The speech of the evening was an off hand, but well-considered effort by Mr. Jas. Harris, a native of Raleigh, and late the delegate from the league here to the Convention at Cleveland. Mr. Harris labored to show the colored people that their best friends were the intelligent white class in the South, and not the people at the North. That their freedom had been achieved by a law of necessity, as a military measure, and not by a benevolent crusade of the Northern army, as many supposed. He cited the prejudices prevailing at the North, which shut the colored man out from every avenue of employment, while in the South every branch of industry in the mechanic arts and the cultivation of the soil was open to him. There had never been such exhibitions of diabolical and murderous hate exhibited toward the colored race in the history of the world as were developed in the New York mobs of 1863, and in other Northern cities. It was no place for the colored man to look for an asylum. They must remain where they were, and work out their destiny side by side with the white man. They could not and would not migrate or be colonized. He had travelled 40,000 miles in search of a better country—he had made the circuit of the West India islands and gone over to Africa, but he had now returned to his native State of North Carolina, where he intended to live, to die, and be buried. He counselled moderation, kindness, and a patient and respectful demeanor toward the whites, and the effort to make their interests mutual, showing them they (the colored people,) were not their enemies, but
friends. The past should be buried in oblivion, and the future only engage their efforts to improve and elevate themselves.

The speech was in the happiest vein, and kept the house in a roar of merriment. Its effect was most happy upon the minds of the multitude, and must do much to disabuse them of many false and injurious notions. He was not in favor of making large demands at this time for their rights, but allow the present misunderstanding and consequent ill feeling to cool, when they would be sure to receive what they had a right to claim. God was on their side, and he (Mr. H.) saw a glorious future before the colored race in the Southern States.