

ing their places with—white Democrats.

THE FREEMAN was not the least or the last to predict that it had great expectations of Mr. Cleveland, relative to what would be the breadth and consideration of his treatment of those eloquent and vallant Negroes, especially of the Northern and Western states, who had proven their faith by their works in assisting so loyally toward his election.

But our predictions have not borne fruit, and it is yet to be demonstrated if they shall.

Can it be possible that both of the big parties have agreed between themselves, laying aside their partizan hostility in the meantime, and viewing each other only as white men, that the Negro is a political nuisance and a menace, whether he appears as a Democrat or Republican, and hence must be turned down, and his arrogation of being the balance of power discredited and stultified for the future welfare of the whites?

It is a startling thought, but to the close observer who reads the developing racial signs of the day with a clear eye and without namby-pamby excuse, there are not wanting evidences to sustain it.

Without referring to the views of Ex-Senator Ingalls, which as it is kept are shared by leading white Republicans everywhere, who lack the courage only of their spokesman's convictions, what was the object lesson afforded us by the late meeting of the Republican Leagues and the National Committee held in the city of Louisville, Kentucky?

Between the do-nothing, silent, "freeze out" policy of the Democratic programme, and the proclaimed and outspoken future policy of the Republican party, as shadowed forth in the speech of Gen. Clarkson and the resolutions adopted as the sense of the League, there seems to be a perfect harmony of aim, namely, to ignore and set the Negro back, to the end that he shall adjust himself as gracefully as it shall please him to do, to the new relations it had been determined he should occupy in the future to the ruling parties of the land.

For all intents and purposes, as far as the future consideration of the Negro is concerned, as indicated by Clarkson's speech and the resolutions adopted, it might as well have been a Democratic gathering which met last week in Kentucky's capital.

Take for instance this excerpt from Clarkson's speech, the man who held out in eloquence salt with tears but a few months ago, as he arraigned the Republican party for its mad chase after pelf, rather than stand up manfully for the sacred rights of life and humanity.

Said Mr. Clarkson, and what a change has come over the spirit of his faith:

"The Republican League comes to Kentucky to deny the charge that there is a revival of sectionalism and the 'bloody shirt,' and to prove that it is false. We come to say that the Negro question has become merged in the larger one of equal rights of all parties. We come to prove that the Democratic party has so far surrendered to the Republican position on the equal rights of all parties as to admit that the Negro has the right to vote or hold office if he will act with the Democratic party. When the Democratic party thus accepts the Negro as a voter it can no longer challenge the right of the Republican party to do the same. Public opinion as to the Negro is rapidly dividing. The Democratic party has ceased the cry that he is an animal and not a man. The cry of ignorance no longer holds against the Negro race alone. The Negro of slavery days is Republican. The new Negro, like the young white man, will make his own terms with the existing political parties."

In plain words Mr Clarkson, turning his back on his more exalted attitude of other days, and disencumbering with authority as the mouthpiece and oracle of the latter day, now fangled Republicanism, makes haste, and why, to assure the gallant Kentuckians that the Republican party does not intend in the future to revive the "bloody shirt" and wave it in their face again.

Why this latter day haste and change, why this vociferous earnestness to prove the charge "false" that they intended to do so?

If there was ever a time when the "bloody shirt" should have been waved, is it not now, right now my masters, when every gale from the accursed Southland brings us the odor of burning flesh, and the shrieks of desolation and horror?

And if it never should have been waved, what excuse can be offered, what penance sufficient to undo the vicious demagoguery which caused it, the fruits of which has entailed years of persecution and murder upon the deceived and trifled with Negro?

Why should Gen. Clarkson pitch his tent in a hostile Democratic city of the South, and, surrounded by his Republican legions, take specious pains to assure the country, i. e., the whites, that the "Negro question" would no longer vex the ears and patience of the people, but had become "merged" into the "larger" one of equal rights of "all parties?"

Since when did the "Negro question," as the civilized world for a quarter century has understood it, become swallowed up in any question?

Who knows it, outside this one man, where is the record of it entered, and by what authority dare he proclaim it?

He lies, like any base born sycophant and varlet might lie, in the presence of his superiors, for whose smiles and approbation he would stamp a libel upon his soul to obtain.

"Equal rights of all men!" Whining subterfuge, cowardly platitude.

Only the Negro, and well does this man know it, well does the Republican party know it, well does the Democratic party know it, well does the civilized world know it, only the Negro in "free" (?) America has been and is now denied his rights, and yet this frothing demagogue prates glibly that this great wrong is no longer in the public gaze.

"Larger one!" There is no larger question knocking to-day, as it has been for many years at the portal of national conscience, and as far from settlement as ever, as this plain proposition, that the blackest man the sun ever shone upon, shall be as secure in his rights as an American citizen, as the merchant prince of Broadway, or the blue-eyed, flaxen haired magnate who rides in his gilded coach on the boulevards of the great Fair city.

Who ever dreamed of the time when the great Republican party through its authorized spokesman would endeavor to excuse or explain away its friendship for the Negro, and at the same time take a hand in soothing the ruffled state of Democratic sensitiveness by the following outburst of lick-spittle humbleness—"when the Democratic party thus accepts the Negro as a voter, it can no longer challenge the right of the Republican party to do the same."

Logically, suppose the Democratic party had not allowed the Negro "to vote or hold office" for his training with that party, what then, according to Clarkson's servile reasoning, he should never have voted at all. In a word, the Republican party at this eleventh hour, goes down on its knees to Democracy, after first stating that the "bloody shirt" should be waved no more, to say about this: "Inasmuch as you have found the Negro serviceable for voting purposes, we have done the same thing, and if you cannot blame yourselves, how can you continue to blame us?"

Gentlemen, how do you like the spectacle, and what does it portend?

Are we facing the parting of the ways, as far as the Negro and political parties in America are concerned, or what interpretation other must we put upon these kicks and hints, that are being showered thick and fast upon our devoted heads these days?

Has unbroken, slavish adherence to one party by the masses of the race, only brought us the logical results and rewards of such a course, and if so, what is the Negro's future line of action?

Certain it is, there are silent forces festering and at work within the body politic, comprehending the disintegration of parties, the trend of organized labor, etc., that the Negro can no longer afford to be oblivious to, he must plunge in the onward stream, or be left to moulder on the bank.

Ponder well the admission of Clarkson, "the new Negro, like the young white man, will make his own terms with the existing political parties."

Rightly understood, the Republican party is simply saying to us, "sink or swim, survive or perish, in the future we shall plan to win our battles without you, if you assist all right, if you withdraw from us all right."

What says the colored man of the prospect?

THE UNLOADING OF THE NEGRO.

In conversation with a gentleman of national standing and reputation a few days since, attention was called to the dearth of active interest and concern, politically speaking, that the Negro was being treated to these days, despite his juxtaposition, to at least two of the great organizations.

Attention was called to the seeming disinclination on the part of the Democratic party through Mr. Cleveland, to make haste swiftly in encouraging a future division of the Negro vote, for party purposes, by "recognizing" the frantic and persistent appeals for place of that numerous body of Negro "leaders" who a few months ago traversed up and down the land, proclaiming aloud and eloquently their almon-pure Democracy, and their fealty to Tariff Reform.

And let the truth be told, some of the ablest men of the race were found and are to-day counted as members of Democracy's triumphant legions, but there we must stop, for as yet, nothing further is to be recorded.

For the last two months the victorious "in's" have been busy and zealous in turning the "rascals out," and fill-