior which is very palatable when eaten with a spoon and well mixed in a disgusting looking mess with sugar and vinegar,) a few sour-saps, (a fruit much commended, which grows on a tree, resembles a dropsical cucumber, and tastes like nothing at all, seasoned with weak vinegar,) a few delightful pineapples, a dozen or so chickens, and an equal number of eggs, collected one, two and three at a time; a few oranges, plenty of lemons and limes, and several large bunches of bananas, and a sheep, which was evidently in the last stages of consumption, (the sheep here have no wool, and I couldn't to save me tell sheep from goat.) For all of these we paid good prices. The quadruped just alluded to was devoured at a single meal, and then we wanted more. It was about the size of an ordinary black and tan dog, but tasted very well. He and his like sell for about two dollars, when they can be gotten, while a pair of turkeys brings five dollars. At a few places along the river they grow

INDIAN CORN

in small patches, but it deteriorates greatly in this soil and climate, producing, however, fair "nubbins," suitable for feeding stock. I saw a few watermelons, generally of the "Joe Johnson" (or "rattlesnake") pattern, but they, too, were small, although there is little difference between their taste and that of "Hanover County" or "Augusta" rapture.

LIBERIAN HOUSES.

I had an opportunity of inspecting the interior of more of the houses. Nearly all of the dwellings in Liberia, outside of Monrovia, are furnished plainly—very much in the style prevalent among colored folks in America. There were the familiar plaster of Paris images, dogs and cats on the mantles, the familiar gaudily gilded and painted china cups and mugs, and the familiar ghastly caricatures of Scriptural scenes, where a knock-kneed Joseph is always being sold into captivity in a yellow shawl by an obviously intoxicated gentleman with very pink legs and very large arms, who holds in his other hand a long walking stick, while a blue camel watches the proceedings with an air of personal interest. Altogether I could easily imagine myself in the best room of a respectable colored family down South. In Monrovia more of an attempt at elegance is made, there being wide settees and more elaborate furniture generally. The pictures, however, are invariably common and poor.

THE CONCILIATION POLICY.

We got back to Monrovia some time after dark that evening. Here it transpired that Dr. Roberts, who had very kindly acted as my guide, understood the management of Kroomen much better than I did. He had been stern, exacting and sharp with our crew throughout, while I tried the pacific policy. They refused point blank to row out to the vessel, and it was only after the assumption of a threatening tone by us regarding the withholding of wages and rum that they finally consented. It was characteristic of the animals that, after being paid in full, they came to me and demanded repayment on the ground that their headman had failed to pay them. This headman followed me around for two days trying to persuade me that he had been promised an extra dollar, until I took occasion to inquire, in his hearing, how much it would cost to break a Krooman's head. Then he desisted, although he might with impunity have continued dunning to this hour, as he weighed, apparently, about 225 pounds, and an assault upon his precious person would have cost me (being a white man) about $25. One day Capt. Holmes and I took heart of grace and called to see

THE PRESIDENT.

The Executive mansion is not a very imposing structure, being an ordinary red brick, two-story tenement house, with a porch in front, to which a flight of common wooden steps leads up from the front gate which opens on the street. The yard in front is shallow, and has apparently little care taken of it, although the building itself is in tolerable repair. On the benches in the front porch there are usually several persons loafing, probably either petitioners for something or hangers-on. The interior is plainly furnished, the most noticeable objects in the parlor being two large and elaborately gilt, old-fashioned parlor tables, surmounted by large mirrors, in equally elaborately gilt frames. Our cards were taken up, and in a few minutes the President, Anthony W. Gardner, came down stairs, and we were introduced by a young man who had taken up our "pasteboards"—I as "Mr. ah-um News and Courier," and the captain as "Captain ah-um Azor." The President is tall, thin, apparently about sixty years of age, and a shade or two darker than the octoroon. He dresses as becomes his years and position, plainly but well, adhering to the old-fashioned high collar with which our ancestors used to make themselves uncomfortable. He shaves clean except small patches of whiskers close to his cheek bones. Altogether he is a good specimen of the wealthier and more intelligent free colored man of the "old school." He received us in a sort of *neglige* costume with smoking cap and slippers. He is a native of Virginia. The Old Dominion, by the way, retains her ancient prestige as

THE MOTHER OF PRESIDENTS,

even here, six out of eight Liberian executives having sprung from her soil. Three of the six, singular to say, have come from the immediate neighborhood of Petersburg. ("Northern," "Eastern," "Southwestern," "Valley" and "Southside," will probably be each clamoring for representation anon.) His Excellency does not assume any airs, and talks freely and intelligently. He seems heartily in sympathy with the exodus movement, and says that "the hand of Jehova is plainly to be seen in it." He expressed much pleasure at the arrival of the immigrants, but seemed disappointed in them, remarking on their indigent appearance, and unprepared state. He said, however, that the government would do what it could to help this party, but hoped that no more would come equally unprovided and destitute. He also said that he intended addressing a communication to the President of the United States on the subject of the emigration from that country, with a view to its facilitation. He talks with the deliberate drawl characteristic of the Southerner, white or colored, and seemed pleased to have an opportunity of talking about Virginia and the old times there. He says that he left that State just as he was "getting big enough to ride the horse to mill." As usual in Liberian households, wine was brought out, it being in this instance a harmless and pleasant compound wherein ginger was the predominating feature. Of course I appreciated the grandeur of my position, clinking glasses—hop-nobbing—actually chumming in as it were—with one of the rulers of the earth; a president of a republic. There was a great uplifting of heart, which was suddenly checked by the remembrance that I (at present the companion of a potentate) would return to my own country and have the bell rung on me by a street car driver just the same as if I had never known any president beyond the head man in a building and loan association. Such is life. The beverage was brought, as heretofore mentioned, by a colored man addressed as "Mr. Ross," who took up a position behind the president's chair from whence he silently but actively participated in the conversation, nodding approvingly when something pleased him that was said, and again expressing unqualified dissent. He was from Richmond, Va., having come out just at the close of the war. He had formerly belonged to one of the most prominent families there, and seemed exceedingly delighted when given some tidings of them. We took our leave after a very pleasant visit. The president, in common with all Liberia, seems fully impressed with the importance of encouraging immigration from America. The question as to the

NEGRO'S ABILITY TO GOVERN HIMSELF

is not decided by Liberia. That government is as yet an experiment, of the result of which it is difficult to form any forecast. The Liberian people have not even a general name, having not attained to the dignity of a nation, and being beyond a tribe. Whether the world will ever see a great negro nationality is yet to be determined. There is nothing now on which to form a judgment. They have borrowed from the United States a form and system of government designed for an intelligent, virtuous and progressive people, which they are applying to a people with as little virtue and far less intelligence, and apparently utterly lacking the progressiveness of the American. The negro has not had as yet a fair chance. It must be remembered that this is his first attempt in a really civilized state to rule himself by himself. It is, perhaps, fortunate that there has been no promiscuous streaming in of newly-freed and ignorant slaves. The absence of this has afforded an opportunity for the laying of a foundation of partial education and civilization, on which to build. This, of course, has its evils, already hinted at. Every man is a proprietor and master. What is wanted now is manual labor and population. As this comes in, one of two things must happen. Either the people will learn what is wanted, and improve the government, or, in blind dissatisfaction, they will overturn it, and anarchy will ensue. The present

SYSTEM OF GOVERNMENT

is too cumbrous and expensive, and encourages petty ambition for offices.—When Dr. Johnson said that patriotism was the last resort of a scoundrel, he might have added, "and a loafer;" besides which it is a well established fact that rascality and loafing are usually the last resorts of a "patriot." The pernicious doctrine that to be elected to some office by an unreasoning, dirty and fickle population is a worthy ambition, seems very prevalent here. Consequently large numbers of men who might be developing the country and themselves, are constantly engaged in either seeking or holding office. Liberia, with her 3,500 voters, is a pettier and meaner edition of the cesspool of American politics. Dozens of miserable small holders of miserable small offices are loafing around destroying themselves and eating up the land. There is more than one instance of men who have relinquished business which was a benefit to themselves and the community to participate in the struggle for some trifling office. To sum up, politics seems destined to be

THE CURSE OF THE COUNTRY,

as it is of nearly every other. Here is what these three thousand five hundred voters elect, and what they pay:

Office.		*Cost.*
President, salary	$2,500	
Private clerk	300	
Runner	50	
Butler	200	
Table expenses	800	
		$ 3,850
Vice President		600
Chief Justice		900
Secretary of State, salary	$1,000	
Clerk	300	
Runner	50	
		1,350
Attorney General		700
Comptroller General		700
Treasurer		500
Auditor		700
Legislative expenses		13,000
Postmaster General		200
Associate Justices		1,500
Officeholders general government		$25,350
Four judges' court quarter sessions (1 for each county) $700 per annum each		$ 2,800.00
Four judges monthly and probate courts, $300 each		1,200.00
Three county superintendents and clerks		1,500.00
Four county attorneys		1,600.00
Three county district attorneys		235.00
Two local superintendents		425.00
Six collectors of customs		2,825.00
Four postmasters		275.00
Three "chairmen" courts		300.00
Six commissionaries		635.00
Five jailers		800.00
Two lighthouse keepers		380.00
Five sub-treasurers		1,050.00
Four customhouse clerks		450.00
Three county auditors		900.00
Officeholders four counties		$14,875.00
Total cost, 116 officeholders		$40,225.00
Besides all this comes contingent fund gen'l government		$ 2,000.00
Navy (one cutter)		5,000.00
Public printing		1,000.00
Revising statutes		3,000.00
Lighthouse expenses		150.00
Supreme Court		1,000.00
English postage		1,168.58
Consul General, London		600.00
Stationery		100.00
War expenses		1,566.16
Liberia College		600.00
Total		$16,184.74
Surveying, plotting counties		$ 500.00
Contingent funds of counties		3,450.00
County judicial expenses		15,500.00
County public schools		6,400.00
County pensions		2,350.00
"Rents" (presumably offices for county officeholders)		920.00
Stationery (for use of county officeholders)		470.00
"Interest on deposit" in four counties		3,300.00
Outstanding claims (four counties)		12,983.15
Fortifications, and other military expenses		6,000.00
Public buildings, bridges and improvements		26,075.00
Total		$77,948.15
Total expenditures general and county governments		$134,357.39
Subtract from this:		
Public schools and Liberia College	$ 7,000	
Public buildings, surveying, &c.	26,575	
		$33,575

and we have the cost of running the government for 3,500 voters—$101,782.89, or, ciphering in round numbers, about $29 for each voter. I have estimated the number of office-holders from the legislative appropriation list for 1876–77. The above 116 does not include a host of magistrates, constables, police and petty court officials, who generally pick up a precarious livelihood from small fees earned from petty squabblings among the neighbors, municipal officers, tax collectors, &c. From my observation, I think that a man and two smart boys could easily do all of the work of the general government.

A. B. WILLIAMS.

HAMPTON AT EDGEFIELD.

Second Anniversary of Chamberlain's Discomfiture.

EDGEFIELD, August 12.

The circumstances of Gov. Hampton's reception at Edgefield have been already detailed with sufficient particularity to inform all your readers familiar with the conduct of the last campaign as to its general features, and what is omitted to be mentioned may readily be supplied from imagination in the recollection of any one familiar with the events and scenes of 1876.

The speaking took place at the Old Academy Green, about a mile from the Village of Edgefield, which spot had been appropriately chosen, as it was the scene of Chamberlain's discomfiture in '76, and of the numerous Radical powwows which have been held in the county since the war. A substantial platform had been erected (great care having been taken to secure it against the possibility of such an ominous fall as Chamberlain experienced at the same spot,) and this was filled with representative gentlemen of the county, and surrounded by a crowd of "both races and all ages," who had assembled to see the campaign well opened. At 11:30 the Governor ascended the stand, and after introduction by the Hon. J. C. Sheppard, he said:

HAMPTON'S SPEECH.

My Fellow-Citizens of Edgefield:

Your distinguished representative has just well said that in all civilized countries, in all ages, the custom has obtained of celebrating the anniversary of those events which have brought triumph or prosperity or deliverance to a people, and in accordance with this time-honored usage you meet here to-day to commemorate, with pride and with gratitude, this day on which two years ago the great contests for honest government and Home Rule was inaugurated in South Carolina. You come, too, to pledge afresh your faith to those ever-living principles which not only gave life and truth and power to that memorable struggle, but won for us a victory unparalleled in the annals of political history. It is, therefore, not only natural but proper that the brave sons and fair daughters of old Edgefield should hail the recurrence of this day with patriotic ardor, and claim with justifiable pride that it was the first day of that new revolution which lifted the "Prostrate State" from the abyss of shame and ruin into which alien hands had plunged her, to restore her to her proud hereditary place amid the sisterhood of equal States.

It is right, too, while the light of our last great victory still glows upon our banner that we should, as we unfold it once again, inscribe upon it the watchwords which led us to triumph. We give it again to-day "to the battle and the breeze," with Right, Truth and Justice emblazoned on its folds, and with our old battle cry, "God and our Fatherland," we go forth conquering and to conquer! [Applause.] No more appropriate time could have been chosen to display our honored banner than this day. No more fitting place than here! Our Convention, with a harmony auguring success, and with a unanimity as rare as it was gratifying, have selected as our standard-bearers the same who had the good fortune to bear our flag to victory in '76. For myself, I recognize and appreciate the honor done me, and, in accepting the unanimous nomination tendered me, I do so with a profound sense of the grave responsibility imposed, with a firm determination to carry out in good faith the principles first reiterated by the Democratic party, and with the assured and fervent hope that the men who proved in '76 that they could rescue a State from ruin, will show in '78 that they intend to preserve it. It is useless for me to renew the pledges I have given, for I would fain hope that my official record of the past is the best guaranty I can give my fellow-citizens for the future. Their continued confidence in the rectitude of my purposes has been the highest honor of my life—the greatest support amid the responsibilities of my position, and the most cherished reward of my labors.

A PICTURE OF GRANT.

We enter this contest under far different and more auspicious circumstances than the last. Then, the whole power of the Federal and State governments was brought to bear to crush us. All the political machinery of the State, wielded by men totally unscrupulous in the use of it, was directed to the sole end of perpetuating a rule which was a disgrace to civilization and an offence to Heaven. Bayonets in the hands of the paid soldiery of the common country gleamed, in palpable violation of the Constitution of that country, at every polling place in our State. Our people, broken by years of misrule and oppression, were almost hopeless. We had as the Chief Executive of the United States a man whose highest conception of the law was embodied in the findings of a court-martial, and whose disgraceful ignorance of the Constitution of the country was only equalled by his shameless disregard of its most sacred obligations. Brutal, ignorant and drunken, he hesitated not to crush the people of the South by the power of a paid soldiery. With an armed hand upon their throats he attempted to stifle the breath of their liberty, and placing the iron heel of military oppression upon one of the thirteen original States of the Union, he reduced it to a military satrapy. We were confronted at home by an enemy bold, confident and defiant, thoroughly disciplined and bound compactly together by the cohesive power of public plunder. Driven almost to desperation and trusting alone in the justice of our cause, and recognizing the supreme necessity of saving our State, our people, by a common impulse, with one heart, dedicated themselves to the patriotic work, and after a struggle as arduous and as heroic as ever waged, redeemed the fair land of their fathers and covered themselves with glory. They achieved success against every probability. They worked out a political miracle greater than any ever achieved by a people, and they accomplished this because they were true to themselves and to their principles.

HAMPTON'S SKETCH OF HAYES.

What is our position now? The Chief Executive of the country is one who, however much we may differ from him politically, we yet recognize as a gentleman, and one who deserves our respect and gratitude for having, in defiance of the passionate appeals of partisans, restored local self-government to Louisiana and South Carolina. By his act the military was subordinated to the civil authority; the armed soldiers of the United States who had for months bivouacked within the walls of our capitol, were withdrawn, thus showing his condemnation of that greatest crime ever perpetrated against liberty on this continent. By giving to us our rights he has placed South Carolina on the plane of equality with her sister States, where she may move forward and fulfil the glorious destiny before her.

THE DANGER OF FALSE SECURITY.

You know how desperate was the struggle before the last fight. I do not come now to lull you into a false security. I do not say to you that you have everything your own way, and have but to nominate your candidates. I say that I believe this campaign is fraught with almost equal danger as the last. We had then an open fight to make. We had an organized and disciplined foe to encounter in the field. We knew just what we had to expect, and every man worked as though the destiny of the State depended upon his own individual resources. All this is changed. My opinion is that the Republican Convention did not nominate a State ticket last week because they knew that if they did we would have every man in the State rallying to our standard, and we would gain a victory grander than the last.

THE RADICAL CONVENTION.

Not having the manliness to endorse the administration of the last two years—though many of them had been sent to Columbia with instructions to do so, and though many had told me they desired to do so—they have endeavored to make political capital for the Northern Radicals by enunciating a platform as false as false can be. They charge that they have not put a ticket in the field because they could not do that without personal danger, and they passed that resolution in the capitol of South Carolina, within hearing of the Executive of the State, and when they had entire control of the State House, placed in their hands by the Democracy of South Carolina for the purposes of making such nominations. They did not place a ticket in the field because they knew it would meet with certain defeat; and I warn you now that this course has been pursued (as I warned members of the Legislature months ago that it would be pursued) for the purpose of devoting their every energy to controlling the ensuing Legislature. They have not put a ticket in the field, but I tell you that in every county where they think they have a shadow of a chance of success they will make a determined fight for the Legislature.

INDEPENDENT CANDIDATES.

If there is a man in South Carolina, in one single district, who is base enough to forsake his party at this time and head an independent ticket, the Radicals will rally to his support, and you will be stricken down in the house of your friends.

You have no easy work before you! The people of this State must again rally to their standard as they did before, and must devote every energy, might, means and work and their prayers to this great cause; for, if we lose the Legislature, we lose all that we have fought for—all that we have so hardly won.

A MATTER OF LIFE AND DEATH.

It is a matter of very little moment—as I told the people of Anderson—who may be your Governor, but it is a matter of life and death to this old land of ours that we have a Legislature representing the manhood, civilization, intelligence and virtue of South Carolina. That is your objective point; and if my words could reach every man in South Carolina, if I could but incite each one to renewed efforts, to even greater efforts than in the campaign of '76, I would say to him in all truth and solemnity, that he must work now, and until the 5th of November, as if the destiny of the State depended on his work alone. I have warned you of your danger. If, being warned, you are true to yourselves—(*I know* the people of Edgefield will be true. [Cheers.] I speak to the whole State)—if the Democratic party of the State will be true to itself, I predict that you will win an overwhelming victory.

You may remember that when two years ago I stood upon this spot and declared then that we would win, there were then in the minds of many of my hearers grave doubts as to our success; but never—from the 15th of August, when I accepted the nomination—never from that day until the 7th of November did I have one doubt that the Democratic party would win. I knew we would win. I knew we had Right and Truth and Justice on our side, and that the God of our fathers would help us if we helped ourselves.

WE CAN WIN AGAIN.

And you can win again, and victory *note* means more than you may think. It means giving you the Legislature—directing the laws of this county; shaping them for the common good. It means all that we have cherished in the past and all we hope for in the future. It means more, if possible, than that. Victory in 1878 means victory in 1880, and victory in 1880 for the National Democratic party, means peace for the whole country—restoration of harmony and fraternity, and the observance of the Constitution of the country as it was framed by our fathers. That is our highest aim and object, and we must look to that because, until a National Democratic party comes into power, we never shall be safe from a recurrence of these sporadic efforts of the Republicans against it. And you can win by planting yourselves squarely and firmly on that glorious platform given to you by the Democratic Convention, by devoting yourselves to this work; and I say to you that you must win! I know that the men who in '76 proved that they could lift the State from ruin will show in '78 that they intend to preser