

TERRE HAUTE, IND.

Wednesday Morning, August 4, 1869.

We want the colored people of this city and vicinity, a large proportion of whom are honest, intelligent, industrious and well-to-do citizens, to read this from the Cincinnati *Enquirer*, one of the most prominent of the Democratic organs:

"It is high time that the Federal Capital should be moved, and the name of its present location changed. The illustrious name of WASHINGTON is blasphemed by applying it to a negro village; and the seat of government of the Republic should be a place where citizens holding public employments can educate their sons and daughters without bringing them into immediate contact with the odorous and unclean offspring of the Ethiopian Lazarion who swarm under the shadow of the present capital."

We put this, and similar utterances, on record, because it will not be many months before Democratic orators and organs will beawiaring that they have always been the best friends of the colored race, and that no consistent "colored citizen" can vote against Democratic candidates without exhibiting base ingratitude for countless favors. Indeed, there is little doubt that, in the next Congressional canvas, the Democratic candidate will improve upon the late plan of Mr. Vopoulos, and—if a colored man can be found who is mean enough to sell himself for such a purpose—will add a black voter to the menagerie that perambulated the District last Fall.

Besides the staff officers of the mythical W. B. in B., the mained soldier, the portable whisky shop and traveling gambling saloon, we shall then see the illustrious candidate standing on the platform with a "colored man and brother" and proving, by a nice little colloquy—rehearsed in private till both actors are up in their parts—that "the best, and in fact the only real friends of the colored people, are and have always been, the great Democratic party." Then these "odorous and unclean offspring of the Ethiopian Lazarion" will be "my brave and patriotic colored fellow-citizens;" then the word "nigger" will have become obsolete; then the Tall Syme more, or his successor in the Democratic candidacy, instead of sneeringly demanding proof "that one of this inferior race ever carved a statue or wrote a poem," will interperse his speeches with recitations from the works of colored poets and will oratory-study for his parlor from the studio of colored artists. Then will Democratic leaders cringe and fawn, whine and beg for the votes of the men whom they have reviled and hated for so many years. Then, in all probability, they will take their Bibles out that FRANK BLAID said a wise and prudent thing; indeed, showed the instincts of a true gentleman, when he said, in his Gilman's cooper shop speech, that he would rather sleep with a nigger than a Democrat!" But they will humiliate themselves in vain; they will dislodge their bowls with dirt to no purpose; their fawning sycophancy will not pay. By their intensified brutality towards the entire colored race they have planted in the breasts of all true men of that race the seeds of eternal hatred. Possibly one may be found so lost to decency as to let himself for the proposed Congressional messenger trip, but even he will cheat the Democracy out of his vote when election day comes.

CERTAIN advocates of woman's right to the ballot assembled in Convention at Newburyport, Massachusetts, a few days ago. There was nothing novel nor interesting in the proceedings except a letter from RALPH WALDO EMERSON. The Sage of Concord had been invited to be present and take part in the discussions; and had he put in an appearance he would have been forced to give utterance to his views on the necessity and propriety of women being enrolled in the grand army of voters. But the philosopher wisely preferred his quiet study at Concord to the noisy Convention Hall at Newburyport. Therefore, instead of accepting the invitation and delivering a speech, he wrote a letter, a brief epistle that could not have been very satisfactory to those to whom it was addressed.

Mr. EMERSON excuses his absence on the ground that "he found so much work that could not be set aside, that he was forced to decline all new tasks not imperative." So, the philosopher who stands a step or two in advance of the front rank of the intellectual reformers of New England, broadly hints that the ladies may talk of suffrage for several years to come without his valuable assistance. He does not regard their claims to vote as at all pressing, and thinks he has work on hand more important than assisting in furthering it. He believes, however, that the "claim is founded in equity," though it does not appear to him "what precise form, in practice, it will and ought to take." It will be observed that progressive as Mr. EMERSON is, he is far behind Miss ANTHONY and her outspoken and illogical co-workers. They have pronounced upon the precise form, practice, and all else connected with the women's suffrage movement. It is to be hoped that all the prime movers in this agitation will carefully review their crude and hasty conclusions in the light of Mr. EMERSON's short, but pithy letter. Coming from the source it does, it certainly deserves their most respectful consideration.

This Secretary of the Treasury is now rendering the public a good service in ridding it of the ragged and dirty currency in use, and substituting for it a clean and brand new issue. It is, also, a matter of special congratulation that in the new notes we get rid of some faces which perpetually obscured themselves upon us, and which ought never to have been placed upon the currency of the Nation.

A PERILOUS ADVENTURE.
A Story of the War—Drawing Lots for Death.

Col. Henry Sawyer who has lately been appointed Superintendent of the life saving apparatus on the New Jersey coast, once passed through a very perilous adventure in Libby Prison (says the *Trenton Gazette*) at the time when the Confederate Government determined to retaliate in kind the execution of two rebel officers by one of our Western Generals. Mr. Sawyer was at that time a Captain in the First New Jersey Cavalry, and was the second grade of officers from whom the names of "Confederate traitors" were made. The officer who was in charge of the prisoner at that time was a bold and hardened and agreeable man, and was regarded by them with feelings of gratitude and affection. On the morning in question this officer entered the room where the prisoners were confined, and told all the officers to walk out into another room.

This order was obeyed with particular alacrity, the men were daily expected to be exchanged, and it was surmised that the order had arrived and that they were about to exchange their prison quarters for home and freedom. After they had all gathered in the room, their countenances lighted up with this agreeable hope, the officer came in among them, and with a very grave face, took paper out of his pocket and told them he had a very melancholy duty to perform, the purpose of which could be better understood by the reading of the order he had in his hand, which he had just received from the War Department. He then proceeded to read to the amazed and horrified group, an order for the immediate execution of two of their number, in retaliation for the hanging of two Confederate officers.

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