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THE NEGROES WONT BE DOWNED.

Recent Attempt of White Republicans to Hold Them Back.

THEY DEMAND THEIR RECOGNITION.

Young and the Other Negroes Put Forward—They Get Paving Mad Because They Were Downed.

The fight is on between the negro and the white Republican as to which shall control the organization of the party.

There was a great fight between the two races in the Republican Congressional convention of the Fourth district which met Tuesday afternoon in the Park Hotel, Raleigh.

The negroes demanded one of the two delegates from this district to the National Republican convention, which meets in Philadelphia. The demand was backed up by such leaders as Jim Young, deputy collector and boss of Wake Republicanism, Ed. A. Johnson, clerk to the U. S. District Attorney, Representative Eaton, of Vance, and in fact all negro factions in the district.

The white delegates slightly outnumbered the negroes and they voted down the appeals of the brother in black for recognition. The delegates to the National convention from the district were chosen as follows:

C. T. Bailey, of Raleigh, postmaster under the McKinley administration.

J. M. Milliken, of Randolph, U. S. Marshal of the western district under the McKinley administration.

The negroes, of whom there were 23 per cent, behind the convention and declared they would not support the nominees.

Dave Lane, a negro lawyer of Raleigh, yelled as he was leaving the hall, "I move that if any negro in this district vote for these scoundrels we lynch him to the first tree."

The convention was called to order at 3:45 in the waiting room of the Park Hotel. About 60 Republicans were present, 23 of whom were negroes. Ed. A. Johnson, assistant United States District Attorney, the chairman of the Congressional committee, presided.

Jim Young, colored, was the first speaker, and he plead for recognition of the negro race, urging the election of Ed. Johnson, colored, as one of the two delegates from the district to the National convention, which meets in Philadelphia.

Prof. Savage, of Franklinton, a negro school teacher, declared that the negro did the voting of the Republican party and deserved recognition. He urged the election of a colored man as a delegate to the National convention.

J. D. Hale, of Wake, spoke along the same line. He said the Republican party could not expect to get the negro vote if it refused to give the negro recognition.

Mason, of Chatham, said that the convention in his county had seen fit to elect white delegates and that he could only follow the action of his people.

Ex-Sheriff Smith, of Vance, said the Republicans should recognize the negro, and he favored the election of a colored man as delegate to the National convention. The negro, he thought, deserved recognition at the hands of the Republican party.

Dave Lane, the colored lawyer, of Raleigh, denounced the attempt as he termed it, to send two white delegates to the National convention. Lane said he spoke for the negro, who were 100,000 strong in the Republican ranks in North Carolina. "The negro has stood aside and allowed the white Republicans to take the offices," the speaker declared, "and now they want all the honors. The white Republicans have lived off the illiterate negroes for 30 years. Now they have got fat with the offices they want to kick us out. They are for disfranchising us before the Democrats get a chance to do so. As Jim Young said, the amendment is going to hurt the colored man much more than it does the white Republicans. You needn't think we can't stand it. We have lived in slavery for more than 100 years, and we can do it again. You go ahead and draw the color line, and you want carry a county in the district. The negro wont stand everything. He loves office as well as the white Republican, but all he wants is justice."

Ed Johnson asked that one negro be sent to Philadelphia as a delegate. "If the Republican party draws the color line on the negro it will commit political suicide. All we ask is representation. It is well known that the State convention will elect ex-Congressman Cheatham a delegate at large to the National convention. If the State Republican convention can afford to recognize the negro, this Congressional convention can afford to do so. This is the logic of the matter. By what authority has this secret caucus been held and the color line drawn on the negro? If it goes abroad that the metropolitan district of the State has drawn the color line on the negro it

will have a bad effect over the State and the party will not be able to recover from it."

C. T. Bailey, postmaster, of Raleigh, and J. M. Milliken, of Randolph, Marshal of the Western district, had previously been nominated for delegates at large. The negroes called for a vote after Johnson's speech.

The vote stood Milliken 20, Bailey 13 and Johnson 10. The Wake delegation which consisted of six negroes, voted for Milliken in preference to Bailey.

Jerre Smith jumped up and said, "I cast one vote for Bailey."

Jim Young said, "You take your seat, you are no delegate."

Smith claimed the right to vote and Postmaster Bailey contended that he was a delegate, but the other delegates said no.

Milliken and Bailey were declared the choice of the convention to the National Republican convention.

Dave Lane jumped up and shouted, "I move that if any negro in this district votes for the scoundrels we lynch him to the first tree."

"Right," several negroes hollered.

Savage, the negro professor, said as he was leaving the room, "The Republicans have gone ahead and disfranchised the negro before the Democrats could do so."

"We'll remember them," Jim Young said, as he took his seat.

The white delegates were watching their brethren in black, who hung around the door. The negroes were waiting to see the next move.

Somebody placed in nomination F. D. Jones, of Chatham and H. B. Pace, of Johnson as alternates.

"I move to make it unanimous and carry out the state of the secret caucus," Jim Young hollered out. "We'll do it," was the response of the caucus and the election of the alternates was made unanimous.

Jim Young moved that Ed Johnson be re-elected chairman of the Congressional committee. Quick as a flash Johnson put the motion and it went through, though Bailey, of North Carolina, tried in vain to object.

J. M. Milliken, of Randolph, was nominated as the member of the State committee from this district.

At this point Bailey of North Carolina took the floor and declared that the next business was the election of a chairman of the Congressional committee.

"We done and fixed that," Jim Young declared.

"I nominate J. A. Giles, of Chatham, for chairman," said F. D. Jones.

"Everybody knows that we have re-elected Ed. Johnson chairman," Jim Young declared. "I made the motion and it was carried."

C. T. Bailey: "I objected."

Jim Young: "Your objection came too late."

Chairman Johnson: "The convention has already elected a chairman."

Jim Young: "I move we adjourn."

The motion to adjourn was apparently defeated. At this point the negro delegates bolted and left the hall, with the exception of Eaton Vance, Bailey and the others did not know what to do. The few white delegates present conferred for three or four minutes. Then Bailey, of North Carolina, mounted a chair and asked for order. He moved a roll call be had and the convention reassembled.

"Sit down," said J. E. Sheppard, the negro deputy in Collector Duncan's office, who was standing in the doorway.

"I'll do nothing of the kind," said Bailey, "and there's no one in here who can make me sit down."

The previous action by which Johnson was elected chairman of the Congressional committee was next reconsidered and J. A. Giles, of Chatham, chosen in his stead by the few remaining delegates present. All the Wake negroes had gone save one, who refused to vote. Eaton, of Vance, said when his county was called, "The delegation has disbanded."

Whether E. A. Johnson, or Giles, is the chairman of the Congressional committee remains to be seen and both have their following.

The convention adjourned about 7 o'clock to meet at the call of the chairman. It was agreed that no Congressional nomination should be made until after the August election.

Hardly the Ghost of a Convention.

Rockingham, N. C., Special.—The official call for a Republican county convention to be held in the court house here was issued a month ago and continuously advertised since. The nearest thing to a convention here was a caucus of half a dozen office holders in Zack Long's office. This is what the Republican party in Richmond county is reduced to where the negro is eliminated, which is being done now for political office. They are making an effort to make it appear that they have dropped the negro, well knowing that he can be depended upon to come out and vote when his own privilege of voting is at stake. The negro himself understands it thoroughly, and of course no white man will be fooled by it.

SERMON TO RADICALS.

Information for the Republican State Convention.

Joseph K. Perry, of Sanford, for years a leading Republican in the State writes Chairman Simmons a letter declaring for the franchise amendment and announcing his allegiance to the Democratic party on the negro question. The letter is given herewith:

Sanford, N. C., April 28, 1900.
Hon. F. M. Simmons, Chairman Democratic Executive Committee, Raleigh, N. C.

Dear Sir: Since the proposed constitutional amendment was submitted by the legislature of 1899, I have favored the same and wanted to make a public announcement to that effect, but I hesitated to do so.

I have adhered to the Republican principles of protection and sound money since my first vote, but it has come to the parting of the waves with me. I was elected chairman of the Republican executive committee of Moore county two years ago and held that position until recently, when I resigned it. Now I pledge myself that I will support no candidate, State, county, or otherwise, that submits himself to any convention in which the negro has a voice or vote. I have decided that we have but one party in our State that has a fixed platform and principles, and that party is the Democratic party; that all the alliances between the Republican and Populist parties of our State and the surrender of political principles are solely for the sake of office. Don't we all know that Republican and Populist principles are as far apart as the east is from the west and that when fusion is brought about except upon the basis of principle, it destroys all principle of both parties to it. I can not and will not support any such principleless combination. When we think of the Second Congressional district of our State now represented in Congress by a negro, it should cause us to hide our heads in shame. Where are the farmers, merchants, doctors and lawyers of that district? What party is responsible for passing them by and putting a negro up to represent this district? Who is responsible for this negro Congressman? Is it to be supposed that white men will continue in power a party that does this? Can a party that does this in one district in the State with straight face ask white men to support it and sustain it anywhere else in the State? What party is responsible for the negro senator and the negro members of the House of Representatives that one who visited our last legislature saw at Raleigh? These negroes were elected as candidates of the Republican party to represent white men as well as black men. One of them represented the good people of Warren county, the home of the immortal Macon; and one represented the white people of Craven county, the home of Gaston and Manly. Think of these negro Senators and negro Representatives sitting in the halls of our legislature representing our white men and mothers, wives and daughters of white men. Shame upon the party that nominated and elected these negroes and shame upon the good Old North State, and its white people if it is allowed again.

Let me ask of my white Republican friends when they go to Raleigh to stop in at the public building, go up into the office of the Internal Revenue Collector, in charge of Mr. Duncan, one of Senator Pritchard's appointees; in there they will find the negro Jim Young and the negro Jim Sheppard, holding clerkships, with desks in the same room with white men. These white Republicans must either work in the same rooms with these negro office holders upon terms of practical equality, or they must give up their jobs. This is what Republicanism in North Carolina means. What white man with proper self respect can continue to support the party that brings about such conditions as these? We have gone far enough in this negro business. It becomes every white man to arouse himself and for the sake of his children to see that we go no further. If there ever was a time when men should rise above party, that time is now.

Some one asks what we will do with the negro. I answer this: Remove him from politics and only allow those to vote who show sufficient ability, character and qualification. We are willing to help the negro to acquire character, comfortable homes, remunerative employment; we are willing to help him educate his children; we are willing to tax ourselves to take care of his poor and afflicted and unfortunate; as he acquires sufficient knowledge to cast an intelligent vote, we are willing to give him the ballot, but he must take his place. We will not now or at any time allow him to rule over us.

I am with the Democratic party for the amendment. I wish to see it ratified, and I feel sure it will be ratified, but the friends of the amendment must be at work for its opponents are resorting to every device, both honorable and dishonorable, to secure its defeat, and to regain control of the State.

Sincerely,
JOSEPH K. PERRY.

Sanford, N. C.

An Unpatriotic Assemblage.

The Republican State convention met in this city Wednesday. Senator Pritchard was the central figure, as he is easily the most forceful character in his party in this State. The beneficiaries of the two revenue collection districts of the State constituted the bone and sinew and the body of the convention. There may have been others present who are not yet entered upon the pay roll of the government

but their presence is simply but a howling appeal for the relief their more fortunate associates enjoy, and a noisy demonstration of an abiding though painfully lingering hope for benefits yet to come.

The social, the moral, literally the domestic welfare of all the people of the State was not uppermost in the minds of these men. Under the leadership of Senator Pritchard, and against the conscience as well as political judgment of very many members of the Republican party, some at least, heretofore conspicuous in the councils of the party, these representatives of the office holding and office seeking class in this State entered themselves and so far as they could their party in opposition to the only measure which promises relief from conditions which have resulted in strife and blood shed in this and other States. Senator Pritchard knows as well as he knows anything that the white people will not tolerate the influence of an alien race in the management of their public affairs. The experiment of such influence was tried in 1868, and ended in 1870. It was tried again in 1894 to 1898 with the painful results which are fresh in the memory of all citizens, particularly so in the minds of the people of the eastern part of the State. Senator Pritchard knows what effect this resurrection of this influence had upon the State, upon society, upon the temper of the people. He may declare until his lungs are exhausted that the election of 1898 was carried by appeals to passion and prejudice, and deny until he is even ashamed of himself that there existed such negro influence as jeopardized the lives, the property of the people, and the peace of communities, but the unalterable, irresistible, immovable fact stares him in the face that the white people of this State could never be so united in any purpose, as they were in 1898, without a knowledge that cause for it existed, and an equal determination on their part to remove that cause, as they did, as they will again under like conditions. It is to prevent any such like conditions that the amendment is proposed, and the same determination exists that animated the white people in 1870 and 1898, to engraft that amendment and the principle it involves into the law of the State.—R. M. Furman.

The Middle-of-the-Roaders.

The following is from the last issue of the Southern Mercury, a Populist paper published at Dallas, Tex.:

"Hon. J. P. Sossamon, of Charlotte, N. C., lecturer of the National Farmers' Alliance, has been appointed provisional chairman of the straight Populists of North Carolina, and P. L. Gardner, of Cherryville, secretary."

"Owing to the importance of the issue in the State campaign now on, no effort will be made to secure straight State action; but after the election, which occurs in August, arrangements will be made for a full electoral ticket, representing the Cincinnati nominees. Arrangements are in progress for a full delegation to the Cincinnati convention, and among them will be twelve of the delegates appointed by the Butler convention to go to Sioux Falls."

"Chairman Sossamon has accepted the State chairmanship, and writes that, in his opinion, not one-third of the Populists in his county will support the fusion electoral ticket, but that they will rally to the Cincinnati nominees. Secretary Gardner is of the like opinion in his Congressional district; while the chairman of Wake county, in which Raleigh is situated, has polled nearly every Populist in the county, and reports that he has not found one who is willing to support Bryan or any other Democrat on the Populist ticket. North Carolina is in a fair way of being reëlected."

"Thus is Butler's milliozism losing its power, even in his own State."

Mr. Sossamon states that the article in the Mercury is true in every detail, and that he had received notification of his appointment several days ago from the national executive committee of the middle-of-the-road Populists.

The provisional chairman will appoint delegates from this State to the Cincinnati convention. The following is a copy of the letter to be sent to each delegate:

"Dear Sir: Find enclosed delegate's credentials, which entitle you to a seat in the middle-of-the-road Populist convention that convenes in the city of Cincinnati, O., May 9, 1900. This gives you full power to represent North Carolina, to act and vote on all questions that may come up during the convention during the session. I hope you will see your way clear to attend. If we are Populist from principle it is high time we are showing our hand. If we are going to continue to be the tail of the Democratic kite for revenue only, let us hire out as day hands to any old party that will give us the most money for our vote on election day. I will insist again that you attend. We are entitled to 26 votes in the convention, but we should have 100 men on the ground."

J. P. SOSSAMON.
"Provisional Chairman."

The Negro on Top

In nearly every county the negroes have obeyed the orders sent out by the revenue officers to "take a back seat," and even where every delegate to the county convention was a negro the order to elect white delegates was generally carried out. In a few counties, one negro and one white man was chosen.

The negro is on top whether there is a person or not. If he takes a back seat this year, it is in order to get a front seat next year.

THE DAY OF PEACE.

What of the day, my brother?
What of the day of peace?
When the dripping sword turns the green sword.

And the dull, dread noises cease—
The clear on call of bugles,
The shriek of the angry shell—
What of battle that shall pierce the night
Of battle—is it well?

What of the dead, my brother?
What of the dead and dumb?
Who shall pay at the Judgment day
When the messenger shall come,
Come in the light and glory,
Come in the fire and flame,
Whose the strain of the blood and pain,
My brother—whose the blame?

What of the grief, my brother,
What of the grief and woe?
What of the tears shed over these biers
These stricken hearts brought low?
Low in the day of terror,
Low in the night of gloom,
Whose the weight of this curse of Hate?
Whose the pain of Doom?

What of the blood, my brother?
What of the blood that flows?
In a crimson stream where the lances gleam
And the bugle blows and blows?
Whose the souls that shudder,
Shudder and start and cry,
When the battles lost by God engrossed
In blood on the brazen sky?

Hasten the day, my brother,
Hasten the day of peace,
When men not slain for greed of gain
And the dull, dread noises cease!
When shall shriek no longer,
When hatred sink away,
The breath of God the blood-stained soil
Make clean—and Peace shall stay!

—Bismarck Tribune.

MISS FERGUSON.

Indiana Ferguson impatiently awaited the evening. For a week she had been visiting her cousin, Silas Beck, and his wife, and this evening Robert Scruggs was to come. Had she known that Mr. Scruggs was expected she would not have dared to visit her cousin just at this time. She was here, however, and now that he was coming she did not deceive herself by saying that she was sorry.

Miss Ferguson felt that she had been unkind to Mr. Scruggs. He had a sincere heart, and he was a sincere man. She had answered coldly: "Mr. Scruggs, it is impossible." How heartless it seemed to her now. But there had been Prof. Edward Cantwell Reed, and it seemed different then.

Miss Ferguson was a mathematician. Not that she ever did much in a practical way, but she loved the science for its own sake. She and Professor Reed had sat by the hour discussing problems in which they were interested. But for these meetings her answer to Robert Scruggs would have been different.

She now sat in meditation before the bright fire. How stupid she had been, she thought, to suppose that she could enjoy sitting forever drilling away at her mathematics! Do people ever marry for that? What had Professor Reed done? Married that veritable chatterbox and mischief-loving Tomboy, Sadie Moore. As for herself, did she ever really love Professor Reed? Well, perhaps. Anyhow, she was very stupid—she was sure she was stupid.

And now—certainly fate had thrown her in the way of the man whom she rejected. He believed in woman's intuition, and that intuition told her that this was fortuitous. She was almost happy.

When at last she heard Mr. Scruggs stamping the wet snow off his boots outside the door she felt that she turned a little pale. She was certainly nervous—an unusual thing for her. When he addressed her as "Miss Ferguson" it sounded odd and cold. He used to call her "India."

"So you're acquainted!" exclaimed Mrs. Beck, as they sat about the fire, her face radiant with amiability. "Now, I'm afraid we'll have to watch you two. But then, if you'd a—been marrying people—too such people as you—you'd a—been married, both of you, long ago."

"You may trust Miss Ferguson," answered Mr. Scruggs. "I'm an audacious scoundrel, you know, but you will find Miss Ferguson as rigid as—as the North pole."

Miss Ferguson could not have felt more uncomfortable than she did now. To conceal her confusion she turned to arrange some grasses in a vase, which, as soon as she touched it, tumbled to the floor, breaking into a dozen pieces. Stooping quickly to pick these up, now blushing very red, she awkwardly upset a large easel and its painting. Then she rose up very quickly and left the room, mortified to the verge of despair. She wondered if she would ever dare to see Mr. Scruggs again.

The following morning she had her breakfast sent to her, complaining of a headache, and did not venture downstairs until she heard Mr. Scruggs' footsteps going out of the little gate and down toward a cabin where one of his queer fancies took him at every opportunity to converse with an ignorant but self-important and garrulous woodman settler. Then she crept softly down and entered the parlor—and there sat Mr. Scruggs looking into the fire.

With an effort Miss Ferguson controlled herself.

"Good morning, Mr. Scruggs," she said. "I thought I heard you going out this morning."

"Not I, this day," he replied, "I am disposed to mope. I have sent Silas down to bring my woodman friend to see if he cannot cheer me up. Are you ill, Miss Ferguson? I imagine that you used to look stronger."

"I am well now," she answered, "I have changed since you saw me last."

"I believe you are more beautiful," he declared.

"Don't flatter me," she protested. "I, flatter!" he exclaimed. "When will you learn, Miss Ferguson, that I am incapable of the art? You have not changed so much, then, after all."

"You are cruel if you contradict me," she replied.

"And were you never cruel?" he asked.

"Perhaps," she answered. "But I repented."

"Repentance means sorrow," he said. "Will you be sorry for me now? I have the blues."

At this moment Silas Beck came in, followed by the woodman, and when Mr. Scruggs turned to introduce his friend to Miss Ferguson she was gone.

On the following day Mr. Scruggs put on his overcoat and left the house as soon as breakfast was over. What this meant to Miss Ferguson she would not acknowledge even to herself. It was a lonely day—the loneliest that she ever passed. Mrs. Beck, to be sure, never ceased to chatter, but what woman's talk can fill the emptiness of a woman's lonely heart? When Miss Ferguson put on her arctic to walk down to the village post-office Mrs. Beck spoke of Robert Scruggs, and she sat down to listen. Directly Mrs. Beck's gossip diverted itself to a neighbor who claimed to have a cousin who married a niece of General Grant, and Miss Ferguson rose to go.

"There goes Robert now," cried Mrs. Beck, "with Ida Gates. If that girl don't talk him to death it won't be her fault. She's a terrible gab."

Miss Ferguson looked out. The road ran near the house, and she saw that Mr. Scruggs looked perfectly happy. He was leaning back in the sleigh, and Miss Gates was driving, chewing gum and talking all at once.

Miss Ferguson did not speak. She went to the fire, removed her arctic, selected a book from the table and read. She read determinedly. She told herself that she was going to read, and what Miss Ferguson would do she usually did.

When she had been reading about half an hour Mr. Scruggs came hurriedly in.

"I am sorry," he said to Mrs. Beck, "but I have to return to the city. I have just now received a dispatch. Good-by, Mrs. Beck—and Miss Ferguson, I don't know when I shall see you again. Good-by."

"Good-by, Mr. Scruggs," she said naturally, extending her hand.

He took it, pressed it mechanically, and in another moment he was gone.

Miss Ferguson sat down by the fire. She admitted to herself that she was disappointed. Mr. Scruggs no longer cared for her. He was happy with Miss Gates, who chewed gum. But then why should she care? She was determined not to care. She made it a practice to take things philosophically, and there was little that ever disturbed her. She liked Mr. Scruggs, but he was nothing to her. She had been foolish—stupid—and she would try to forget it. Picking up her book she resumed reading where she had left off and spent the rest of the day with the novel.

Notwithstanding, that night her pillow was wet with tears. They were foolish, she said, but they would not last, and she could put it from her easier after a little feminine cry. After that she was determined to have no regrets, and what Miss Ferguson would do she nearly always did. The next day she seemed as fresh as she had been for a year.

Two days later she received a letter from the postoffice. It read:

"Dear Miss Ferguson—I once asked you to marry me. What I said then I now repeat with twofold vehemence. Does the change in you extend to your heart or is your answer the same?"

"ROBERT SCRUGGS."
The answer she wrote read simply: "Dear Robert—I have changed. The answer is yes."
INDIA F.

Susceptibility of Trees to Lightning.

The overseers of nine forestry stations in the dukedom of Lippe, in Germany, have made an examination of trees struck by lightning throughout an area of 45,000 acres, in order to ascertain for the German government the susceptibility of various trees to lightning and its effects and occurrence in general, says the Manufacturer. As a result of their observations it was found the oak tree was by far the most liable to lightning, in spite of the fact that they were not as frequent as other trees in the forest. The percentages of the various species were given as follows: Beech, 70 per cent.; oak, 11; pines, 13 and firs, 6. During the several years through which the observations were made 276 trees were struck by lightning, and of these 159, or 58 per cent, were oaks; 54, or 21 per cent, firs; 21, or 8 per cent, beeches, and 2, or 7 per cent, pines, the other varieties damaged being still less in number.