

Oxon Lee colls

Dec 22/91

Judge Tourgeel there  
is Handress in this  
town of my sentiments  
but I cannot get around  
so I send what I have  
I clip this scrap from my  
Paper New York Christian  
Advocate last number

When I read this piece  
I exclaimed consistency  
thou art a jewel  
for the Southern Chivalry  
I will not write in the  
same care with the Black  
women, but the will  
have private intercourse  
and family by them  
when it suits them  
respectfully John M. Collins

## Some Recent Experiences in the South.

BY C. H. PAYNE, LL.D.

X From the Ecumenical Conference at Washington to the Annual Conferences of the South is not so great a transformation as might be presumed, for both furnish abundant items of interest and food for reflection. Our company consisted of Bishop Warren, the Rev. Dr. Hayes, of East Tennessee Conference; the Rev. Dr. Albert, of the *South-western Christian Advocate*; Dr. Grandison, of Bennett Seminary, and the writer.

A night's ride in the Pullman, to which color and previous condition seemed to be no bar, brought us to Greensboro, N. C., where we left the train and proceeded to visit Bennett Seminary, located at that place and under the charge of Dr. Grandison. We found a plain brick structure well located on a commanding height as the principal building, and a "Model Home" near by; as is the case in almost all our schools in the South, the buildings here are very inadequate to the demands. A pile of trunks belonging to late arrivals lay outside the entrance, whose owners, bright young women, had been obliged to sleep on the floor the previous night for want of accommodations. The students were quickly assembled by the ringing of the bell, and treated to addresses from the Bishop and his fellow-travelers. The audience was inspiring and appreciative, drinking in the full stream of eloquent counsel that for more than an hour and a half continued to flow.

Our General Conference officers who are called to visit the entire Church will doubtless agree that no such eager and enthusiastic audiences are found anywhere else as in our colored schools and Conferences. It is always a delight to face such hearers. A sermon from the writer in the evening, listened to by the entire body of students and by the local church, completed a busy and profitable day. A visit to the "Model Home" and a dinner with the inmates, cultivated young women, trained in good housekeeping and in good manners by two devoted women from the North, was an interesting and profitable day's experience. Principal Grandison is, I believe, the only colored man at the head of any of our Southern schools. His eminent success justifies the wisdom of the appointment.

We start at midnight from Greensboro for Winston-Salem—two towns divided only by a street—to reach the twin cities after one o'clock in the morning. North Carolina Conference opens its session the next morning, with Bishop

Warren, fresh and smiling, in the chair. Some fifty ministers compose the Conference, among whom Dr. Grandison, the secretary, is easily chief; but not a few others furnish gratifying evidences of the good results accomplished by our schools, and by earnest study on the part of others unable to avail themselves of school advantages. Conference business is done with creditable dispatch, and the reports show a rapidly improving condition of the churches.

An interesting meeting was held in the afternoon of the first day to get the bearings of the brethren on the woman question. The speaking was witty and sparkling, even though the opposition might not always pronounce it wise. One bright brother said that "though it was true that God made man first it appeared by the record that there was not much business done till woman came upon the field." The sentiment was nearly all one way, and the next day, when the vote was taken, all but three voted for the admission of women. Evidently our brothers in black will not cast a solid vote on this stirring issue; and it is well that their votes should be divided on this as on other questions in Church and State. After an evening address to the Conference we start for East Tennessee Conference, at Morristown, Tenn. Dr. Albert is bound for the same place, and we journey together. It is a matter for rejoicing that the Pullman Palace Car Company, as we understand, have given orders to their agents and employees that no person shall be discriminated against on account of his color. Dr. Albert rides then in comfort and peace with his white brethren in an elegant sleeper. Twice also before this we had been able to secure meals together at a respectable eating-house in Greensboro without any questioning or disrespectful treatment. We were beginning to think the world was really improving, and the millennium was not an "iridescent dream." The next morning, however, dissipated the fond illusion.

The train stopped early for breakfast at Asheville, N. C. There was no buffet car attached, and no means of securing breakfast except at the regular eating place near the depot. Dr. Albert and myself started for the breakfast room, but were told at the door that we must register at the counter. I took the pen and was about to enter my name, when the proprietor or clerk behind the counter, observing Dr. Albert behind me, said: "Is that a colored man?" I replied, "That is the Editor of the *South-western Christian Advocate*, sir." "Is he a colored man?" was repeated, to which I answered in substance: "I do not know as to the exact quality of his blood, sir; he is a respectable man of ability and character." "Well, he can't eat here if he is a colored man," was sharply replied; and as promptly I responded, "We are officers in the same Church, sir, and traveling together on official business. If you cannot furnish him breakfast, you cannot me." My abolition blood was getting a little warm, and I added: "Whose country is this down here, God's or the devil's?" He seemed a little puzzled at the question, as did the bystanders, of whom there were several. Perhaps they were not accustomed to have their unjust and unrighteous practices called in question. I then asked: "Is there any lunch-room or any place where a respectable man can get any thing to eat about this depot?" "There is a lunch-room at the other end of the building," he replied, and to the other end we hastened, only to meet with similar defeat. It was an uninviting place, and one might suppose that even a well-behaved dog could be fed there. There was a lunch counter and several tables stood about the room.

"Can you furnish us any thing to eat?" I asked. The keeper took a good look at us both and replied: "You can't eat sitting down." "Very well," I replied, "we will eat standing then; give us something to eat, if it is only a cracker." Yet he concluded not to allow his immaculate place to be contaminated by permitting any such outside barbarians to eat in it, and so we were left with our hungry stomachs unsatisfied. Thinking that a mild remark might be appropriate at this juncture, I meekly suggested that it would seem that another war was necessary down here to settle some questions that evidently needed adjustment, and with this pleasant farewell word we left the inhospitable hostelry with no very pleasant emotions. What was to be done next? The train would soon start, and the situation was not encouraging. Inquiry of a friendly colored boy led us to a dilapidated shanty, where we obtained a few musty crackers which served as a substitute for the breakfast that we didn't get. As fortune would have it, the fast had to be protracted until about 2 o'clock that afternoon, when a good dinner at the hospitable home of an Ohio brother, now living at Morristown, Tenn., satisfied hunger, but could not efface the memory of an act which ought to make every American citizen blush with shame. Why write these things? Why not pass by in silence all such evidences of the caste spirit? Because meekly to submit to such outrages and silently allow them to pass is to perpetuate them and help to lay a heavier burden on the oppressed. It is not, as we are often falsely told, a merely social question which must be left to adjust itself. It is a question of public accommodation, and of civil rights as well as of justice and humanity. After the above experience Bishop Goodsell and the writer met Dr. Albert, with several other brethren on their way to Tennessee Conference, but as our complexions were not of exactly the same hue we were obliged to ride in different cars; the rules of the road, sustained by the laws of several States, excluding the white man from the colored man's car as well as the colored man from that provided for his white brother. Whatever plausible arguments may be adduced for practices such as are here narrated, and whoever may seek to defend them, it is certain that they are as unlike the teachings of Christ as heathenism is unlike Christianity. When will Christ's Church honestly undertake to follow its Master, and give the world an example of applied Christianity?

Now that the Ecumenical Conference is over, with its inspiring exhibition of brethren, with varied hues, sitting and counseling together, and mutually honoring one another, and now that the honest, earnest desire for a closer fraternity and a wiser cooperation, if not indeed for organic union, has found full and fitting expression, will not our brethren of the South undertake in good earnest to put an end to these practices which, all must admit are thoroughly unchristian? Let us all unite to secure a type of Christian civilization, South and North, that shall be an honor and not a disgrace to our common country and to our cherished Church.