

UNITED STATES POST-OFFICE,

RALEIGH, N. C., February 1st, 1890.

HON. PHILETUS SAWYER,

Chairman Senate Committee, Etc., Etc.,

DEAR SIR:—The original of the inclosed memorial was found upon my table recently, and being disinclined to suppress it, I forward to you, with emendations as follows:

The signers are all colored people, and, so far as I can learn, the signatures are all forged except the first three.

The paper alleges that I have never been of any service to the party, or to the colored race; am destitute of influence; a standing menace and stumbling-block to the party; couldn't be elected Town Constable, etc. etc.

As to race and party services, I am a native of New York, 53 years of age, and have been a Republican all my life; probably before these people ever heard of such a party. I entered the army in chevrons in April, 1861; commanded a regiment in 1864-5; was honorably discharged in September, 1867, and carry some tokens of cold lead and errant pot-metal about me yet.

As United States Commissioner in 1871-2 I instituted and maintained to the end the prosecution of the Ku-Klux-Klan, while these people were hiding in the woods and swamps about their abandoned homes.

As Chief Supervisor of Elections I have recorded and perpetuated the evidence of gross frauds upon the ballot-box for fifteen years.

As Chairman of the Raleigh School Committee in 1875-6 I organized and established the first Free white and colored Graded School ever known in North Carolina, and formulated and secured the passage of the general law that put a Free Graded School for both races in every town of 5,000 inhabitants in the State; almost-exclusively at the expense of the white people.

I have made it possible for scores of Republicans to hold lucrative office, by justifying upon their official bonds from one to thirty thousand dollars each, and paid dearly for it, too, as the recorded judgments I have paid upon them and these proceedings abundantly show.

Finally, I have appointed more colored men to office since my entry upon duty as Post-master than all the Republican county and National officials in this section combined—including the Collector of Internal Revenue; the patronage of whose office is \$50,000, while that of the Post-office is but \$8,000! The only trouble is that they are not of the class of the memorialists or their promoters.

All the elective county officers are Republican except one, and he would be if he could have made his bond; yet there is not a Republican subordinate, white or black, among them; and these are the men who, with two or three other disappointed office seekers maddened by disappointment, hide behind, and "sic" these deluded people on.

So much for the "stumbling-block and menace" business; and now a word about these unfortunate dupes, and their operators behind the screen, and I have done.

Hardy Colman, whose name is forged to this memorial, is an ex-convict, just out of prison. Of those following him, probably not one could tell the contents of the paper, if they have ever seen it. Ellison, Lane and Leary are the only responsible parties to the paper. Of these, Lane wanted a position in my office. Having long suffered under the charge of making a living by arresting and prosecuting slight offenders of his own race for the fees, in cases disregarded by the city police as trivial, I refused to appoint him. He is the confessed forger of the false signatures.

John S. Leary is the only man of any character on the list. He wanted to be United States Attorney; but having an ardent desire to witness the prosecution of gross frauds upon the ballot-box, and well knowing it would require legal talent and moral force of the highest order, I recommended a man possessing those qualifications. Whether that action was the cause of his animosity, I know not, and will not attempt to conjecture. The petition is in his hand: he claims to be a graduate; has been a Principal in one of my Graded Schools, and is now Instructor-at-Law in Shaw University, a living witness of the untruth of his allegation!

Stewart Ellison wanted to be Janitor of this building; but well knowing his incurable inefficiency through past experience in the same office, I refused to appoint him. He is an ignorant, vulgar, intemperate politician, without the grace of truth or honesty. He is for sale to the highest bidder; and available only for dirty work. He has ranked high among those devoted Southern Republicans who got into the National Conventions and put shekels in their purses by selling themselves to the friends of Presidential candidates *before* the vote, and selling the candidates in person *afterward*; but at the last State Convention there arose a little band of young colored men who laid him out cold, and repeated it last June, when he was beaten for Alderman in his own ward, the normal vote of which is nearly three Republican to one Democrat, three-fourths of which is colored.

Concealed behind Stewart Ellison, punching him up and egging him on, lie two noteworthy specimens of the genus "Southern Republican." These are J. C. L. Harris and Charles D. Upchurch. The first wanted to be Postmaster; failing in which, he seems to have declared war upon everybody. He was supposed to have been "conciliated" as a kicker, by his appointment to the second best office in the gift of the Collector of Internal Revenue, with a clerk of his own nomination to do his work at half his salary, while he writes scurrilous articles under assumed names for the *New York Times* against the Administration, and levies black-mail upon the guileless officials as contributions for "our paper," which hasn't materialized for two months, and probably never will again.

The second is the brother-in-law of the first, and Clerk of the Superior Court, without a Republican subordinate in his office. I have been upon his official bond for six years; am now; and this is a specimen of his gratitude. Through fifteen years of unbroken occupation of the best office in the State, he has come to believe, not only that he owns the office in fee, but that he may resent, as an interference with his prerogative, any ambition for office without his consent.

Returning from a late visit to Washington to lay his wires for the rejection of my nomination, he stated publicly, that he had "Shaffer on the run," that he had had his nomination referred to a committee of one, **NOT A REPUBLICAN, AND NOT A MEMBER OF THE COMMITTEE!**

He is the same "influential Republican" who, upon the failure of his kin-candidate for the Post-office, turned the portrait of President Harrison to the wall, cursed him publicly for a "dish-faced son-of-a-bitch," rejoiced over the result of the Ohio election, hung out his draperies upon the death of Jefferson Davis, and expects to be re-elected as an independent candidate this year without Democratic opposition! "*What fools we mortals be!*"

Another anxious brother-in-law and devoted patriot is that ubiquitous, notorious and hairless Celt, Timothy F. Lee. Dismissed in disgrace from the army as Second Lieutenant, Ninth Massachusetts Regiment in 1861, at a time when all *true* men were most needed, he lodged here at the close of the war in the guise of a sutler and the rank of Captain, which has since been raised to "Colonel." An oily tongue and a bummer's cheek secured him the Shrievalty, with which he soon bankrupted himself and all his sureties who could not successfully plead the Statute of Limitations or coverture, and left his numerous private creditors to mourn their folly and charge his accounts to profit and loss. He has been quietly dropped from every office he ever held, and their names are "legion," except the last, the time and salary of which he devotes to the defeat of the nominations of the President.

In heated political campaigns I am generally described by "our friends the enemy" as a Carpetbagger; a term which would apply with equal truth and relevancy to a majority of the United States Senate; as witness the following facts: I came here under an order of the Secretary of War for duty in the Freedman's Bureau, in March, 1866. Upon my discharge from that service in 1868 I became, and have ever since been, a citizen of North Carolina; invested all my estate here, and, among other things of a public nature, I devoted three years of my life and \$8,000 of my private funds to the first great township map of North Carolina ever issued, for public schools and private uses. I have held public office during all that period; yet my name figures in no *Fraud Commission Reports*, no *Articles of Impeachment*, and no *Criminal* or other *prosecutions for Malfeasance in Office*; a record of good citizenship for which I am ready to try titles *with any of the concealed promoters of this contest who dare raise the issue and let me focus the lights upon their public career*. I have no desire to lift the mantle of silence and oblivion now resting upon the unsavory record of their past lives, but even the *worm* will turn upon its tormentors, and forbearance may cease to be a virtue.

These are the choice spirits who hope to compass the defeat of my confirmation. Aside from a half-dozen kindred souls whose active sympathy they can control because they have no interest in, or knowledge of, the case, there are absolutely no others.

It is doubtless awkward and humiliating to be gored to death in the house of one's *friends*; but if my appointment is to be repudiated by the Republicans of the United States Senate upon the representations of such men as these, without hearing or notice to me, there can be but one inference to be drawn from such action, for I have made my appointments upon Republican business principles; conducted the office according to the best lights before me; had no political or other debts to discharge with public patronage, and my hands are clean and my conscience void of offense. *Quere*—Are these qualifications for office, or are they grounds for removal?

I am very respectfully,
Your obedient servant,



..... P. M.

one to each republican Senator tonight.