

# THE LINCOLN COURIER.

TERMS: \$3.00 PER ANNUM.

LINCOLN, N. C., AUGUST 9, 1867.

VOL. I.—NO. 28.

## LINCOLN COURIER.

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OFFICE ON MAIN STREET,  
Late Speck's Jewellery Establishment,  
Lincolnton, N. C.

### TERMS FOR PAPER.

THE WEEKLY COURIER will be supplied at \$3.00 per annum, payable in advance; or \$2.00 for six months.

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### The Loyal League.

A Leap into the Midnight Radical Conclaves—How the Ignorant Freedman, are Humbugged—The Oaths, Signs and Password Revealed.

### A TELLING EXPOSE.

To Editor of the Nashville Banner: NASHVILLE, July 9th, 1867.

Many of your readers will doubtless remember my letter of June 6th, which was largely circulated by the press of this and other cities of our State. If there is one sentence therein not in accordance with law and the true principles of liberty and human rights, I don't know what constitutes those safeguards of man and have been "raised a fool." For writing and publishing that letter I was at once "expelled" from "Loyal League No. 1," where I had been sworn "to do even unto death," all in my power to "keep ever burning on the altar of the American heart, the sacred flame of Liberty." Let the world sit in judgement on my life of sixty-five years and particularly on the part of it embraced in the past seven years. I court its investigation and will abide cheerfully by its award, indifferent alike to flattery or abuse. I shall do my duty even though asses bray, and dogs snap and howl.

Expelled, from the Loyal League! Now, Gentlemen, permit me to introduce you into that sacrum sanctorum of political humbugs. I promised this—I'll do it.

At the first door you give two light taps and whisper through a hole therein, "Loyal Men." The door opens. You move on to a second door and give two taps. A loop hole is opened. You whisper "Must rule," and are then marched around a darkened room and welcomed by the "Good Chairman," in the following words—"The good and true are always welcome, &c."

You have now marched round the room and are placed before an altar on which is spread the American Flag. Here also lies open a Bible and a book with the old, original, unaltered Constitution of the United States, gift our Fathers, as it was, is and ever should be—unchanged.

There, too, lie crossed, two common swords, such as are worn by army surgeons. Between the points a mysterious bronze chalice filled with something, the smell of which reminds you of "Old Robertson."

On your right, at a small altar, stands long, lean "Forty Acres," behind you, at another desk or altar, stands a once Provost Marshal.—Around this long, dark, dirty, room, the "Loyal Leaguers," some black and some white, and among them some of our most worthy citizens. There are also a few whose "coppers" sticks out through the white wash given by this "Loyal League."

The gas is now darkened, and "Forty Acres," with eyes upturned like a "duck in a thunder storm," his lean hands opened out toward Heaven, mumbles out a prayer! This done, the jolly, good-natured, kind looking Miller, not "of Mansfield," though quite as portly) steps forward with book and watch in hand, and

fires the mysterious looking cup, which darts up a flickering blue flame, such as is represented as burning in the "Eternal Hades. With your right hand on the book, and the left in the air, you now take the "oath of allegiance," known to all, and are most particularly required "to defend the Constitution of the United States" (unaltered), on which your hand rests, and the Constitution of the State of Tennessee. What is the latter Constitution? Who can tell?

You are also sworn to keep the secrets of the League, "to vote for none but loyal men," &c. In that long, dark, dirty room, on the right side of which stood about one hundred old rusty muskets, in such presence, before the flickering blue flame which but made "darkness visible, with the nasal twang of Forty Acres' voice in prayer still sounding in my ears, I was with others made a Loyal Leaguer. Surrounded with such paraphernalia of humbug, we were sworn also, as before said, to do even unto death all in our power to make liberty eternal, to "vote for none but loyal men," &c.

We were next initiated into the signs and passwords, &c. Let one suffice; but if you wish you can have them all. To pass yourself as a Leaguer, when questioned give the "Four L's"—as follows, right hand raised to Heaven, thumb and third finger touching their ends over the palm, and pronounce "Liberty." Bringing the hand down on a tin with the shoulder, pronounce "Lincoln." Dropping the hand open at your sides, pronounce "Loyal." With your hand and fingers downward in the chest, the thumb thrust into the vest or waistband, across the body, pronounce "League."

There is a great deal of other "tomfoolery" of the same character unworthy of place here. Suffice it to say that such is the character of a combination which bids fair to rebaptise our unhappy Southern soil with blood—such are the willing or duped instruments ready to carry out the will of our modern Jeffreys and Dalrymples, Masters of Stair Gledlyons and Lindsleys—such are the Loyal Leagues which in darkened rooms, before blue mysterious looking fires, cross swords and psalm singing humbugs, have sworn in "about forty-five thousand" simple freedmen, and taken from each a miserable half dollar fee for initiation. Those poor creatures have stood before that blue flame and all the other grim paraphernalia of this dark room humbug, with a superstitious awe, mingled with fear. To them it was the "Carlo Dithaa" of their native jungles, the "Obi Man" with his poisoned cocoonut. They will never forget that blue flame, those crossed swords, the wild upturned eye of "Forty Acres," with ominously up-lifted finger of the worthy "Miller," as he pronounced the "Anabama, Maranatha" on all who succeed or break the terrible pledge. Poor, simple, wronged creatures! In the wild storms of midnight, when the blue lightning thrusts its fingers through the storm tossed cloud, their imagination will bring out, clothed with horror, that darkened room, that mysterious flame, the upturned eye of "Forty Acres," and the "so mote it be" of the mixed multitude.

Gentlemen, fellow-citizens, freedmen—look at this mummery—this political humbug, and think that men of rank, of standing, of fine intellect and kind hearts are there. How can you account for it, in this nineteenth century? What does it mean? Has the Lord our God forsaken us? Are we a people? Has he made us blind that our ruin may be more sure? Leaguers and madmen, beware! Like blind Sampson, you now sit beneath the tower, not of

oppression but of human rights. You are madly grasping the law and the ballot box—the sure columns of liberty. If you bow yourselves as he did, the beautiful structure will fall, and you and your children will perish unwept under its ruins. Leaguers, beware! A day of retribution is coming. Blind guides leading the blind, how can you escape? Every act of your own and of your leaders is calculated to provoke blood. You know this. Do you think to grind the Anglo-Saxon race beneath the heel of your deceived colored dupes? You thrust them once into the fiery furnace of war to save your own children. You emancipated them as a military necessity. As the last hope of our tottering government, to save yourselves, you and your party laid violent hands on the "colored element," and now you say that it was all for love of that element.

Let us look at Mr. Lincoln's letter to A. G. Hodges, Esq., Frankfort, Kentucky, dated April 4, 1864:

"I believed the indispensable necessity for emancipation and arming the blacks, would come. It came, and I was, in my best judgment, driven to the alternative of either surrendering the Union and with it the Constitution, or of laying strong hands on the colored element and arming it. I chose the latter."

Further quotation is unnecessary, comment useless. And now, dear Leaguers, remember, when you tell the poor freedmen that it was your love that made him free, you speak not the truth. When you gave him the right of suffrage on the same account, 'twas to save your bacon, and you care no more for the freedman than Balaam did for the brute which refused to carry him.

Finally, "Loyal League No. 1, I beg leave to say to you, when you are about to turn a member out without cause, as Paul said to the jailer, 'Do thyself no harm.' There was one sentence in my letter which merited the act of "Expulsion." You kicked a hole in the wall, and I let the world in, sure of the approval of honest men, and regardless of all your threats.

I am, respectfully yours,  
WM. DRIVER

\*See McCauy's Massacre of Glencoe Read and tremble for the spirit is here.

THREAT FROM A LOYAL LEAGUER.—The expose of the "Loyal League" is having its effect. The Nashville Banner has the following threat:

NASHVILLE, July 11, 1867.  
The following letter was delivered by the carrier, Buckley, at my house to-day. I pronounce the author a liar, a coward and a sneak, and say to him "Lay on Macduff." I keep canes for dogs and pistols for men.  
WILLIAM DRIVER,  
241 South Summer Street.

William Driver, Esq., 241 South Summer Street.  
Perjured traitor, beware. The outraged and avenging spirit of Liberty and Loyalty, swift as an arrow and remorseless as the grave, is on your track—the reward of your treachery will be swift and sure. Outraged loyalty will vindicate itself. Beware. LOYAL LEAGUER.

Advices from New Orleans, dated 28th July, state that the American Brig Wm Robertson, from Havana, arrived at Pass Aloutri last evening, having on board twenty-three Coolies. Other shipments of smaller numbers have already arrived, and are at work on the plantations.

By one of the laws of Pittacus, one of the seven wise men of Greece, every fault committed by a person when intoxicated, was deemed worthy of a double punishment.

NO SPOTS ON THE SUN.—One of our correspondents calls attention to the unusual fact that the sun presents at this time the rare appearance of being entirely free from spots. A telescope of considerable power fails, he says, to show the slightest speck on its disc.

From the Raleigh Register.  
LETTER FROM DANIEL R. GOODLOE, ESQ.

The following letter from Daniel R. Goodloe, Esq., was read before the Republican meeting in Warrenton, noticed in our last issue:

RALEIGH, July 17th, 1867.

My Dear Sir:—I learn from you, and also from your friend William Cawthron, that I am expected to be present at the meeting on Saturday. I very much regret that the pressure of my official engagement will deprive me of that honor. At the recent term of the court, judgment was rendered in nearly one hundred and fifty cases; and it being my duty as Marshal to see that the executions are served, I find my attention drawn to nearly every corner of the State in rapid succession, lest something may go wrong. I have, at the same time, to make out my semi-annual returns and to edit the Register; so, between these various and pressing duties, you can imagine that I have very little leisure. It happens that I am compelled to leave here in the morning, in order to be ready for the boat on the Black-water on Friday; and I should feel that I had committed a serious breach of duty if I were to stop in Warrenton. I have thus frankly stated, in detail, my reasons for declining to be present on the occasion, and I hope they will be satisfactory. In a few weeks I shall be relieved from the pressure on my time, when I propose to return to Warrenton to spend some weeks. In the mean time I shall address the people from week to week, through the columns of the Register, so that there will be no mistaking my position. I have a great personal inconvenience, and with no hope of making money, undertaken to edit the paper, in order to spread before the public the principles and views of public policy which are of vital importance, and indeed essential to freedom, peace and restoration. If I could be present at the meeting on Saturday, and were gifted with power of utterance equal to those possessed by many gentlemen who will be there, I would say to the white people that there is no escape from the present state of things—

from military rule, from disfranchisement, and from the paralysis of industry, except through the gate of reconstruction, offered by the acts of Congress. Opposition to those acts, whether active or passive, will be equally unavailing. Failure to form a State Government will remit the control of affairs entirely to the hands of the military, or to those of persons who can take the test oath. On the other hand, reconstruction under the acts of Congress will immediately restore five-sixths of the people to their rights under the Constitution, and will render easy and certain the restoration of the remainder.

To the people of color I would say, I rejoice that you are free. It is a consummation my heart has yearned for from my youth up. I desired that it should come peacefully, with the consent of the white people; and I have from my early manhood devoted all the energies of my mind to the work of convincing white men that black men have equal rights in the sight of God, and should have equal rights before human tribunals with themselves. And now that you are free, and also citizens and voters, I take the liberty of advising you to live on the very best terms with your white neighbors, and with those who formerly held you as slaves. Listen to no man who whispers the word confiscation in your ears, or disfranchisement, or injury in any form to your law-abiding white neighbors. Remember that if you were born slaves the white people were born slaveholders, or were brought up amid prejudice, and under unjust laws, which

existed before they were born. We are all more or less the creatures of circumstances; and as custom under the order of things produced unjust prejudices against you, so custom, under the new order of things, will change prejudices and opinions, and turn them in your favor, if you are true to yourselves. For, as Shakespeare says, he who is true to himself will be false to no man.

There are eminent men in Congress, and in the Northern States, who have talked loosely about a general confiscation of the property of the Southern people. I am sure they have no real conception of the fearful calamities they would produce if their policy were carried out. They would ruin the black people as well as the whites; the loyal as well as the disloyal; for they would destroy all credit and confidence, all enterprise and effort, and thus make it impossible to give employment to labor. All house servants, field hands, and laborers of every kind would lose their places if those who have property are to be deprived of it by confiscation. No crops would be raised; and starvation everywhere would follow, as it has followed in the track of the great armies which contended against each other in the South. If confiscation should take place, I warn the colored people against indulging in the hope that they would get anything by it. I know the thing will never happen, and that it is morally impossible; but if we suppose for a moment that it is undertaken, we may be sure that it will call forth, or produce the most heartless and corrupt set of officials that ever existed, and that they would steal everything, squander everything, and leave nothing for the government or for the colored people. But be assured that nothing of the kind is thought of by any considerable body of men in Congress. Demagogues may come among you and tell you otherwise; deceive you, and to secure your votes; but they are as little your friends as they are the friends of the white people. If you doubt it, ask them how long they have been the champions of your rights? In ninety-nine cases out of a hundred you will find that such men would have sold you to the sugar planters and cotton planters of the far South at any time before you were set free.

To whites and blacks I would say, let us cease talking of the past. We can never agree as to the merits of the great controversy. But in the future there is but one course left open. We will make a constitution as free as that of Vermont; and under it we will have equal laws, equal advantages and opportunities in life. Then every man must rise or fall according to his merits.

Thus, my dear sir, you have the substance of what I would like to say to the people of Warren on Saturday, if I could spare the time from my official engagements.

I am, very faithfully, your friend,  
DAN'L R. GOODLOE.

Prof. JAS. H. FOOTE, Warrenton, N. C.

MASONIC.—Hon. E. G. Reade, Grand Master of Masons in the State of North Carolina, acknowledges through the Square and Compass, the organ of the order in this State, the receipt of one hundred and fifty dollars for the relief of the distressed Masons in North Carolina. This is a portion of the proceeds of an entertainment given recently in New York.

D. W. Bain, Grand Secretary, acknowledges the receipt of \$100 from H. G. Reynolds, Grand Secretary of Illinois, for the same purpose.

The Grand Lodge of Wisconsin, at its recent session, contributed \$1000 for the relief of their Southern brethren.

Thus it will be seen how the great Masonic heart at the North pulsates at the recital of the suffering in the South.—Raleigh Register.

### "NOJOQUE"

Helper, the author of "Nojoque," has sent to the New York World the following communication:

SIR: May I correct, through your columns of the World, a few items of the very unwarrantable misrepresentation which some of the newspapers are now making in reference to my new book? In the first place, the designation of the work as "Black Book," is, I contend, a positive misnomer. An exactly opposite or contrary designation would certainly be much more in accordance with the truth. This will be sufficiently apparent when I tell you that the work contains two chapters (among others,) one of which is headed "Black, A Thing of Ugliness, Disease and Death," and the other "White, A Thing of Life, Health, and Beauty," and further, it was a part of the contract with my publisher, that no copy of the book should ever be bound in black. You will readily perceive, therefore, that with more correctness, perhaps, than could be used in regard to any other work that has ever been published in this or any other county, "Nojoque" might be designated or described as a White Book.

It is not true that I was recalled from my Consulship in Buenos Ayres. More than two years ago I voluntarily resigned that office. Between the party now in power and myself there is this difference: While they have degenerated from their national and constitutional character as Republicans, and have become Radicals, and are sectional, I am still a Republican—a white Republican—and am not sectional.

There is no truth whatever in the statement that I was ever an advocate or champion of any black thing—certainly of no animated black thing; for the few black things that possess excellent qualities, are all inanimate. I have always maintained, and still maintain, that we shall have at the South great States, like you have here at the North, only when our States there, like yours here, shall be peopled exclusively, or in a manner exclusively, by white men, white women and children. On these subjects, the old friends and myself always disagreed.

I was quite as strenuously opposed to negro citizenship, negro suffrage, negro testimony, negro jurors, and negro generally, in 1857 as I am in 1867. I then, in my "Impending Crisis of the South," gave unreserved expression to my dislike of both slavery and negroes; and now, in my "Nojoque," negroes and slavery have been portrayed and denounced as the chief objects of my displeasure. I believe I was right then; and I believe I am right now. Certain it is that there has been no change in my views, and that no inconsistency of essay or statement can be pointed out or shown as existing in or between the two books here mentioned. Abundant evidence of this fact is furnished in the eighth chapter of "Nojoque," which is headed, and which embraces, "Thirteen Kindred Pages from 'The Impending Crisis of the South.'"

Bad as slavery was, it was not slavery alone that retarded the Southern States. The negro race itself, was, and is, the very basis of our backwardness throughout all the South. Under slavery, the negro race increased so fast as to cause, at times, serious apprehensions that the gloomy and deleterious pall of blackness would soon be spread over the entire Southern half of our continent. Under the most just and beneficial operations of freedom, the black and bi-colored inhabitants of our country are gradually yielding (and ought not, in any way, to be hindered or restrained from yielding) their unworthily-filled places to the whites, who are, in every respect, infinitely superior and better, and therefore far more desirable. It seems to me that, as a simple fairness and justice to the whites, and also as a matter of proper concern for the welfare of others, we ought to find for the blacks a home somewhere beyond the present limits of the United States.

Those who have ascribed to me the origin of the title of my new book are mistaken. I got the word on the Pacific coast of our possessions, at least sixteen years ago, and it is there descriptive of a thing of great value.

HINTON ROMAN HELPER.  
New York, July 22, 1867.