

Affairs at Santa Fe.

It is with feelings of profound sadness that we are obliged to record the disgraceful proceedings of our troops under Col. Price at Santa Fe. Their conduct has been characterized by the grossest insubordination; they plundered at their pleasure the defenceless Mexican, and gave to his complaints no answer save contemptuous reproaches or disgraceful blows.

In all the abandonment of military license, the soldiers pass the day, and riot occupy the night. About one-fifth of the whole command have died from the effects of dissipation. No order prevails, no attempt at coercion is made; "the soldiers"—says one account—"are never drilled or mustered, and from the highest officer to the private soldier, all is insubordination, misrule, and confusion."

The license they accord to the soldiers, the officers practice themselves. They keep gambling-hells and grogeries—occupations to which some of them, perhaps, were formerly accustomed, before they assumed the still more disgraceful part of marauders, plunderers and murderers. They cheat and browbeat the natives by day, and when night comes, "flown with insouciance and wine," they resort to the fondling and give full scope to their unbridled passions.

The officer in command, Col. Price, but late a Loco-Foco member of Congress, either from sympathy, indifference, or fear of losing popularity, winks at all the excesses of the soldiery.

This is no exaggerated statement of ours—it is the sober, melancholy truth, if dispatches are to be relied upon, or the accounts of disinterested writers.

The Indians are another source of constant alarm and disaster to the miserable inhabitants; against the excursions of such enemies, Gen. Kearney promised them the ample security of his forces—a promise which he has never even attempted to fulfill—and one, perhaps, the performance of which deceived and much abused Mexican would not now solicit—for he has more cause to fear his civilized, than his barbarous foe.

The great distance of these officers and troops from the Government of the United States, may produce a feeling of impunity on their part; no immediate punishment they know can reach them, and if hereafter their conduct should be subjected to inquiry, they may hope to escape from censure from political sympathy with their acts; their commanding officer having received his appointment as a reward of political services, and his conduct having been therefore adopted in advance by the Administration which he helped to sustain.

Who can wonder at the insurrection of the insulted, outraged, plundered inhabitants!—Have they not cause for their hatred of our name and authority? Have we not justified their attempted vengeance?

We cannot tell when or how this disgraceful state of things will terminate; whether exhausted by disease consequent upon brutal dissipation, the volunteers will gradually perish, or, whether by the unanimous action of an infuriated population they shall be miserably cut off in all the insecurity of their security.

If, in place of those who return on expiration of their enlistment (if any do return!) other troops are to be sent out, cannot the honest public opinion of the country be brought to bear with so much concentrated energy and potency upon this imbecile administration as to compel it to direct to Santa Fe such troops, whether regulars or volunteers, as shall not disgrace themselves, their country, and humanity itself?—*Tribune.*

COMMUNICATIONS.

Liberty Party Politics and Morals.

FRIENDS EDITORS:—

I recently attended a Liberty party meeting in Parkman, and will show your readers how those old friends of mine get on in their scramble for the "five loaves and two fishes." Stephen Baldwin, of Nelson, Portage county, who has been traveling in the South during the past winter, was present, and gave a narration of his travels—what he saw and heard, and the impressions he received on looking this hydra-headed fiend in the face. First, Mr. Baldwin avows the belief that there are a great many deeply pious souls among the slaveholders. When asked what evidence he got of their piety, he replied, that in conversation with them they evinced love for God and his word, and seemed to feel the worth of souls, which, in the South, these pious people sell for about \$600 each; and if a female with blue eyes and light hair, for \$1500 to some "gentleman of property and standing," or "sleek priest and fat," to grace his Bible-built seraglio. All we could pump from the man was that they "talked religion."

When asked if highway robbery was a less crime than slavery, he replied yes. He was then asked if a people could incorporate the crime of highway robbery into their social, political and religious institutions, and follow it systematically, making all else subservient to its interests, and yet by "talking pious" be entitled to the name of Christian? The usual resort was had to abstract right and wrong, and polygamy being a greater crime than slavery, and as David was a polygamist and a pious man, therefore slaveholders must be considered Christians.—Who told Mr. Baldwin that that woman-monger was a Christian while engaged in this business? His crimes are deepened with the innocent blood of Urish and the ravished Bathsheba, and his shameless and abandoned polygamy are recorded in the Old Testament, but have not the seal of God's approbation.

Suppose King Polk instead of King David, should covet the wife of one of the leaders of the American army, and should give direction to General Scott to place the husband in the thickest of the fight that he may be killed by a Mexican ball. King Polk's murderous design is accomplished, and he brings the woman he coveted to his own home, and gathers up beside, some three

hundred of the prettiest white, yellow and negro women in the South, buys them, if you please, from among the daughters of church members and clergymen, who appropriate the money to send the gospel to the heathen, and sets up for himself, after the fashion of his pious prototype—I presume friend Baldwin would think him very pious, if he only said he loved God, and his Word, and soul. "By their fruits ye shall know them," not by what they say.

Yet all this is much less criminal than to reduce a woman to slavery, for in that act you annihilate her personality, tell any Polk or David he may violate her, sell her, whip, hire her out for a prostitute and buy hyon books with the proceeds, tear her babe from her bosom—the child of some Yankee David—lacerate her bleeding bosom, and rake her back with the cat for weeping over this heathenly outrage of human affections.

What an India-rubber texture is given to the religion of the present day! The highest criminal known to the law of God is covered with the ample folds of that religion which is to renovate the world and bring in universal peace and holiness. To talk at the present time about Christian slaveholders, is like talking about a Christian pirate—a Christian robber—a pious devil—or a holy soul-seller—for, in fact, the crime of slaveholding involves every scoundrel guilty of it in the guilt of all these crimes.

But I must return. Some one at the afternoon session introduced a resolution, declaring that the slaveholder was not a Christian, and if he continued in the crime till death his eyes would never see the kingdom of heaven. This brought out Mr. Baldwin again, against the reception of such a resolution by a Liberty meeting, declaring that the Liberty party had no business with any man's moral or religious condition—that a political party had no reformatory power in it—said the anti-slavery movement had always suffered from two sorts of ultraists, the one were a kind of Ishmaelites, their hands against every man; like Wm. Goodell, who had recently drawn off from the Liberty party in New York. I did not stay to ascertain whether the meeting received the resolution; but this I know, that the Liberty party are helplessly sunk in the mire of a pro-slavery church—pay their hundreds and thousands a year to preachers that pray for righteous rulers and then vote for the most contemptible villains in the nation. The party is hopelessly, irredeemably corrupt—its vitals are smitten with a pro-slavery church cancer—a leeding fungus; its politics are horrified at the idea of voting for a slaveholder—"good Christian" though he be—and yet their piety seats them at the Lord's table by the side of the flesh monger. With upturned eyes they gorge their pious souls on the symbols of Christ's broken body and spilt blood; and on next election day cast a vote that pronounces the man with whom they communed unfit for the office of "empounding stray cattle." A thorough anti-slavery preacher has, and would again, starve on the bounty of the three hundred Liberty party voters in this county, and so of the Reserve—the preachers and editors of the entire party are practical starvationists, while the cash paid to papers and preachers of the pro-slavery church,

The priestly locusts feed,
Who, in their tasseled pulpits, thank the Lord,
That from the toiling bondmen's utterneed
They pile their own full board.
Yours, for "pious thieves,"
B. W. RICHMOND.

Slavery in Maryland.

DEAR FRIENDS:—
I have for the last four weeks been a visitor in the State of Maryland. During this time I have taken some pains to ascertain the amount of anti-slavery feeling existing here. I have visited Washington, Alexandria, Georgetown and Baltimore—have conversed with intelligent persons in those places, and find there is much anti-slavery feeling; but alas! for the poor slave; those who think free thoughts, dare not speak them. No—they shudder at the thought of giving utterance to the heaven-inspired sentiment, "all men are entitled to liberty." I find the opinion is generally entertained, that any effort on the part of the friends of humanity for the immediate abolition of slavery, will tend to draw the chains tighter; and many of my dear Quaker friends (I am sorry to say) use their influence to smother down this anti-slavery feeling. The fact is, there are too few George Foxes and Elias Hickses about here. But the most grievous departure from the true light that I have observed, is the bitter prejudice generally entertained against the Abolitionists. They seem to imagine that we are fanatics, who desire to secure the slave's liberty at the expense of his master's life. Now, as every effect has its cause, we conclude there must be some cause for this prejudice; and whatever has caused it, has retarded the work of emancipation. Some reflecting, true-hearted persons are of opinion that Abolitionists are in fault; they say the slaves have been encouraged to take up arms against their masters, by individuals who professed to be Abolitionists. This was alarming in the highest degree, and was set down as abolition doctrine; and as anti-slavery publications very seldom go beyond the nominally free States, it is literally impossible for the mass of the people to form a correct idea of the spirit of the anti-slavery move-

ment at the North; consequently they are easily led astray by those who are disposed to misrepresent us. Now, to remove this prejudice should be the aim of every true friend of the slave, for then we could act in concert with many true-hearted, noble spirits, who now view us through the false medium of prejudice. I have sung anti-slavery songs in almost all the social parties in which I have been (nearly twenty) since I came into the State, and in but one instance did I receive an intimation that it was objectionable, and that was from an intimate friend, who, as I afterwards told him, cared more for my safety, than for the slave's redemption. I have conversed with slaves and slaveholders; from the former I have heard much to excite my deepest sympathy; from the latter much to arouse my indignation—yet they claim pity also. My discussions, though private, I think have done some good. I have induced several individuals to view the anti-slavery movement in a more favorable light than they formerly have done; and have avoided giving offence without offering any mitigation short of a total abandonment of their sins.
T. M. B.

ANTI-SLAVERY BUGLE

SALEM, JULY 2, 1847.

"I love agitation when there is cause for it—the alarm bell which startles the inhabitants of a city, saves them from being burned in their beds."—*Edmund Burke.*

Persons having business connected with the paper, will please call on James Barabuy, corner of Main and Chestnut sts.

Convention at Augusta.

HENRY W. CURTIS and JUNIUS PRESTON will attend an Anti-Slavery Convention at Augusta, Carroll co., on Saturday and Sunday, the 10th and 11th of July, commencing the first day at 2 P. M., and on the second day at 10 A. M.

S. BROOKE, Gen. Agent.
Last week the above convention was advertised on 3d & 4th, but has been changed.

Great Anti-Slavery Conventions.

J. W. WALKER and N. N. SELBY will attend Anti-Slavery Conventions in southern Ohio as follows:

Green Plain, Clark co., Sunday and Monday, the 4th and 5th of July.

Port William, Clinton co., Wednesday and Thursday, the 7th and 8th.

Harveysburg, Warren co., Saturday and Sunday, the 10th and 11th.

Yankeeetown, Clermont co., Monday and Tuesday, the 12th and 13th.

All the above meetings will commence at 10 A. M., except that at Yankeeetown, which will commence at 2 P. M. on the first day, and 10 A. M. on the second.

Let us come together at the Conventions with a desire and a determination to do something for the promotion of the Anti-Slavery cause in southern Ohio.

S. BROOKE, Gen. Agent.
Daniel O'Connell.

Emperors have gone down to the grave, kings have been gathered to their fathers, but seldom has their death cast so deep a gloom over the hearts of their people, as that which now enshrouds Ireland because her friend, her benefactor, her father is no more.

O'Connell is dead.

Those who are but even partially acquainted with the history of that great man, who know that for nearly half a century he labored for the enfranchisement, the elevation and prosperity of Ireland, sacrificing in her behalf place, and power, and emolument, can, to some extent, feel how irreparable has been her loss, and how worthily she mourns his departure. Though a Catholic by education, and strongly wedded to that faith, it was not with Catholics alone that he sympathized; his benevolence and philanthropy embraced all the children of men, his love for his race was bounded by no creed, cast, country, or complexion. While demanding liberty for his fellow-countrymen at home, he remembered the claims of his brethren abroad. The conduct of American oppressors made the blood boil in his Irish heart, and frequent and scathing were the rebukes that in the spirit of a holy indignation he poured out upon them. He denounced them, to use his own language, "as traitors to the cause of human liberty, foul detractors of the democratic principles which I have cherished throughout my political life, and blasphemers of that great and sacred name which they pretend to recognize."
* * * * *
In reprobation of that disgraceful conduct, my humble voice has been heard across the wide waters of the Atlantic, like the thunder-storm in its strength, it has careered against the breeze, armed with the lightning of Christian truth.
* * * * *
I will continue to hurl my taunts across the Atlantic. They will ascend the Mississippi, they will descend the Missouri, and be heard along the banks of the Ohio and Monongahela, till the black man shall leap delighted to express his gratitude to those who have effected his emancipation.

Terrible as the lightning from Heaven were the words of the Irish Liberator to the tyrants of America. They regarded his conduct as a national as well as a personal insult; and though unwilling to forsake the sin which was making them a stench in the nostrils of the liberals of the old world, they dreaded to

have their so-called Democratic nation denounced as false to its professions, and held up as an object for the finger of scorn to point at. They learned to their sorrow that Ireland's truest friend, was no less the friend of their own degraded bondmen. They knew that flattery would not win him, that argument would be powerless against him, and that opposition would but give him strength. Finally, they strove to bribe him by their contributions to the Repeal Fund. The very men who would have denounced as treasonable even a whispered proposition to dissolve the Union between the Northern and Southern States of this confederacy, so that the slave might be free from his chains; who would have been thrown into paroxysms of fury had meetings to effect this object been called in England or in Ireland, and have talked in a strain of lofty virtue of "British gold," became suddenly seized with an intense sympathy for the Irish peasantry, held Irish Repeal meetings, and organized Irish Repeal Societies, declaring that Ireland could never be "redeemed, regenerated, and disenthrall'd," until the unjust political Union existing between that country and England had been dissolved. To effect this, they made speeches, wrote addresses, and sent over to O'Connell thousands if not tens of thousands of dollars worth of "American silver." But the man who had refused to cease his Repeal agitation although proffered an office which would have yielded him an annual income of \$20,000 for life, or a higher station which was worth \$36,000 a year, was not to be bribed into silence and sanction of the American slaveholder's enormities by their contributions to the Repeal fund! The manner in which he received the offer, abundantly satisfied them that his influence and endorsement, unlike that of the Free Church of Scotland, could not be bought with the slaveholder's money. The result was as might be expected; Irish Repeal became unpopular in the South.

O'Connell never left any respect for the slaveholder, and never pretended any. So averse was he to treating a man-stealer with common courtesy, that he would not give his hand to one whom he suspected was an enslaver of his race. When an American was introduced to him, his first question would frequently be, "Sir, are you one of the honest men, or one of the thieves?" If he belonged to the latter class he would be treated accordingly. Like the rest of unamancized Irishmen and other foreigners, he had no prejudice against a colored skin, and felt the utmost contempt for those whose aristocratic pretensions were based on complexional distinction. "Let the proud American," said he in one of his speeches, "learn that the worst of all aristocracies is that which prevails in America—an aristocracy which had been aptly denominated that of the human skin. The most insufferable pride was that shown by such an aristocracy." Those of our colored countrymen who have from time to time visited England, he has invariably treated as men whose claims to consideration were founded upon something more important than the texture of their hair or other physical conformation. Although in Democratic and Christian America they were thrust into the "Jim Crow" rail-car, and crowded into the "Negro Pew," they stood as equals upon the same platform on which Ireland's Liberator stood, who delighted thus to bear an open and practical testimony in favor of Irish equality, and against the oppressive spirit of cast, which in America tramples the colored man into the dust.

The efforts of O'Connell for the removal of the disabilities under which the Catholics labored, were attended with the most happy consequences. "He was the first Roman Catholic," says a writer in the *Tribune*, "who had occupied a seat in the House of Commons of England for centuries, and the first Lord Mayor of Dublin of that religious persuasion in three hundred years." Possessing the confidence both of the Catholic clergy and laity, and the sympathy of many Protestants, his influence over the Irish people was extensive, and as we believe, invariably exerted for good. The writer above referred to, in speaking of his labors, says,

"He was the life and soul of the Catholic Association, by means of which very many disabilities affecting the greater portion of his countrymen were removed, and without the aid of his eloquence and influence, it is very doubtful if the measure of Parliamentary Reform would have been carried in 1832. He aided Protestant dissenters as well as Catholics, by supporting efficiently the repeal of the Test Act, the repeal of the Vestry Cess, and the reduction of the Tithe Charge, by 25 per cent. all over Ireland. He succeeded in obtaining various enactments for improving Irish municipal corporations, for aid from the State to educate Catholics in Catholic colleges, and for a better political administration of affairs, and a more equal distribution of power and patronage."

His great intellectual strength, his soul-stirring eloquence, his biting sarcasm, his deep pathos, his native drollery, his generous heart, and his bland and winning manners made him the favorite of the people, and the dread of their oppressors. The result of his labors has done much to demonstrate to the world the potency, as well as the policy of peaceful revolution. Quick and ardent as is the temperament of the Irish people, kindling like tinder when a spark is communicated, the power of O'Connell was sufficient to repress every outbreak, and make them, if not patient, at least willing to endure. When Sir Robert Peel's government made an attempt to degrade and punish him for simply

attending a meeting of the people who had peaceably assembled to state their grievances and demand redress, O'Connell warned the people against any resort to violence. Strong, as well as beautiful, was the proof they gave on this occasion, of their love for him; they unresistingly saw their leader cast into prison, raising not a hand for his deliverance.—The result of this mistaken policy of the British government was a triumph for Ireland, for her leader was declared innocent, and her people had given no cause for offence. Years since, O'Connell declared, that no revolution ever effected was worth a single drop of human blood, and this has been the principle upon which he has conducted the Repeal agitation—the principle by which he has won so much for Ireland.

As a speaker, Daniel O'Connell had but few equals. He is said to have been the most eloquent and impressive orator of his day. To his intellectual strength, he added a wit keen as the blade of an Eastern scimitar, a humor peculiarly Irish, and a musical voice whose very tones charmed the listener into silence and breathed a spell which but few could resist, and whose potency no words are adequate to describe.

We cannot close this brief and imperfect sketch of a great man without adding, that his name was enrolled among the millions who received the pledge of total abstinence from that other benefactor of Ireland—Father Matthew.

O'Connell is dead.
After a life of seventy-two years, the greater part of which has been spent in the service of his country, he has gone to his rest full of years and of honors. He has left the people whom he loved so much, at a time when Famine and Pestilence walk with them at noon-day, when they need, perhaps more than ever, his aid and his counsel. Dark, indeed, was the hour when this great distress came upon them; and the sorrow and mourning which before filled many a cabin, was greatly deepened when it was told that Ireland's benefactor was no more. He has been misrepresented and maligned in his life, and will be after death; but the world will yet do him full justice. His ashes repose beneath the green sod of his native land, his *wake* will be heard from Skibbereen to Carndonagh, from Dublin on the East, to Mayo on the West. And though no other monument than the works he has done shall tell that he lived and died, yet Gratitude shall engrave his name upon the hearts of the sons and daughters of his own loved Erin.

"The Glorious Fourth."

We suppose that at this time the American people, the great embodiment of Anglo-Saxon principles and fulfillers of Anglo-Saxon destiny, are making preparations to do what they and their forefathers have done annually for the last seventy years—celebrate the 4th of July. Our exchange papers are beginning to manifest the premonitory symptoms of this periodical attack of patriotism, and are talking about "the twenty millions of freemen in our land," (slaves, of course, included)—"Our glorious heritage,"—"The advent of Liberty in this, our Western World,"—"Freedom's natal day," and other matters which have no more real existence than have Truth and Justice an abiding place in our midst.

The conduct of the American people is the embodiment of a great Lie; and if they were not as self-satisfied as they are devoid of honesty, they would cease from their high sounding professions of love to liberty which deceives no one but themselves, if, indeed, they are so destitute of common sense as to believe the falsehood they have framed.—We can hear, with some degree of complacency, of Italian Banditti saying their Ave Marys and Pater Nosters, but the wicked absurdity of the American people in pretending that they love Liberty while they are fighting for Slavery, is one of the most disgusting exhibitions of national hypocrisy the world ever saw, and is of itself almost sufficient to conclusively demonstrate the doctrine of total depravity.

Where is this nation?
The soldiers of the American army—the nation's agents and willing tools—have degenerated from the comparatively honorable calling of men-killers, into mere butchers of Mexicans and violators of female virtue, to say nothing about their more petty crimes, which many an inmate of our penitentiaries would have too much self-respect to stoop to. Our neighbors, the Mexicans, dared to defend their rights, dared to fight for their country, their homes, and their religion.—The U. S. Government, bent on their destruction, and boiling over with false patriotism, gathered up the scum of the community, which this national agitation had sent to the top, and poured the vile stuff upon the hills and plains of Mexico. The people of this land denounced the Mexicans as ignorant, half-civilized Papists, and told of the splendid church decorations and valuable church property, which would be legitimate articles of plunder for the patriot crusaders of North America. They thrust a Bible into each soldier's knapsack, and then called them *Missionaries!* and doubtless they were missionaries, able and zealous missionaries, doing the Devil's work with their salt-petre and brimstone, and building up the kingdom of his Satanic Majesty under the direction of GENERAL TAYLOR, Chief Missionary! And this, be it remembered, is all done that sla-

very may lengthen her cords and strengthen her stakes, that traffickers in human flesh may have new shambles, and the oppressors of our brethren greater power.

And to crown all, the American people instead of incarcerating General Taylor in prison, as they do less daring and less guilty robbers, instead of hanging him by the neck until he is dead, as they do other murderers, give him great praise, and honor, and glory—split their throats to shout hosannas to "Rough and Ready," and show their intense admiration of his deeds of wondrous villainy by burning pounds of powder and scores of tallow candles.

And now, after having fought for slavery like demons, after acting so meanly that Satan himself is ashamed of them, the leaders and rulers of the people put on a long and sanctimonious face, and say, "Brethren, let us thank the Lord we are not as other men are, that we are true lovers of liberty and haters of oppression; and let us manifest our gratitude to him for all his blessings, by celebrating, in the usual manner, the glorious 4th of July."

A Mistake.

The Editor of the Cincinnati Herald, in an article proposing a union of all the opponents of slavery, says:

"Even among the Garrisonians, we use this name for the want of a better, but without the least intended disrespect—there are many who wish to carry their principles to the ballot box, and we think these are right so far. If disunion be the true cure for Slavery, let the Disunionists nominate and support men for office under their State Government, who will take measures to accomplish the desired result. Such a demonstration would be infinitely more potent than a cart-load of resolutions."

This is a great mistake, and the editor's misapprehension is probably owing to the fact that a suggestion was made a year or two since—which, by the way, met with but little favor—for Disunionists to cast a ballot, not for some one to take office under the Constitution, but for its destruction. This proposal was made, simply that it might be shown at the ballot box how many of those whom the State counted as legal voters were opposed to taking any part or lot in the National or State governments, so long as they remained in alliance with the slave power and pledged to its support.

If the editor had made himself better acquainted with the principles of the Disunionists, he would have understood that the very nature of those principles forms a barrier against the political action through State or National government of those who adopt them.

Another mistake is in the supposition that Disunion has been adopted, primarily, if not solely, as "the true cure for slavery." That it is such, no one who has examined the subject can reasonably doubt; but if withdrawal from the American Union did not in the least accelerate the slave's deliverance, yet Disunionists regard it as a step none the less necessary, for it is imperative upon them that they cease to be slaveholders, and this they believe cannot be done without repudiating a Constitution and a Union of which chattelism is the corner stone.

There are those who advocate Disunion, simply as a remedy, who see nothing objectionable in the character of the National Constitution, or if they do, nothing which they may not for the sake of expediency, promise to support. These might accept of the Herald's invitation to embark in the political craft, and be consistent; but not so with the Garrisonian Disunionists, who, in order to wash their hands in innocency have disfranchised themselves, and in political consideration are willing to be ranked with the enslaved of our land, waiting in faith and in hope the arrival of that better day when a regenerated public sentiment shall restore them, and those for whose deliverance they toil to a common citizenship.

LIGHT IN A DARK PLACE.—Connecticut is beginning to move. There is a rattling among the dry bones of her State Legislature. The Senate, by a vote of 17 to 3, and the House, by 149 to 50, have decided to refer to the people—those of them we mean who have a vote—the question whether the word *white* shall be stricken out from the State Constitution. It is but a few years ago, that Connecticut imprisoned an estimable woman—Prudence Crandall—for no other crime than admitting to her school colored girls who were not residents of that State.—Surely, a great change must have taken place in public sentiment since then. Evidences are multiplying in all directions, East, West, North and South of the better day coming.

The report of an important trial of a mistress for the murder of her slave will be found on our first page. It is not often that slaveholders will condescend to be held to judicial account for such a peccadillo as the killing of a slave; they consider it too trifling an affair to treat in so serious a manner. And when they do consent to be tried, it is very rarely they are found guilty; and when so adjudged by the Court and sentenced to punishment, they generally manage to escape its infliction.

The life of the slave has really no legal protection in the South, however much some of the laws may seem to have been framed with this in view.