

The Great West.

Editors Orangeburg Democrat:

It is a trite but true saying of the Latin poet, *tempora mutantur et nos mutamur in illis*—the changing times bring changes to us. The disintegration and subversion of our social and political systems, which followed as a sequence of our failure in the war of secession, and the attempt to remodel them after the models of New England, and the disastrous consequences to our country of these ill-considered innovations caused many of our best citizens to look to other climes and lands for homes. At one time it was even thought that an universal hegira of the white population was inevitable, and many good men did go. But wickedness and fraud and falsehood in high places could not endure forever, and with the changes in the administration of the internal affairs of the State have come most beneficial changes in the social and domestic relations of the people, and the alternative of ruin here or emigration no longer exists.

Having passed seven months of the present year in the rice and sugar lands of Southwestern Louisiana, it has been suggested to me to present to our people through the medium of your paper a few facts gained by individual observation and experience. I was induced to go out there through representations of the surpassing richness of the lands and the assurance of an easily acquired competency, if not a small fortune in a few years.

So far as the land is concerned throughout the Delta of the Mississippi it is absolutely superb, but the drawbacks to success are so many and so great that I found that too often where one man succeeds five fail, and that frequently success is as much due to adventitious circumstances as to any other cause. Nearly the whole country might be called "bottom land" for it abounds in bayous, little and big lakes, *marais flottants*, (trembling prairies,) and frog ponds, and the arable land is only the ridges between these bayous, lakes and prairies. Well-nigh the entire country is liable to be overflowed by crevasses in the levees of the river and numerous bayous, and the area of land above overflow is very rarely in the market, and when it is, from \$50 to \$100 per acre can hardly touch it, for it cannot be surprised for cotton, corn, sugarcane and vegetables.

The general health of the country is good, which is surpassing, but there is ever present apprehension of yellow fever or cholera during the summer and autumn, and there is not a store or house in the country that has not cholera medicines in it, and itinerant vendors of patent cholera remedies are frequently passing. Mosquitos, yellowflies, gnats, alligators, crawfish, frogs and snakes are prodigious in size and quantity. It is necessary for weeks at a time to make a smoke after sunset around the houses for protection against the mosquitoes. In some sections horses and other stock have to be kept ciled to protect them from winged and crawling insects. It is a fine country for people of wealth for they can go to the many attractive summer resorts on the shores of the Gulf and avoid these pests and scourges. The water, which is execrable, I believe to be the exciting cause of the cholera. Throughout my tour of travel I conversed with all grades and classes of men, and from close observation and experience I have learnt that the great West is immensely overrated, and by a comparison of advantages and disadvantages that South Carolina is as desirable a State to live in as anywhere else. Considering her social, educational and religious advantages, transportation facilities, public improvements and multifarious resources and industries, and the fertility of the soil, which is yearly improving and increasing in value through the more judicious modes of fertilization and cultivation now be-

coming more generally adopted. Considering these conditions, it is unnecessary for her young men or any of her citizens, who have the means of earning an honest livelihood here to look beyond her limits for any royal road wealth.

One feature which struck me with great force and which is characteristic of the people of the West, except in Southern Louisiana, where local attachments of the people are wonderful, is their nomadic character and inclinations—there is so little permanency, so little fixedness of habitation. No matter how well settled a man may be, what his improvements are, the fertility of his soil or the extent of his herds, his place is almost invariably for sale, and he has his eyes fixed on some point further westward. Can there be any proper development of the industries and resources of a State when this wandering, unsatisfied spirit is inherent in her population?

"We have heard of the immense agricultural as well as mineral and other resources of some of the newer States of the great northwest—Minnesota, Colorado, Nebraska, Kansas, and the tide of immigration is pouring into those States in astonishing and constantly increasing volume. But there is always something the matter with those States. In one season there is the grasshopper, then the Colorado beetle, potato bugs and every other kind of bug, that destroy every vestige of vegetation—then storms and hurricanes and cyclones, then snow six feet deep, and then a year of drought and consequent starvation to thousands of poor settlers who were induced to settle in those great lands of promise by highly colored railroad show bills and circulars. Nothing of the kind ever happens in South Carolina.

My advice to any one who contemplates moving westward is to go on there and stay sometime and get all the points of the situation before moving permanently. Take no man's word without the evidences of your own senses. D. R. JAMISON.

Blaine.

Blaine, the "plumed knight" of Maine, is unhorsed of the glittering armor that erst he wore, bedraggled, and generally sorely discomfited. Jim Blaine, as he is called by the frivolous non-respecters of persons, has experienced another severe fall. He is nearing the bottom of the hill, and has leisure to look back at the distance he has descended since four years ago when he had only a hair's breadth between him and the Presidency. With the most unflagging and vigorous effort, he has failed to carry his own State. He is slipping further and further back from his goal every year, and must realize that fact. With all his successes he has missed the object of his life, and therefore will occupy a prominent place in the immense collection of failures. In common with the other leaders who attained leadership through strife and hate, he is being forced into the back ground by the peace and good will that extend the circle of light every day, bringing confusion and weakness to Blaine and the bats who lived upon darkness and desolation. The ruins are being repaired, and those who prospered among them must give way as the new Union is built up.—*Greenville News*.

Officials who alone are entitled to the prefix of "Honorable" in free America. They are as follows: The Vice-President of the United States; the heads of department of the United States government; United States Senators and members of the lower house of Congress; Lieutenant-Governors of the different States; Judges of Courts; Mayors of cities. In no State in the Union are members of the Legislature dubbed "Hon" save in South Carolina, and here only by ignerammuses. South Carolina can also beat the world in captains, majors and Colonels.

Tremendous Energy.

The tremendous physical constitution and energy of the Southern people, at least of the males, is something unparalleled in history. That they spend a good portion of their nights in riding about and engaging in murder, arson, robbery and other crimes is conceded by every Republican newspaper and preached from every Republican stump. An ordinary race of men would of course, require sleep and rest during the day-time; but no sooner do these Southern banditti arrive home and take off their masks and put away their pistols than they begin the work of the day time by raising *cane* cotton and other products to a larger extent than before the war. Some of them too, after a hard night's ride, their hands still covered with blood, go to work manufacturing the cotton which the other Ku Klux have raised. They even send to the hated North for machinery. A Northern newspaper says that the Lewiston (Maine) Machine Company's works were never so busy as now. Looms are being made for mills in Georgia, North and South Carolina, and the shops are run at the fullest capacity to fill the orders. Hence we say that a people capable of manufacturing and raising cotton by day, and, in the classic words of Horro, of Michigan, "hell" by night, are at once the most vigorous and the most industrious of any people on earth.—*Detroit Free Press*.

The Old Folks.

Do young people ever think that they will be old; that they will soon feel that the grasshopper is a burden and fear is in the way? Only a few short years ago that aged man and feeble woman were young, strong and full of life; their young hearts were gushing with tenderness and care for the little ones who stand in their places. Do not jostle that aged couple out of your pathway, but rather lift them with tender care over the rough declining road. You may have forgotten how they kept your tiny feet from stumbling and with what care they watched your advancing steps. But they have not forgotten, and the time will come when you are forcibly reminded of it, by the love you have for your little ones. Will they hand you the same bitter cup to drink that you put out for that aged father and stricken mother. Verily, "with the measure ye mete, it shall be measured to you again." Think of the anxious days and nights your mother has watched by your sick bed; remember her loving care; her patience and long suffering with your fretfulness, and then let the blush of shame dye your brow, that you should be impatient or unkind to her now that she is old. Old folks are such a trial! Yes, they know it; they feel it and so will you be such a trial to your children in the days that will surely come; aye, and you will remember, too!

The Campaign As It Stands.

Senator Wallace says Hancock will carry Pennsylvania. Colonel John G. Thompson hesitates not to assert that eleven democratic congressmen will be returned from Ohio at the coming election. Mr. English predicts a democratic majority of 15,000 in Indiana. Congressman Ellis announces that Hancock will have 75,000 majority in Louisiana. Governor Matthews states it as his deliberate opinion that West Virginia will give Hancock a majority of 20,000. General Benjamin F. Butler thinks the democrats can easily elect four congressmen in Massachusetts. Senator Farley foresees a majority of 10,000 for Hancock in California. No well informed democrat expected to carry Main last Monday, Arkansas elected the democratic state ticket by an immense majority. Hancock will be elected in November by a popular majority of 500,000.—*Washington Post*.

Postoffices in South Carolina.

There are 682 post offices in this State, divided between the counties as follows: Abbeville, 28; Aiken, 26; Anderson, 25; Barnwell, 23; Beaufort, 14; Charleston, 23; Chester, 14; Chesterfield, 25; Clarendon, 14; Colleton, 25; Darlington, 16; Edgefield, 40; Fairfield, 14; Georgetown, 7; Greenville, 34; Hampton, 20; Horry, 15; Kershaw, 9; Lancaster, 19; Laurens, 27; Lexington, 24; Marion, 29; Marlborough, 9; Newberry, 14; Oconee, 28; Orangeburg, 17; Pickens, 18; Richland, 10; Spartanburg, 41; Sumter, 17; Union, 25; Williamsburg, 19; York, 23. Spartanburg has the largest number of offices and Edgefield next. Georgetown has the smallest number, and Kershaw and Marlborough stand next above her and then Richland. Spartanburg has six offices and Edgefield five more than Georgetown, Kershaw, Marlborough and Richland combined. It will be seen from this statement that the distribution of mail matter in the several counties of the State is by no means equal, and we think it a duty the citizens in the destitute districts owe themselves that steps be taken at an early day as possible to remedy the matter. In this day of advancement and enlightenment, going ten fifteen or twenty miles to a postoffice, for a paper or a letter once or twice a month, looks like a lack of enterprise. We have no doubt the people are more to blame than the government for the deficiency.

Colored Men Read This.

The colored Republicans of Patterson, N. J., are irate, and threaten to bolt the Garfield ticket and form Hancock campaign clubs. They are angered at the action of the white members of the Robinson Battery of the Third Ward. The organization was named after Dominic Robinson, ex-Assemblyman, and a defeated aspirant for the nomination for Congress, and the white and black elements fraternized. The battery soon became a formidable political coterie of voters of all hues, and until the ambition to have a procession manifested itself, the meetings were harmonious. The white brethren were slightly in the majority, and when the desire to parade was advanced, they began to reason that they would compromise themselves by walking with arms linked to the negroes, and accordingly judiciously arranged to have all the white members present at the last meeting. The motion to parade was made, much to the delight of the colored members. The next resolution altered their feelings, as the whites resolved that the colored men could not parade with them, except as a distinct body.

"No man will ever prosper who has the curse of a ruined woman upon him. The murderer of the body can be tried and executed by the world's laws, but the murderer of the soul is tried by heaven's law and the execution is as sure as divine justice." Aunt Betsy said this as she folded the white hands of a beautiful girl and put white flowers and green leaves about the marble cold forehead. There was a tiny baby beside the girl mother. The house was hushed and there was mourning such as few know. Half glad that the mother and child were dead the rest of the family must perform the last sad office of burial and bear the family shame. A haunted house! A ruined home! God the architect and man the spoiler. The curse is there, and the destroyer cannot escape.—*Woman's Journal*.

It is reported that in Jasper County, Ga., last week, a Mr. Goolshy who had been missing watermelons from his patch, determined to catch the thieves at all hazards. Hence he procured a quantity of arsenic and injected it into a number of his melons, and the next morning there were four dead negroes in the patch and a sack of water melons laying by each.

November.

November brings no sectional war, No hate our prosperous days to mar, No autocrats, no would-be King, No subsidy, no swindling Ring, No stifling of the public voice, No plots against the people's choice, No fraudulent Returning Boards, No rule of armed and lawless hordes, No theft of honest freemen's votes, No Fraud, with all the word denotes, No insolent Eight to Seven job, No games, the public purse to rob, No cannon at Congress aimed, No grabs or steals, however named, No centralizing despotism, No deadly heresy and schism, No petty tyrants, loud and coarse, No bayonets, no rule of force, No haughty, domineering few, No venal, base and selfish crew, No policy of false pretence, No small official insolence, No Indian wars, no fraudulent claims, No mean and hypocritical aims, No tangled paths and crooked ways, No Schurz, no Sherman, no Hayes, No bribes or loans of fees to pay, No trace of Credit Mobilier, No pavement jobs, no salary steals, No blocking of the nation's wheels, No move in wrong direction further, No slippery Garfield and no Arthur!

Why Don't They Take Him Up.

Mr. George Wilkes, the well-known editor and proprietor of the New York *Spirit of the Times*, in a letter from France to the New York *Sun*, of the 3d, says: "I have the right to say I never made a bet in my life, except for pride of opinion—never on a horse race, never at a gambling table, never on a purely gambling venture, never, in short, except upon elections. But, now that we are talking about betting, I will bet my old friend Thos. Murphy, or any other man, \$10,000 that General Hancock will be elected next President of the United States. He (Thomas Murphy) or any one reading this offer may close with it instantly by depositing \$10,000 with Drexel, Morgan & Co., of Wall and Broad streets. That distinguished house, if I am not giving it too much trouble, will accept the signature at the bottom of this letter to the editor of the *Sun* as my guarantee that they will be at liberty to pay the above named amount to any depositor of like sum in favor of the converse of my proposition."

Nick Wright.

Nick Wright is a notable colored man of this County. He lives near Little Mountain and carries on a blacksmith shop as well as cultivates a small farm. Nick has always been a Democrat of the Jeffersonian school and casts his vote with the property and intelligence of the country. Nick reads the newspaper. He was among the first to subscribe and pay for the *Medium*, and has continued to pay for it up to the present time. He takes both County papers and keeps posted and is raising up an intelligent family. In this he sets an example to many white men who take no paper at all but sponge on their neighbors. Nick drives to town in his own buggy and dresses decently and still has money enough to buy him a dram, which he takes with moderation. The other day he showed us a fine white vest which he was wearing and told us it was a present to him from Colonel W. M. Hadden, who fell at head of the Orr's Rifles in 1864. Nick has worn it for twenty-three years and it is good yet. It is by such economy that he gets along in the world.—*Abbeville Medium*.

GENERAL T. L. Rosser, of Minneapolis, who fought against Hancock at Gettysburg: "One situated like myself might be excused for thinking that the 'millennium' is at hand, for when I see the Southern 'rebel' soldiers earnestly at work under the Hancock banner and remember what we were doing sixteen years ago I can but realize that we are living a new life and one of strong anomalies."

Young man, don't waste your energies in attempting to wear too delicate a shade of clothes; the girls don't care for them. Their own fancy occupies their attention.

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Elopement Fashions.

The fashions for girls who elope just now are very plain. Some white drapery, a convenient window, a long ladder, a dark night, a coach, a minister, and the house of a friend, and the elopement is over. If the irate father, armed with a double-barreled coal shovel and a town constable, does not pursue the affair is, although picturesque, not exactly a successful elopement. If the father of the bride relents within two days the foolish couple are not happy. If it leaks out that the mother of the bride is in the secret much of the pleasure of the trip is spoiled. If both the father and mother of the bride are in the secret of her going away, and have actually left the ladder near the window, and that fact is found out, the elopement is a failure. In the olden times the eloping bride packed all her portable goods on herself and went away heavily laden. Now, as she is about to return in a day or two in her lady friends dress, she goes away quite light.

The Signal of Distress.

A colored man was busily engaged sawing wood for a Galveston gentleman. The "man and brother" had a large Masonic breast-pin on his shirt bosom. "Do you colored Masons and white Masons affiliate?" "Don't fillyate wuff a cuss." "What's the matter?" "Dunno, boss, but I's tried it. Dar is a harkeeper in dis town what toted dis heah berry same emblem. I was in distress; hadn't had a dram in all dat morning. I came in and gabe de distress signal." "Did he respond?" "He didn't respond right. He made a motion at the doah wid one hand and reached under the bar. I made the sign once moah and he fatched me between de shoulders with de bung starter, jess as I was gettin' out de doah."

The Abbeville *Press and Banner* says: "The impression has obtained that the letter of Senator Butler which drew forth Col. Cash's letter was a gratuitous one. The feeling was that the Senator might well have let it alone. We now learn that that letter was a private one to Captain Dawson and not intended for publication. Captain Dawson was absent from the city when it came, and in some way it got into the paper. But it was not intended for that purpose." If the *Press and Banner's* information is correct that probably explains Gen. Butler's meaning in his letter in reply to Col. Cash where he says: "There are some things I might say about the publication of my letter, but I shall not do so now."

SECRETARY Thompson will shortly leave again for his home in Indiana to remain until after the State election in October. He will probably make several speeches before the end of the campaign. A statement is made here to-day that John C. New, Secretary of the Indiana Republican Committee has offered to wager \$1,000 that Indiana will go Republican next month. If Mr. New has made any such offer as this, it is simply bluff. Every leading Republican speaker who has been in Indiana expresses doubt of the result, and even Secretary Sherman, who has just come from there while he professes to believe that the Republicans will carry it, admits that the contest is to be an exceedingly close one.—*Baltimore Sun*.

Writing from moral Massachusetts to the *Courier-Journal*, "Fay" says: "I find that the country farmer expects to have during his life two or three wives. Drudgery and hard work kill off the women, and the husband soon supplies her place, for there must be a woman to do the chores." Rural Massachusetts must be the Bohemia of the United States. What a funny land where the men kill the wives by hard work and the women submit to it.

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