

depreciate its institutions, disregard its laws and its safeguards of liberty, and with primal ferocity appeal to that same spirit of force without reason which impelled the assassin to his deadly work.

Lynching is boldly urged by men like Cullom and Platt; and David B. Hill wishes to extend this fanaticism of disorder beyond the assassin into vague fields where anarchy is supposed to lurk and to propagate its schemes of murder. He urges the inauguration of a reign of proscription such as that which has followed the Jews from land to land for 2,000 years and such as that which Russia practices to-day in her fear of the people. He demands that weapons shall be placed in the hands of fanaticism for the hunting of men and women supposed to hold views contrary to those commonly accepted; and were his plan adopted free thought and free speech would be at an end, repression would take the place of uplifting freedom, the era of witch-burning and of Jew baiting would come again. . . .

The peril of this tragedy lies less in its attack upon the head of the nation and the idol of a great party than in the reaction it excites. It makes even such papers as the Springfield Republican forget their teachings and their traditions and hark back to the devices of kings and despots for curing evils such as this great one which has found shocking expression in a madman's bullet. The Springfield Republican joins in the mad dog cry. Proscription and repression are its weapons for fighting this phase of social disorder. Yet for curing other forms of social disorder it does not advocate worse disorder. It does not suggest the lynching of those anarchists who defy all government and all morals in the evasion of private ambitions and the satisfaction of personal greed. Yet these anarchists take more lives every day in the year than all the other anarchists take in a hundred years. They bring sorrow into thousands of homes. They orphan children and widow women; they drive men to despair and send them forth through the gate of vice into the highway of crime; they worse than kill government by corrupting it; and they mock at God by disregarding all his commandments and by trampling his sons and daughters under the heel of their sordid oppressions.

Freedom is still the ideal of democracy. If wrong challenges the nation, it is not because freedom has been abused; it is because there have been

restrictions somewhere upon it. And when fear hovers over a country it is a portent of rottenness below. For fear, as Emerson says, is a carrion crow, and though you see not well what he hovers for, there is death somewhere. That obscene bird is not there for nothing. He indicates great wrongs which must be revised. And this is the deepest lesson of the appalling tragedy at Buffalo.—Editorial in Johnstown (Pa.) Democrat of September 9.

LYNCHING IN THE STATE OF MISSISSIPPI.

THE GOSPEL IN MISSISSIPPI.

An editorial published in the Boston Herald of August 27.

In another part of this issue of the Herald is printed a sermon, preached by Rev. Quincy Ewing in St. James' Episcopal church, in Greenville, Miss., for which we bespeak a reading. We hope that every Christian will read it, and that every politician will read it. No clearer, braver note of righteousness and patriotism regarding the unchristian and unpatriotic barbarism of lynching has been uttered by any voice in the north or the south. It is an indictment of the prevalent, uncivilized conditions in the state of Mississippi and other southern states, showing itself also in sporadic manifestations in some northern states, and certain to spread if unresisted. This utterance cannot be derided and dismissed as a Pharisaical, I-am-holier-than-thou preachment of a northern sentimentalist, who does not know what he is talking about, and fails to apprehend the peculiar conditions of southern society. Mr. Ewing was born and reared in the south, the far south, "sired and grandsired, mothered and grandmothered," as he says, "by southern people." But no northern man, not one, so far as we can remember, has spoken with a more sane and solemn condemnation of the crimes of brutal lawlessness committed in the abused names of purity and justice than this southern clergyman and patriot.

We do not know for what reason he bears his historic names; but if, instead of being by birth and ancestry a southerner, the blood of all the Quincys and all the Ewings ran in his veins, his nobility and eloquence would add honor to their fame. He speaks with the conviction and serious earnestness of a prophet of God in a time of moral degradation and shame. He makes no weak, compro-

missing apologies for the wrong he exposes and denounces. In truth, he strips it of the sophistications with which craven Christians and mob-cultivating politicians have attempted to disguise or minimize its enormity. He has no mercy on those northern politicians and journalists who condemn and condone in the same voice. It seems not two weeks since we read in a Boston newspaper a discussion of the crime of lynching that went far toward accepting as valid and sufficient the commonest excuse for it. This sermon, coming so soon after, suggests an incident of the anti-slavery contest. When Edward Everett had made a soothing speech in the house of representatives deprecating agitation, and treating the institution of slavery with apologetic approbation, John Randolph, of Virginia, rose in his place and, pointing his terrible finger at the Massachusetts representative, retorted: "I envy neither the head nor the heart of the man from the north who rises on this floor to defend the institution of slavery on principle." So this southern clergyman, without personality, of course, and without conscious sarcasm, leaves the northern apologists of negro lynchings under a rebuke not less scornful because the scorn is unspoken.

It must not be supposed that this sermon is "sensational," in the common newspaper sense of the word. There is no ranting in its phrases. The internal evidence is that it was intended only as faithful plain talk to his own parish in the city of Greenville and the county of Washington, lying along the Mississippi river, in the mid-latitudes of the state. There is no indication that it was consciously preached to the whole south, or would ever be heard of far from his pulpit. Almost all of its illustrative facts are local, matters within the cognizance of the men and women who heard him, being in this regard singularly like the discourses of the Master. How it got to the north we do not know. We find it in the New York Sun of Sunday, and presume that it may have had a local publication, and been discovered by some exchange editor, who sagaciously apprehended its merit and significance. Truth, wisdom and humanity shine in it with singular brightness. It is a light which, in the nature of things, could not be long hidden under a bushel.

After all, the most surprising and

hopeful of its teachings is not the wickedness and degradation of lynch law, but the sureness of its exposition of the profound underlying principles of human rights. In this respect it has a logical coherence and a philosophical breath that are frequently wanting in the most liberal utterances of southern men. There is not a false nor an inconsistent note in the discourse. In his view negroes are human beings, and they are citizens of the United States, entitled to have and to exercise all the rights of humanity and all the privileges of citizenship equally with white men. He pours deserved ridicule upon the sham pretense that the white race in the south will be overwhelmed if the negro race is treated with equal justice, instead of being subjected to a savage oppression. True, many of them are ignorant and shiftless, but the same is true of many white men. The exclusion from political power on that account should not affect one race only, but the line of intelligence should be run straight, impartially dividing in both races the sheep from the goats. Without expressly declaring this purpose, the argument is as vital and powerful against the political injustice imbedded in the new southern constitutions as against the debasing wrong of public murder by lynching.

This is such a voice of Christianity and humanity as we have long waited to hear from the south. We have believed that there must be in the breasts of the white race, there a conscience which some time would speak out defying the regnant tyranny, oppression and cruelty, not in part, but completely, not on grounds of policy alone, but on the fundamental basis of right, proclaiming and obeying the "Thus saith the Lord" of true religion and undefiled. Quincy Ewing's is such a voice, surprising, even startling, in its high, full note of righteousness and patriotism, because it is so conspicuously alone. From the far south, from the lowlands of Mississippi, comes this lofty, ringing godly defiance of the satanic braggardism of Tillman, and the calculating, selfish, demoralization of Gorman, and of all their abettors in the prostitution of American liberty.

THE LYNCHING OF NEGROES IN MISSISSIPPI.

An extract from a sermon on lynching preached by the Rev. Quincy Ewing in St. James' Episcopal church, Greenville, Miss.,

on August 11. Reprinted from the Boston Herald of August 27.

It may be well to preface my remarks this morning with the statement that what I shall say of Mississippi might be said with equal justice of several other southern states. I speak of Mississippi, because I live in Mississippi, and am more intimately concerned with the affairs of Mississippi than those of any other state.

My text is the Sermon on the Mount of Jesus Christ and the constitution of the state of Mississippi. My subject suggested by the text is the lynching of negroes in Mississippi.

It is no pleasure to me to speak upon this subject to-day. It is very decidedly painful to me, a southern man, sired and grandsired, mothered and grandmothered, by southern people born and reared farther south than the latitude of this town; it is very decidedly painful to me to have to deal with this subject, and, in dealing with it, to say what the time demands shall be said. It could give me no pleasure to need to speak out in denunciation of crime, lawlessness, brutality, anywhere on the earth; but perhaps it is a pardonable infirmity of human nature for one to feel more pain in acknowledging and denouncing the sins of one's own land, own people, than in holding up the standard of moral protest against the crimes of people separated from one by an ocean, or a Mason and Dixon's line. I confess to such an infirmity.

But I should be unfit to stand in this place if I allowed that infirmity to blind my eyes to one of the dimmest crimes of the ages because it is being perpetrated in this southern land by southern men; or to seal my lips from denunciation of that crime, and the moral tone of the south, and especially of this state, to-day; the moral tone which permits it, and in certain quarters makes a virtue of it.

If some one were to declare in Boston that there were more Massachusetts murderers in Massachusetts outside than inside the state penitentiary, or that the great majority of Massachusetts murderers were not hanged, or imprisoned, or brought to trial, or arrested—who would doubt that a very untrue and foolish thing had been said; that an absurd slander had been uttered against the fair name of Massachusetts? But if some one were to stand up in Greenville to-day and de-

clare that there are more Mississippi murderers outside than inside the state's prison; that the great majority of Mississippi murderers are never hanged, or imprisoned, or brought to trial, or indicted, or arrested, or forced to flee from one county to another, or seriously bothered in any way—if some one were to stand up in Greenville and say that, who could be sure that he had said an untrue thing?

Who could truthfully declare that an absurd slander had been uttered against the state? Who could fairly deny, that but the simple truth had been spoken? Who could be so blind and so dull as to contend that the men of all colors and races who have been hanged, or imprisoned, or tried, or arrested, or fined, or bothered, for murder, have not been outnumbered during the past ten years by the men of one race, and that race the one to which we belong—by the men of one race, who have got together in bands and crowds, and deliberately slain their fellow-men, setting aside all the forms of law and making of themselves murderers as clearly as he who lies in ambush and sends a bullet through the heart of his foe?

It is not denunciation, understand, to say that every lyncher is a murderer—just as surely a murderer as any one who ever dangled from a gallows. That is not denunciation; it is but a statement of fact in thorough accord with the law of the state of Mississippi. And the fact is not altered by what the lyncher may think of himself or what his friends may think of him. He is a murderer in the eyes of Almighty God, unless Almighty God sits blind or asleep upon his throne while the lyncher does his devil's work. He is a murderer—supposing there is no God, mighty or unmighty, and the lyncher is hardly to be expected to suppose anything about any sort of God—he is a murderer, because the law of the state of Mississippi has no other name for him.

It is his privilege to repudiate God Almighty and God Almighty's justice, or think he does, but he cannot, living in Mississippi, repudiate the state of Mississippi; he cannot outlaw the state's law, however he may violate it and trample it under foot, because the state, in spite of its law, which names murder murder, is cursed by a lot of cowardly or criminal officials, without the nerve or the inclination to protect a prisoner from a cowardly and criminal mob, or to bring mur-

derers to justice, swift or tardy, after their murder is done!

Now, surely, this is a fact that ought to appeal very painfully and tragically to the decent, law-abiding citizens of Mississippi—the strong probability, or certainty, that the great majority of Mississippi murderers are not hanged, or imprisoned, or arrested, or forced to leave the state, or even to change their residence from one county to another! So long as this probability, or this certainty, remains, what decent, law-abiding man can be proud to own himself a son or citizen of Mississippi? What decent, law-abiding citizen of Mississippi can think of the civilization of his state as of a sort that might be copied to its advantage by any other state or community on the face of God's earth, except, perhaps, some community where it is lawful custom for men to batter out one another's brains, and spill one another's blood, and feed on the one and drink the other?

If that is a civilized state where it is probable that the majority of its murderers from year to year, from decade to decade, are not made to feel by gallows, or prison, or fine, or banishment, that they have committed an offense against the state's law—if that is a civilized state, who will define for us a barbarous one? If that is an elevated, enlightened, Christian state, who will distinguish for us between it and one that, from the standpoint of Jesus Christ, is morally blind and brutal and degraded; between it and some other state that might be pointed to as testifying unmistakably in its moral tone to the existence and very active and lavish inspiration of the devil?

Let me pass to another fact, which I suppose nobody will dispute; this, namely, that white men do not lynch white men in the state of Mississippi, or so rarely as to create no problem for us to consider. Our moral and legal problem is created for us by the spectacle of white men engaged again and again in the lynching of negroes. It is safe to say that the lynching of white men by white men would not long be tolerated in this state; some way would speedily be found to put a stop to it; the unhappy people who are loud now in applause of lynching would be equally loud in condemnation of it if lynchings of white men by white men were at all frequent. What a sickening truth was suggested, even if the

suggestion was somewhat in the form of exaggeration, by the statement to the deputy sheriff of that dago, recently sentenced to death in Greenwood for murdering a negro woman: "Me no kill her in Tenn'see; me kill her in Miss'sip; me no think it harm to kill nig in Miss'sip!"

Now, why, let me ask, are there so many lynchings of negroes in this state of Mississippi, and why are these lynchings applauded by so many people who have no hand in them?

What is the explanation of this fact? Is it that we don't want the negroes here, that they are in our way, that we want to get rid of them, and lynch them in order to show them that we don't want them here, in order to make it so hot for them that they will get out of the state, and give us more room; more room to black our boots, to nurse our babies, and cook our dinners, and clean up our houses, and sweep out our stores, and drive our wagons, and labor in our oil mills and sawmills and compresses, and pile dirt on our levees in July sun, and plow our fields, and dig our sewer trenches, and plant and pick our cotton? Is it that we want more room to do these things ourselves, or want to replace the negro by some other race of people better qualified than he to do these things?

Nay, this explanation could not explain. We are not trying to get rid of the negro; we are not longing to pick our own cotton, or black our own boots, or pile dirt on our own levees; we don't want him to leave us; we are not anxious to replace him with any other race of people. We want the negro to stay with us; his virtues appeal to the intelligence of our pockets, if not to the humanity of our hearts! Go from this county to another, and make yourself conspicuous urging the negroes to leave there and come here, and you will be likely to get warmer entertainment from the white citizens of that county than you desire. You might get a coat of tar and feathers, or be ridden on a rail, or a stray bullet—so deeply would your effort to rid them of the negro be appreciated by the aforesaid white citizens!

The dullest of us knows that the great bulk of raw material of the state's wealth is produced from year to year by negro labor. The bread we eat, the summer trips we take, the houses we live in, the tailor-made suits and silk dresses we wear, the money we put into missionary boxes to Christianize yellow people in China and Japan, point all, or nearly all, directly or in-

directly, to negro labor; to negro men and women, to negro grandfathers and grandmothers and little children, picking our cotton or gathering our corn, while we work or sit under cover, and fan ourselves, or have ourselves fanned by electricity—and complain of the heat!

No, we don't want to get rid of the negro. He tried to get rid of us, I have been told, some years ago, by getting away from us in this county; and steamboats were not allowed to land in front of this town to take him away. I have been told that shotguns in the hands of white men forbade him to leave Washington county to seek a more congenial environment in Kansas!

We don't want to get rid of the negro; he is our wealth producer; yet we lynch him; murder him with as little sense of the law's offended majesty as would possess us if we were killing a rattlesnake or a rabid dog.

Do we lynch him because we are trying to get even with him for coming here in the first instance; for coming here and thriving here, and getting us so accustomed to him that we cannot now do without him, in spite of our dislike for him? Nay, for we all know his coming here in the first instance was not through any choice of his; our ancestors wanted him to come, and he thought of coming only when the coming was forced upon him; only when he was in the power of white men whose business it was to buy him or steal him in Africa, and see that he did come here in salable condition! I doubt if you or I ever saw a single negro whose ancestors came to this country of their own will, and not rather by the will of some of our ancestors.

Do we lynch the negro because he has invented some new, stupendous crime that white men have no taste for, or because he is prone to indulge in many crimes that civilized white men have not outgrown? Nay, the negro has not invented any new crime; he is not lynched for any one crime only; he is lynched, again and again, for crimes that white men have not outgrown, and do frequently commit. We are likely to pick up a paper any day, and read, without any emotion or any great surprise, that a negro has been lynched in Mississippi for assault and battery, or some offense less than assault and battery! Look at that affair in the county of Carroll—that affair with its

mob that couldn't be restrained in its mad thirst for blood by the governor of the state, the district attorney, the circuit judge and the "leading citizens."

A white man suspects a negro boy of putting rough-on-rats in his drinking water. He gets up a party of his friends, and goes with them to the house of that boy, and murders him. There is no mob to avenge this murder. We do not read that the murderers were ever tried, or indicted, or arrested, or bothered in any way. The dago's idea seems here to have been borne out very vividly and impressively: "Me no think it harm to kill nig in Miss'sip!" The murderers of that negro boy knew—as well as they knew anything on this earth—that if there was producible the very thinnest reasonable evidence that he had poisoned the water jugs, he could be indicted, tried, convicted and punished according to law. But they chose to murder him.

The relatives of that murdered boy, unable to invoke the law's avenging arm, themselves resolve upon an awful crime—following the example of the white murderers; resolve upon it and commit it. They murder the parents of the leader of the band who had shown them how easily a murder might be committed. Immediately a lynching mob is formed, and they are not going to be overparticular, not at all squeamish, as to whom they lynch! And lynch they do—a helpless old woman and young girl, not known, as far as authentic reports show, to have had anything whatever to do with the murder of the aged couple. And lynch they do—after the governor's visit and plea for law and order—a negro man, not known to have had anything to do with the murder, and described in the press report as "one of the most trusted negroes in the county." No one in Carrollton, it seems, had ever heard any charge whispered against him of complicity in the horrible crime—but the mob is at work—and an order comes to Carrollton for his coffin.

His crime seems to have been that he was a servant of the aged people, and occupied a cabin 200 yards from their residence. He, of course, should have prevented the murder of his employers, even if he was quietly in his bed asleep and had no dream that murder threatened them! And while the mob is engaged in this delectable rampage of butchery the

actual perpetrators of the bloody deed escape. The ringleaders of the mob know that they are putting to death the only witnesses who could help them to a knowledge of the murderers at large, the number of them, and possibly their whereabouts; yet the lynching orgy goes on—proving well enough that the mob was not moved so much by the desire to serve justice in a rude and barbarous way as by the utterly despicable, brutal impulse to go out and kill a "lot o' niggers," because a white man and woman had been murdered by negroes!

Far be it from me to extenuate for one moment the shocking crime which compassed the death of those aged people in Carroll county. The perpetrators of it should have been legally run down, legally indicted, legally tried, legally convicted and legally hanged, just as quickly as possible. But there was nothing in this crime, let us clearly understand, characteristic of one race rather than another; there was nothing in it characteristic of the negro rather than of the white man.

Surely we have not forgotten that in Washington county, a few weeks ago, an innocent, gray-haired old man was murdered in his sleep by white men, and another man murdered with him, in his sleep, because it was rumored—simply rumored—that he had threatened to kill some one of the brave citizens of the neighborhood of Erwin! And let me say this: Get up a party of your friends; go with them to the home of some white boy and shoot him to death; give his relatives no redress at law, and then ask yourself if you would not deem it necessary to guard the members of your family from the vengeance of that murdered boy's relatives!

The negro, then, is not lynched because he is addicted to crimes that are characteristic of him as a negro; not lynched because the hands of white men are clean of deeds that bloody his.

Is the negro lynched in Mississippi because when he has committed a crime it is hard to convict him of it—hard to convict him in a Mississippi court, before a Mississippi judge and a Mississippi jury, composed of the most part, if not altogether, of Mississippi white men? Hard in Mississippi to convict a negro because accused of crime, and send him to the farm, the penitentiary or the gallows! Why, to think the thought

even humorously were to trench upon the borderland of absurdity!

Do we lynch negroes or sanction the lynching of them in Mississippi lest they should get the upper hand of us; lest they should negroize our politics and our government; lest they should forge to the front ahead of us, and thrust us into the backward places now occupied by them? Do we lynch them in order to keep them down and backward? Do we lynch them because we fear them? If that is the reason, what becomes of our oft-repeated boast of race superiority, our oft-uttered conviction that the white man, by virtue of the natural inherent superiority of his intellect and character, is destined to lead and rule, and the black man, by reason of the natural inferiority of his intellect and character, to follow and serve? The politician wanting votes in solid blocks may afford to play upon the emotions of the dull and thoughtless with the bugaboo of negro domination; but can the thinking white men of Mississippi in this day afford to confess to themselves even that they are afraid of negro domination? Can they afford to acknowledge themselves such ridiculous cowards? Can they afford to admit that, dealt with justly, dealt with in simple obedience to the laws of the state, the negro will rise to the top of things political, and hold them writhing and wriggling in subjection at the bottom? I cannot bring myself to believe that the dominant white people of Mississippi entertain any such puerile fear!

One more question, and then I am done asking for a solution of this problem, if problem it be. Are negroes lynched in Mississippi lest, if they were dealt with when criminal as citizens of the state in accordance with the laws that white men make and enforce, they might, perceiving their equality with white people before the law, gradually, by slow degrees, push on to something like equality with white people in the ways and byways of society? Are they lynched in order to keep solid and sound the mortar between the stones that build the barrier wall against "social equality?"

Nay, nay, nay! This will not do. Why, white men of the sort that gather in mobs to "lynch niggers" are doing more right here in this town in the year 1901, are doing more, doubtless, in every other town of Mississippi, unmolested, to batter down this barrier wall against social equality than has ever been done by the negroes in all their history as American citizens! I need not be more explicit; you

know what I mean; and, if possibly you do not, I need only say, keep your eyes open as you walk your street, keep them open night or day, and you will know!

For none of the reasons suggested is the negro lynched in Mississippi. He is lynched for the simple reason that in race he is an alien to the people who lynch him, and by reason of the law, as respected and administered, their underling, powerless to appeal to the law for protection. Replace the negro in Mississippi by any other race of aliens, make them also underlings, and as certain as the sun shines they would be lynched just as the negro is. And this means that the same essential spirit is dominant in Mississippi—in Mississippi of the twentieth century—that was dominant in Europe in the dark ages; that ruled in France more than 500 years ago, when pious Louis canceled a third of the claims held by Jews against Frenchmen for the benefit of his soul; that ruled at Verdun, where the Jews, mad with agony, huddled together in a tower of refuge, hurled down their children to the howling mob, hoping thus, vainly, to satiate their greed for Jewish blood; the same spirit that, 500 years ago, lighted a fire for every Jew in whole French provinces and dug the trench at Chignon, and raised that pile where nearly 200 Jewish men and women were burned together; burned because fundamentally they were not Frenchmen by religion, not Frenchmen by race!

Alas! alas! that we should do such boasting of our civilization putting to shame the centuries gone; such boasting of our progress, our freedom, our democratic ideals, our enlightened laws; such boasting, while we hark back to the dark age to copy its standards and methods; such boasting, and we are not yet enlightened enough to abstain from trampling under bloody feet the law we boast of; not yet masters sufficiently of the passions that fasten the fangs of one brute in the throat of another not his kind that we are able to treat with simple justice, to deal with, even according to the forms of law, the members of an alien and weaker race dwelling among us by our own will, surely, as much as their own!

Can the lynching of negroes be stopped in Mississippi? Can it be stopped? It can be, just as soon as the people of Mississippi elect a legislature decent enough to want to stop it. We have elected a decent governor, and all honor crown his head for the stand he has taken in this matter of

negro lynching, in the face of his blatant and venomous detractors! We have elected a decent governor; now let the people of Mississippi elect a decent legislature and the lynching demon will be bound within its hell den.

Elect a legislature with manhood enough, with moral backbone enough, to pass a law simply imposing a big money fine upon any county in which a lynching occurs; and lynchings, I doubt not, would be of rare occurrence even in our counties that civilization has most slighted. Probe the pocket of the lyncher and you will speedily get at his conscience!

Elect a legislature with decency enough to want to stop lynching, manifested in the passing of a law vacating the sheriff's office and making the sheriff forever ineligible to any office of any kind who surrendered a prisoner to a mob, or did not do all that could reasonably be expected of him to prevent anybody charged with a crime from falling into the hands of a mob. That would discourage lynching for obvious reasons that I need not mention.

In case neither of these laws should discourage it sufficiently, let the legislature give the governor explicit power to send troops into any county where, in his judgment, the sheriff is clearly not doing his duty; is "standing in with" a mob; has not taken those precautions which the law allows him to protect a prisoner from would-be lynchers, or persons not prisoners from a mob's frenzy; to send troops into the county to handle the mob and run them down and drag them to prison, just as federal troops in the west have often run down and dragged to prison murderous Indians and white desperadoes.

I have always been, and am now, a states-rights democrat; but I say, with no sort of hesitation, that if Mississippi cannot put a stop to the lynching of negroes within her borders—negroes, let us remember, who are citizens of the United States as well as of Mississippi—then the federal government ought to take a hand in this business; for the constitution of the United States, along with the constitution and laws of Mississippi, is shoved aside and trampled down every time a lynching occurs in this state. If Mississippi cannot prevent its citizens, who are also citizens of the United States, from being deprived of life by mobs without any process of law, due or otherwise, then Mississippi has no

right to the prerogatives of statehood. Let the United States constitution be amended, if necessary, that Mississippi, unfit to be a sovereign commonwealth, may lapse back into the status of a territory!

While we are waiting for a legislature to be elected decent enough to pass some law in restraint of lynching, there is one very practical thing that the respectable people of this county and of every other county in the state can do to keep this blot upon our civilization from getting any bigger or blacker than it is. Law and order leagues should be formed in every county of men willing, if need be, to give up their lives in defense of the fair name of their state, sworn to stand together and see to it as far as lies within their power that in their several counties there shall be no hangings of their fellow men, black or white or yellow or brown, who have not been duly indicted, duly tried before judge and jury, with counsel to defend them, duly convicted and sentenced to death. I have no doubt that such a league could be formed here. I have no doubt that there is honest, brave, enlightened, respectable manhood enough here to form it of such quality that the cowardly mob demon would not show its head in Washington county.

We do need such a law and order league in Washington county to protect these black people in their right to live; to see to it that, having lost the ballot, they shall not lose their lives except by command of the sovereign law of the state of Mississippi. If such a league is formed here I want to be a member of it. I don't want to be passed by because I stand in this pulpit on Sunday. I have stood here to-day and criticised the state of Mississippi. I am ready to-morrow or to-day to risk my life facing any mob to keep the blot upon the escutcheon of her statehood from getting any bigger or blacker.

THE SANCTITY OF LIFE.

For The Public.

O sons of freemen, will this awful crime Our blood-thirst check for men of other clime?

Was this hard lesson needed, to assuage Our lust of power and gain, so long the rage?

Could we not else—a people brave and just—

Discern the shame and crime of Empire's lust?

Must God, who suffers long, this anguish give

Ere we would let the brown-skinned freemen live?