



"Be True to Your Word, Your Work and Your Country."

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SENATOR HAMPTON.

His Words of Warning and Wisdom at Columbia—Counsels Unity in the Democratic Party.

Columbia Register.
At 11:15 Chairman Sloan called the meeting to order and announced that the Rev. Dr. Ellison Capers would open with prayer.

Rev. Dr. Capers invoked the Divine blessing as follows:
Almighty God, the fountain of all wisdom, who knoweth our necessities before we ask, and our ignorance in asking, we humbly beseech Thee to have compassion on our infirmities and those things which for our unworthiness we dare not and for our blindness we cannot, ask. Forgive us all our sins for Jesus Christ's sake. And O, God, who dost from thy throne in heaven behold all the dwellers on earth, most heartily we beseech Thy favor and blessings upon Thy servants, the Governor of the State, the officers of the State, our good people and all in authority over us. And so replenish them with Thy grace and holy spirit that they may always be inclined to walk in Thy ways. And O, Gracious Father, we especially invoke Thy blessings upon these Thy servants assembled here. Be gracious to direct all the consultations to the advancement of Thy good and Thy church, and the safety and honor and welfare of our whole people. And let all things be at last settled upon the basis of the surest foundation, truth and justice, religion and piety. Mercifully grant Thy holy spirit in our hearts may direct and rule us through Jesus Christ our Lord: Amen.

GETTING READY TO LISTEN.
As the meeting was opened and the people began to collect near to the stand, some from the seats, but many new arrivals, and the big crowd expected gradually began to materialize.

An old man in the front ranks of the crowd called for three cheers for General Hampton, and the same was given with right good will.

Constant accessions soon so enlarged the audience that the faint-hearted ones, who at the outset had feared that the meeting would fail to reach the magnitude expected, were reassured, and might well be.

Almost the entire space between the stand and the new building was occupied by a crowd which could not for the hot rays of the sun, nor the fatigue of standing so long as they could, see and hear the speakers. The umbrellas raised to temper the former, however, gave this portion of the assemblage the appearance of a sea of umbrellas, with waves of silk, serge and alpaca. Beneath was a "sea of faces," however, honest, earnest, intelligent faces, filled with interest and beaming with delight or clouded with frowns as the points made, or sought to be made, commanded their approval and sympathy or their condemnation.

STARTING THE SPEAKING.
After a brief interval for the arrival of late comers; Chairman Sloan advanced to the front of the stand and motioned for attention.

Chairman Sloan spoke in substance as follows:

Ladies and gentleman and fellow Democrats: I appeal to you to-day for order and for peace. I appeal to you to give to each speaker a respectful hearing. We must have order. We intend to have it, peacefully if you wish it, otherwise if you demand it.

The first speaker I have the pleasure of introducing to you the Hon. Wade Hampton, (loud cheers) that grand hero of South Carolina, who in all her emergencies of war or peace has ever had her true welfare at heart and never has been found lacking. (Tremendous cheering.) He has come from far off lands and has been on the cars for days and nights to reach this place in order to discuss the issues of the day—issues that threaten the disruption of our party and the demoralization of the grand old State.

AN OVATION TO HAMPTON.

As Senator Hampton rose to speak he was made the recipient of an ovation such as might justly fill the heart of any man with pride. A tremendous chorus of shouts and cheers rose. Men waved their hats and tossed them aloft, and cheered and cheered again. The ladies waved their handkerchiefs, the band's

strains were drowned in the almost deafening welcome tendered South Carolina's senior Senator. This continued for minutes, and as in a comparative hush the notes of "Dixie" were heard the people went wild again, and it was only when the County Chairman signed for silence that the cheering ceased and Senator Hampton was allowed to proceed.

THE OLD WAR HORSE WAS IN HIS BEST FORM, LOOKING THE EMBODIMENT OF POWER.

As he gradually warmed up in spirit by the importance of the occasion and the interest of his theme he paced the platform, and shoved back the sleeves of the thin coat he wore and emphasized his points with forceful gesture.

SENATOR WADE HAMPTON'S SPEECH.

Mr. Chairman and my fellow citizens of South Carolina: The warmth of the greeting that you have given me has touched my heart so that I have hardly words with which to thank you. I have come in obedience to the call of the Executive Committee of this my own County, that County whose people for years and years past have given me every honor in their power, and whom I have tried to serve with every energy of my heart, my arm or my tongue—that I might come here to speak to them to-day of the grave issues—the gravest I may say that have touched our State since 1876; that I might consult with our Democratic friends how best to preserve not only the Democratic party, but the welfare and prosperity of all the people of the South. I have come to see the survivors 1876, those men whose heroism, whose devoted efforts whose sublime courage, redeemed the State from rule more disgraceful more humiliating, more ruinous than ever a civilized people were subjected to; I have come to meet them again, to look into the faces of the men who sustained me 1876, to have counsel with them, to ask them, what we shall do, and to listen to what they may have to say.

My friends, before I begin to discuss the issues, let me say that I concur heartily with what the Chairman has said. I implore you to treat every candidate to-day in the most respectful manner, for I am ashamed to say that has not been done in some of the meetings in South Carolina. When I saw in the papers the other day that that old hero who had led South Carolina in the jaws of death, and who bears upon his body honorable scars to show his devotion to South Carolina—[cheers]—when I saw that a South Carolina audience could insult General Bratton—[cheers]—I thought: Good God! how the memories of '61, '65 and '76 have been obliterated, and of all that had been done by the men who tried to serve South Carolina, has it all been forgotten? Oh, my friends, let that not be said of Richland County. Treat every man with respect; hear everything. We are told that this is to be a campaign of education. Let it be so; but how can it be unless all the speakers are given a respectful and attentive audience? And I ask it not only for those here, but I ask for myself that you will hear me for my cause, for my cause is the one that has been next to my heart and of my heart—my cause is South Carolina's cause. [Cheers.]

I HAVE COME, MY FRIENDS, TO DISCUSS MEASURES, PRINCIPLES AND POLICY NOT MEN. IT WOULD BE EMINENTLY IMPROPER IN ME EITHER TO ADVOCATE THE CLAIMS OF ANY CANDIDATE, OR TO CONDEMN OR CRITICIZE ANY ONE WITH WHOSE VIEWS, WITH WHOSE METHODS AND WITH WHOSE POLICY I DO NOT AGREE.

It would be improper and indelicate, and I have no idea of so doing. Every citizen in South Carolina has a right to seek office. It is a laudable ambition, and if that will inspire him to seek it by honorable means and honorable methods, I know of no higher cause in which man can engage himself. But we are now confronted

WITH THE GRAVEST ISSUES.

We have had to meet in years past. I come here and find division among Democrats of South Carolina.

When I remember the scene that I witnessed on this very spot, in '76, this space was packed with men who had gone through the campaign (for this was the last meeting); when I remember that those galleries were filled with fair and devoted women, who contributed so much to our success; when I remember the children were enrolled in our ranks, and prayed for the success of the Democratic party, when I remember that we all stood side by side and shoulder to shoulder to meet a common enemy, I confess that my heart sinks when I see this division amongst ourselves.

It is said to be only family quarrel but, my friends, you know no quarrel in the world can be so bitter

as a family quarrel. We are told that both factions are of the Democratic party—Democrats they doubtless are. In the ranks of both are honest, conscientious, patriotic men, recognize that; I know it; I appreciate it. I do all honor to men who are following convictions. But, my friends, let me tell you that we needn't go very far for a pregnant lesson to teach us.

WHAT WILL BE THE RESULT OF A DIVISION IN THE DEMOCRATIC RANKS.

Look at our old sister commonwealth, the State of Virginia. You all remember that when Hancock was nominated for President that Mahone placed in the field an electoral ticket in opposition to the regular constituted one, and yet they all declared that they were Democrats. And what was the result? The State was lost. Mahone became a Readjuster an Independent, and as an Independent Democrat as he claimed himself to be he was elected to the United States Senate. In his first utterance there he said that he was a better Democrat than the Senator from Georgia, Ben Hill. And yet, my friends, immediately thereafter he sold himself to the Republicans and became a most bitter and malignant enemy to his own people. [Cheers.] Thank God, the Old Dominion has redeemed herself, and Mahone is consigned to the infamy he deserves, and I hope to perpetual oblivion. And I pray to God that such may be the fate of all such renegades and independents as he. [A pandemonium of applause.]

Now, my friends, that is a lesson we should take home to ourselves. I tell you that.

IF WE DIVIDE WE SHALL FALL.

An easy conquest to our enemies. United we can defy all attacks. Do you not see that even now on the calendars of Congress are election laws framed by our bitter enemies, and which will leave the Federal elections practically in the hands of United States supervisors; and our members of Congress will be certified by Federal Judges instead of by the authorities of South Carolina? It is a frightful danger before us.

WE MUST STAND TOGETHER,

or we shall surely fail. It is said that there is a great depression in the farming interests of the South—not only in the South, but throughout the whole country. I know that. My friends, I feel it, and I need not say to you that I sympathize with the farmers, for I have been one during my whole life, and it is an occupation of all others most congenial to me. But what laws can be passed by a Legislature, or how can a Governor of South Carolina help the farmers? How can the Governor of South Carolina, whose functions are only advisory, and who cannot pass laws—who cannot have any more effect in passing upon the laws of South Carolina than the President of the United States—how can help the people is beyond my comprehension.

We want good government. We want justice done to every one, and it can only be done by the people of South Carolina taking everything in to their own hands. As I have said we have been called slaves and serfs. I believe I am free, I believe every man in South Carolina is free. And if you complain that there has been any wrong in packing of counties, or anything of that sort in South Carolina, I say to your face THE PEOPLE THEMSELVES ARE TO BLAME.

If the people do not choose good men for their conventions, or in their primaries they do not choose good men, it is because the people themselves do not take interest enough in the elections to do their proper share of the work. I say that conventions can be conducted in a perfectly proper and straightforward manner.

I have no objections to primaries. I would be perfectly willing that every Democratic in the State should express his vote at the polls. But I say that the people in South Carolina have been as free from all wrong from all aristocracy—I do not know what aristocracy is. God knows I do not know. I do not recognize anybody in South Carolina as common people. I recognize every true Democrat, and especially if he is a man who stood by me in the war, or the son of such a man, I recognize. [Loud cheers.] Talk of aristocracy in South Carolina. If there is any man here who followed me during the war I appeal to him to bear me witness that I treated every man in the ragged jacket as well as I did the man that wore the stars on

his coat. [Voices from the crowd: "You did so"—loud cheers for Hampton.] They were not only my equals but my superiors, because, the private soldier, the man who stood more the brunt of the battle and the privations of war, had less of the credit than the officer. [Cheers.]

THE SUB-TREASURY SCHEME.

Now, my friends, you have seen the proposition that they have brought into Congress, that they call the Sub-Treasury or warehouse system, and our distinguished Senator from California, Senator Stanford, introduced a bill the other day by which he proposes to lend money to the farmers, on mortgages, at 1 per cent., and then he very innocently adds that these men can make a good deal by lending out this money at 6 and 7 per cent. I hardly think that Mr. Stanford with his millions, when he was a railroad president, would have conducted his business on that line. I hardly think it would be a good speculation for the United States government to lend money at 1 per cent., and pay 4 for borrowing it. And beyond all, neither of the measures can pass because both are unconstitutional.

IT IS NOT THE LAWS OF THE STATE,

that have been oppressing the farmers, but it is the Federal law. There's where the pressure is brought upon the farmers, the laboring and industrial interests. Protection! I am not for free trade, I am not for it because it is impracticable. Because I say the farming interests should receive all the benefit—

EARLE'S CORDIAL WELCOME.

Of a sudden a wild yell of joy rose from those on the outskirts of the crowd. The cause was soon apparent: at the head of the delegation from Sumter and other near by towns, two hundred strong, marched across the arena Attorney General Earle. As the people realized who had come, they showed their appreciation of the bold and fearless defender of South Carolina's fair fame by resounding cheers. General Earle's progress to the stand was a triumphal march. The people's hearts were full of sentiments which could find vent only in shouts and hurrahs, and evinced the strong hold the General has gained on Richland Democrats as well as those of the rest of the State.

NOTING THE DISTINGUISHED ARRIVAL.

Now, my friends, I notice another has come, and I do not propose to detain you any longer. If you will give me three minutes more I will conclude, and you will be as glad as I will be. I only want to say a few words in conclusion as to the motive which brought me here. In every canvass since 1876 I have taken the part which the Executive Committee has assigned me. I have worked for the supremacy of the Democratic party. When you placed the flag of the Democracy in our State, House, from that day to this I have felt the supremest interest in the success of that grand old party, and I have come down here to appeal to the men who once listened to me, who once trusted me, who once had confidence in me—I have come to appeal to them, as I would to my old brigades on the eve of going into action, to stand shoulder to shoulder.

I implore you, men of South Carolina, not to forget the past. I implore you not to allow passion or prejudice to detract your reason. It is useless to say that we are all Democrats, and it is useless to say you are all Democrats when we do anything that may divide the Democratic party. [Cheers.] Stand together, I implore you. I have no personal interest in this canvass. I can have none. The people of South Carolina have bestowed upon me every honor in their gift, and as I stand here under the gentle skies of my native soil, I declare to you on my honor I would rather be Governor of South Carolina than to be president of the United States. [Loud applause.] You have bestowed every honor upon me which I value, and I value still more than all the political honors the kindness and affection which have been showered upon me by the good people of South Carolina.

A PATHETIC ALLUSION.

My career must soon close. In the natural course of events I cannot hope to be here much longer. I hope to God that when the time comes I shall rest forever in the soil

which gave me birth, and that my eyes will look over a happy, prosperous and united people. I hope that the merciful God may show every blessing upon the people; and I end by saying: "God save the old State." [Loud and continued applause.]

TO STEAL THE NEXT HOUSE.

A Halt to Republican Violence—Reckless Partisans.

The Federal election bill, forced through the party caucus of the House on Monday evening last, says the Philadelphia Times editorially in to-day's issue, is so monstrous in its revolutionary features that Speaker Reed and his fellow conspirators, in the attempt to maintain political power by violence, feared to allow the Republican Congressman to see its provisions until the caucus was ready to ply the lash.

The bill is modified only in its least offensive features, while all the revolutionary provisions of both the bills presented are retained. It is, in brief, a bill to enable an irresponsible partisan Board of Federal Canvassers, not answerable to the people of a State or their laws, to declare who is elected to Congress in each district of the State, and the Clerk of the House is required to place only the names of persons so certified on the roll of the House for the organization of the body, under penalty of fine or imprisonment.

The House once organized under this revolutionary method, there could be no redress; no matter how sweeping the violence of the fraud; and the fact that the authors of this bill have seated contestants who were beaten four to one at their home elections, proves the purpose of Speaker Reed and his fellow revolutionists to steal the next House from the people. They know that they will lose it; they mean to steal the power that the people refuse them.

This bill is preceded by a judicial bill, authorizing the appointment of many new Federal Judges, so that the source of the election supervisors shall be surely partisan; and every Congressional district of each State is to be registered, practically counted and certified by a partisan Federal Board, whose decision shall be absolutely final in compelling the Clerk of the House to accept the return.

More than five millions of voters will be voiceless in either making these election returns or in convicting or punishing the burglary of the ballot. In the South it is to be a return to the carpet-bag returning boards of 1876, which brought consuming shame upon the republic and ended Republican power in every Southern State, and in the North in the North it is handed over to the Dudleys and Davenportes the absolute manufacture of certificates of election for Congressmen. It is simply bald, reckless, wicked revolutionary, and none can mistake its meaning.

When the Bourbon Democrats were convulsing the nation with their death throes by the Lecompton revolutionary political methods, of which the new Federal election bill is the legitimate spawn, they were content to attempt the theft of a State by violence and fraud; but Speaker Reed and his Jacobin followers now adopt the old Lecompton methods of the Democrats, which cost them nearly a generation of defeats, and flaunt the crime in the face of every State in the Union.

But there were brave Democrats in the Lecompton days to revolt and declare the truth to the people. Where are the Douglasses, the Harrises, the Hickmans, the Montgomeries, the Haskins of the Republican party of to-day? Are there none manly enough to call the halt and enforce obedience to the command? One brave man could do it; but thus far not one of all the Republicans of the House has won the title of statesmen and patriot; not one.

Above all let Pennsylvania call a halt in this fearful wrong. No Philadelphia Congressman can vote for such a measure without swelling the adverse tide now visibly confronting him, and even Pennsylvania, with her boasted 80,000 Republican majority, will revolt against

such ignoble and violent leadership. The halt must be called in Congress, or the people will call it in cyclonic voice in every section of the country. Who will call the halt?

Pure Bosh.

Columbia Register.

The Charleston World of yesterday gives us a leader on the "True Issue," which is intended for a history of South Carolina civilization but which is the purest bosh in the world. It is exactly what a cultivated Yankee of a placable disposition would have written about the people of this State. All that polished and refined society of the colonial period, that cultivated and enlightened aristocracy, is pure humbug. There was, of course, some culture and a considerable social grace among these people as soon as they acquired wealth. But the early people of this State for the most part were strong, vigorous people who had risen out of straitened circumstances, if not actual poverty, into competency if not large wealth.

This was so up to the very Revolution, and the manners of these people were more indicative of strong self-conscious manhood—of men who had made their own way in the world—than of all that sweet mannered gentility we hear so much talk about now.

The truth is there was scarcely an important family in the State up to the very deluge of secession that had not come out of the honest manhood of some self-made ancestor. It is odious to call names to illustrate this fact, but there is one whole class of our people recognized not only in the State but out of it as among the most enlightened, cultivated and honored expressions of our civilization—the Huguenots—whose original stock were artisans. That is a notorious fact in our social history. And many, if not all, of our people of English blood rose out of just as humble beginnings. Our Scotch-Irish population, among the strongest of the several families who built up Carolina society, were a strong, manly, but rough race, who were accustomed to call a spade a spade at all times; and they do it yet. Hence all this talk about the population of the State being divided into four classes proper, the planter, the farmer, the cotter and the squatter, is humbug. We know, as any man knows who has a proper reckoning of Carolina life, that these humbler classes were constantly coming up in the scale, so that there were men of large wealth in one generation who came out of the very humblest classes of another generation. The instances are too frequent all over the State to be treated as exceptional. Any man of acquaintance with the people of our State who will consult the truth must see far himself, however much of snobbishness he may find around him, that there has ever been a broad, honest manhood that has at all times held control of our affairs in South Carolina—held it socially, morally and intellectually, and hence, of course, politically. It is only necessary to run over the list of our great leaders in any line of life to see that this Carolina people have been the underlings of no set of men God ever made. And we have yet to find the man of true self-respect in South Carolina, however humble his station in life, that failed to secure the respect of his fellows in every other condition of life.

We deny with scorn and indignation that there ever has been a time in this commonwealth when men, who were worth calling men, were made to disown their manhood in the presence of any other man of woman born. Let "dancing dogs" feel otherwise, no man who has the heart of a man and a gentleman within him will ever confess for his neighbors, however humble their lot in life, that they have been spit upon and resented it not. It is a mean and ignoble nature who would crawl into place and position upon the miserable cry of that "poor whites" invented by some Yankee moralist who had no more knowledge of the people of whom he talked than he had of so many Kamschatkans. Out with it and down with it.

Tillman vs Hampton.

Captain Tillman has not denied or disputed the statement that he is working to step from the Governor's place into the seat in the United States Senate now occupied by Wade Hampton.

The indications are that if he is elected Governor he will be a more complete and despotic boss than this State has ever been cursed with. His methods have all been those of the boss. He tried to boss two Democratic State Conventions and failed in both. He bossed and ran the Farmers' Movement Convention in March with the help of an improvised Charleston delegation and two Alliance delegates from Beaufort. He is the dictator and king of his faction of the party. If he is chosen Governor it will probably be with a Legislature elected on his ticket and completely subservient to his will.

We think it will be well for the men who followed Wade Hampton from 1861 to 1865 and in 1876 to ask themselves seriously whether they are willing to have him thrust from his seat in the Senate chamber in his old age to make room for Ben Tillman. We have opposed Senator Hampton in many things; but there is a sentiment among men which is a product of the best and highest part of their nature. It ought not to be overlooked even in politics. It ought to prevail even against prejudices artificially inflamed and passions cunningly stirred among the people.

Wade Hampton stands as the most prominent survivor of those who illustrated the courage and soldiery, the dash and chivalry of South Carolina on many battle fields. Around him cluster all the memories of the time, fourteen years ago, when South Carolinians were all South Carolinians, when high and low, up countrymen and coast people, were shoulder to shoulder, when the few rich spent their money like water and the many poor dared danger in the common cause, when with one mighty effort we rose as one man and overthrew oppression that was real and corruption that was proved. When he was in Richmond the other day he rode the streets erect and proud with his head bared in acknowledgement of the ringing cheers that hailed him everywhere as a noble representative of his State, a worthy type of the manly virtues and heroism of the cause in which he had fought.

The men who rode against the face of death behind him ought not to allow themselves to be hurried to forgetfulness of the fact that they loved and honored him; they ought not to let the clamor of politicians drive from them the recollection that where Hampton's sword flashed and struck South Carolina men followed him to glory and bowed out honor which will be a priceless heritage to their children's children. The blood of brave men once cemented the hearts of general and soldier; common sufferings, common danger and common triumph once bound us all together. These things should not be forgotten.

When an audacious scheme of politics has been successful and Wade Hampton is turned out in his old age, degraded and abandoned by the State he loves so well and has served so faithfully, it will be too late for repentance and sorrow. The wrong will have been done, the blow will have been struck against a gallant and loyal hero.—Greenville Daily News.

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