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From The Little Corporal.

MADGE, OR THE BROKEN WINE-CUP.

BY JULIA M. THAYER.

"Father said I must beg!" muttered a little girl to herself as she stood looking out at the street; "but I won't be a beggar. I'll work—do anything—oh, if I could only wanted a little girl!"

"I've no more than the child. How old are you, little girl?"

"Twelve, last February, ma'am."

"And small of your age," added the lady thoughtfully.

"Indeed, that's true for ye. She's no bigger nor my thumb! An' it's the hungry look she has in the eyes. Oh! I haven't seen that sate in the old countenance!"

"Where do you live?" asked the lady.

"On Twenty-ninth street, near the market. And oh, if you please, I would be glad of a piece? I can do a great deal of work, but I'm not used to work; and to tell the truth, lady, I dare not go home."

"Father drinks, and he is so rible when he's drunk; he beats mother and the children, and he would kill me if I should come home, for he sent me out to beg; but I said I would never beg! I would find a place to work. Oh, didn't somebody want a little girl?"

"The lady shook her head somewhat sadly. 'I don't know of any one just now, and the truth is, child, you are too small and delicate to be of much use. You had better go home; there is no other way, and if your father is so bad, why, your mother must complete to the proper authorities, and have him taken care of.'"

"O ma'am," said Madge, earnestly, "she would never do that, I'm sure, for she would never do that to her children we ought to love him in spite of his faults, for it's the liquor that puts the evil in him; and there are those that will never let him be sober a moment, if they can help it."

"The more shame to 'em," muttered Bridget, as she slipped a couple of biscuits into the child's apron, and hurried her out of the door.

"O gentle-hearted children, safely sheltered in the dear home-nest, do you shed one tear for little Madge? faint, weary, and sick at heart; yet having taken care of herself, and through the rough and toilsome ways of the world, alone, if she might but escape a drink of—escape from the horrible crucifixion of a father—no, no longer a father, a fiend—a fiend—by alcohol."

"But there was one green oasis in all this boundless desert, for Madge. It was where Aunt Rachel's great heart, beat warm and strong under her old Scottish plaid; where the love was never too small nor the fire too slow to share with a neighbor, though both were small and scanty enough. Thither she went her weary footsteps."

"O Aunt Rachel!" she cried, throwing herself into the arms extended to receive her. "It's no use. I've tramped and tramped, all day. Nobody wants me—no one will take me. I'm a bad child; or I'm too small, or, they don't want a beggar's child; or—"

"But, but! but! but! I would na' say it or think o' it again," said Aunt Rachel, fondly stroking her hair; "sit down, Madge, no rest yourself a bit, while I put a draught o' tea in the pot, for ye need a drop o' it surely."

"And so with Bridget's cold biscuits, a hot cup of tea, and a slice from Rachel's well-earned loaf, with hunger for sate, they made a merry feast; Madge forgetting, for the moment, her weariness and aches."

"Supper ended, Madge prepared to go, but Rachel protested.

"Don't go home the night, lassie; I'll let me be sure the milder's wish, for I saw the day. So along will ye be, what I sit beside ye, an' a comfort word from the guide book."

"Madge obeyed, gladly, and, soothed by the sweet promises of Holy Writ, she soon fell asleep."

"Now, in the silent watches of the night, Madge thought herself of a gentleman for whom her deceased husband was once partner. So, early on the following day, she sought him out, told him that Madge was a good child, quick and willing, and her mother a real lady; though, to be sure, her father was a no better than he should be." And, by dint of much entreaty, she obtained a promise that he would furnish her with a place to work.

"Now, indeed, and the good soul, after consulting Madge to her new home, 'take a bit of advice from an old woman. It isn't for a bairne to blazin' abroad the unpleasur o' his own father. Say naught o' the kind ye can help it; but pray for him and for the mother that loves ye dearly; and for the rest remember that even a child may be known by his doings, whether they be pure, and whether they

be right. Now may the Laird hae ye in his holy keeping."

"So, with old Rachel's blessing resting like holy oil on her head, she went to new work."

New-Year's Day came round in due time, with his gills and greetings, and found Madge still at Mr. Howard's, the patient nurse-girl, the willing waiting-maid, swift to run, slow to speak, quick to appreciate kindness, winning her way to all hearts, from the stately grand-lame, in her rustling brocade, to bright-haired Bertie, nestling to sleep in her arms yet ever keeping locked in her own bosom the story of her griefs, which her occasional visits home made ever present.

She was by this time accustomed to plenty and splendor. Her face had forgotten its pinched look, and her hands had lost their old trick of clutching at the tattered shawl. And to-day, of all days, surrounded by joyousness and good cheer, one would have said she might be happy. But to-day, of all days, her thoughts were far away down Twenty-ninth street, and her heart carried its old burden. So, when Bertie was snug in his crib, and the family, with perhaps a lingering guest, had gathered around the fireside, she threw her mantle over her head, and rushed out into the starlight.

Then she thought how it would seem once more to wander around the street, hungry and cold, and not daring to go home. Then, gliding around in front of the great mansion, she nodded at it, and laughed to think how it seemed to invite her, with a thousand pleasant glances, to its friendly shelter. Then she stepped up on the veranda, and, as the damask curtain was turned aside, she looked in upon the lady group. The noble gentleman and lady who had given her a home—the aged grandmother, with the courtly manners and stately dress of fifty years ago—Madge's Clarence, sometimes so teasing, sometimes so grand, with his gentlemanly airs and young Master Frank, always her friend and champion.

There were rich curtains and carpets, and handsome furniture, costly pictures, and gleaming chandeliers; everything that goes to make up a home of taste and elegance; and Madge loved beauty as naturally as bees love sunshine. But one thing marred the scene. Gazing down through the gorgeous vista, she saw, at the further end, a shining sideboard, loaded with wine glasses and decanters, and the destroyer of her home was there, not so far, more dangerous! He wore a deceitful smile—a bewildering grace. He was merry god, garlanded with flowers, and leading Pleasure by the hand.

On the wine cup she could never gaze without a shudder; but just now she did gaze, till all that bright scene faded away from before her sight and she beheld, in its stead, a wretched room, with scanty broken furniture, a few dying embers on the hearth, a few dry crusts the only food, a handful of rags the only covering, the mother and little ones huddled sadly together, awaiting some one with fear, which amounted, in the younger ones, to terror. Then she strained every nerve to listen for the deadened foot-step, borne entirely away by her imagination, till, suddenly becoming conscious that she was observed, with a low cry, she darted swiftly away.

"Did you see Madge at the window?" how wild she looked! exclaimed Frank.

"What could have been the matter?"

"Matter? bumph!" said Clarence, willing enough to tease his younger brother.

"Perhaps she was waiting for an invitation to take a seat in the parlor—the impertinent little beggar!"

"She is not an impertinent beggar—say that again, at your peril, Master Clarence!" replied Frank, warmly. "She would grace any parlor in the land; and I think it a shame she should be excluded from the society she would adorn, just because she is poor."

"Oh, our little nurse-girl is a lady, is she?" replied Clarence, with a provoking drawl; "pray ask her if she will condescend to permit you the honor of pledging her in a glass of wine. Come, I dare you to show your gallantry!"

"I'll do it," said Frank; and you shall see how gracefully she will respond.—"There she comes, now;" and springing quickly up, he intercepted her as she was passing through the back parlor.

"Stop, Madge!" he cried, hastily filling two dainty glasses from the sideboard, and holding them aloft; "this is New-Year's Day, you know, and mamma's visitors have been bestowing all manner of good wishes on her; allow me the honor—will you take a glass of wine with me?" Madge stood like a statue. The wine danced and sparkled before her eyes, every drop a serpent!

"Take it—taste it," whispered Frank, "just because of Clarence—because he—"

"Must I touch it?" Do you want me to drink it?" asked Madge, growing paler every moment.

"Yes," said Frank, hastily, "take it, if you only touch your lips to it, or he will say you are no lady."

"O yes, of course she is," said Clarence, tauntingly.

"Well, if I must—if you want me to so much," cried Madge, with a sudden flush. "I'll take it, to oblige you, but I'll never drink it—never. This is what I'll do with it; and she hurried it violently against the marble mantel.

The glass was slivered to atoms, the wine mingled with the rosy hues of the carpet.

Clarence frowned, Frank stood perfectly aghast.

"What is the meaning of this disturbance?" asked Mr. Howard, in an angry tone; "what do I see? whose work is this?"

Clarence pointed toward Madge, while Frank exclaimed bitterly:

"How could you?"

"Oh, how could I help it? cried Madge, wringing her hands, wildly; "how could I help it? There's death in it! There's no wine in it! There's poverty and starvation, and hunger and cold! blows and curses, and broken hearts, and a thousand serpents gnawing the guilty soul!"

"The girl's insane," said Mr. Howard to his wife; for by this time nearly the whole family were gathered around.

"Indeed, I am not, sir," continued

Madge, nothing daunted. "It was a reckless thing to throw the glass; but, oh, sir, if you knew what I know, if you could see what I have seen! Your children have a beautiful home—everything to make them happy. Can you imagine what it would be for them to live without any of these lovely things—books, pictures, toys—without even the plainest necessities of life—to see them wander barefoot and hungry through the streets, and then back to their broken-hearted mother, and she weeping because she knew not where the morning meal was to come from? And suppose they dreaded to hear your footsteps, and knew by sad experience that they had reason to dread it. Oh! forgive me, sir; I have such a father! I wish he was like you! It was the wine-cup that made him what he is; and that made our home what it is; and sooner than touch or taste the poison, ten thousand times I'd rather wander out again from this blessed home you have given me, into the hunger and cold and darkness."

Madge sobbed convulsively. Frank cried as heartily, and Mrs. Howard was in tears.

"Poor child," said she, tenderly, "I thought she had a history!"

But now the old lady, the grandmother, in her rich brocade, and with her silvery hair and keen, black eyes, having hatched her arm-chair to the middle door, began to take the child's part, as a grandmother should.

"She is right! the girl is right!" she exclaimed, with authority, striking her gold-headed cane forcibly upon the floor.

"She did well to break the glass and spill the wine, and rouse us from our deadly stupor; she did well to lash us with her little vixenish tongue, for our selfish indifference and careless ease, when thousands are going the downward road to ruin, perhaps, because of this very temptation placed before them in just such homes as this. 'Who hath won? who hath contended?' she continued, as if talking to herself; "who hath babbling? who hath wounds without cause? They that tarry long at the wine. Look not thou upon the wine when it is red. At the last it biteth like a serpent, and stingeth like an adder."

Then, in a broken voice, she cried:

"O Mortimer, you had a brother, once—do you know where he is? have you seen him for years? he is among the living or the dead? One day, when the fumes of wine had mounted to his brain, he quarrelled with you, and—God forgive him—with his mother; have we ever seen him since? It was wine that destroyed him. I have warned you before, and warn you now again, of this pernicious fashion. Banish it for your own children's sake. And the poor, old lady swayed to and fro, moaning, "O my boy! O my boy!"

Mr. Howard, who had been painfully abstracted, now roused himself.

"Clarence, Frank, all of you, retire. I will speak with Madge in the morning."

So they stole quietly out, one by one, and Mr. Howard gave his arm to his aged mother, and conducted her to her room, and ere long silence brooded over the household.

True to his promise, the gentleman had a long conversation with Madge next morning, not to reprove, but to soothe and comfort her. Then he went to her miserable home, and found, whom do you suppose?—his long-lost, degraded brother.

Under a disguised name, yearning for home and kindred, he had come back to the old place; but, after all, his pride would not allow him to seek a reconciliation with his friends; and, striving to drown his wretchedness, he had of late drunk so deeply that reason was nearly drowned, else he would have been aware, perhaps, that Madge, strangely enough, had found a home under her uncle's roof.

But was he saved? Ah! it was a struggle. Nothing less strong than a mother's love and the power of God could have done it. He could never recall the mispent years, nor the lost health, nor the cruel deeds, but he was saved—so as by fire!

And now his family dwell in a pretty cottage, and Madge is ripening into rare beauty of mind and person.

Clarence has long since begged his loving cousin's pardon for calling her an "impertinent little beggar," and Frank is not a whit less admiring than ever.

And last, but by no means least, the wine-cup is banished from the home of the Howards, nor does it even grace the New-Year's board.

Mrs. Lincoln's Wardrobe—More About Her Old Clothes.

From The Worcester Palladium (Radical).

It is broadly intimated, and is probably true, that the widow of President Lincoln is insane; and that this is the explanation of her recent behavior in parading in a costly outer action room, for sale, many costly articles which are said by her to be the gift of friends. ** The public must therefore judge charitably of a woman who by a double misfortune has lost both her husband and her reason.

From The Philadelphia Age.

In a New York journal yesterday the following extraordinary notice makes its appearance, which we republish for the benefit of "whom it may concern."

SUBSCRIPTIONS IN FAVOR OF MRS. LINCOLN. 609 BROADWAY, OCTOBER 24, 1867.

To The Editor of The World:

Sir—I am authorized by Mrs. Abraham Lincoln to receive subscriptions for her at my rooms, 609 Broadway. Will you assist me through the editorial columns of your paper. Respectfully,

WILLIAM H. BRADY, Commercial Broker.

In New York, and elsewhere, there are hundreds of "poor widows" whose income do not reach a tithe of the sum Mrs. Lincoln has for her support, who move on quickly and uncomplainingly in their spheres and make no public appeal for assistance. Suppose they did, how many of them would receive a favorable answer to their begging circulars?

Correspondence of The Springfield (Mass) Republican.

Then we have Mrs. Lincoln, whom you very properly characterized as "that

dreadful woman," on our hands. She comes squarely out and says to our great Republican party, "Buy my old clothes or I will dismember you." And I do not know but that it would have been a good idea to buy them up. True, they are not worth much, for in company with Mrs. Paul, I examined them yesterday. In the matter of dry goods, Mrs. Paul's head is about as low as most women's. She went over them in detail, discovering the dresses were frayed round the edges.

Her "soul" was not "in arms and eager for the fray."

Moreover, many of them were soiled, and all were cut very low in the neck.

"Why, John, I wouldn't wear one of them," she cried, "not if they had been worn by all the presidentesses that ever sat on chairs. I've got better party dresses at home."

"But, my dear," I affectionately urged, "these are Republican party dresses; you should purchase them for principle's sake, if not for old associations. This is the one that was worn the night that our great and good President was murdered. Think what a cheerful frame of mind it would throw you into; all the memories of the horrible assassination night, and the subsequent hangings, would crowd upon you as you rustled around in its heavy folds."

But still she was obstinate. "I don't want any relics of the relief!" said she.

How utterly unreasonable woman is! I might as well have talked to the bed-post to persuade it to buy a balmarol instead of ehintz curtains. Poor Mr. Brady had the trouble of showing us the goods without effecting a single sale, and I went home discontented and unhappy, more persuaded than ever that I had made a mistake in the choice of a wife, or woman who would refuse to wear Mrs. Lincoln's old clothes, after all that has been said about them, surely unworthy the confidence and affection of any good Republican.

It has rather surprised me that a purchase of this wardrobe had not been made another plank in the Republican platform, reading any one out of the party that refused to subscribe to it. Had the idea occurred to some of our leaders, I am sure it would have been seized on with avidity. Already the council has been turned into a sort of rag fair, and it could surely have stood this little addition of shreds and patches without more wry faces than had already been made.

One of those shawls could scarcely have proven the last camel's hair that should have broken the patient dromedary's back!

From The St. Louis Democrat (Rep.).

Perhaps no woman in this country has ever made herself more disagreeably conspicuous than the one whose ill fortune it was to be the wife, and is to be the widow of President Lincoln. For to her it was an ill-fortune that elevated her to a position for which she was every way unfit. In the home of Mr. Lincoln, the private citizen, doubtless she enjoyed domestic happiness; her responsibilities and duties were not beyond her strength; and, sheltered there, if she had faults, they were hidden from the public by the love of that man whose character she had learned to honor. The event which elevated him to a station in which he was to win an immortal fame, cast upon her responsibilities which she had not the strength of mind to bear; it exposed all her virtues and all her failings to that fierce light which beats upon a throne; it called about her those relatives whose political animosities, whose cotton speculations, and whose rumored intercourse with rebels, did not tend to endear her to the people; it kindled all the faults and weaknesses of her nature, and made her, in short, anything but a helpmeet to her husband. Her own recent conduct makes it but just to say that whatever of popularity or honor Mr. Lincoln obtained, were reached in spite of her. Had she been a better or a truer woman, she would have weened the session in which it was her privilege to ride her grief after his terrible death, as a real blessing. But hardly had the nation mournfully followed his remains to their last resting place, when Mrs. Lincoln claimed public attention to a wangle between herself and those who desired to raise a monument at his burial place—a performance from which it appeared that she might not be unwilling to speculate for her own advantage upon the nation's reverence for the dead? A promoter was received with little favor, and was tactfully defeated by her own conduct. Nevertheless Congress, treating her with all the respect due to the widow of a President, voted to her the same sum, twenty-five thousand dollars, which had been voted to the widow of President Harrison. The official records show that since the death of Mr. Lincoln she has come into the possession of one hundred and ten thousand dollars, beside some real estate. And this is the woman who declares herself forced by want to sell her clothing, who comes before the public to abuse people for perming her hair, who, in her extremity, would not confidentially keep by her individual unless they help her, and who forces those who would gladly say not one word against her to speak plainly of her character and conduct.

In the people of this country are not wanting in that true chivalry which forbears to assail a woman—else Mrs. Lincoln would long ago have been severely censured. But when she not only assails individuals but attacks the honor of the country by her language and conduct, she ceases to have any claim to forbearance. The most charitable thing that can be said of her is that she is insane, but, if so, she was insane during the greater part of the time that she occupied the White House; she was insane when she purchased the garments now so indignantly thrust before the public for sale; she was insane when she stripped the Presidential mansion of its furniture. Her insanity takes a peculiar form. Even the unscrupulous mourning of Queen Victoria for Albert has been patiently respected by the English people, but the facts hardly permit us to suppose that affliction unsettled Mrs. Lincoln's mind. Had Victoria exposed for sale the clothes of her deceased husband, it is likely that the English people would have been somewhat less patient.

From The Albany Argus.

The colored people are moving in this matter. They intend to take up collections in their churches for the benefit of

Mrs. Lincoln. It is remarked that a trifle from every African in New York would, in the aggregate, swell into an immense sum, which would be doubly acceptable to Mrs. Lincoln. It would satisfy her that the black people still have the memory of her deceased husband still fresh in their minds!

A committee of Republicans have had a nice discussion, for several days past, the "slitting" of Mrs. Lincoln's wardrobe; but as yet they have arrived at no definite conclusion.

In private conversation she defends her course. Adverting to the fact that the Empress of France frequently disposes of her cast-off wardrobe, and publicly, too, without being subjected to any unkind remarks regarding its propriety, she claims the same immunity here as is accorded in Paris to Eugenia. In a recent letter to her bosom friend, Mrs. Elizabeth Keckly, Mrs. Lincoln pathetically remarks "Elizabeth, if you come from this, pray for my deliverance, as I did for the best." It is to be regretted that no letters to Betsy Keckly, Mrs. Camp and Sarah Harris are made public. The personal effects of the deceased husband are accounted for. During the time Mr. Lincoln was in office he was the recipient of several canes. After his death one was given to the Hon. Charles Sumner, white; another to Fred. Douglas, black; another to the Rev. W. H. Garnet, of New-York, black; another to Mr. Wm. Slade, the present steward of the White House, white, who, in Mr. Lincoln's lifetime was his messenger.

The Shepherd plaid shawl which Mr. Lincoln wore during the milder weather, and which was rendered somewhat memorable as forming part of his famous discourse together with the Scotch cap, when he attended his way secretly to the Capital, to be inaugurated as President, were given to Dr. Abbot, of Canada, who had been one of his warmest friends.

The Rev. Dr. Gurley, of Washington, was the spiritual adviser of the President and his family. They attended his church. When little "Willie" died he officiated at the funeral. He was a most intimate friend of the family, and when Mr. Lincoln lay upon his deathbed Mr. Gurley was by his side. He, as his clergyman, performed the funeral rites upon the body of the deceased President, when it lay cold in the City of Washington. He received the hat worn last by Mr. Lincoln, as we have before stated, and it is still retained by him.

The pathetic appeal to the public is endorsed by a personal description of her mood:

"A few words as regards the disposition and habits of Mrs. Lincoln. She is no longer the sprightly body she was when her very presence illumined the White House with gaiety. Now she is sad and sad, seeking seclusion and maintaining communication merely with her most intimate personal friends. The most of her time she devotes to instructive reading within the walls of her boudoir. Laying her book aside spasmodically, she places her hand upon her forehead as if ruminating upon something momentous. Then her hand wanders amid her heavy tresses, while she ponders for but a few seconds—then, by a sudden start, she approaches her writing stand, seizes a pen and indites a few hasty lines to some trusty friend upon the troubles that weigh so heavily upon her. Speedily it is sent to the postoffice, but hardly has the man departed from the city before she regrets her hasty letter, and would give much to recall it. But too late, it is gone, and probably the secrets it contains are not confidentially kept by the party to whom it was addressed, and soon it furnishes inexhaustible material for gossiping people. ** Mrs. Lincoln is extremely vehement in her protestations against the Republican party, and more especially against some of its prominent leaders. She has written several bitter letters against them. She says that one point she dwells on in some length, and it is that she has in her power to shop up some of the shabby transactions of some prominent Republicans in cotton, shoddy, their speculations in steamships, and the manner in which they made themselves independent, while in the Quartermaster's and Commissary's Departments."

From The St. Paul, Minnesota Press, Oct. 23d.

MRS. LINCOLN'S WARDROBE.—In another column will be found a very singular exposition of the affairs of Mrs. Lincoln. For some days there have been hints of the matter in the New York papers, to the effect that Mrs. Lincoln was in New York under an assumed name, offering personal property for sale, and partly out of delicacy, but more confidentially kept by the memory of Abraham Lincoln, we have refrained from giving notoriety to a matter which seemed to reflect no credit on the principal party. But the present publication, apparently by her authority, relieves us of any such restraint, and, indeed, compels us to say, we recognize no delicacy or propriety in the course the lady has pursued, which, either in form or spirit, does not rise above a mendicant's mean appeal for charity. We know not what claims Mrs. Lincoln has to support from the people any more than any other widow of one who has served his country faithfully, and by her own showing she has a respectable income, which very many highly honorable ladies, at least Mrs. Lincoln's equals, would esteem themselves fortunate to possess. The meanness, indecency, and indecorum of this mercenary prostitution of the memory of Abraham Lincoln by the woman who, of all others, should hold it in tender and sacred keeping, are hardly less conspicuous than the ineffable silliness of the thing. It would almost seem as if she cherished the memory of her martyred husband chiefly as a means of raising money. At any rate, it is quite certain that she estimates the affection and reverence of the Republican party for his name only at a cash value in dollars and cents, duly placed to her credit in the bank. The public outbreak of indecorum on the part of Mrs. Lincoln is in keeping with what is known of her character by the habitues of the White House during Mr. Lincoln's administration, and throws a painful light on features of his domestic history which have heretofore been carefully concealed from the public. In common with all friends of the late President, we deeply regret the folly

of the woman who by this indecent attempt to traffic in the reverence of the people—has forfeited the tender respect which one and all have felt for his widow, and would have continued to feel if she had shown a proper appreciation of the true dignity of her position by a patient acquiescence in its not hard necessities.

From The Columbus Ga., Sun.

If Mrs. Lincoln had studied her true mission as a mother and wife, she could not have discredited her sex, injured the name and fame of her country, and husband, and brought upon her self shame and mortification—if she is possessed of woman's sensibility. Compare her character with the wife of the present President and mark the contrast. The one bold, and, no doubt impudent—"studious of change and pleased with novelty," following the phantom happiness everywhere excepting in her own bosom and in her own family.—The other asking nothing but the approbation of her God, her husband and her own conscience. The affectionate wife, teaching her husband to read, and bearing with him alike the deepest poverty and obscurity and the greatest of human fame and elevation.

For de Patriot.

MASSA EDITOR.—We promise you before we write you after the next big meeting. Well! de big meeting what dey call de nominating Convention, am held to-day, and dis darkey am dare, and feel both berry glad and mighty sorry. De delegates am few, and de lodges not all represented. Dey ought not to fall out and fuss around among demselves, to de injury ob de good cause, and fuse to send up de delegates on such big casions. De darkey go by de board if dey don't quit it. Dey violate dem oaf an de old flag if dey don't quit such nonsense. But me no say any ting more to you about dat, Massa Editor, but try to bring de bredren right by talking to dem in de night meetings, when nobody's about. Dat's de best way to fix it. But me gib you a few ob de proceedings ob de great nominating Convention.

Massa Alfred Julian Esqr., what hab sorry straight hair, and am purty light colored, am hinted for de president. Long time ago he am a slave holder; but he find it wrong, sell he nigger, and put de money in de pocket, and den turn Abolitioner all ober, and been so ever since. He once a mighty strong secess Democrat; but he nigger to dem in de night meetings, money for de nigger, so dat he loose nothing by setting de darkeys free; so he make a mighty good president; specially since he go into de meeting at New Salem, and help all he can to pass de resolution to confiscate de property ob de slave holder and de rebel, which am de ting for de darkey, as dey specks to hab de spiles and get mighty rich out ob de confiscated property ob de white folks. Oh, Lord! dey set on de easy big arm cheer and no work den. Dat am true liberty and de rights ob equality for de darkey.

Massa Julian's head am berry small and rader empty, but what little am dare am de simoon pure loyal colored stuff certain. So de colored delegates all mighty well pleased wid de jintment.

Dey make many big speeches on de cusion all ob which am mighty good; but it take all your paper, Massa Editor, to tell all de good ting what were said, and me no ax dat; but me gib you a few ob de leading pints. Well! some ob de delegates ob bofe colors say dey don't want candidates what can be bought and sold. Dat am right; but it make Sambo feel kinder sorry, case he fear he be bought and sold, case he gets money enough for de case, where he scarce folks to go into de big Court where he am Clerk, and he am smart enough to always take de biggest side, ceptin only he keep a little darkey to get votes from among de old folks on toder side. One colored gemman what make a speech talk about "mixegenation" and "malgrin" which means for niggers to marry white gals, and tells dem dare's no danger ob dat. Dis speech makes de white delegates look a kinder sorry; but de black folks smile, and tink to demselves dat's so; when we lect de nominees, Massa Trogdon, am Massa Cox, to de convention, and pass de confiscation resolution; what were passed by dem at New Salem, de niggers became de rich folks, and marry de rich nigger gals and let de poor white gals go. And his darkey wouldn't be surprised if de nominee Massa Cox try to marry de rich nigger gal too. De president and de nominees am de ones to make de niggers de white folks spunk. De same colored gemman while spakin gratulates de white delegates for exhibitin good Union sentiments, case dey come am mix up wid de colored delegates, and seem to loby dem berry hard.

At dis de white delegates sorry hang down de head, put de fingers to de nose, and look round to see who were lookin on; but say nuffin; but look like dey feel sorry kinder shamed; and dis correspondence sorry specks dat it were fortunate for de nominees dat de nominating Convention were held before de Ohio and Pennsylvania lections, or some ob de few white delegates present, would have denied de faith and said dat they never belonged; case since den, and since dey were seen de split ob de radical party, when ber de nominations ob de good loyal party am mentioned, dey faces are so long dat dey are constantly saying "hot us pray." Well! de Lord and de darkeys must do deir best for de nominees, or de split ob de radical party am extended and confiscation gone and de nominees take de salt river boat.

But its time dis correspondence inform you ob de nominations. Lord bress us! what a heap ob good, smart, loyal, white folks, dare, dat's fit to serve and wants de place mighty bad, and some darkeys too, which's better qualified dan any ob dem. But de darkeys no git it. De worst ob it were, Massa Editor, dat Billy McCain, Esqr. ob color, not only loose de nomination, but de color which he bet dat dey nominate him, too. It were hard to loose de nomination; but to lose de nomination and de color too am too bad, and dis darkey wonder dat he stand it. It take one ob your big papers, Massa Editor, to print all de names what were brought before de nominating Convention. Me not trouble you wid all. Massa Sheriff Rush am not one. Him disfranchise by de sooplement

tal bills. De great Congress make a mistake dat time. For he do nuffin to aid de war but help Dr. Foulk raise him company ob rebels, and hab a horse for de money. Well! to raise a company ob rebels were a military necessity, and a good horse valuable, so dat were all right. Massa Boller Buller what specked de denomination take de rheumatics, case it git out dat he for de nigger all ober, and posed to de Rail Road, where de darkeys all want to work. In de midst ob de meeting he come down de street on de crutch; but feel so berry bad, dat he neber come in, and when dey ran his name he only git three votes, which make him worse; but Sambo hopes dat he'll recover. De fastest nags on de track for de denomination at de Enos Blair, Jos. Ashworth, and Enos Blair. But de good loyal confessions white folks fly around, and mind de darkeys dat fader Ashworth am rader slow, dat Enos Blair turn against confiscation in de convention, if Massa Billy Holden tell him 'twere best, and ob Massa Trogdon's New Salem confiscation resolutions, and dat he had repented ob de big war speech, what he made to de volunteers at Middleton at de beginning ob de war, as soon as confiscation catch him, and am good and loyal ober since; and how smart he