

**"AFRICA FOR AFRICANS"**

Writer Retells of Expedition Which Sailed From Charleston 43 Years Ago.

(From Sunday's News and Courier.) There are a great many people in Charleston and in other parts of South Carolina who will read with interest the following article by Mr. A. B. Williams, which appeared in the New York Times of last Sunday. Mr. Williams is the best known in this state through his editorship of the Greenville News in the eighties and nineties, when he made that newspaper talked of far and wide. In 1877 at the time of the voyage of which he writes he was a reporter on The News and Courier and made the trip to Liberia for this newspaper, his articles, after being published in The News and Courier, being collected and bound. Copies of the book, however, are exceedingly scarce.

New York—and the country generally to a certain extent—has been reading lately about the ambitious schemes of one Marcus Garvey. Garvey, said to be a native Jamaica and variously described as head of a large laundry in Harlem, as president of the Black Star Steamship Line, and as president general of the Universal Negro Improvement Association, has been the central figure in large mass meetings of the negroes in this city, and has been proclaiming a grandiose program for the race's future.

In Madison Square Garden, on August 2, according to the papers next morning, 20,000 negroes yelled for an Africa free for the Strait of Gibraltar to the Cap of Good Hope, an immense negro republic for negroes, offered by the negroes for the negro.

Enthusiastic followers gathered Garvey afterward and addressed him as "your majesty." At these gatherings a band of forty pieces and a choir of many voices, male and female, furnish music, and red, black, and green banners of the Southern African Republic are displayed. Incidentally (though this is declared not to be at all the purpose of the assemblies) shares of the Black Star Steamship Line are offered for sale and sometimes purchased.

Garvey expressly denies that he is "preaching a wholesale exodus of the black race to Africa." For me to do that," he is quoted as saying, "would be crazy. People don't care to give up their six and seven room apartments in Harlem to sleep in a hammock in Africa." As he modestly explained it, what was proposed was "to send some pioneers over there, professional and laboring men, to establish some kind of concerted plans whereby we will eventually obtain the independence of the 400,000,000 blacks of the world."

Whatever the present score of his plans Garvey with his slogan, "Africa for Africans," and the world pictures a continent of negroes ruled by negroes, is not quite original. An undertaking along the same lines he indicates startled the South 42 years ago. Perhaps it was doomed to failure by the conditions of Prince Nigeria outlined recently in the Times, but the disastrous results from its own sins and blunders and the following account of it is written from personal knowledge.

When the last of the reconstruction government and negro power had been overthrown in the Southern States by the election of 1876, a number of negroes organized a movement for wholesale immigration of their race to the black Republic of Liberia, on the west coast of Africa. The idea spread fast in South and North Carolina, Georgia and Alabama. The "Liberian Exodus Association" was created as a stock company. Special appeal was made to the religious tendencies of the

people. The negroes were to go out of America as the children of Israel went out of Egypt. Africa was their promised land, flowing with milk and honey, which they were to possess, Christianize, redeem and govern, civilizing and utilizing the natives instead of fighting and destroying them as the Israelites did with the inhabitants of Canaan. Many preachers seized the question as racial enthusiasm and expounded it with apostolic zeal. With sweat pouring over their faces they let loose their imaginations and exhausted their vocabularies before congregations in churches and camp meetings.

Unknown thousands of shares of stock were sold, par \$25, each share good for passage to Liberia. A great fleet was to be bought, owned and manned and managed by negroes for the benefit of their own race, here and in Africa. Race resentments, political hope, cupidity, intolerance, religious spirit were enlisted. The ships were to carry immigrants and bring back African products in ceaseless streams until the whites were to be left to themselves to do their own work or perish. Of course figures demonstrating vast and certain profits were rolled out by the yard. The primal emotions and crude ambitions of simple hearers were stirred by persuasion and oratory of every device and gesture.

The plan began to take definite shape in the latter part of 1877. A "ship" with which to start the exodus was bought and paid for. To the inland negro there was no difference among things that would float and carry him, and the journey across the sea to the land of equality and rest, happiness and wealth seemed but a few days of pleasure and novelty. The purchase was an old clipper-built bark, constructed for the fruit trade between the Azores and Boston, 412 tons. To most of the stock holders this was a tonnage almost inconceivable and the announcement that the association actually was in possession caused wild rejoicing and triumph. As to negroes capable of navigating were available, it was necessary to accept a white man for the captain, and the two mates also had to be white, but assurance was given this defect would be remedied. All others of the crew were negroes, or Filipinos—"Milliamen" as the deep-water called them.

When it became known that the exodus ship was actually in Charleston harbor and supposed to be ready to sail, a frenzy of fervor and faith was aroused. Probably 5,000 negroes of all ages—the number never was accurately obtained, swarmed to Charleston to take passage on a vessel permitted by law to carry 200. Later it became known that many of the intending passengers had been induced to take stock, or extra stock by private assurance that they should be included in the first voyage. There was intense and pitiful confusion. Families who sold their little farms or few possessions for anything they could get, following the example of the Chosen people by departing in haste, camped on docks and wharves.

There they sat in silent groups day after day looking at their ship which was to bear them to almost a heavenly home, of which they had been told, many prayed continually that the lot might fall upon them to be on the passenger list, for it was understood by that time that all could not go immediately. If they had been white people rioting and attempts to lynch would have been inevitable. As it was, the illustration of docility and credulity was remarkable. The few murmurs and pleas for special consideration, for one cause or another, were meek enough. Even these were silenced when the leaders and some of the preachers—who probably believed all they were told to say—went among the forlorn

multitude with many promises. More ships were to be bought. The Almighty was to assure a marvelously quick trip, and all would be ready for another contingent in six weeks. Meanwhile, those to be left behind were to find work as they could and patiently wait. The promises were excepted, the exhortations obeyed.

Easter day of 1877 the bark's anchor was lifted and she started out every dock, wharf and point of view black with negroes cheering frantically and rolling out across the water in wonderful volume of sound gospel and Easter hymns. Before the bar was crossed, however, the government officials were compelled to a distressing duty. Probably a thousand persons were aboard, all with tickets and stock certificates, some with notes and due bills showing that after having subscribed freely to stock they had lent the association all of their small hoards of cash. Hundreds were selected, almost at random, put into row-boats and sent ashore. Most of them were laughing good-naturedly at their own ill luck hoping to do better next time, and evidently convinced that an attempt to over-crowd a passenger ship to twice her proper capacity on a months trip was an excellent practical joke. Care was taken to avoid separation of families.

Nobody ever knew accurately how many were left aboard. Men and women stowed away everywhere and

was discovered that the more than 400 passengers among them could not scrape together the \$600 needed for a tow to Monrovia, the Liberian capital. They had been drained dry. The tow was arranged nevertheless. Unfortunately, the Liberians had gathered from the English newspapers they saw the impression that a colony of rich and philanthropic American negroes was on their way to their country. When the bark was dropped by the towing steamer in the roadstead at Monrovia all the native politeness of the negro was needed to veil mutual disappointment. When the arrived immigrants looked at the heavy tropical foliage bordering the coast they sang together in a kind of ecstasy, "Land ahead! Its fruits are waving o're its fields of endless green." When they went ashore they noted, with consternation and astonishment, natural to people brought up with strict notions of decorum, scores of their future fellow citizens stark naked, male and female, calmly disporting themselves in the water. They found a shabby scattered town, its approaches overgrown with wild verbenas six feet high, its stone warehouses built long before by American philanthropists, desolate, abandoned and crumbling.

The Liberians on their side met, instead of expected finely dressed colonists with pockets filled with money, a dingy crowd of tattered demagogues, poverty stricken and hungry yet happy, hope-

ful and eager. The immigrants included a couple of ex-politicians, a pair of missionaries, two or three skilled mechanics, the rest small field hands with little more than their stolid in. It was to the credit of the involuntary hosts that they accepted the unpleasant hosts with good grace and good humor, and offered them hospitable welcome.

**THIS IS CRITICAL YEAR**  
**The South Faces the Battle of The Year in Cotton Prices This Fall.**

A director of one of the large cotton mills of New England was talking recently to a southern friend. "We are getting a little bit anxious," he said, "because it looks as if the South now had enough money to hold her cotton until we pay what it is worth."

The gentleman in question did not object to the fact. He himself felt that it would be a good thing for cotton to bring a fair price. He was speaking rather for men with whom he is associated.

The persistent effort of the federal reserve board to drive down the price of all commodities, which means of all products on the farm, has been as successful as might have been anticipated. The pawnbrokers, who have had rather lean years, declare that business is picking up. Men engaged in legitimate production have been reporting that business is slacking down. The department of justice has been investigating the closing down of the woolen mills in New England. It need not have wasted money sending its agents so far north. It had only to drop down to the treasurer to find out that "quit buying" was a slogan of an important other branch of the government. The fight against the high cost of living, becomes strenuous every year just as the crops are coming to market. The speculator is thus able to buy at a low price. By the time he gets through with the public, thereafter, it is another summer and time for another anti-high-price campaign. It must fill the hearts of certain officials in Washington with the wool quotation and realize that they have been able to force prices down below cost of production.

But the South has received at least some share of her earned profit on the last few cotton crops. Had she not been robbed for fifty years, she would long ago have had ample capital now she has some. She has enough, unless the federal reserve board begins a direct attack on the commodity, to hold the present crop until the price is fair. The New England director has enough money in the South to prevent the usual exploitation.

Not only that, but the American Cotton Association is fully conversant with the commodity situation, and in it the producers have a ready source of information to which they can turn for instruction. They need not sell for 30 cents or for any other number of cents unless the price represents cost of production with profit added. It has been, the statistics seem to show, the most expensive cotton crop ever produced. Every factor of cost has been higher than before. Some

may, under usually favorable circumstances, have made big yields, and so have reduced their unit cost, but the average cost has certainly been far up. A low estimate would be 30 cents the pound. It would be a world disaster if cotton sold at near that figure. It would mean that what labor there has been in the fields would be even further curtailed. It would mean the abandonment of additional acreage, not for one season, but forever. The British know this, and that is why they were advised last year to forsake the policy of driving down prices, to insist that prices be kept at attractive figures, if for no other than the selfish reason of increasing production. But such motives make no appeal to the speculator. They want to cash in quick and sell all they care about in driving down prices until they have the actual cotton in their hands. Then they will be ready enough to buy the market.

If the American Cotton Association states what is a fair price for cotton, every farmer should, until he gets that price. It is with him more than the money from one crop; it is his right to independence; his battle for freedom. When he sells for less, he does not merely dispose of his cotton; he bar- ters away, too, a part of his self respect.

This is the critical year. As the New Englander said, the South now has enough money to compel decent treatment. The time has passed when distress cotton can be the barometer of prices.

**To Have Big Barbecue**

Monroe Hollis is at the head of a committee of colored men who will give a big barbecue near Loggoff on Saturday, September 18th. They are going to have all kinds of meats on sale that day. Attractions will be in the form of greasy pig chase and climbing greasy pole. A brass band will furnish the music.

The first woman in Iowa to hold the position of county clerk is Miss Blanche Womback, recently appointed clerk of Buena Vista County.



RICHARD BARTHELMUSS and CAROL DEMPSTER in

**DAVID WARK GRIFFITH'S**


NEWEST PICTURE OF LOVE ROMANCE AND ADVENTURE

**"THE LOVE FLOWER"**

From the Collier's Weekly Story "Black Beach" by Ralph Stock.

At Majestic Monday, Sept. 20th.

LIGHT SIX \$1685  
SPECIAL SIX \$2095  
BIG SIX \$2595



**CAROLINA MOTOR CO.**  
Camden, S. C.

their friends joyfully helped them hide and clamored and crowded to make a census impossible. The nearest count made the souls, including children, after the vessel was at sea was 450, something over double the proper number.

Provisions and water ran short, of course. No doctor had been provided and the supply of medicine consisted of what regulations required the captain to have in his chest for the crew. The enterprise being of a semi-religious character, liquors of all kinds were prohibited. Winds were capricious. She was becalmed under the equator 20 days out. The passengers began to die, first one a day, then two, then three. Twenty-one of them were given sea-burial in ten days.

Ship fever developed and there was a pint of water in twenty-four hours for each person and a scanty dole of rice and beans. On a faint nightly breeze the bark was worked slowly into the British port of Sierra Leon. The colonial authorities took charge efficiently. Fresh foods, medical supplies and attention and new objects of interest stopped the deaths. Before that men women and children simply crawled into bunks and died, without noise or complaint, apparently not even interested in life or death. Departure from Sierra Leon under sail was forbidden. The medical men declared that another ten days at sea would probably mean the death of all hands. Then it

ful and eager. The immigrants included a couple of ex-politicians, a pair of missionaries, two or three skilled mechanics, the rest small field hands with little more than their stolid in. It was to the credit of the involuntary hosts that they accepted the unpleasant hosts with good grace and good humor, and offered them hospitable welcome.

The American found the nearest survival of the old Southern plantation then on the earth—including, in one instance, at least—in a family with a historic Virginia name, the rosewood case of regulation dueling pistols on the shelf over the Waverley novels, in the room described as "the library." They were to learn later that some of the most successful residents had prospered by slave labor, hiring from chiefs in the interior for a few annual barrels of home-made rum, all the help they might need for making crops.

# Hold Your Cotton and Insure It

Rates are Especially Cheap on Lots of Ten Bales or Less

WE WRITE EVERY KIND OF INSURANCE

TELEPHONE 52

## WILLIAMS INSURANCE AGENCY

The Oldest and Strongest Agency in the County

R. M. Kennedy, Jr. President

J. K. Shannon, Manager