THE NEW NATIONAL ERA.
PUBLISHED
EVERY THURSDAY MORNING
At Washington City, D. C.
BY
DOUGLASS BROS.

LEWIS H. DOUGLASS, EDITOR.

PRICE OF SUBSCRIPTIONS: Single copies, $2.50 per year; five copies for $10, payable in advance.

ADDRESS FREDERICK DOUGLASS, Jr., Lock Box 31, Washington, D. C.

NEW NATIONAL ERA.

VOL. V.—NO. 34.] WASHINGTON, D. C., THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 10, 1874 [$2.50 a year in advance—5 Copies for $10.

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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 New York.

A Visit to Panama Rocks.

To the Editor of the New National Era:

Not long since a party of pleasure-seekers, of whom I was one in number, formed themselves *en route* for Panama Rocks. The morning was bright, our horses fresh and animated, and nothing marred the prospects of a full realization of our brightest anticipations. Our course lay through the country; therefore, we were required to put no restraint on our demonstrations of merriment, so as we laughed the birds laughed, and the very cattle seemed to laugh as they frolicked in the sunshine and plucked the sparkling blades of dewy grass: and the sturdy farmer, as he stalked into the field, looking first at the blue, unclouded sky, then at the wide-spreading meadows of rich ripe grain, "laughed loudest of all."

At the windows of every farm-house we passed appeared wild, wondering faces; often one would disappear and two reappear; boys left their milking stools; men their morning duties, and gazed with such untirng wonder that we concluded we must be quite an important crew, and proceeded, feeling decidedly satisfied with ourselves. We had not gone far when our horses began to express symptoms of fright, prancing and snorting quite alarmingly. Unable to discover any cause for such uncommon behavior, one of our party suggested that there might be something in the cloud of dust we saw approaching which had displeased them. Drawing near, we found, to our great amazement, the cause of their disturbance was a little iron-gray donkey. It possessed a very saucy face and a most remarkable proportion of ears, behind which was faintly visible the outline of a boy, out of respect to whom we felt it but proper to suppress all demonstrations; but when we saw the face of said boy, radiant with a full realization of his comical situation, we broke forth with one outburst of laughter, in which the boy joined most heartily. Totally disregarding our repeated exclamations, the little animal conducted itself with commendable dignity, and was soon again enveloped in a cloud of dust, lost to our gaze forever.

We passed through a little place on the Atlantic and Great Western railroad called Grant Station. It consists of a few squalid dwellings, two churches, and a grocery and blacksmith's shop. Although the dwelings are surrounded by wild forests and marshes, the male portion of the place seem to have nothing whatever to do. Many of them loitered around the corner grocery as if stationed there for the express purpose of giving information to any stray traveler who might be unfortunate enough to find himself in their midst as to direction, &c. As we required no information, we passed them unnoticed, leaving them staring at us as if astonished to find us so well informed. After we had noted the "railroad crossing, lookout for the cars," we were again on our undisturbed way.

We reached our place of destination about noon, and the very first rock we saw (practical unappreciative people that we were) was converted into a dining table, literally ladening it with ham, fried chicken, sandwich, and other similar delicacies. Who has not eaten fried chicken after a long ride in the open air? Those who have not, have an experience in store for them, the anticipation of which should gladden their very hearts. Those who have, can no doubt appreciate the dexterity with which we strewed that barren rock with meatless bones. The next thing was water, and after searching a while we were highly rewarded. We discovered a spring of most delicious water, below which, in modest silence, stood a cow. We accosted her politely and informed her of our intention of drinking, provided she had no objection. Like Rip Van Winkle in the mountains, we received no answer save a few expressive nods, which we considered sufficient, and, consequently, drank; after which the cow drank; we then proposed her health, hoping she might live long and prosper—a toast she evidently appreciated, as we left her still drinking and switching her tail in a most approving manner. We were soon equipped for our exploring expedition. Panama Rocks are one of those freaks in nature caused by earthquake; they extend about three miles, following the course of a stream called "Brokenstraw," a tributary of the Alleghany river. The ledges of the rocks are covered with an abundant vegetation. Sturdy specimens of beech, maple, and elm appear in great numbers, while delicate vines with their slender tendrils clinging to the massive rocks show a beautiful illustration of powerful steadfastness and clinging dependence in nature. The rocks are cleft and shattered in every conceivable manner, sometimes forming narrow fissures from sixty to eighty feet deep, sometimes caverns of extensive dimensions. In many places they present themselves in smooth, regular strata, in others are thrown and heaped together in shapeless masses. Although the day was exceedingly warm, as we descended, following the eccentric winding courses of the fissures, we found water-proofs and over-coats indispensable. Many of these fissures led us to dark cavern which sent out a damp, heavy atmosphere quite repulsive to delicate natures, but wierdly attractive to those fond of adventure and exploration. One of these caverns particularly attracted me; its opening was just large enough to admit one in a stooping posture, but the atmosphere which issued from it showed there must be an extensive space beyond. As I approached it my breath froze as on a winter day. Planks were arranged as securely as possible for the benefit of those desiring to enter. The nearer I approached it the stronger became an almost irresistible desire to penetrate the mysterious, silent, abode; but I was in the midst of near relatives and friends whose interest in the welfare of my being became suddenly so intense that I was forced to abandon the desire which had become almost morbid. We did not see much of the animal life which is said to inhabit this place; only a few timid squirrels darted here and there, hiding from our view. Before starting for home, we stopped at the hotel a while to rest. We found the people of Panama exceedingly jolly. As we sat at the hotel windows we were entertained most delightfully. The postmaster, in particular, contributed to our amusement, who, immediately opposite our windows, performed such dextrous feats with a little black dog as to excite the admiration of our whole party; in fact, we were at a loss to determine which antics were the most surprising, those of the postmaster or the dog. After we had started for home, and were casting our last "longing, lingering looks behind," we discerned on the edge of a distant wood, amid the laborers, and burning bush, no other than the Hon. Walter R. Sessions, Congressional Representative of that district. Glad to see the honorable gentleman in even these unfavorable circumstances, we watched him till he faded from our view, the last, but by no means least, of Panama.

As we rode on, we were inclined to relapse into silence, when one of our party broke forth with the familiar strains of John Brown's Ten Little Indians. The influence went through the party like an electric shock, and we all joined in the chorus; after which we were "Going to Ride Up in the Chariot Sooner in the Morning;" then we were suddenly "Out on the Ocean Sailing;" then "We were almost there;" and ended by declaring we "Shouldn't Go Home Till Morning." We did go home, however, reaching there just as the moon was rising above the distant hills. If the people of Panama were more zealous in making the rocks more accessible to strangers, they would add to the convenience of those who find pleasure in visiting them. There has been talk of a connection being made between them and Chautauqua Lake. If this is accomplished, it will add greatly to the attractions of this already delightful resort, and those who come from year to year to enjoy the pleasures of the lake will find double entertainment in exploring the caverns and fissures of Panama Rocks.

MATE.

From Georgia.

AUGUSTA, GA., Aug. 26, 1874.

To the Editor of the New National Era:

The world should know of the atrocious outrages committed against the colored people in this section, and I know of no better way than to make them known through your paper. I will give you a few items that have transpired right here in the city of Augusta. I wrote you some months ago of the mobbing in the public market of an inoffensive colored man by Dennis Hallahan and a party of convicts from his brick yard, and that the said Hallahan was bound over to appear at the next term of the Superior Court, under the insignificant bond of $300. As everybody expected Hallahan failed to appear for trial, and that I have no doubt will be the end of it.

About a month ago Mrs. Barnes, a colored lady of our city, was standing and talking with another lady, when one of the city policemen passed along; Mrs. Barnes, who was, by the bye, several months in pregnancy, inadvertently brushed against him, (the policeman,) and, without further provocation, he slapped her down. The matter was at once reported to the Mayor, a good Democrat, who, after hearing the evidence, (there being several eye witnesses,) and the case being fully proved, fined him *ten dollars*. Yes, ten dollars fine for slapping a weakly female down in the public street, and she in pregnancy.

Again, on Saturday, August 15th, a white and colored man had an altercation on one of our street cars, which resulted in the colored man's shooting and mortally wounding the white man, from which he died in a few hours. The colored man was in liquor, and shot the white man without a shadow of justification, and should certainly have been made to pay the penalty of his crime. There were two colored men together, (brothers,) and they were both at once arrested and lodged in the county jail and securely confined. As soon as it was ascertained that the white man would surely die, and he having been a captain in the Confederate army, his old comrades in arms, who at present compose very largely the white military volunteer companies, determined to take the law in their own hands, and at once had their men summoned, with instructions to bring their arms and ammunition. Remember, Mr. Editor, that these companies are made up, not of the poor and ignorant white men, but of the rich and most influential men in the city and their sons. At a late hour in the night, probably a thousand of these men went to the jail and took out the man that they supposed did the killing, had a mock trial by the mob, found him guilty, and were about to hang him, when it was suggested that, as this man insisted that he was innocent, perhaps he was not the one; whereupon the other man was brought out and tried by the mob, and found guilty. They then started to hang him, but, as the city fire-bells began to ring just at that juncture, they concluded to take a shorter method, and agreed to shoot him. I am credibly informed that two hundred muskets were emptied at him, and that his body was shot all to pieces is certain. The New York *World* say the good class of citizens ought to repudiate the affair, but the fact is, this thing was done by the leading white citizens of Augusta, and I am told by an eye witness that one a member of our City Council, and a lieutenant in one of the military companies, walked up to the mutilated body of the dead man, after it was shot all to pieces, and emptied his pistol into his lifeless lump of humanity. Great God, what atrocity.

On last Sunday night, the 23d, a colored man, being in liquor, walked into the house of a colored woman. Wishing to get him out, she requested a white man, who was not an officer of any kind, to aid her in ejecting him from her house. He did help her in getting him out, and then attempted to carry him to the guard-house; the colored man, being quite drunk, refused to go to the guard-house, and, without any further cause, the white man ran his knife into him, and he dropped dead on the spot. The coroner's jury, after solemnly examining the matter, gave, as their verdict, that it was justifiable homicide, and turned the murderer loose.

Again, on the night of the 24th, three white men went to the house of one of our most respectable colored citizens while he was absent from home and attempted to break in, and was only prevented by the screams of his wife, which attracted the neighbors to her house before they could carry out their nefarious design. Two of the men succeeded in getting away, but the other one was a little too late, and, consequently, took refuge under the house; he was soon brought out, and turned out to be one of the Columbia county Ku-Klux, by the name of Shockley, and resides about twenty-five miles from the city. Now, the upshot of this affair is this: Mr. Robert Cumming, the young man who lived in this house, is first lieutenant of a colored military company in this city; and it is generally supposed that their object was to kill him for this offense. This belief is strengthened from the fact that these three men were heard to say in conversation with each other by two persons that they were going to kill a negro that night. The one that was caught was carried before the recorder of our city the next morning and charged with a simple breach of the peace and fined twenty-five dollars. This is the end of it.

WATCHMAN.

From Virginia.

HICKSFORD, GREENVILLE CO., VA., August 27, 1874.

To the Editor of the New National Era:

It has been some time since I troubled you with a line from my pen, but thinking that you would be glad to know something about the Fourth Congressional district, I thought that I would write you a short letter to inform you that the people of this district are still alive to their interest and their country's good. After a gallant fight on the part of our worthy citizen, Mr. Mark R. De Mortie, for that high position to the Forty-fourth Congress, to succeed Hon. W. H. H. Stowell, he, like a good Republican, has talked with his friends and withdrawn, only to strengthen the party for a more able fight at some future day; and thus you see that Mr. Stowell will, I think, be nominated by acclamation in the convention which will meet on the 16th of September. I see that "Piedmont" has visited all the counties in the district, and has given you, as a stranger, a very fair statement of the situation; but there are some things which he did not know, therefore he could not tell you. Just before the campaign had fairly opened the people almost over the entire district had resolved to support one of their own race for Congress; but Prince Edward, Charlotte, Mecklingburg, Lunenberg, and a part of Cumberland, would not agree, as Mr. S. had been so faithful to the trust reposed in him by the people of this district, namely, the civil rights bill, that he had worked both in an out of Congress to have that all-important measure passed, we thought that it would be a sin of ingratitude for us to think of committing such a blunder at this time. Mr. De Mortie thought with his people, and now I congratulate the district and the country upon his personal sacrifice—an example I commend to every Republican in this broad old Commonwealth, from the sea shores to the mountains, yea more, to every lover of liberty in America, our country.

Mr. Editor, this is one time that the leading thinking men of our party have fought right together for, as they thought, the good of all. Rev. Henry Williams fired the first gun, and the smoke has not cleared away yet. So you will please inform "Piedmont" that he must not make his visits so much like angels' (that is they are few and far between) if he wants to tell you about the colored people in the Fourth Congressional district. One word now to the Republican party of the Fourth district. Fellow countrymen, to arms! to arms! The enemy is intrenching himself in every possible manner. Come to the front. He has threatened to take our works this fall at the polls. Let me ask you, shall he do it? Echo answers "No." Do not think because we have about 1,600 majority that you can sleep quiet in your tents. You cannot. Let your battle-cry be, "Remember Petersburg and her 500 votes." Remembering that, charge on the Democratic works in November, and the victory will be ours. If we have had any South Carolina Moses's in our ranks let us put them out; if these men will cause our ship to be in a storm cast them overboard at once, that we may have a calm, We are struggling for liberty, and we must get every impediment off the track.

Thanking you, Mr. Editor, for space for these few thoughts, I am, sir, your obedient servant,

P. K. JONES.

To the Editor of the New National Era:

In a paper entitled the "Work of the Hour," published in the columns of the NEW NATIONAL ERA, a few weeks since, the undersigned made a simple statement relative to the condition of the laboring classes South and some suggestions as to a plan by which the evils complained of would be effectually remedied, intending in some future article to show the necessity for, and the practicability of, the plan suggested. It affords him pleasure, therefore, to request the publication of a letter from one whose opportunities for for observation during a course of ten years, have been large.

J. A. CROMWELL.

RICHMOND, VA., Aug. 8, 1874.

Mr. C. Stearns, Boston, Massachusetts,

DEAR SIR: Your letter of June 12th, in answer to mine of May 13th is before me. Sickness and death in my family prevented me from answering you sooner. Your communication gives me great satisfaction, both as to your claim to the confidence of the colored people and the utility of your plan, in aiding the poor of the South in obtaining land. The whole scheme has my hearty approval. I have felt, for many years, that many of our friends at the North did not fully understand the true condition of the colored people down here, and for this reason, the plan of making the freedmen independent tillers of the soil has been overlooked, which I believe is indispensable to their final success, and to this opinion I am more and more confirmed every day from what I see here. You have well said, that much time and money have been spent by friends at the North in planting churches and schools. All this missionary work has failed to do for the colored people what must be done to save them from the evils that await them? They comprise the laborers of the South; they have been brought up on farm and understand the cultivation of the soil better than any other class of people. Before the war, they were the most temperate people in the country, but since the war these people have crowded the towns and cities, without money, and unaccustomed to city life, hundreds of men, women and children get only enough to keep soul and body together, there being no regulated price for wages. You will find them crowded together in the worst shanties, which are in the most uncleanly parts of the city. Many of them are in old buildings, where immorality and vice must be engendered. One of the greatest evils among them is intemperance. This seems to be carried on almost to as great a degree in the church as out of it, and you, as well as I, know that intemperance leads to many avenues of crime. I have thought much about this matter, and still want to know what is the remedy? They have no capital, and I may say, they just merely live. I have asked many why they did not remain in the country and till the land. Some say, "We come to the city in order that our children may enjoy the advantages of the schools;" others, "because we have no church," and still another large number remarked, "that they cannot receive pay for their labor."

Several said to me recently, that "we worked all of last year, and at its close were in debt to the planters." They work on shares but find that it will not pay. Many of these men have large families. Still they wander about, from town to town, city to city, year after year, looking for work, leaving their wives and children at home in distress, and unaccustomed to city life, fall into all kinds of vice. I think that there is not a single parallel in history where a whole race, comprising so large a number as this does, has always been turned out upon the charity of the world, without homes, money or friends. All the land is in the hands of those who held them in bondage two hundred and forty years and more. There is no State in the South suffering so much as Virginia is for the want of some regular system of labor. Thousands of acres of land all over the State are growing up in bushes and weeds, and in many parts of the State you can purchase land from one dollar to five per acre, and thereon timber of all kinds can be obtained and readily shipped away, as the lower part of the State is in direct communication with the cities of the North by means of water. The only hope I have for the South is Northern emigration. What the colored people and poor whites of this State want, is some means of getting land. If the attention of the rich men of the North could be turned in this direction, a great change would surely be visible in the condition of the laboring classes of the South. I hope that your plan may not want for sympathy among good people, and that it may be accompanied with success, as I believe it is the only true method of elevating those who have been kept down by slavery and the poor generally. Not a single day should be lost in the prosecution of this work. Humanity is groaning under a great burden, which should be lightened by willing hearts and hands.

Yours very truly,

J. W. DUNJEE.

RICHMOND, VA., Sept. 6, 1874.

To the Editor of the New National Era:

The political affairs of this, the Metropolitan district of Virginia, are so mixed that one scarcely knows whether to be for Paul or Silas.

The Conservatives have nominated ex-Governor Walker for Congress, and if the doctrines of Mrs. Woodhull and their female suffragists was in operation, Walker would perhaps be elected, being more noted for his beauty than his brains.

The principle candidates among the Republicans are J. Ambler Smith, present incumbent, Col. Rush Burgess, and Hon. L. H. Chandler.

HON. J. AMBLER SMITH.

This gentleman, for a young man, had one of the brightest openings of any person in the State. He served well in the State Senate, and upon his removal to Richmond, received the nomination of the Republican party of this district, and was elected a member of Congress.

Smith is not an orator, nor has he any pretensions towards oratory; his great field is in wire-pulling, political scheming, &c. He has, however, alienated the good feelings of the people towards him; first, because he could not bring about a Smithism, *i. e.*—could not get all of the Smith family into the best positions; secondly, his total opposition to the Civil Rights bill.

He is said to have more influence with the Conservatives of this district than any other Republican, and can carry more white votes; but so great is the opposition to him among the colored people that his gain from the whites cannot possibly compensate him for his loss among the colored people, if nominated.

COLONEL BURGESS,

another aspirant for Congressional honor, or popular endorsement, as some term it here, is well known and highly respected by the people of the district. The fact that Colonel Burgess beat Senator Lewis, Smith, and others at Washington last year in getting the collectorship, is enough to show his strength and popularity.

Burgess has always been an active worker in the Republican party, and by his works day and night has always been considered one of its worthiest leaders. From all present indications, Burgess, who was first in the field as as a candidate, has the inside track.

HON. L. H. CHANDLER.

At present it is totally impossible to say who the nominee will be. There is, however, such a bitter contest between Smith and Burgess, that from present indications, if Smith cannot get the nomination, the Smith faction will fraternize with the Chandler men, and thus defeat Burgess.

Burgess and Chandler are both good men, and in the event of the nomination of either of these two men, the Republican party will unite and give one "long pull, strong pull, and a pull altogether" in November next.

W. C. ROANE.

From Mississippi.

HERNANDO, Aug. 28, 1874.

To the Editor of the New National Era:

DEAR SIR: The wilful misrepresentations of the Southern Democratic press in relation to what they call the war in Austin, induces me to write a few lines, to state the other side of the question and the facts in the case, free from partiality or prejudice. Near two months ago, Dr. Smith, a resident of Austin, crossed from his premises to the adjoining lot, occupied by a colored man named Whitaker, who was sitting on his door step singing. Smith, with pistol in hand, commanded him to stop, as his (Whitaker's) singing disturbed him. Whitaker replied that he was on his own premises, and would sing as long as he pleased, whereupon Smith fired, the ball striking Whitaker in the shoulder, and a boy of fifteen, who was lying on the floor, in the breast, killing him instantly. Smith fled to the canebrakes, was captured and committed to jail. After a few days he sued out a writ of habeas corpus, was carried before Judge Fisher at Hernando, and released under a bail of $2,000 to appear at the next term of the Circuit Court. The colored people, upon seeing Smith in Austin, and at liberty, and not understanding why he was released, assembled and put him in jail, without the law's authority, and forced the jailor to receive him. Smith's imprisonment was only nominal, as he staid with his family every night, and came in and out as he pleased. But it was wrong, as he had been legally released, and if his bail was "straw," it had been accepted and approved by legal officers. Smith, after the expiration of a few days, left Austin and went to Memphis.

The Saturday following, there was in Austin, as usual, quite a number of colored men. One or two of them becoming unduly excited, and under the influence of whisky, became boisterous and threatened that if Smith was not put in jail, that they would hang the Mayor and jailor, and burn the town. Unfortunately, Captain Manning, the sheriff, was absent, or he alone would have nipped the buds of the great war, and deprived the Democratic press of a great sensation. But the Captain was down in Jersey. His deputies and the Mayor got frightened from hearing the ravings of a few black men, crazed with liquor, (perhaps they knew they deserved the hanging,) and couriers were dispatched in hot haste to the hills, and Desoto, Tate and Panola counties for help. As the whites came in Austin armed to the teeth, stopping, searching, cursing, and threatening to shoot every colored man they met, the colored people got alarmed and began to arm in self-defence, and to the number of not more than (150) one hundred and fifty armed men, gathered around Austin. The whites becoming alarmed at the "dark and angry cloud," quietly decamped, and left the negroes in possession, who, in turn, left the town after a few hours, and dispersed to their homes; and when the redoubtable General Chalmers, of Confederate fame, at the head of the chivalry of Mississippi and Tennessee, entered the town, burning with zeal, and eager for a chance to kill a "nigger," they encountered eight unarmed black men, whom they captured and put in jail. Persons who knew the General's record during the war, say that this was on a par with his achievements during that period. During the progress of the riot a white man was killed or injured. One colored man was killed by the rioters. One store was broken open, and it is an open question, which party did the deed. It is a fact, that the blacks left a guard to protect the property when they left the town. No sensible man conversant with Southern affairs and society can doubt for a moment that if Smith had been a black man, and the murdered boy white, that a white mob would not have contented themselves with merely putting Smith in jail, but would have placed him as a hanging ornament on one of the Court-house trees. And, Mr. Editor, politics is the mainspring. Politics the motive of the riots and rumors of riots which are daily seen in the columns of the Democratic press. White Leagues are forming throughout the State, and acting in concert with the Grangers, who are nothing more or less in their State than Democratic clubs, they openly boast that they will be able at our next election to intimidate enough colored men—or in their own words, "make it so hot for them that they will not dare to come to the polls, and thus elect a "Simon pure Bourbon ticket; and it behooves the Republican party of this State to keep their armor bright, and look well to their laurels. To put none but competent, honest men in nomination, and to organize and consolidate their ranks, and not be caught slumbering in fancied security.

H. W. NELSON.

The South—North Carolina.

To the Editor of the New National Era:

That the South is again to become a source of much trouble to the nation is apparent to every candid observer. The recent elections there, together with reliable information daily accumulating, portends a condition of affairs and a tendency to worse that is really disheartening to all who truly have the interest of that section at heart, whatever may be their color or particular political creed. The outrages upon inoffensive and peaceable citizens on account of political difference are again reviving, and cannot but tend to the detriment of the dearest interest of the South in more ways than one. Many of us had hoped that the day of such atrocities had passed. That returning to their "sober second thought" the Southern people would adopt a different and far more effective—not to say legitimate—way of acquainting the nation with their grievances, if indeed this may be considered the cause which has given rise to the troubles and difficulties from which they have suffered so greatly. If the facts, which are so rapidly developing themselves, can be considered of any importance in the formation of our opinion as to the true feeling of the Southern people, we are carried despite our inclination and desires to the contrary, to the conclusion that they have never really and in good faith accepted the situation. They still retain a hope, however faint or distant, of so nullifying the work of the Republican party respecting the negro as to place him in a condition little, if any, better than that of a slave. We regret to be forced to such a conclusion. We were born in the South and have learned to love its people and interest; therefore would we see her such a country as her extensive domain and unparalleled resources make her capable of. But such are the facts, and so plainly and forcibly brought to bear as to preclude any other solution of the problem. I once rejoiced in view of an early, complete and final settlement of the Southern question. I had hoped and believed that the mind of the nation would soon be relieved of its consideration, and that her people, taking counsel of bitter experience, would enter the avenue to a permanent peace and prosperity. But they still choose to linger around the grave of their departed greatness, vainly hoping that by some means it may yet be resurrected. How much they are in their own way will probably be very clearly set forth in a few years. Certainly the course which they are now pursuing can bode them no good. That the Southern people have suffered and suffered greatly as a result of reconstruction, must be admitted by the most superficial observer. The ruined credit of nearly all her States but too fully attest the truth of the assertion. But in many, if not in all respects, they themselves are the responsible parties. Taking my own State,

NORTH CAROLINA,

as an example, they must charge upon themselves the entire responsibility of whatever may have been the evil influences to which they have been subjected. The colored people would have gladly placed the old leaders of the State in power and entrusted to them the conduct of State affairs. They desired, on receiving the right of free American citizens, to put them in charge of affairs. They will, however, learn sooner or later that if they would ever attain to the greatness to which they can and should, they must recognize and accept all which has been done for the protection of the negro as a fixed fact. They must give up all hope of ever depriving him of any right which he now enjoys or to which he may be justly entitled. Let them once fully and unreservedly accord to him his just rights, and they will find no truer or more faithful friend.

I write as I do, Mr. Editor, because I am a Southerner and feel for that section of country. I want to see it prosper and its people happy. Therefore would I gladly see every hinderance to its progress removed and its people advancing. Until that is done the South must remain deserted of the very and essential element of her prosperity. I am glad to say of North Carolina that the feelings between the races are of a very cordial and friendly character, and that they are so far as I have seen or been able to learn, getting on well.

The Civil Rights bill, however, did not fail to awaken some unpleasant feelings, and I might add, do us serious damage in the late election. But I have no good reason for thinking of a repetition of the scenes of 1870–'71 in even the slightest degree, though I may be mistaken. Concerning North Carolina I will speak more fully in a future epistle. The above has been hurriedly prepared, and without time for revision.

Again, yours, C. N. H.

Meeting of Colored Citizens at Cincinnati.

We give below the speech of Senator-elect Pinchback, of Louisiana, at the meeting of colored citizens in Cincinnati on the 4th instant:

The Chairman introduced Lieutenant Governor Pinchback, of Louisiana, who spoke as follows:

I saw a notice in the papers of this morning that a meeting was to be held here to-night for the purpose of considering the disturbances in the South, and giving a list of speakers, and among whom was myself.

Believing the movement to be an important one, and knowing that it would be productive of good, if, through its agencies, the attention of the Northern public could be fixed upon the actual condition of that class of people who are suffering the most by the disorders which now disgrace the South—and which in former years, commencing with the close of the war, have done so much to destroy its commerce and industries, deplete its treasuries, and depopulate the States—I felt it my duty to be present, notwithstanding I had expressed a disinclination to appear before the public of Cincinnati as a speaker.

The actual condition of affairs in many portions of the South is more appalling than even the heart-sickening reports of riot and cold-blooded murders daily furnished us by the Associated Press telegrams indicate.

The extraordinary changes produced in the body politic by the introduction of the colored element into the same, has resulted in creating a bitter antagonism of race. This enmity has been fostered and kept alive by political demagogues, who have obtained leadership both among the whites and the colored people of the South.

On the one hand it has been represented that if the resident white population of the South obtained control of the State governments, they would ostracise the colored people, and deprive them of their civil and political rights, deny them education, and either reduce them to slavery again, or to a serfdom equally as distasteful and burdensome. These representations, as you perceive, were well calculated to alarm the colored voters, and make them distrustful of any affiliation with their former masters and old residents of the South; and so strong was this impression made upon them that whenever any one of their race, who foresaw the danger that inevitably would result from this unhealthy and dangerous state of affairs, attempted to remonstrate or call attention to the evil effects likely to ensue therefrom, he was sure to be set upon, and, if not utterly destroyed, would find his influence, even among his own people, greatly impaired. The indiscretions and short-sightedness exhibited by the colored people was mild in comparison with the intolerance, madness, and folly of the whites; their pig-headed leaders inflamed them by appeals to their passions and prejudices, which the sanction of age and the growth of centuries had sanctified and made strong and difficult to overcome by the cry of negro incompentency, dishonesty, social equality, negro supremacy, this is a white man's government, &c.

The policy of the resident Southern whites, from the adoption of the reconstruction measures down to this day, has been a series of blunders. They first attempted to ignore the colored voter, and to regard his enfranchisement as a farce. Awakening from this delusive dream, and realizing, in its fullest sense, that the colored man's right to vote was irrevocably fixed, they organized a system of intimidation, terrorism, and persecution, through that infamous secret organization known as the Ku-Klux Klan, whose record of blood has filled the blackest page in American history, and will stand, perhaps for all time to come, without a parallel, except it be equaled by that bolder, bloodier, and more inhuman organization, the White League, whose atrocities all over the South are now claiming the attention of the nation.

The South has reached a crisis that she has been gradually approaching for the past seven years. Having labored assiduously to prove negro suffrage a failure, and the colored race incompetent to exercise the prerogatives of an American citizen; encouraged by the hesitating policy of the Forty-Third Congress in reference to the Civil Rights Bill, and the belief that many leaders in the National Republican party, who question our ability to exercise wisely the great privileges conferred upon us as a people, have grown timid; and further strengthened by the belief that President Grant would send no troops down there to protect the unarmed, unoffending, and a law-abiding poor colored people who have no disposition, even if they had the means, to fight their white brethren, have resolved to take forcible possession of the government of every State in the South; and I do not hesitate to declare my firm conviction that unless the strong arm of the national Government interposes in behalf of peace and order, and the protection of the citizen in his political rights, they will accomplish their object. It is but simple justice to say, however, that a considerable portion of the respectable and wealthy white men of the South in their hearts and better judgment disapprove of and deplore the extreme measures resorted to to accomplish the success of the opposition to the Republican party, but they are overawed by the dread of business and social ostracism.

To the people of the North this subject assumes a graver importance than they in their quiet and happy homes dream of. In the assassination so rife to-day, and following with such rapidity upon each other, it will be observed that white and black share the same fate.

Heretofore, in every tumult, riot or mob, the massere was confined to the colored people; and when our mournful wail over the bodies of our murdered dead, who had been slain because of their Republicanism, reached the North, the effect of it was counteracted by flaming articles in the newspapers, with big head-lines of "Negro insurrection," "Citizens killed and wounded by negroes," "Negroes in arms," etc., and thus the truth was kept from the public, but in the present crisis the death penalty has been visited upon white and black alike, simply because they were Republicans. Can the Northern people stand idly by and witness, indifferently, the outrages perpetrated upon their brethren, many of whom shouldered their muskets and offered their lives in defence of the Union, and that, too, by the very men who instigated the rebellion that desolated so many of their homes? God forbid.

If this state of anarchy and rebellion in the local government of the South is to go unchecked, and these people are permitted to take forcible control of the same, who can tell how long it will be before the North will have to conquer another rebellion? I could elaborate upon this point, but time will not permit, as there are other important reasons why this thing should be stopped.

The colored race in the South form an element of material importance which cannot be overlooked or dispensed with, as it has long since been proven that the products, cotton, sugar, rice, and tobacco, cannot be cultivated successfully by any other labor.

As producers, they bring to the country's aggregate of wealth in products eight hundred millions of dollars annually; as consumers, they spend over three hundred millions, and to that extent build up the prosperity of the country, and if a foreign war demanded a rally around the country's flag, they could furnish five hundred thousand strong arms and brave hearts for its defense; they constitute too healthy and hopeful an element in the country to be left to the tender mercies of fiends in human shape who scruple not to murder unarmed and defenseless prisoners.

I am glad to see in the telegrams from Washington, published in the daily papers, that Attorney General Williams, by authority of President Grant, has already commenced to move, and I doubt not but what in a short time some of the perpetrators of the crimes in the South will be brought to justice, and the majesty of the law again resume its sway.

And I appeal to you, gentlemen, who inaugurated this meeting, to go on in the good work, and remember that if in even the smallest measure you should lighten the load, or assuage the sorrows of your oppressed brethren in the South, they in grateful remembrance will send on high from millions of honest Christian hearts, prayers for your eternal welfare and happiness.

The time has come when the colored people must lay aside their party difference and consider the common afflictions of the race. If the colored people in the South can be killed or ostracised with impunity, then you are not safe here in the North. This was intended to be the land of the free. The regard for law in the North has enabled Cincinnati to have such a splendid Exposition. New Orleans will never be so quiet and prosperous as this city until she learns that every man must be secure in the laws. There must be no North and no South.

At the conclusion of these remarks, which were received with applause, one of the secretaries read the following resolutions:

Whereas the colored citizens of the Southern States are now undergoing a persecution on account of their color and political opinions, resulting in their assassination, murder, destruction of property, and banishment from their homes; and

Whereas secret leagues of white men are forming and acting for the purpose of exterminating the colored race or driving them from the South; therefore

Resolved, That we are in full sympathy with our suffering brethren, and that the President of the United States is entitled to our lasting gratitude for the prompt action he has taken for the suppression of these outrages, and we ask for him the moral support of all citizens, regardless of party or color, to the end that all laws may be enforced, all citizens protected, and the honor of our free institutions maintained.

These resolutions were adopted unanimously, and the meeting adjourned.

A Sunday school teacher wishing his pupil to have a clear idea of faith, illustrated thus: "Here is an apple — you see it and therefore know that it is there; but when I place it under this tea-cup you have faith that it is there, though you no longer see it." The lads seemed to understand perfectly; and the next time the teacher asked them, "what is faith?" they answered with one accord, "an apple under a tea-cup."

California always comes in with the best story. Not long ago a break was discovered in one of the large reservoirs of the Bliss Brothers, at Indian Hill, and in the absence of any other application at hand, R. H. Bliss threw the 220 pounds of his own flesh and blood into the gap and held the water until it was drawn off by the gate.

This is how it happened down in southwest Missouri:

He found a rope and picked it up,
And with it walked away;
It happened that to t'other end
A horse was hitched, they say.

They found a tree and tied the rope
Unto a swinging limb.
It happened that the other end
Was somehow hitched to him.