though in a new skin. Though we have had war, reconstruction and abolition as a nation, we still linger in the shadow and blight of an extinct institution. Though the colored man is no longer subject to be bought and sold, he is still surrounded by an adverse sentiment which fetters all his movements. In his downward course he meets with much, but his course upward is resented and resisted at every step of his progress. If he comes in ignorance, rapid and wrenching he conforms to the popular belief of his character, and in that character he is welcome. But if he shall come as a gentleman, a scholar and a gentleman, he is hailed as a contradiction to the Nation's faith concerning his race, and his coming is resented as a snare. In the one case he may provoke contempt and derision, but in the other he is an affront to pride and provokes malice. Let him do what he will, there is at present, therefore, no escape for him. The color line meets him everywhere and in a measure shuts him out from all respectable and profitable trades and callings. He is the spit of all your religion and laws if he is a rejected man.

He is rejected by trade unions, of every trade, and refused work while he lives and burials when he dies, and he is asked to forget his color and forget that which everyone else remembers. If he offers himself to a business as a mechanic, to a client as a lawyer, to a patient as a physician, to a college as a professor, to a firm as a clerk, to a Government Department as an agent, an officer, he is sternly met on the color line, and his every consideration in some way is disputed on the ground of color.

Not even our churches, whose members profess to follow the despised Nazarene, whose home when on earth was among the lowly and despised, have yet conquered this feeling of color prejudice, and what is true of our churches is also true of our courts of law. Neither is free from this all-pervading atmosphere of color hate. The one prescribes the Deity as impartial, no respecter of persons, and the other the Goddess of Justice as blindfolded, with sword by her side and scales in her hand, but her hand held evenly between high and low, rich and poor, white and black, but both are the images of American imagination, rather than American practices.

Taking advantages of the general disposition in this country to impute crime to color, white men color their faces to commit crime and wash off the color to escape punishment. In many places where the common citizen is alleged against one of our color, the ordinary processes of the law are set aside as too slow for the impetuous justice of the infuriated populace. They take the law into their own bloody hands and kill by whip, stab, shoot, hang or burn the alleged culprit, without the intervention of courts, counsel, judge, jury, or witnesses. In such cases it is not the business of the accusers to prove guilt, but it is for the accused to prove his innocence, a thing hard for any man to do, even in a court of law. It is entirely impossible for him to do in these infernal Lynch courts. Accused, surprised, frightened and captured by a motley crowd, dragged with a rope about his neck in midnight-darkness to the nearest tree, and told in the coarsest terms of a profanity to prepare for death, more than a man if he did not, in his terror-stricken appearance, more confirm suspicion of guilt than the contrary evidence, in the presence of such hell-black outrages, the pulpit is usually dumb, and the press in the neighborhood is silent or openly takes sides with the mob. There are occasional cases in which white men are lynched, but the swan does not make a summer. Every knows one that what is called Lynch law is peculiarly the law for colored people and for nobody else. If there were no other grievance than this horrible and barbarous Lynch law custom, we should be justified in assembling