

FATALITY OF NEGRO POLITICIANS.

The fatality among colored politicians in Louisiana is one of the signs of the times. They cannot endure the strain of political prosperity any more]than the Sandwich Islander can stand the civilization of the white man. They are killed off by it as the people of India are swept by the plague, and their mortality list becomes the most painfully interesting fact for humanitarian investigation and study. The New Orleans *Times* of a recent date calls attention to this list. First came Lieutenant-Governor Oscar J. Dunn, a full-blood, of considerable mental and physical power, dignified, staid and respectable, and who commanded the respect of all who knew him. He died suddenly of some mysterious disease. Then came a light mulatto named Ingraham, who, by force of some smartness and vast audacity, vaulted into high political positions—senator, member of all the state conventions, member of the metropolitan board, and general orator. He died of dissipation and vice. Barber, a pure, full-blooded negro, came next. He was general and senator, and died of apoplexy. Then Isabel, one of the most active, zealous and capable of the colored politicians, who recently died a victim of vice and dissipation. And last is J. Sella Martin, a mulatto, who was the ablest of the list, and who died the other day. He, too, was the victim of intemperance and its accompanying vices, although at one time a shining clerical light in the moral city of Boston. The white man's politics was too much for all of them; they went down, most of them ignominiously, under the excitement. The elevation was too sudden, the position too new, the surroundings too bewildering, the strain too exhausting, and, under the excitement, they succumbed. Of course, there is no suspicion that any of them was foully dealt with. Had there been, we should have heard Morton howling in the senate, and an investigating committee would have been on its way to the Pelican city to ferret out the "deep damnation of their taking off." The simple truth is that the white man's politics are fatal to the "American citizen of African descent." There is constant vexation, and no merriment in it. Not to have his regular guffaw—his old plantation roar of laughter—is death to the negro, certain death to him in a very short time. He can't extract laughter from politics, and he dies for the want of shaking his sides.