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COMMUNICATIONS FROM THE STATES AND TERRITORIES.

[The New National Era does not hold itself responsible for views expressed by correspondents. Well written and interesting communications will be gladly received.]

From Wyoming.

CHEYENNE WYO., Feb. 25, 1874.

To the Editor of the New National Era:

Death, the king of terrors, is a sad event, whether it occurs in the king's palace or in the beggar's hovel, in the happy home circle, or within the gloomy confines of prison walls. But there are some deaths sadder and more tragical than others, which agitate the hidden fountain of our feelings with the profoundest emotions of grief and sorrow. Such was the death of James Hill, who died on the 28th of January, 1874, in the States prison at Canon City, Colorado.

This unfortunate young man became engaged in an angry quarrel with another young colored man, Elijah Williams, in a billiard hall, on Blake street, in Denver, Colorado, in the month of July, 1871, and in the melee Hill shot Williams dead on the spot. Hill was promptly arrested, and, after a preliminary examination, was bound over to answer at the ensuing term of court to the charge of murder. At that term he was tried and convicted of deliberate and premeditated murder, and was sentenced to be hung.

Owing to the many palliating and mitigating circumstances connected with the case, the verdict of the jury was received with great surprise and deep regret by the sympathizing friends of Hill, white and colored. The verdict of the jury and the sentence of the court were bitterly denounced by an indignant public, and declared that manslaughter was the only and greatest crime of which the prisoner was guilty, and that if he were hung, it would be nothing more or less than a foul judicial murder.

Gen. S. E. Browne, counsel for the prisoner, (who is one of the most eloquent advocates at the Denver bar,) moved for a new trial for the prisoner, but it was not granted. He was not to be outdone, he carried his case to the Supreme Court, where he secured a new trial for his client. The second trial resulted in a simple verdict of murder, and the sentence of the court was imprisonment for life. Hon. Samuel E. Browne deserves great credit for his untiring and unselfish devotion to his colored client; he devoted a great deal of valuable time and legal labor to the case, without the least hope of any adequate compensation whatever. But he has the thanks and gratitude of the colored people of Denver, who will hold in long and grateful remembrance his indefatigable efforts to save the life of his colored client, against whom there was so much prejudice on account of his color, which rendered his efforts more arduous and doubtful. The writer did all in his power for the poor prisoner by an earnest appeal to the members of the Legislature of Colorado in 1872, and a large concourse of the citizens of Denver for means to aid in securing a new trial; but the amount obtained was utterly insufficient, but his counsel, Gen. Browne, proceeded with the case anyhow, with the result above stated. It was the intention of his friends to petition the Governor for his pardon after he had served a year or two in the penitentiary, but death forestalled their action, and kindly granted his pardon, and released him from prison, and all earthly woes and sorrows. His immortal soul has winged its flight to the land of spirits, where it will meet the great Judge of heaven and earth, who is no respecter of persons. His body has been consigned to the cold bosom of Mother Earth, who receives all of her children on the same level, regardless of all distinctions. He is gone to the silent and peaceful grave, the only asylum and refuge of the colored race from the cruel ostracism and barbarism of American prejudice and injustice.

Oh tombs! the silent mansions of the dead! How eloquently do they proclaim to all mankind the sacred dogma of equality. In their silent abodes the king and the peasant, the rich and the poor, the white and the black, lie down in the dust together. Then, why should vain and pompous man look down with frowning contempt and withering scorn upon any of his fellow men?

If this letter should meet the eyes of the friends and relatives of the deceased, most of whom reside in St. Louis, Missouri, they will be consoled to hear that he was kindly cared for during his illness, but the writer is not informed as to the nature of the disease.

He died in prison in a distant land far from home and friends. No kind mother was near him to wipe the cold death sweat from his brow, no affectionate sister to cool his parched lips, no tender hands to close his death-staring eyes, and no tremulous voice to utter death's sad farewell.

He was buried in the cemetery at Canon City, amid the wild and sublime scenery of the Rocky Mountains, whose towering snow crested peaks look down from the bright Italian sky of Colorado, in sad and gloomy grandeur upon his lonely grave. The soil that wraps his mortal remains may never be trod by his relatives or friends, nor moistened by their friendly tears of grief and sorrow.

WM. J. HARDIN.

From Massachusetts.

(62 Phillips street,)
BOSTON, MASS., Feb. 28, 1874.

To the Editor of the New National Era:

I have just been informed by a member of "The Standing Committee on Civil Rights" that, when Prof. P. H. Clark called the attention of the convention to the reading of a papsr written by myself, that one of the Massachusetts delegates rose and objected to the paper, stating that he knew the writer, and that I was opposed to civil rights!

Now, Mr. Editor, I am decidedly opposed to disputations of any kind, but when a man, who claims to know me—and I am sure that I would like to know him—rises in a convention that has for its end the good of the race, and lays at my door a sin of which I am innocent, I am anxious and glad of an opportunity of publicly denying any such falsehoods.

As far as civil rights is concerned, my heart, my brain, and my pen have been busy in its behalf. No man, true to God, true to humanity, true to his race, true to the cause of universal freedom, and true to the feelings of his better nature, could lay one straw in the way of civil rights!

When the call was issued in Boston—if there was ever one issued (?)—to consider the matter of electing delegates to the National Civil Rights Convention, to be holden in your city, I was absent from Boston. When I arrived in the city I was informed that a meeting had been hastily called by the "Young Men's Republican Club," and delegates duly chosen. Whether these men were "the chosen of the people," I forbear to say (?)

So you see that I was not present, and, therefore, know nothing of the above-mentioned meeting. I had a conversation with Hon. J. B. Smith, and urged him to attend the convention. Mr. J. M. Trotter and I had a long talk on the Civil Rights Bill, and also concerning the impending convention. Mr. Trotter urged me to attend, which I was unable to do. While I was in your city, Mr. Martin and other gentlemen entreated me to return to the convention, but important duties in my church forbade my accepting the invitation.

The week the convention convened I wrote a letter on the convention, which appeared in your columns; and the same week called upon Mr. Sumner in relation to the bill.

I cannot think of a man in Boston so cowardly, so unnatural, so unprincipled, as to charge me with treachery to the cause of human justice and free citizenship!

I can point, though a young man, to a record in war and in peace not blotted by deeds of faithlessness to the flag, the State, or the Church, but a record dampened by my own blood! I do not speak egotistically. I know of what I affirm. It moves me to be misrepresented, and especially in a matter so dear to my heart.

From 1863 to 1874 I have ever, in my feeble way, endeavored to serve in a righteous cause. During the war I received a baptism of blood, I entered the enchanted circle of freemen, and there I took an awful oath to spend my days in the cause of human freedom. And I trust that the immortal lessons that were cut into my body while fighting the battles of my country may ever remind me of the awful price of freedom and its many duties and responsibilities!

God knows that my heart loves the cause of my people, and that all my powers, few though they be, have been long agolaid upon the altar of our common cause!

Again, in conclusion, allow me to say that I never by word, influence, or act, opposed civil rights or any measure destined to bring to us the rights, privileges, and immunities for which we have so long prayed, fought, and looked!

Yours, truly,
GEORGE W. WILLIAMS.

From Massachusetts.

Butler and the Negro.

CAMBRIDGE, March 2, 1874.

To the Editor of the New National Era:

There is one broad proposition on which I stand; it is this, that an American negro is an American citizen, and that no American citizen shall be subjected to any insult or inconvenience on account of color, accident of birth or previous condition of servitude.

The American negro is your fellow citizen as well as mine; and come what may, my voice will always be raised in behalf of my countrymen against an inhuman desire to degrade them to the level of a brute.

In many a bloody battle has the superiority of the negro decided the conflict in favor of his country, and I beseech you in the name of humanity and justice to secure and preserve that superiority.

Who in 1770 set an example to his white comrades by giving up his life that you might have a country? Who, say, was this martyr to the cause of liberty? A negro, a fugitive. Who was Peter Salem? Who was he that helped to man the slight breast-works so gallantly defended? Who shot dead Major Pitcairn and in the final struggle he scaled the redoubt shouting the day is ours! and was commanding the rebels to surrender? He was a negro.

Negroes largely swelled the motley host of raw but gallant patriots suddenly collected around Boston by the tidings of Lexington, Concord and Bunker Hill.

To come down to a later period. Whose blood moistens the soil of forts Picket, Wagner and Oluste? Are the gallant exploits of the brave old 54th and 55th colored regiments forgotten? No, they are not forgotten; they can never be forgotten as long as the rebellion is remembered. Who filled Louisiana with consternation, and carried the ensign colors triumphantly through that rebel State? It was the American negro; and the name of Benjamin F. Butler and his gallant negroes shall go down the annals of time forever.

Yet the negro is subjected to insults of the lowest nature. He is insulted even in the Senate chamber; he is considered the property of the white man to be treated and disposed of as he may deem best.

If in traveling he enters a steam car with other respectable citizens he is rejected; it is in vain that he cries, I am an American citizen. This is brutal, it is abominable, and must be abolished. Shall a man with those sacred words, I am an American citizen, on his lips be refused decent accommodations on a steam car, steamboat, in hotels and the like, merely because he is a negro? No; Heaven forbid.

Shall the negro be considered of an inferior nation when he can show such representatives as Hon. Frederick Douglass, Hon. R. B. Elliott, Hon. Richad Cain and a great many others? No; never. And I do say that with such of our men together with our good old friends, Charles Sumner and Benjamin F. Butler, we shall march steadily on to laureled victory—to glory—and uncontaminated equality.

Yes; for we will never give up the struggle; and the names of John Brown, Charles Sumner, Benjamin F. Butler, Frederick Douglass, William Loyd Garrison and Wendell Phillips, all champions of freedom, shall be as lasting as monumental brass—names never to be forgotten as long as the country stands.

Of Benjamin F. Butler I have still more to say; It is this, that he is not only the friend of the negro but the friend of every poor man; he is the friend of mankind in general; he is the friend especially of equality. And I thank God for having destined him for our next Governor; yes, the next Governor of our good old Bay State. Let those who think differently remember the negroes of Massachusetts never forget a friend; yes, let corruption tremble; but let the friends of liberty and equality rejoice that it has been so ordained by a just God who never fails to reward the deserving.

The negroes will not forget the man who led their brethren victoriously through the fields of Louisiana, and thereby gave to the negro a name for heroism and prowess unsurpassed, and consider that every colored man in the good old Bay State owes a vote to Benjamin F. Butler for Governor; it is the least they can do for that tried friend and hero.

If there is one negro in Massachusetts who is so base that he would be a bondman, him has he offended; if there is one so lost that he would not be an American citizen, him has he offended; if there is one so vile that he does not love his country, then him has he offended. He has proved himself true to all, and all should do their utmost to secure for him that situation which the Almighty has appointed him fill.

With an earnest prayer for the success of Mr. Butler and the advancement of the colored race, I am most respectfully,

P. W. H.

From Tennessee.

NASHVILLE, TENN., Mar. 14, 1874.

To the Editor of the New National Era:

Pursuant to a call the colored citizens of Davidson County met at Liberty Hall last evening for the purpose of engrafting resolutions expressive of their deep sorrow for the death of Hon. Charles Sumner.

The meeting was called to order by A. Menefee, after which Hon. W. A. Sumner was nominated and chosen chairman. Mr. Sumner came forward to the speaker's stand and made a most impressive speech, in which he said that he regarded that as the most solemn duty he had ever been called to perform (groans from all parts of the house.) On motion of Alfred Menefee, James W. White was chosen secretary.

Mr. Abram Smith then spoke as follows:

MR. CHAIRMAN.—In answer to a call we have met for the purpose of engrafting resolutions, paying tribute to the illustrious dead, Sumner is dead; but though his majestic form ceases to move amongst us, yet will his memory be ever fresh in the heart of every true American. Oh how like a hero he died! His last words how in keeping with his whole political career—"Take care of my Civil Right's Bill."

Mr. Smith continued in this strain for some-time, making a most eloquent and impressive speech.

Speeches were also made by Messrs. Sykes, Butler, Walker, Menefee and others.

A deep solemnity pervaded the whole house. On motion the chair appointed the following gentlemen as a committee on resolutions: Abram Smith, Nelson Walker and Alfred Menefee, and after a brief absence the committee submitted the following resolutions which were received and adopted:

WHEREAS, We have the painful intelligence conveyed to us of the death of the Hon. Charles Sumner, United States Senator from Massachusetts, at Washington on the 11th of March, 1874, our greatest counsellor and friend; and,

WHEREAS, His whole political life has been devoted to the interest of our liberties and our freedom, civil and political elevation, and was truly the Apostle of Liberty in the Senate of the United States, and has left an enduring name, which will brighten with posterity in the advancing age of time; who fell at his post using every exertion to crown our liberties with every "civil right" enjoyed by any others of our land, which lay nearest his heart; and,

WHEREAS, This great statesman was always true to the colored citizens of the Union, and never deserted their interests throughout his legislative career; who stood by us from principle, and never consulted policy when his conscience was called to act. We can see in him a contrast between the statesman and patriot, and the time-serving demagogues with whom he had to contend for his great civil rights bill now before the United States Senate. And among the last expressions he made in his dying hours, was to commit to his friend in language devoted and earnest, this great measure, by requesting him to take care of his civil rights bill; therefore,

Resolved, That we will, as a race, ever hold dear and precious the name of Charles Sumner, the illustrious patriot and statesman, and the apostle of our liberties and civil rights.

Who has stood firm for our liberties in the darkest days of American slavery, and supported every measure during the past that tend to our elevation, and in his conflict with death spoke to aid our civil rights, and to advance the measure that lay nearest his heart.

Resolved, That we condole with the great American Nation in the loss of a statesman and patriot, and we recommend our ministers to commemorate his virtues in a memorial discourse next Lord's Day; and as a fitting tribute of respect, drape in mourning the churches for thirty days, and the authorities for the closing of public schools the day of his funeral; and other schools participate in the ceremonies.

On motion it was resolved that the city papers be asked to report the proceedings of the meeting. Carried.

On motion the meeting adjourned.

Yours Respectfully,
J. W. WHITE.

From Arkansas.

PINE BLUFF, March 13, 1874.

To the Editor of the New National Era:

SIR: I feel to "mourn with those who mourn and weep with those who weep," as I know four and half millions of newly enfranchised people will mourn and weep as for a father.

My daily of yesterday contained the sad news of the nation's loss in the death of the Hon. Charles Sumner, the true and tried friend of humanity; and we very properly wonder on whom his mantle will fall; who will stand for the right of man without regard to race or color as he has. Will Mr. Hoar press the passage his Civil Rights bill as he would have done? How pleasant to think of that the recinding of the hasty resolution of censure which took place before his death. Arkansas is much as usual, so long before the coming campaign, quiet; although "The muttering storm in the distance is" heard, and the opposing hosts are preparing for the onset. It will be a fierce contest.

The Democrats are over confident because of their accession to their ranks of those restored to their franchise; and the Republicans because of their former success. One thing is sure, the colored citizens will vote solidly republican and the accession from the other States is pretty large.

Our schools are mostly closed throughout the State on account of the late decision of the Supreme Court, that State scrip is receivable for all taxes except the sinking fund tax. This reduces the school moneys about one half, and with the exception of Pine Bluff and Little Rock the schools are all closed for lack of means. Our last legislature left the school laws in such bad shape that no State school fund has been drawn in two yaars. As a general thing our schools in all cities and towns have been good; most of the teachers from the north; but our country schools have not generally been a success, although there has been a large expenditure of money. Time will improve this; and with such a school law as we may have and must have, Arkansas will rise rapidly in general education. Our State University is being managed with ability, and already counts its students of all grades by the hundreds.

M. W. MARTIN.

Address of D. A. Straker, Esq.,

At the Memorial Meeting of the late Senator Charles Sumner, held in Sumner School Building March 16, 1874:

MR. CHAIRMAN—MY FELLOW-CITIZENS: When affliction takes hold of man through the loss of one of his brethren whose life and character render the loss a national calamity, an individual bereavement, a source of grief and profound sorrow to a people, it leaves the faculties powerless, the thoughts sterile, the imagination fruitless, the tongue impotent, and nothing remains but the deep-seated affection which swells within us, and may better be conceived than expressed. In what eye, then, does not the tear gather? Who can avoid being touched with sensations awful? When we contemplate the close of life—a life of integrity, virtue, and inexpressible usefulness to humanity; language is powerless, the human ear too narrow in which to breathe the tones of our sorrow, the entire globe too small to receive our outpourings of emotion; nothing but eternity can fill the space for our mourning. This is the condition of our country to-day. Such is my condition in attempting to utter a few words of recollection, veneration, gratitude and esteem for the Hon. Charles Sumner, whom it hath pleased God, in His inscrutable providence, to remove from our midst by death, on the 11th day of the present month. Charles Sumner was our most esteemed, invaluable, and devoted friend, benefactor, and advocate. In his death the nation has lost a most eminent citizen, excellent statesman, a patriot, a philanthropist, a hero. The world has lost a scholar of transcendent abilities, and we colored citizens, our veritable friend; whose untiring efforts, incessant labor, unceasing devotion, and unswerving advocacy in delivering us from human slavery, and elevating us to the plane of manhood and liberty, and his continued efforts, unparalleled in ability, incomparable in earnestness to establish and protect by law our civil rights and the exercise of them, makes our grief inexpressible, our sorrow profound, and our affliction great. His patriotic services in the council of the nation in behalf of peace and prosperity and the honor of his country, of which he was ever jealous; his successful labors in behalf of liberty to the slave, his unswerving advocacy of the principle of "equality before the law," and his unrivalled statesmanship in the prosecution of great public measures, the last of which was the suuplementary Civil Rights Bill, purporting to enable the colored citizen by law to enjoy complete protection in the pursuit of his happiness in the exercise of his civil and social rights, and thus wipe out the stain and curse of proscription on account of color or race, have created an affection for his name which is co-existent with our lives, and will be cherished in our memories to the latest generations. The recollection of, and affection for, such a great and good man "shall resist the empire of decay." Early in the year 1871, by introduction through a letter from Judge Ballard, of the District Court of Louisville, Kentucky, I became acquainted with Mr. Sumner. I had heard of the name and fame of America's greatest orator, scholar, and statesman. I had read of him in the pages of history, but it had only to become my good fortune to look upon the stalwart frame, the undaunted spirit, the eye of courage of the advocate of my race, who had faithfully labored, with many others, to deliver my people from an accursed bondage in human slavery. He talked with me kindly, and urged me to the prosecution of my intended study of the law—adverting in every sentence to the welfare of the colored citizen—his elevation in all respects. I gazed upon his pictures executed by the great masters—every one suggestive of some great event or illustrative of some noble, heroic, and patriotic deed. His statues, all of which furnished thought of past great men and good deeds—a store of knowledge comprised these collections. I looked into his book-cases, which filled every nook and corner of the room, and on the top of one I saw a statuette bearing this inscription on its base: "*Le Bon Pasteur aime ses brebis de toutes couleurs.*" I at once read the character of this great man, who made such a sentiment his guide in life, and I have ever since "observed how faithfully he acted out the phrase. I have sought to be near him not only because he was a scholar of rare merit rarely seen among men, and in whom there was an inexhaustible source of knowledge and information, but because I believed, as I do now affirm, that "In him I saw a combination and a form indeed where every god did seem to set his seal to give the world assurance of a man."

How devoted Mr. Sumner was to our cause, our welfare, and the welfare of mankind, as well as his deep sense of duty, may be seen in the following: A short time before leaving for Europe last fall I pressed him not to hasten his return if it would endanger his health, but to stay and fully recuperate his strength. He answered: "What shall become of the Civil Rights Bill." I said Mr. Sumner your health is of paramount importance. He replied: "When a man cannot do his duty to his fellow-man, and thus to his God, it were well that he die." How I felt when those words of devotion were uttered in behalf of the cause of my race I leave you to imagine—I cannot adequately describe. I prayed that such a noble man may live to perform his duty. Mr. Sumner's life and character constitute the most glorious history which, in my opinion, the historian shall be called upon to describe. He came into public life at a time when, however externally prosperous this country seemed; within the deep recesses of the minds of the advocates of human slavery, there lingered a disturbing element which was to burst forth, shaking the Republic from center to circumference, to the end of the destruction of the Union; to be saved only by baptizing the country with human blood. As these features then, no bigger than a man's hand, would grow and develop themselves, rising like storm clouds in the far horizon of political measures, Mr. Sumner would watch them as the faithful sentinel the approach of the enemy, and in the foresight of his statesmanship he would tell of their awful bursting in tones, of fiery eloquence; and by irresistible logic and matchless oratory he would seek to divert them and plead to remove the cause—human slavery. His life and powers were especially given up to the destruction of human slavery in this country. He lived for the glory of his country. He would have died for its honor among nations. He called upon it for justice to all men. In those struggles none ever met greater opposition. Yet, conscious of the purity of his own motives, and the rectitude of his conduct, the justice of his cause, he never in the darkest hour desponded, and it was a source of great comfort to him to know that he had lived down calumny and seen the fruit of his works. He saw slavery abolished, the Union maintained, its honor protected. Mr. Sumner lived twenty years in advance of the times around him. His foresight of statesmanship would startle some, but ere long, in calmer moments, they would see his prudence and his wisdom. He was undoubtedly one of the pillars of our great country. To-day, sir, in every State, in every city, in every town, in every hamlet, the death of Mr. Sumner is bewailed, and every man, woman, and child in its manner tells of his virtues, his love of justice, and weeps his departure; believing that his work is not finished. All who remember the Kansas-Nebraska bill and its kindred, will remember the thunder-bolts of 1856 which Mr. Sumner hurled at the slave oligarchy. Summon, to your recollection, his great speech of 1859, entitled "The Barbarism of Slavery!" Can you imagine anything more fearless, anything more exhaustible of the subject, more crushing of its of antagonist? And all this, my fellow-citizens, in our behalf to the end that we may be freemen. "When shall we see his like again," for, in paraphrase of the good poet Cowper, dear as freedom is, and in Mr. Sumner's just estimation prized above all price, he rather himself be the slave and wear the bonds than fasten them on his brother.

In later times and since the civil war which afflicted our country, the end of which was liberty to the slave, safety to the Union and more permanent prosperity to our country—although at the fearful cost of human blood and human lives, the suffering of mothers, brothers and friends, Mr. Sumner ever zealous of his country's honor, the respect due to her as the peer of any other nation, demanded of Great Britain just reparation for her negligence in observing the neutrality, which would have protected us in the hour of peril, instead of leaving us open to other enemies. By his statemanship, so tempered with prudence, full of wisdom in the desire for peace at any cost, save dishonor, our losses were reimbursed by the mother country, and our national honor preserved, and our country preserved from war. If these things were not brought about by his single efforts, they were yet given birth to by his prodigious brain. Nor did he love his country to a fault.

Believing "that whatsoever ye would that men should do unto you, even so do unto them," and that this instruction was for nations as well as individuals he earnestly sought that his country should do right as well as demand right. Hence but a short time ago he announced in unmistakable language, such as shall not soon be forgotten, "that we should violate no principle of international law, nor usurp any war powers as a nation in the annexation of Santo Domingo." He defended the black republic according to his convictions as only a man who loved the black race could do. He claimed for the land of *Toussant L'Overture* independence and respect. Likewise did he seek to know whether our cupidity had so made oblivious our gratitude, that we overstepped our bounds of neutrality towards France in the late Franco-Prussian war. He declared in his speech on this subject that it was our duty to be "First pure and then peaceable." He said he insisted upon inquiry, whether we had violated the neutral laws of nations to "the end that the Government should be saved from reproach. In the language of Montesqueen says he "the escutcheon of a monarchy is *honor*, that of a republic *virtue*. There are but few of the records of the life and character of Senator Charles Sumner of which history can furnish a parallel. The world has had its Cæsars and Napoleons in war, in literature its Burke and Bacon, in politics its Warwick and Cromwell, but show me among these the place where we could not find selfish ambition lurking in a corner. Not so with our great Senator, his works possessessed no hidden spring of ambition. Neither office nor emolument has accrued from his deeds of public service.

His aim was national peace, national honor, national virtue, liberty and equality, and of his triumphs in these we are to-day the happy beneficiaries. Triumphs exceeding in glory those of bloody war and are such as entitle their hero to an imperishable name and fame. But I must be permitted to stop a little in recounting his national deeds, and say a word about his great devotion to a down trodden race—my race—the African race. Beginning in his labors to set them free from the bonds and fetters which enchained them, he has never ceased to advocate and seek to perfect the rights of my people as men and citizens. I believe he loved them with an indescribable love of human affection. His thoughts were constantly directed to their welfare. Believing in the brotherhoon of manhood, he advocated human rights, justice and equality to all. He saw the proscription with which we were proscribed—the shell of ostracism which banished us from social enjoyment such as all members of society are entitled to—he read the divine word "God hath made of one blood all nations upon the face of the earth;" and in weal and woe he strove to place us in the light of freedom, libery and equalty. Hence the Civil Rights bill now pending in Congress, and concerning which he said "if he could see it pass he would welcome death." He began the struggle for securing our civil rights by a law of Congress in a bill entitled The Supplementary Civil Rights Bill in 1872. How earnestly, how devetedly, how skillfully he has prosecuted his work in this respect I need not tell. It is too well known to bear more than mention. It is said that Queen Mary was so devoted to her possession, the city of Calais, that when she lost it by the French, she said its name would be found inscribed on her heart when she died. So devoted was the great humanitarian, Charles Sumnar, to the welfare of the colored people, that it formed apparently part of his being, so that in his dying moments, as if reading the brightest pages of his heart, he muttered, "the bill, the bill." It is to be remembered, that although frequently suffering from disease consequent upon the brutal attack made upon him by a pro-slavery coward, he would yet struggle to keep on his feet so as to be at all times, in all sorts of weather, in his seat in the Senate Chamber to watch his Civil Rights bill. He not only labored himself but delighted to see us labor in this respect for ourselves. I know how highly he esteemed many around me for their manly striking in defense our rights. None of our acts escaped his notice, and they would give him pleasure or pain as they were well or ill directed. I hold a letter in my hand which Mr. Sumner wrote me in 1873 when some of us were willing to shut our eyes and excuse others for the dastardly proscription dealt out to us by the city legislature in establishing a normal school which excludes colored youth from its advantages. He says:

"MY DEAR SIR: I am glad you have made the excellent speech you have kindly sent me. If the colored citizens will urge their own case as you do they will be irresistible. I long to see them acting in concert and with determination.

CHARLES SUMNER."

I mention this only to show how desirous he was that we should act in concert and with determination. His death was a warning—a lesson; let his words be our guide. My fellow citizens, what shall we do now he is gone? Who will take his place and fight our battles as he did, impotent as we are to fight them ourselves? Are we friendless? I trust not. It was not yesterday that Mr. Sumner began his labors in our behaf, but as early as 1849, in one of his ablest and earliest efforts as a lawyer he argued before the Supreme Court of Massachusetts in the case of Sarah C. Roberts vs. The City of Boston, the justice of admitting a colored child into a public school without regard to color or race. His friendship is you see not of to-day nor of mushroom political growth, but grew from the depth of his rich and tender heart of affection and good will to all men. The spirit of Charles Sumner has gone to its maker. Who shall help us bear our grief and carry our sorrows? For us he was oppressed, he was afflicted, yet he opened not his mouth in complaint. He was cut off from the land of the living while fighting for justice to an oppressed race.

MR. CHAIRMAN: Mr. Sumner's abilities as a scholar I will not attempt to speak of. Let some abler tongue perform this duty. As to his character of manners Mr. Sumner, although dignified, and of the most refined and cultivated manners, a gentleman of the highest type, was yet always accessible to the humblest citizen. In a land prolific of great men he was singularly great. Nature seemed to have given him her choicest attributes. High in the temple of fame his name is inscribed on the column of glory to live while the memory of man continueth. Sumner! shall be the watchword of liberty, equality, justice to all men; virtue, honor and wisdom throughout the civilized globe, and when monarchies shall have fallen, empires decay, nations overthrown, cities destroyed, and men, whose only greatness is earthly valor or noisy declamation, shall have been forgotten, his peerless name shall live for ever; for, as was said of Flaminus by Cicero: "Ille vir haud magna cum re sed plenu fidei." But he is gone to a bourne from whence no traveler returneth, and in obedience to the will of Him behind whose dealings with men there always lingers an inimitable, inexorable, eternal *must*.

Charles Sumner was an exemplary in life to young men, to the middle-aged, and to the old. In politics, in statesmanship, in letters, in manner of living, he is a fit beacon.

The poet Young says—

"The chamber where the good man meets his fate
Is privileged beyond the common walk of virtuous life quite on the verge of heaven."

What an inestimable privilege it was for me and others of my race to be at the bedside of our benefactor? His words ere the soul took its flight to its maker, are inexpressible. The impression they made on me will live with me until I go hence. The ardor it gave me to emulate his deeds I hope to show. The pale messenger which came to beckon him to an immortal theatre beyond the skies, found the Christian patriot, the philanthropist, bowed in submission to the will of his maker. Looking around him and seeing his affectionate friends, white and black near him, he lied down—

"Like one who wraps
The drapery of his couch around him,
And lies down to pleasant dreams."

No monument can perpetuate his name like unto the consecrated endearment of the united hearts of his countrymen. The true honor which distinguished Mr. Sumner from a large number of men, was not the result of any adventitious circumstance; but that of the mind and soul which he possessed and of which all around him was the exponent—his books, his pictures, his statues, his every collection of art or otherwise. His was a mind superior to fear, to selfish interest and corruption, governed by the principles of uniform rectitude and integrity. No bribe could seduce him, no terror awe him in the performance of duty. He was zealous of public interest. He was magnanimous without being proud; just, without being harsh. Such was he who, above all others, we, as a race, and his country have lost. We have lost a faithful friend. Let us, then, fellow-citizens, learn by his death more clearly our duty to ourselves, our responsibilities, our obligations, and by unity and good feeling, live to the glory of his name, whom men have called "a prince among men," and to the consummation of his great wish, a high place among the races in independence and freedom. He is gone:

"Farewell, gallant eagle, thou art buried in light;
God rest thee in heaven, last star of our night."

Hon. A. J. Ransier.

Speech Delivered at Charleston S. C., March 9, 1874.

GENTLEMEN: It affords me pleasure always to meet my friends, and when under existing circumstances the compliment of this serenade has been paid me, it is an additional evidence of the confidence reposed in me, not only as a public man, but as your immediate representative. This, gentlemen, is not the only occasion upon which you have indicated an approval of my humble efforts in the field of politics. I remember, in the dark days of 1864, you indicated your confidence when you placed upon me the responsibility of pioneering certain movements looking to results that have been in great part attained. When, in 1865, the first Republican Convention was held in South Carolina, where colored men met and expressed, and without molestation, their opinions as to their condition, you invited me through the delegation to represent at Washington their grievances. In 1868, when, under the reconstruction Acts of Congress, South Carolina was called upon to frame her Constitution and Government agreeably to those Acts, you tendered me a unanimous nomination as a member of that Convention; and subsequently, in 1870, through your representatives, you gave me a unanimous nomination as a candidate for the office of Lieutenant-Governor of the State of South Carolina; and at a still later period you again tendered me a unanimous nomination for the position of Congressman for this District, and those are compliments of any public man may well be proud, and for which I am thankful. Gentlemen, I have tried to do my duty, and if at any time I have failed, it was not because I did not care to succeed, or that I was indifferent to your interests. Gentlemen, though the Republican party, as an organization, has achieved glorious victories in the past, though the majority of us as a race have, through trying ordeals, made marked progress, we are called upon to-day to pass upon questions in which the entire past and future are intimately wrapped up and interwoven. Holding the position which I do, gentlemen, and coming amongst you after an absence of nearly four months, at a time, too, when the gravest questions in which is wrappdd up the good name of the Republican party, and the interests of all as a people are being discussed, it would seem proper that I should say a word in addition to the acknowledgment of the compliment you kindly tender me.

All over the country the belief obtains that the situation of affairs in our State is most deplorable. No longer can it be said that these reports are traceable to Democratic sources alone. Representations of this kind have been made by good, bad and indifferent Republicans as well as Democrats; by those who look at everything through a sort of mental magnifying glass, and by others who are actuated by a variety of motives by which the country has been to some extent deceived. Representations are made against our party in a spirit of recklessness which to me is perfectly astounding. That things are not in a satisfactory condition in this State is too true; there are many things of which just complaint might be made. That it is possible, and has been so ever since the Republican party has held the ascendency in the State to get along with lower rates of taxation by a more judicious expenditure of the public funds, and that we might have selected better men to fill our most important offices, cannot be denied; but neither do exaggerated representations made by our opponents, nor reckless and injudicious public speeches made by Republicans against their own party and public men, help the situation. I am no apologist for thieves; for if I were, I do not think I would have occupied for so long a time a place in your confidence. On the contrary, I am in favor of a most thorough investigation of the official conduct of any and every public officer in connection with the discharge of whose duties there is anything like well-grounded suspicion; and to this effect have I spoken time and again. Nor am I lukewarm on the subject of better government in South Carolina than that which seems to be bearing heavily on all classes and conditions of society to-day. Still, recognizing that which I believe to be true that such is the determined opposition to the Republican party and its doctrines by our opponents that no administration of our affairs, however honest, just and economical, would satisfy any considerable portion of the Democratic masses in the State of South Carolina, and satisfied that the principles and policy of the great Republican party to which I belong is best adapted for the promotion of good government to all classes of men, our party leaders should be judicious in dealing with the situation. A leading public journal thus forcibly says: "A political leader should not be disingenuous with his own party friends; indeed, he should not 'run a muck' against the administration he is impliedly supposed to support. If there are causes of weakness or occasion for correction and amendment, these should be administered in the frankness and confidence of private counsel, and not in the wide forum of public debate. This is not the place to expose one's own weakness or unroll the calendar of defects which may be better corrected in the confidence of the caucus." In the spirit of this suggestion, I would ask for an advised action on the part of the Republicans throughout the State. I would ask you calmly to consider the state of affairs as they are presented to us to-day, and if you cannot reach those who have brought this ruin upon us through the medium of the courts instituted by us as a party, and by the officials whose duty it is to prosecute those who violate the law, then let them forever be discarded from the party. And, again, when you are called upon in your primary meetings in your county and State nominating conventions, let each man act as if, by his individual vote, he could wipe out the odium resting upon our party, and help to remove the evils that afflict us at present. Let him feel, black or white, that the country holds him responsible for the shortcomings of his party, and that it demands of him the elevation to public positions of men who are above suspicion. Let each man feel that upon him individually rests the work of reform; let each man feel that he is responsible for every dollar of the public money fraudulently used; for every school-house closed against his children; for every dollar of taxation in excess of the reasonable and legitimate expenses of the State; in short, let every man feel that society at large will hold him and the party accountable for every misdeed in the administration of government, and will credit him with every honest effort in the interest of the people, and the interest of good government, whereby the community as a whole is best protected, and the equal rights of all guaranteed and made safe. [Applause.] This, gentlemen, is the line of argument which I had hoped to present to you. It is not for us to deny those charges which may be proven to be true, while it is for us to deal in the confidence of a caucus, and by other judicious means, without giving the Democrats weapons with which to beat out our brains, [cheers]—(a voice cried "Good enough.") For I say to-night, with the full knowledge of the fact that what I may say here to-night will go out to the country, and in view of my responsibilities to my immediate constituents and to society at large, and in view of my responsibilities as a member of Congress, I say that Republicanism is best calculated for the welfare of Democrats as well as Republicans. It is the government of the people made by the people and for the people, and you dare not, as a Republican, trample on any right of a Democrat, or trifle with the important interest of the people, while at the same time it is your duty to prevent them from trampling upon any of yours. [Applause.] And the best way to effect this is to keep the power within the party. [Applause.] (A voice—"That's so.") We must not think that because the colored people are in the majority now that we are privileged to be indifferent to the interests of others. As a country we have prospered, we have multiplied our vast resources from Maine to California, while we have increased our industries, and added vastly to our capital, and peopled our cities and towns with tenfold their number; we have rescued within the last ten years an entire race from bondage; we have not only emancipated, but we have enfranchised and clothed this race with the habiliments of citizenship.

But we find ourselves to-day, as a race, passing through a crisis. The colored people in the United States, with all the grand achievement of the past ten years, are to-day passing through the crisis of their political history in this country. We present to the world a noble spectacle, a record unparalleled in the annals of any people similary situated. No race has been subjected to such a scathing fire of criticism; no people have had such tremendous disadvantages to labor under. And I feel free to say, no race in a similar position could have aquitted themselves more creditably; but now in this trying epoch of our history, we seem to forget much that we should remember; we must not trifle with our responsibilities and let slip our best opportunites to prove our fitness for government. We are charged as giving evidence in some localities of unfitness in this direction; it is for us in this crisis to deny as best we may those allegations against the colored men as a race as to their abilty to manage the affairs of government. The country accepts in a great part the representations made by our opponents as to the situation of affairs in this State. It rests with you to remove every just cause of complaint, remembering that by every unworthy man you elevate to office, by every scoundrel you keep in office, you justify the public opinion in the country adverse to the well-being of the Republican party in this State, and to the fitness of the colored man for franchise. The Tax-Payers' Convention was composed of gentlemen, most of whom, I believe, I am acquainted with. As to politics, it seems we must ever differ. Their representations are founded, however false, to a considerable extent, upon the bad management of the Republican party, and I believe that many Republicans in the State of South Carolina are giving their movements strength and aid, in the hope of accomplishing certain results. They will be deceived, of course. If any Republican thinks that in any possible

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