

# THE PEOPLE.

VOL. I

BARNWELL C. H., S. C., THURSDAY, AUGUST 1, 1878.

NO. 48.

**Special Requests.**  
1. In writing to this office on business always give your name and Post Office address.  
2. Business letters and communications to be published should be written on separate sheets, and the object of each clearly indicated by necessary note when required.  
3. Articles for publication should be written in a clear, legible hand, and on only one side of the page.  
4. All changes in advertisements must reach us on Friday.

## Travelers' Guide.

### South Carolina Railroad.

#### CHANGE OF SCHEDULE.

At Charleston, S. C.,  
Summerville Train,  
(Sundays excepted)  
Leave Summerville 7:40 a. m.  
Arrive Charleston 8:40 a. m.  
Leave Charleston 8:16 p. m.  
Arrive Summerville 9:25 p. m.  
Breakfast, Dinner and Supper at Branchville.  
London Train  
Connects at Hinesville daily (Sundays excepted) with the passenger train to and from Charleston. Passengers from Camden to Oconee can go through without detour at Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays; and from Columbia to Camden on Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays by connection with the passenger train.  
Day and night trains connect at Augusta with Georgia Railroad and Central Railroad. This route is the quickest and most direct to Atlanta, Nashville, Louisville, Cincinnati, Chicago, St. Louis and other points in the Northwest.  
Night trains for Augusta connect closely with the fast mail train via Meigs and Augusta Railroad for Meigs, Columbus, Montgomery, Mobile, New Orleans and points in the Southwest. (Thirty-six hours to New Orleans.)  
Day trains for Columbia connect closely with the Charleston Railroad for all points North, making quick time and no delays. (Forty hours to New York.)  
The trains on the Greenville and Columbia and Spartanburg and Union Railroads connect closely with the train which leaves Charleston at 5:00 a. m., and returning they connect in same manner with the train which leaves Columbia for Charleston at 5:30 p. m.  
Laurens Railroad train connects at Newberry on Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays.  
Blue Ridge Railroad train runs daily, connecting with upland train runs on Greenville and Columbia Railroad.  
S. S. SOLOMONS,  
Superintendent.  
S. B. FICKENS, General Ticket Agent.

## Savannah and Charleston Railroad Co.

#### CHANGE OF SCHEDULE.

CHARLESTON, S. C., Jan. 5, 1878.  
On and after Monday, January 7, 1878, the trains on this Road will leave Depot of Northeastern Railroad as follows:  
Fast Mail Daily.  
Leave Charleston 3:15 a. m.  
Arrive at Savannah 9:00 a. m.  
Leave Savannah 5:00 p. m.  
Arrive Charleston 11:00 p. m.  
Accommodation Train, Sundays Excepted.  
Leave Charleston 8:00 a. m.  
Arrive at Augusta 10:15 a. m.  
Arrive Port Royal 1:50 p. m.  
Leave Savannah 3:00 p. m.  
Leave Savannah 4:00 p. m.  
Leave Augusta 7:30 a. m.  
Leave Port Royal 10:20 a. m.  
Arrive Charleston 5:50 p. m.  
Night Passenger, Sundays Excepted.  
Leave Charleston 8:50 p. m.  
Arrive Port Royal 11:45 a. m.  
Leave Savannah 7:25 a. m.  
Leave Savannah 10:00 p. m.  
Leave Augusta 9:00 p. m.  
Arrive Charleston 8:45 a. m.  
Fast mail train will only stop at Adams Run, Tennessee, Greenville and Spartanburg. Accommodation train will stop at all stations on this road and makes close connection for Augusta and Port Royal, and all stations on the Port Royal Railroad.  
Fast mail makes connection for points in Florida and Georgia.  
C. S. GADSDEN, Engr. and Supt.  
S. C. BOSTON, G. F. and T. Agent.

## WILMINGTON, COLUMBIA AND AUGUSTA RAILROAD.

#### GENERAL PASSENGER DEPARTMENT.

COLUMBIA, S. C., August 6, 1877.

The following Schedule will be operated on and after this date:

#### Night Express Train—Daily.

##### GOING NORTH.

Leave Columbia 11:15 p. m.  
Leave Florence 2:40 a. m.  
Arrive at Wilmington 6:32 a. m.

##### GOING SOUTH.

Leave Wilmington 6:00 p. m.  
Leave Florence 10:02 p. m.  
Arrive at Columbia 1:25 a. m.

This Train is Fast Express, making through connections, all rail, North and South, and water line connection via Portmouth. Stop only at Eastover, Bluff, Timmonsville, Florence, Marion, Fair Bluff, Whiteville and Flemington.  
Through Tickets sold and baggage checked to all principal points. Pullman Sleepers on night trains.  
Through Freight Train—Daily, except Sundays.  
GOING NORTH.  
Leave Columbia 5:00 p. m.  
Leave Florence 8:40 a. m.  
Arrive at Wilmington 12:00 a. m.

##### GOING SOUTH.

Leave Wilmington 2:30 p. m.  
Leave Florence 2:35 a. m.  
Arrive at Columbia 10:10 a. m.

Local Freight Train leaves Columbia Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday only, at 6 a. m. Arrives at Florence at 8:30 p. m.  
A. POPE, G. F. & T. A.  
J. T. DEVINE, Superintendent.

## THE ROSE OF EDEN.

Fair Eve knelt close by the garland gate,  
In the glow of the Eastern spring,  
She saw the flash of the angel's sword and  
The sheen of the angel's wing.  
She thought, as she held her sobbing  
Breath, she could hear the happy sighs  
Of the tiny rivulets that fed the mosses of  
Paradise:  
I knew how the birds were fluttering,  
Among the clustering flowers  
Gorgeous blooms and arching trees  
At shadowed Eden's bowers,  
She cried aloud in an agony of wild,  
Oreful prayer:  
"O me and, but one, but one, from  
Hundreds that blossom there!"  
And as he heard her piteous wail, in  
Rave, angelic grace,  
He looked with a wistful tenderness  
The beautiful woman's face,  
Because it was so beautiful and be-  
cause she could not see  
Fair Eve the pure white cydamean,  
Shed dying at her knee;  
Because he knew this punishment  
Ough the weary years must burn,  
Through all things sweet and good on  
Earth her heart would for Eden yearn,  
So gathered a rich red rose, that grew  
Where the four great rivers meet,  
And flung it to the frail, fatal hands,  
That clasped imploring yet.  
And though for many a epoch past that  
Rose in dust has lain,  
With her who bore it on her breast, when  
She passed from life and pain,  
There is never a daughter of Eve but once,  
Ere the tale of her days is done,  
She will know the scent of the Eden rose,  
Just, one beneath the sun!  
And whatever dioses may win or lose,  
Endure, or die, or dare,  
She will never forget the sweet enchan-  
ment it gave to the common air:  
For the world may give her content or joy,  
Fame, sorrow or sacrifice,  
But the hour that brought the scent to the  
Rose, she lived in Paradise.  
—NALL THE YEAR ROUND.

## THE EMIGRANTS IN LIBERIA.

### THEIR DISSEMBARKATION AND RECEPTION AT MONROVIA.

First Impressions of "the Promised Land"—Pitiful Plight of the Black Pilgrims—Criminal Neglect of the Exodus Association.

(News and Courier.)

MONROVIA, LIBERIA, JUNE 17.—How the Azor left Sierra Leone in tow of the British mail steamer on the afternoon of the first of June and arrived here before day on the morning of the 3d has already been told. On the evening of the 3d we caught our first glimpse of Liberian soil in Grand Cape Mount, to which we passed close enough to make out the trees on its sides and top. Finally we stopped, and the anchor was let go and we were

### AT MONROVIA!

All we could see of Monrovia then was an exceedingly sickly light above and some distance off, said to be on the top of Cape Mesurado. About half-way up the hill a little house stood among the dark green trees. To the left (westward) of the cape was a wide bar, over which the breakers were rushing, and to the left of that again was a broad white beach fringed with trees. Behind the bar there was a glimpse of still water and a clump of trees. This was Monrovia, with its cape, as first seen. Some of the passengers began stoning it.

### LAND AHEAD, ITS FRUITS ARE WAVING.

Over its fields of endless green,  
And the living waters forming  
Shores where Heavenly forms are seen,  
But the Heavenly forms were seen about then, and the singing stopped. They consisted of

### A FLEET OF "DUG-OUT" CANOES.

each propelled by two or three gentlemen in the aforementioned "state of near nudity, with paddles shaped like a pointed spade, or a trowel bayonet. Each of the new arrivals had a dark blue line about an inch broad tattooed from the roots of his hair to the end of his nose, and it was discovered that all had on some clothes. Some had only a cloth, others a coat "and cloth, others a coat only, others a shirt, "one all three. They had each suspended about their necks a string of beads, and some small bags of "medicine." Some had hats, some gaugly trimmed smoking caps, some ridiculous woolen night caps. These fellows gabbled away among themselves in some heathenish and unknown dialect, with a great many "o's" and "ah's" and long "a's" in it. They occasionally addressed us in some few words of imperfect English. At once conceived the idea that they were the original interior. Their whole language seemed to be a series of intonations.

### BOARDED BY THE NATIVES.

The emigrants were the most disgusted and crestfallen looking set that ever I saw. They wandered disconsolately around inquiring anxiously of each other whether these were specimens of Liberians. "Why," said the passengers indignantly, "they can't even talk English." The mate stationed himself at the gangway and ordered every canoe to keep off, forbidding our visitors to fulfill their desire to come aboard. The rascals paddled around, however, and made a feat of climbing up the side, and when the vigilant officer rushed around to drive them back, their companions streamed

in over the gangway in such numbers and scattered about the ship so quickly that it was impossible to get them off except by inaugurating a knock-down and drag-out fight which would have been very unpleasant. The whole gang therefore got aboard. The head man immediately sought the captain, and produced their "books," i. e. their written recommendation of good character and working ability procured from various captains, and carried in water-tight tin tubes about twelve inches long by two thick, suspended about their necks. It then transpired that our new friends were Kroonmen, that is members of the Kroo Tribe of Africans. Detachments of this tribe, which is a very large one, are scattered up and down the west coast. They are amphibious palimps, and will do no work except on or in the water. Their perfect familiarity with the element, and their skill and endurance in rowing and working about ships render them an indispensable auxiliary to the trader along the coast, especially as there are few good harbors, the ports having generally, like Monrovia, only open roadsteads, the vessels being loaded or unloaded by small boats.

### THE KROONMAN.

A Kroonman will beg until you give him nineteen shillings, then charge you the odd one for a service worth a penny, and want his pay in advance. If they, as a people, have a single redeeming trait of character, I confess I have never seen it manifested. They seem "villains by necessity; fools by Heavenly compulsion; knaves, thieves and treacherous by spherical predominance; quankers, liars and adulterers by an enforced obedience to planetary influence." Their inordinate inquisitiveness, is unfettered by any conventional delicacy. I think they begin to chew tobacco when about 4 years old. I will have more to tell of these gentry further on. The cause of the blue marks on their noses is, however, curious enough to be recorded here. It seems that in the time when slave trade flourished the Kroons were a useful watermen as now. The slaves would, therefore, never purchase one, or only did so to sell him at liberty, fearing to incur the hostility of the tribe, and the Kroons adopted the blue mark, as a sign of their nationality which always protected them from purchase by the white men. They are very proud of having never been slaves, frequently tell the Liberians with the fact when a quarrel occurs. About 9 o'clock on the morning of our arrival, a large row boat, manned by eight Kroonmen, pulled out with the harbor-master and emigration commissioner, who came aboard. They bring

### THE FIRST AMERICO-LIBERIANS.

that we had seen were watched with much interest. The harbor-master is a young man, a quadroom, and was attired in a dark blue coat, brilliant, with tarnished gold shoulder straps and trimmings and buttons, while his head was ornamented with a white cork hat, from the back of which depended a pugaree (a scarf or veil of white cloth worn around the hat, and much affected by the hoods of the tropics). The rest of his dress was that of an ordinary civilian. The commissioner is also acting secretary of the State. He is about the same color as his companion, but taller and apparently several years older; and was made very sick by the swell. The appearance of these two well dressed and intelligent specimens of the inhabitants of the "Black Republic" was a great comfort to the emigrants, giving them assurance that there were at least some clothed and civilized beings ashore. Just here

### A SURPRISING DISCOVERY.

was made. It was found, from the statement of the visitors, that the Liberian government had received no notification whatever of the departure of the emigrants, or of any of the proceedings of the Liberian Exodus Association, or the Steamship Company. Nothing was known in Monrovia of the emigration except what had been gathered from stray copies of and extracts from THE NEWS AND COURIER. About 10 o'clock several of us went ashore in the harbor-master's boat. On the way we passed a small schooner, anchored just off the head of the Cape, bearing the name A. Lincoln, and were informed that she was a Liberian craft owned in Monrovia. We also learned that the dense green foliage which covered the Cape was the coffee tree, the hill being a coffee plantation belonging to the estate of President Roberts. A German bark also at anchor composed the remainder of the shipping in the roadstead. We pulled over the bar with no trouble, the surf being light. Now we were inside the Cape, and on the Mesurado River, which here is about half a mile wide. We pulled up to a small landing and disembarked. On our right here is a dark, empty-looking stone warehouse, and the ground is trodden bare, except a few desultory grass patches. To the left of this house stands a huge cotton tree, around whose roots is

wrapped a few coils of rusty chain. On either side the landing is a shallow muddy slip in which rest two or three boats similar to the one we came in. A few steps up the landing, and we reach four heavy partially dismantled stone walls, the remains of a burned warehouse. Then, walking single file in a narrow path through the thickly clustering wild yerbena growing from three to six feet high, we climb the hill over loose stones, and through occasional streaks of wet mud, caused by the trickling of some tinystream. On the hill we find a broad street, grown over with grass with cattle grazing in it, through which runs another narrow path, just wide enough for one man to walk in. As we went on I noticed the houses—generally stone—on either side. Many of them had windows broken and gaping, and all showed signs of repairs. Nearly every yard, like the street, was grown up in rank vegetation. On every side was the very

### ADMIRATION OF DESOLATION.

We did not meet a soul in the streets. Then we went to breakfast with dark forebodings of the character of the country. At this breakfast I repeated that novel experience of sitting at the table with colored folks. A piece of fresh fish, and the coffee were the only Liberian products on the table. The meat, the oysters and the vegetables were all canned goods from England. After breakfast, through the same paths through the same streets and by the same dilapidated houses, we visited the American Consul. The position is held here by Mr. M. A. Aenny, a Hollander, who fulfills its duties pending the appointment of a successor to J. Milton Turner, colored, the former consul, who has resigned and gone home. Our next expedition was to the customhouse, the entrance to which is on the main street. The streets are all broad and appear to intersect each other at the proper angles and distances. The original settlers seem to have had a care for that decency which Addison tells us is so nearly akin to virtue, for nearly all of the old houses are two story ones, well built of stone or brick, and arranged with an eye to architectural beauty, and about most of them were once neat stone fences surrounding large yards and gardens. These buildings are, however, fast going to rack and ruin, and the more modern, though hardly less dilapidated, edifices are of wood, and look what I would imagine to be an artistic architect's nightmare. Monrovia has between 2,000 and 3,000 inhabitants, and struggles over about a mile from the head of the Cape inland, extending about half way across (about half a mile) on the side opposite to which we landed. The town stops down in the woods somewhere. I walked across one, and found the dense growth of bananas, coconuts, mango, cotton and other trees, and undergrowth, which is termed here "the bush," terminating abruptly at the ragged back fences of the neighborhood.

### THE CUSTOMHOUSE.

was originally intended to be quite a handsome building, being of brick, with a deep porch, having high pillars supporting an upper portico, and being neatly divided off into the various offices. Nature here has done her best to conceal the original ugliness, and the neglect-fathered increase thereof, of man's handwork, and at a distance this structure looks very well. Going from the main street through an opening in a low stone wall, which surrounds a park about the size of a block in one of our American cities, the visitor approaches the customhouse on what was a long, narrow brick walk, but is now a mere succession of stumbling-blocks and pitfalls. On his right, at the corner of the park, stands the courthouse, a square brick building, about twenty by twenty, with numberless panes out of its windows, weather stained and generally indigent looking, as if the firm formerly doing business there under the name and style of Law & Equity had gone into bankruptcy and left the property in the hands of a neglectful assignee. The visitor ambles over the "walk" afterwards, ("stumbling" would be a more appropriate name for it), and has time to cast a morbid eye on the weeds and grass on either side of him. Some handsome trees branch over his head, and drip gold drops of rain water down the back of his shirt collar. Passing another opening he crosses an open space and reaches the customhouse. As he has already learned, to glimpse, he finds the brick floors of the portico sunken or projecting, the plastering falling and the glass broken. The business is all transacted in one room, and is quickly gotten through with, the floors being of average intelligence, and apparently disposed to be accommodating and business-like, which is a wonder, considering how little business there is to do. Then the official business disposed of, we stumbled back down hill to the water side, there being neither restaurant, nor hotel in Monrovia. I forgot to chronicle that half way up the stumble which leads through the park there is a plain neat

marble slab to the memory of some Liberian hero, which stands in just such a position that the unwary wayfarer may bark his shins and smash his features there against. I beg leave to apologize to the readers of the News and Courier for omitting to wind up this description of Monrovia with a quotation from "the deserted village." The fact is, however, that there are no books of "familiar quotations" or copies of Goldsmith accessible here. Besides that it is impossible to imagine Monrovia, as having ever been the loveliest village of the plain—especially as it is built on a hill. Apropos of this absence of Goldsmith, I would remark here a lamentable fact. In none of the many houses that I visited in Liberia did I see a book worthy of the name except the Bible. It is literally true that, with the exception of that, and a few school books, a hymn book or two, a small medical library, and a couple of those familiar Sunday school novels, (those cowardly introducers of a very few grains of flabby morality in an inferior sugar coating of flabber sentiment and diluted sensation,) I did not see a book, or an apology for a book, of any sort.

### THE LIBERIAN TASTE OF THE LIBERIANS.

seems to have expended itself in photograph albums, of which there are two or three or four or five to be found on every parlor table, the space intended for pictures gaping like open mouths. I really believe that much of the wonderful tasteless of the people proceeds from the utter lack of intellectual food. It seems as though no book at all were worse than the bad one, than which, Lord Bacon says, there is no worse robber. There are very few books from which some idea or information may not be extracted. I noticed that the supply of newspapers was also very limited. There were a few copies of the London papers, but America seemed almost entirely represented by the Washington Republican, the Toledo Blade and the News and Courier, which proves that some other things besides poverty make strange bed-fellows. We learned ashore, much to our relief, that having some ten days' notice of the arrival of the emigrants through the newspapers, the Liberian government had made arrangements to receive them. I will say for the Monroviacs that they seem to have actively aided the government in this matter. So, more by the mercy of Providence than good management on the part of the L. E. A. the emigrants were

### ASSURED OF A SHELTER.

for a time at least. This was especially welcome as the rainy season has just set in. If these poor people had been left to the tender mercies of the managers in Charleston, they would have arrived here unannounced, unexpected and unprovided for, and many of them without means, and their condition would have been deplorable indeed. When we returned to the Azor we were, of course, eagerly plied with questions, the kindest possible answers to which were that we had as yet seen nothing, and could judge of nothing. I confess that in my own mind I had grave misgivings. From what I could see, the land seemed anything but a Canaan. George Curtis had also gone ashore, and returned with glowing accounts of the feed he had had. Before he went he had set on foot a plot to hamper and injure the L. E. A., by whom he was sent out. He, ex-Senator Gaillard, Clement Irons, Rev. S. F. Flegler and Jackson Clark had been appointed a board of commissioners to attend to all the affairs of the Steamship Company and its emigrants on this side. The ex-Senator was elected chairman of the board, and on arrival here Curtis, who had anticipated the chairmanship, seceded, and formed a new board among the steerage passengers, of which he had himself elected chairman. Hastening ashore, he announced himself as the head of the Immigration by virtue of his chairmanship, and on the strength of his supposed official capacity was invited to sundry "heads," and regarded upon the part of the land. He went ashore again, before night, with his wife. Before taking the reader ashore again, I will give some general information regarding this

### NEW "LAND OF PROMISE."

Liberia lies on the west coast of Africa between the 4th and 7th parallels of latitude, and the 7th and 12th meridians of longitude. Her territory runs along the coast for about 600 miles, at a depth varying from 45 to 150 miles, the land having been generally acquired by purchase from the natives. The inhabitants consist of colored immigrants from America and their descendants, variously estimated in number from 8,000 to 20,000, there being no reliable census. From the best information I could get, I am inclined to think that they number from 12,000 to 15,000. Besides these there are a few native Africans taken from captured slave ships and brought here, uncivilized detachments of various native tribes, a number of civilized and semi-civilized natives scattered about among the Americo-Liberians, and

about a dozen white men, generally traders. The Government is called a Republic, and is in its general features, about in the form of our State Government. The Republic is divided into four counties—each having its own local government. The towns are governed by municipal officers, just as ours are. Monrovia, which is named after ex-President of the United States Monroe, is the capital of the country, although Grand Bassa, which is situated south of it on the coast, is said to greatly surpass it in the amount of business done. The Congress, or Legislature, is composed of sixteen representatives and nine senators. The Vice-President presides over the Senate, and the lower house elects its own chairman. Every head of a family is given by the Government twenty-five acres of land, and each male adult ten acres, selected from any unallotted lands. Only property-holders can vote, after taking the oath of allegiance. There is no prescribed term of residence before becoming a voter. No white man can hold property, and that race is, therefore, disfranchised. Going on deck after breakfast this morning, I met a strange colored man with whom I entered into conversation. He had, he said, come out from Lynchburg, Va., just after the war. In answer to my inquiries, he expressed himself as being delighted with the country. In some years, he said, he made from \$1,500 to \$2,000 a year. I was much pleased, being interested in the fate of the emigrants. "What is your occupation?" I asked. "An undertaker," was the cheerful response. That day

### THE EMIGRANTS BEGAN TO DISSEMBARK.

in large row boats furnished by the Government. Each family generally took with it its immediate personal effects, such as bedding, etc. Most of them arrayed themselves in their Sunday best to go ashore in, although a few adhered to the somewhat dilapidated; and, frequently, uncleanly habits in which they had made the voyage. By several neat tacks the Azor had been brought, close into shore. The Liberians had somehow become possessed with the idea that the Azor's people were generally independent capitalists, coming out to invest their funds in the country. Consequently there was some disappointment at the appearance of the emigrants, which, to put it mildly, was not suggestive of wealth. They were well received and welcomed at the landing, however, and immediately conducted to the houses prepared for their reception in different parts of town, what furniture they had along being borne on the heads of Kroo boys. Whatever else may be said of the Monroviacs, they certainly displayed great kindness to the strangers, who were in many instances utterly destitute of provisions, sending them cooked meals and delicacies for the sick liberally and continuously. In this way only was suffering avoided. During Tuesday and Wednesday the emigrants were being transported from the Azor. A general visit among the emigrants on Wednesday showed that they were tolerably comfortable. None of their provisions had yet come ashore, but the kindness of the Monrovia people kept them supplied. This was no light matter by the way, as provisions are faultily high and hard to get. Although there seems to be plenty of cattle, they are usually owned by the natives, who never kill them unless they are obliged to do so. Cassava, the great staple of the country, sells at 50 cents per bushel, a bushel of roots being about equal to a bushel of sweet potatoes; yams sell at the same price. Fresh meat is almost impossible to get. Even chickens are exceedingly scarce, and very small ones sell at 25 cents each. Eggs are three cents apiece by the dozen. American flour is \$14 per barrel. American pork is \$28 per barrel. English canned meats and vegetables are 50 cents per can. Onions bring 12 cents per pound. That is about all the Monrovia bill of fare, and it is largely procured from English mail steamers which nominally pass twice a week. In answer to inquiries on the subject I was told that it was supposed that beets, carrots, parsnips, colons, peas, beans, potatoes, etc., would grow there, but they had never tried. Monrovia sends sixty miles down the coast, to Grand Bassa, for fowls. Vegetables it was impossible to get, and although mangoes, delicious pineapples, oranges, bananas, lemons, limes, coconuts, bread fruit, buttes, pears, soursaps, and other fruits may be had for the gathering almost anywhere, they were scarce and high. Under these conditions, and as few of the emigrants had any means to speak of, and many were entirely without funds, it will be seen that they ran a great risk of being without food altogether. People more poorly provisioned and fitted out for a struggle with the difficulties of a strange country it would be hard to imagine. Many of them had absolutely no money at all, except the IOU notes, stock and receipts of the "Steamship" Company, which are not worth their paper here.

When at last the provisions were gotten ashore and divided, it was found that there were

### BARRELY THREE WEEKS' PROVISIONS.

around. Every passenger of the Azor had paid, besides his or her passage money, for provisions for a month's voyage, and six months' provisions after arrival here. After a forty-two days' journey, with the replenishing at Sierra Leone, there were barely three week's scanty provisions left, including all of the ship's stores, which Captain Holmes turned over to them, and the stores belonging to those put ashore in Charleston.

### THE "STEAMSHIP COMPANY" SEEM TO HAVE REMORSELESSLY DRAINED THESE PEOPLE.

having actually started some of them off in a penniless condition. Many of the buildings occupied by the passengers are dwellings which had apparently been long vacant, and had become leaky, exposing the occupants to the rain; which in this season pours down almost every day. After the first day or two, however, the roofs were patched up so as to render them tolerably water-tight. The health of most of the sick began to improve as soon as they got free from the rolling and confinement of the ship. There is only one regular physician in this part of Liberia, and his practice is extended certainly in point of space, as he visits from twenty miles up the St. Paul's River and down to this place. All during Wednesday and Thursday, and for several days thereafter, the emigrants were busily engaged at the landing identifying their furniture and other effects, and superintending their transportation. There are no houses in Liberia, although I am informed that they are abundant and cheap in the interior.

### Judge Kershaw's Thunderbolt.

(Philadelphia Times.)

WASHINGTON, July 19.—The Cabinet meeting to-day was devoted to considering the issue which Judge Kershaw, of South Carolina, has raised with the government. Commissioner Raum had already instructed the counsel of the government to take record of the case to the Circuit Court, and proceed at once through a writ of habeas corpus to obtain possession of the imprisoned United States officers by aid of the marshal. The commissioner's directions were very specific, and obeyed by informing the counsel that he considered the protection of the officers of the government of paramount importance, and that the right of the government to try these cases in its own courts and before its own judges involved the question of the Government of the United States. The attorney-general, however, in his instructions, had given his counsel discretion in the matter so far as to not appeal the case to the Supreme Court of the State. This he at once decided to do, and gave notice of his intention. Upon the announcement of Kershaw's refusal, after discussion in the Cabinet, based upon the communications to the attorney-general, and a full statement of the case and of the instructions given by Commissioner Raum, which are set forth in a letter from the latter to Secretary Sherman, it was decided to take no further steps in the matter till the appeal for a constitution. Judge Kershaw insists that the matter must go before the Supreme Court of South Carolina, and that in his opinion, as the department is informed, is cordially indorsed in influential quarters in the State. The threat with which Kershaw closed his opinion is regarded here by the authorities as a good indication of the sentiment with which the government will have to deal in the matter; it decides to forest the case over into the Federal Courts. The matter may now go over for a week, as it is not expected that a Cabinet meeting will be held on Tuesday.

### An Interesting Contribution to the Secret History of the Confederacy.

made A. S. Colyar, who was a member of the Confederate House during the last year. Some time towards the close of 1864 he served on the committee that was appointed to investigate the situation, and examined among others Gen. Lee, who told him plainly that the end was inevitable and could not be long delayed. Colyar then drew a set of resolutions looking to a peace conference, and they were debated several days. President Davis' particular friends opposing them. Finally, however, the latter promised that if Colyar and his party would not press the resolutions, President Davis would appoint the commissioners they named. Hunter and Campbell, and Mr. Davis appointed the mission, but when they returned year and his friends were the first time that so powerful a voice was heard on the basis of the secret history of the Confederacy. This was the first time that so powerful a voice was heard on the basis of the secret history of the Confederacy.