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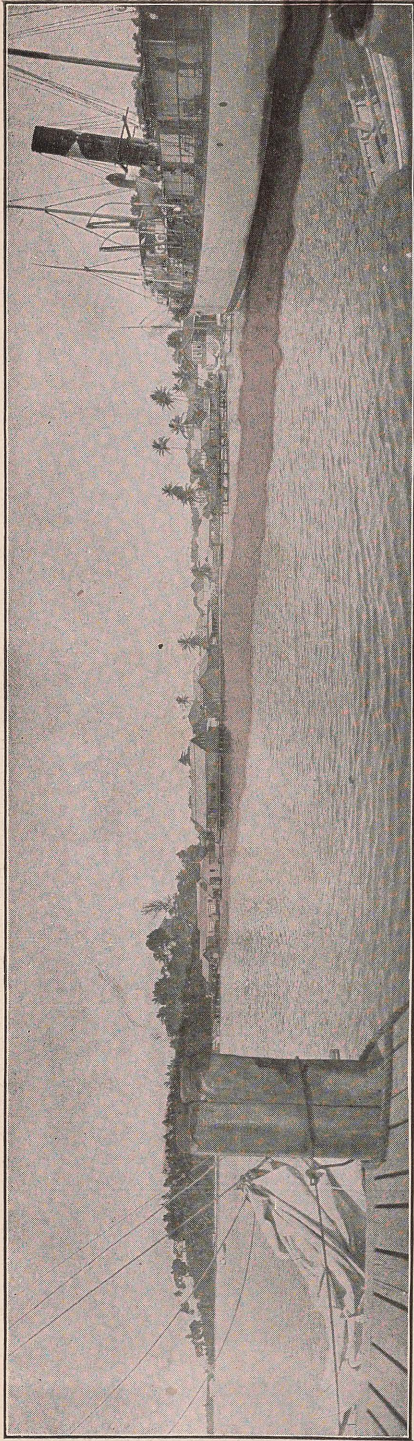
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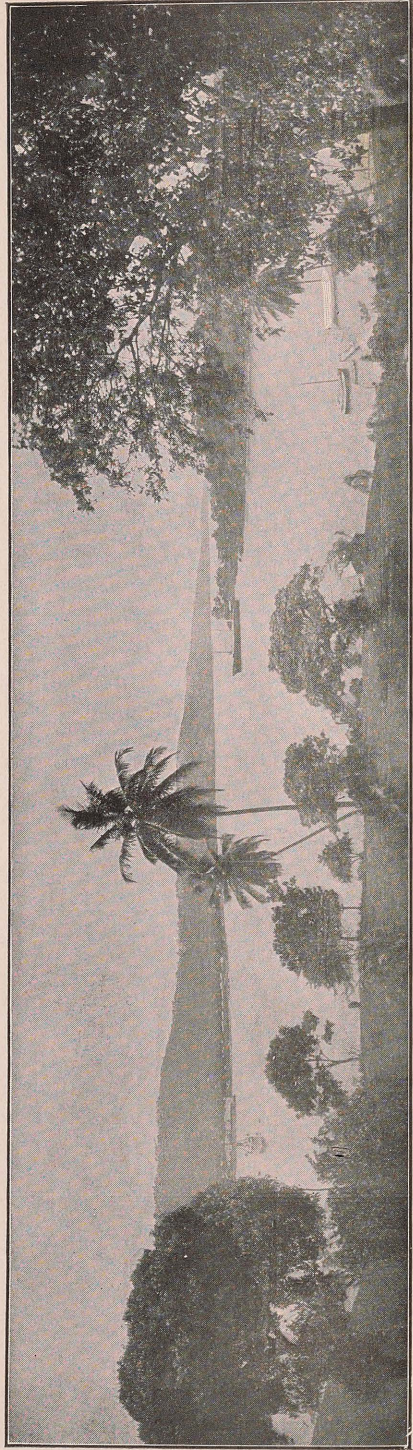
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Photograph by John C. Freund.

IN THE HARBOR OF PORT ANTONIO, JAMAICA.



Photograph by John C. Freund.

VIEW FROM THE TICHFIELD HOUSE, PORT ANTONIO, JAMAICA.

THE COLORED AMERICAN MAGAZINE.

VOL. VII.

FEBRUARY, 1904.

NO. 2.

A TRIP TO PARADISE,

BEING THE EXPERIENCES OF A NEW YORKER IN THE ISLAND OF JAMAICA,

BY JOHN C. FREUND.

SECOND LETTER.

Port Antonio,
Island of Jamaica, British West Indies,
Tuesday, April 14, 1903.

The Tichfield House, where I am, is located on the highest point of a promontory that stretches out from the island and forms one side of the entrance to the harbor. As the entrance is not a quarter of a mile wide, you can almost throw a stone on to the steamers as they come in to or leave port.

The harbor is full of life all the time. There are a couple of American cruisers in port, and you can hear the bugle sounds which announce the orders, and the calling of the men to their meals and various duties.

I send you a photograph, taken by myself (for I have become a kodak fiend), of the view from the hotel veranda. If you will imagine a perfectly azure sky, a touch of ultramarine in the water, and the mountains and opposite shore clothed with varying shades of green, with palms, fine trees and shrubs in the foreground, all set off by the sails of yachts and ships in the harbor, you can get some idea of the enchanting scene spread before me.

Great clusters of yellow bananas are hung up along the veranda, so that the guests can help themselves whenever they please. One skeptical member of our party insists that this is done by the manager so that you can fill up on bananas and thus eat less at table.

The hotel is a long building of wood, with broad verandas and airy hallways.

The bedrooms are large, comfortable and scrupulously clean. Not much space is given to the parlors, as everybody sits out on the porches and verandas overlooking the harbor.

The rear of the hotel looks out on a picturesque part of the town and the bay beyond. The dining-room, a large and airy hall, is built around a tree, whose living branches create a charming effect in the room itself.

When we entered for breakfast, we found it gaily decorated with flags and palms. On all the tables and side tables was a profusion of fruit, consisting of tastefully heaped-up dishes of bananas, grape fruit, oranges, naseberries, a large, round fruit, with a dark, potato-like skin, whose meat has somewhat of the characteristic of the pear, peach and banana.

The waiters were, naturally, all colored men, though their chief was a white man. We got a table with an outlook on the harbor and were happy.

I was told that this was not the fruit season, so I was not astonished to find that much of the fruit had been plucked green. In fact, this seems to be the habit here, where things ripen so quickly. All the fruit for export is plucked quite green, and even then, in the hot season, much of it is lost in transit.

As in all tropical countries, not much meat is eaten.

I have already been impressed by the bearing and courteous manner of the colored waiters and servants in the hotel. Everybody has a pleasant smile for you,

and the dark-hued chambermaids are conspicuous by the cleanliness of their dress, the politeness of their manner and their readiness to be of service.

I do not know whether it is the expectancy of a "tip" before parting, or the influence of the climate, or the general atmosphere of the island, but everybody seems to be in good humor, and inclined to laugh at the slightest provocation.

After breakfast, I made an endeavor to get my boots blacked. I was told, however, that the best thing would be to invest in a pair of canvas shoes, as they would be not only cooler, but more appropriate to the roads, which are of a dazzling whiteness, and always covered with a fine dust.

I was directed to go into the billiard-room, at the end of which a barber had his establishment, and next to him was the boot-black's stand. When I inquired as to what chance there was of getting my boots cleaned, a dignified young col-

ored man, neatly dressed, with a high collar and elaborate tie, came over to me and, taking off his hat, said:

"Excuse me, sir, but the supply of blacking has run out. There is a fresh consignment for us on the steamer on which you came in. So, if not to-day, I will have the pleasure to-morrow, sir, of blacking your shoes."

When I made another trial to get my boots blacked, next morning, I found the amiable young colored gentleman engaged in a game of billiards with another young colored gentleman, and when I again requested to know whether I could get my shoes blacked, he stopped the game for a minute and said:—

"I shall be most happy to black your shoes, sir, but if you would not mind, sir, I should much like to make this shot, as we have reached a very interesting point in the game."

I told him that I was in no hurry, and that I would be glad to watch the game



Photograph by Geo. E. B. Putnam.

A BUSINESS STREET IN PORT ANTONIO.

while he finished it with his friend, which he did, and then managed to adorn my shoes with some kind of stuff which made them look as if they had been treated to alternate doses of vaseline and face powder.

About this time Mr. Barker and some other "compagnons de voyage" came up and told me that even the light summer clothes that I had brought from the States would be too heavy for the climate, and that the best thing that I could do would be to get a suit of white duck and a "jippi-jappa" straw hat, which is somewhat on the order of the Panama, and is largely made in Jamaica.

On our way up to the hotel from the steamer we had received cards from a number of distinguished looking colored gentlemen, who stopped us as we rode along, and who each, in the most polite way possible, recommended his establishment to our consideration and patronage. I was told that if I went down to Smith's store I could be measured for a full suit of white clothes, which would be fitted and delivered by night, or the first thing next morning.

This struck me as peculiar, as I had heard so much of the laziness of the colored people and of their indifference to business, and of the tremendous difficulty I would have in getting anything done within a reasonable time.

My experience was quite the contrary.

My wife suggested, before we went out, that it would be a good thing for us to lock the door of our room. This necessitated getting a key. There seemed some difficulty at the hotel desk about this, but, as one of the gentlemen in the office said, it didn't much matter whether we had a key or not, as nobody ever lost anything.

I found that this was almost literally true, and that wherever you travel in Jamaica you can leave your valuables about, as nobody will take anything. The laws against stealing are very stringent, yet it is rarely that any of the colored people are arrested for theft. True, a porter

may take a cigar or two from your box, or a chambermaid may decorate herself up with some of your wife's perfumery, or temporarily borrow her curling irons to straighten out the kinks in her hair but you will never miss anything, however recklessly you may leave your goods and chattels scattered about your room.

They tell me that the shorter the hair of a negress, the more crazy she is to have a curling iron, and you cannot make her a more acceptable present than by giving her a new pair just from the States.

As it was still early in the day, we determined to take a carriage, and were told that the best trip we could make before lunch would be to go out to Blue Hole, the name given to a small, fresh water lake, some eight or nine miles away.

So we selected one of the various carriages that thronged the courtyard, and got a driver, with whom we have been since, a negro by the name of Gaynor, whom I found to be a man of superior intelligence and great amiability of disposition. He gave me much valuable information about his people and life on the island. With him, we started out of the hotel, down the hill, into the main road, and at once made a discovery as to one of the peculiar characteristics of Jamaica. Although the sun was very hot, as we rode along past the American consulate and the pretty houses around it, we felt a deliciously cool breeze. This sea breeze blows all day long, from the early morning until about four in the afternoon, when it drops, and then, till six, the heat is somewhat oppressive. Later a cool land breeze springs up, so cool, indeed, that you can sleep with the greatest possible comfort.

We had not traveled along a mile before I was in ecstasies of delight over the ever-changing scene. The roads here are not straight, but, owing to the mountainous character of the country, they wind in and out, so that, with the mountains in the distance, a constantly changing series of most enchanting views greets you.

At every turn you meet women and

girls coming to market or returning home. I send you a picture of a couple of negresses, with bananas on their heads. All packages are carried on the head, and it is no uncommon sight to see a negro woman with from ten to twenty-five pounds weight on her head, in the shape of fruit or vegetables, such as sweet potatoes, yams, with a bottle or two, and the whole basketful of stuff crowned with her black straw hat, which she probably carries in that way to show that she has got one.

Most of the men you meet, and all of the women, go barefoot. In walking, they swing the arms, and their gait is a free, long stride, with the head well erect. Many of them, especially the women, owing to the great amount of walking they do, and the carrying of everything on the head, have a suppleness and grace to acquire which many a great lady would give half of her fortune.

We also met a large number of carts, containing bananas, or vegetables, or co-



ON THE WAY TO MARKET.

conuts. Many of these were pulled by donkeys, and quite a number by oxen.

On the drive, as on other drives we took, we would often come upon a picturesque group in the shape of a small cart full of produce, upon which were seated several women with their children, the cart being pulled by three teams of oxen, the first of which was led by a coolie, often with nothing on but a clout around his loins.

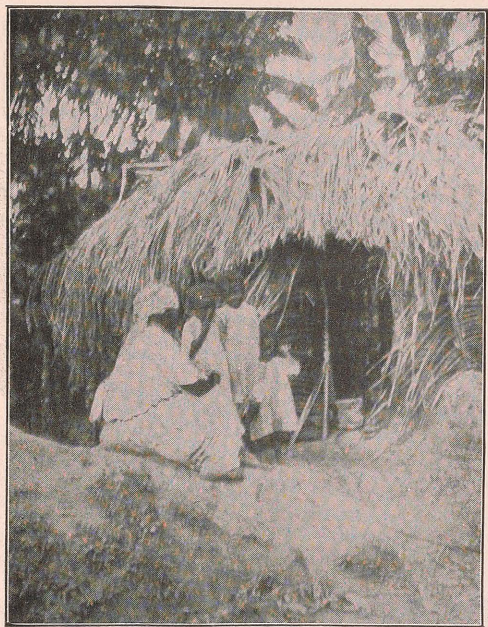
I heard that there were many coolies on the island who had been brought, under contract, by the Government from the East Indies to labor in the fields for the planters. As the coolies work for much less than the negroes can or will, the coolie question is already a burning one in the island, but of that I will tell you later.

I jumped off the carriage to take a snapshot at an old lady and her three grandchildren, who sat at the entrance of their little thatched hut. Most of the dwellings of the negroes, especially those in the outlying districts, are nothing but single-roomed affairs, made of cane and grasses, and just rudely thatched over. They appear to resemble very much the pictures of the huts I have seen in books of African travel.

I noticed particularly that while the coolies herded in small hovels, made of boards, which were all huddled together, the negroes lived in their detached huts,



CARRYING BANANAS TO MARKET.



Photograph by John C. Freund.

GRAN'MA AND THE BABIES.

most of which were most picturesquely situated at advantageous turns in the road, on the hillside or on the mountain slopes.

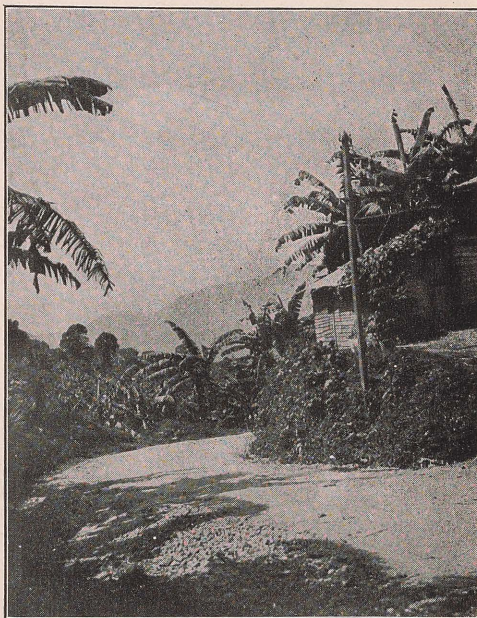
After I had taken my snapshot of this interesting family, and of which I send you a print, the little ones all waved their hands at me, and even the tiniest exclaimed, with the rest, "Money! Money! Money!"

That much English, at least, the smallest child in the island seems to know, so that the instant a carriage appears with travelers, the children rush to the roadside, and waving their little black hands at you, exclaim in their pretty, melodious voices: "Money! Money! Money!"

While American silver, gold and paper money are received in the stores and hotels the common currency of the island is English silver, and the one-pound note (equivalent to our five-dollar bill) of the local banks. The business transactions among the mass of the negroes, however, are conducted by means of a kind of nick-

el currency. The penny or two-cent piece is as large as our fifty-cent piece and in appearance and character so like the two-shilling, or fifty-cent piece, of Jamaica, that it is exceedingly difficult to distinguish them, especially at night. Then there is the half-penny, corresponding to our cent, and which is about as big as our quarter of a dollar, and, finally, there is the farthing, or half-cent, which, in size and appearance, is very much like the silver six-pence, which corresponds, in a way, to our ten-cent piece. So like is it, indeed, that one wily Ethiopian, who, in his childish simplicity of manner but deepness of purpose, could give points to the heathen Chinese, managed to palm off ten of these farthings on me in giving me change for as many sixpences, so that I got about five cents, whereas I should have gotten about a dollar.

This, however, I must confess, was an exceptional experience, as I found, wherever we made a purchase, that the negro storekeepers were not only polite and ac-



Photograph by John C. Freund.

A NEGRO CABIN.



Photograph by John C. Freund.

GOING TO A PICNIC.

commodating, but scrupulously careful in giving you the proper change, as well as value for your money.

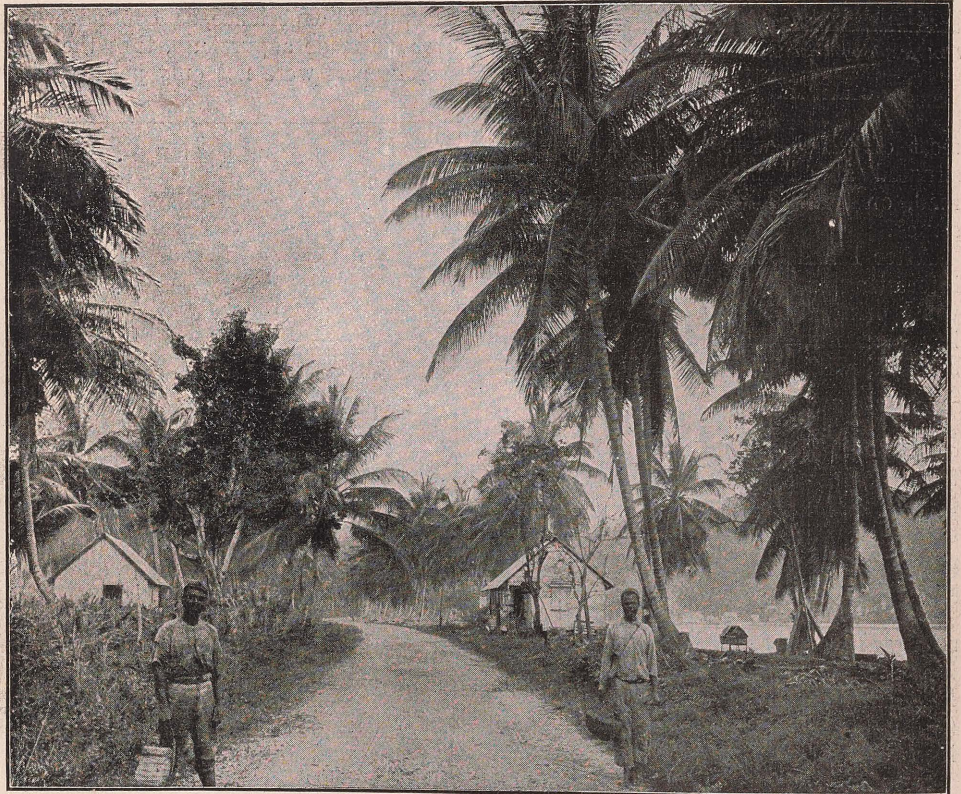
I send you a photograph taken on the road to Blue Hole, which will give you some idea of the beauty of the palms and other trees that are found here at every turn.

I also send you a snapshot of some negroes, who are dressed out in their best and who are going to a picnic on Easter Monday. From the woman in the foreground you will get an idea of the splendid swing with which these people walk.

The negroes are great lovers of picnics; it seems to be their principal opportunity for having a "good time."

Yesterday, being Easter Monday, there were several picnics in full blast; one on the island opposite the hotel attracted a large crowd.

All day long rowing boats and launches



Photograph by A. Duperly & Co.

THE ROAD NEAR PORT ANTONIO, JAMAICA.

carried loads of happy, laughing, well-dressed colored people to the grounds, where there was dancing and light refreshment.

Everybody went home early in the evening, the songs and choruses rolling over the water with beautiful effect.

There was little drinking, no disorder, and not a case of drunkenness.

The artist and painter would be as delighted here by the picturesqueness of the people, their graceful poses, as by the grandeur and ever-changing charm of the scenery.

When we got down to the Blue Hole, we found a small sloop loading up with bananas and coconuts. The spot was fully as beautiful as it had been depicted to us. The banks were fringed with waving palms, bearing fruit, and only a few steps away was the ocean gleaming blue.

Away at the back arose the mountains, whose summits stood out clear in the noon-day sun.

Gaynor, our driver, suggested to us that it would be a good thing to drink some of the milk from a green coconut, that is, before the white meat has begun to form. So one of the negroes, under prospective reward, climbed a tree, as you will see by the accompanying picture I send you. He went up with his bare feet.

Grasping the coconut tree, which generally grows at an angle of forty-five degrees, he pulled himself up, foot by foot, till he reached the top. There, drawing from his waist his machete, or long knife, which everybody carries here, and which is sharpened so that it can almost split hairs, he chopped off a number of coconuts, which came tumbling to the ground.

Then he came down the tree in the



Photograph by John C. Freund.

UP A TREE FOR COCONUTS.

same easy, swinging way. A handsome mulatto woman, clad in a single white robe, whose folds gracefully displayed her figure, came out from a nearby cabin with glasses. The negro chopped off the end of the cocoanut with his knife, and the milk of the cocoanut was poured into the glasses.

It differs in taste somewhat from the milk of the cocoanut we get, when it comes to the States, in that it is sweeter. This cocoanut milk is drunk largely. Personally I did not much like it. The negroes and many of the visitors like the jelly of the cocoanut; that is, the white meat when it just begins to form, but I felt as if I was swallowing sweet mucilage when I tasted some.

It is not easy to understand the curious dialect spoken by the people here. Its basis is English, with such peculiarities

of inflection and pronunciation as characterize the Spanish pronunciation of English, for, as you know, the island was, for a time, owned by the Spaniards, who have in many ways left the mark of their influence.

In this dialect are also many German and some French words, but its greatest peculiarity, as you will find, in speaking with some of the people, is a distinct Irish brogue, and when to this I add that you are likely to be introduced to a dark gentleman and find that his name is McGuire or O'Grady, your astonishment increases, as to how in thunder the negroes acquired such Irish traits and names.

The names one might, perhaps, understand, because it was the custom in the old slave-holding days for a slave to take, or be called, by the name of his master or owner, but where did the brogue come



Photograph by A. Duperly & Co. THE ROAD NEAR THE SEASHORE.

from, and also, how is it that you occasionally meet colored people with red hair and very fine red hair at that?

This puzzled me for a long time, till, in turning the matter over, I remembered that after Oliver Cromwell became master of England, he had a number of serious fights with the Irish, and punished them for their resistance by deporting whole shiploads of them to the island of Jamaica.

As you travel about, it is a rare thing to see a white person, for, as I wrote you, the proportion of people of color to the whites is over fifty to one, there being over seven hundred thousand people of color to less than fifteen thousand whites and most of the latter are to be found in Kingston, the capital, and the larger cities.

While there is a great disproportion between the races, there seems to be no friction whatever; indeed, good feeling and a courteous attitude on the part of the colored people to the whites seem to be the prevailing custom. As Gaynor, our driver, told us, the better class of the colored people think it their duty to look after and take care of the whites.

In speaking of the colored people, our driver said that they were habitually hard working, honest, and there was little, if any, drunkenness among them. They had found that drinking didn't pay.

I think one of the reasons why the good feeling between the whites and the blacks exists is due to the fact that when the slaves were freed England was wise enough not to do so by violent means, but paid the planters for them. No impoverished white class was, therefore, left to work out its salvation as best it could, nor was there a legacy of hate to keep the two races forever apart.

As far as I have seen, the Government here appears to be mildly patriarchal in character, and makes no effort to interfere with the people, letting them get along by themselves, which they are apparently doing with much satisfaction and some profit.

The only point which I have so far noted, which might be distinctly described as "an attitude" on the part of the whites, is a generous disposition to recognize the man or woman of color as soon as he or she displays ability or particular capacity for any kind of work. Thus, when a colored man is competent for a position, he is sure to obtain it, regardless of his color.

In an Hibernian sense, therefore, we can say that color cuts no ice in Jamaica. Competence, ability, integrity, and good character win their way, as they surely ought to everywhere, regardless of every other consideration.

A GROUP OF LYRICS.

WILLIAM STANLEY BRAITHWAITE.

I DREAMED OF THEE AS UP THE ROAD.

I dreamed of thee as up the road;—
At twilight I pursued my way,
Near where the sea's great waters flowed
Beside the sea-wall old and grey.
My thoughts of thee were like a spell,
Sweet dreamings in that peaceful hour
When on the waves night's spirit fell
Diffusing all its calm, strange pow'r—
And in the dark'ning dome above
There shone one star—the star of love.

I dreamed of thee, thy tender grace,
Thy voice so like the mystic mew—
The wonders of thy star-bright face
The many secret charms in you.
And all the while, a soft strange sound,
Not of the sea, nor of the shore
For it came whence no bourne is found,
Seduced my heart of what it bore.
And in a hushed and darksome grove
A robin sang his song of love.

A DREAM AND A SONG.

A dream comes in and a song goes forth:
 The wind is south and the sun is north—
 The daises run on the dunes to the sea,
 And over the world my soul goes free.

Ah over the world to sing and roam
 In the sun and wind—without a home
 Till a woman's heart shall dream and say,
 "O song of the dreamer, I bid you stay
 "And sing in my heart—make glad my
 feet

To run as the winds do, soft and fleet
 Over the dunes and down to the sea
 Where Love came home in a dream to
 me."

A SEA PRAYER.

Lord of wind and water
 Where the ships do down,
 Reaching to the sunrise
 Lifting like a crown

Out of the deep hidden
 Wells of night and day—
 Mind the great sea-farers
 On the open way.

When the last lights darken
 On the far coast-line,
 All the gifts of peril
 Sea-Lord—all are thine
 To withhold or loose them,
 Stirring up the deep
 To a mighty frenzy
 Mountains high and steep.

IT'S A LONG WAY.

It's a long way the sea winds blow
 Over the sea plains blue—
 But longer far has my heart to go
 Before its dreams come true.

It's work we must, and love we must,
 And do the best we can,
 And take the hope of dreams in trust
 Our little lives to span.

It's a long way the sea-wind blow—
 But somewhere lies a shore;—
 So down the tide of Time shall flow
 My dreams—nor sting me more.

OUT OF THE SUNSET RED.

Out of the sunset's red
 Into the blushing sea,
 The winds of day drop dead
 And dreams come home to me;—
 The sea is still, and apart
 Is a stillness in my heart.

The night comes up the beach,
 The dark steals over all;
 Though silence has no speech
 I hear the sea-dreams call
 To my heart—and in reply
 My heart answers with a sigh.

INDUSTRIAL EDUCATION; WILL IT SOLVE THE NEGRO PROBLEM.

ANSWERED EACH MONTH BY THE GREATEST THINKERS OF THE BLACK RACE

II.

DR. BOOKER T. WASHINGTON.

Since the war no one object has been more misunderstood than that of the object and value of industrial education for the Negro. To begin with, it must be borne in mind that the condition that existed in the South immediately after the war, and that now exists, is a peculiar one, without a parallel in history. This being true, it seems to me that the wise and honest thing is to make a study of the actual condition and environment of the Negro, and do that which is best for him, regardless of whether the same thing has been done for another race in exactly the same way. There are those among our friends of the white race, and those among my own race, who assert with a good deal of earnestness, that there is no difference between the white man and the black man in this country. This sounds very pleasant and tickles the fancy but when we apply the test of hard, cold

logic to it, we must acknowledge that there is a difference; not an inherent one, not a racial one, but a difference growing out of unequal opportunities in the past.

If I might be permitted to even seem to criticise some of the educational work that has been done in the South, I would say that the weak point has been in a failure to recognize this difference.

Negro education, immediately after the war, in most cases, was begun too nearly at the point where New England education had ended. Let me illustrate: One of the saddest sights I ever saw was the placing of a \$300 rosewood piano in a country school in the South that was located in the midst of the "Black Belt." Am I arguing against the teaching of instrumental music to the Negroes in that community? Not at all; only I should have deferred those music lessons about twenty-five years. There are numbers of

such pianos in thousands of New England homes, but behind the piano in the New England home, there were one hundred years of toil, sacrifice and economy; there was the small manufacturing industry, started several years ago by hand power, now grown into a great business; there was the ownership in land, a comfortable home free from debt, a bank account. In this "Black Belt" community where this piano went, four-fifths of the people owned no land, many lived in rented one-room cabins, many were in debt for food supplies, many mortgaged their crops for the food on which to live and not one had a bank account. In this case, how much wiser it would have been to have taught the girls in this community how to do their own sewing, how to cook intelligently and economically, house-keeping, something of dairying and horticulture; the boys something of farming in connection with their common school education, instead of awakening in these people a desire for a musical instrument, which resulted in their parents going in debt for a third-rate piano or organ before a home was purchased. These industrial lessons should have awakened in this community a desire for homes, and would have given the people the ability to free themselves from industrial slavery, to the extent that most of them would have soon purchased homes. After the home and the necessaries of life were supplied, could come the piano; one piano lesson in a home is worth twenty in a rented log cabin.

Only a few days ago I saw a colored minister preparing his Sunday sermon just as the New England minister prepares his sermon. But this colored minister was in a broken down, leaky, rented log cabin, with weeds in the yard, surrounded by evidences of poverty, filth and want of thrift. This minister had spent some time in school studying theology. How much better would it have been to have had this minister taught the dignity of labor, theoretical and practical farming in connection with his

theology, so that he could have added to his meagre salary, and set an example to his people in the matter of living in a decent house and correct farming—in a word, this minister should have been taught that his condition, and that of his people, was not that of a New England community, and he should have been so trained as to meet the actual needs and condition of the colored people in this community.

God, for 250 years, was preparing the way for the redemption of the Negro through industrial development. First, He made the Southern white man do business with the Negro for 250 years in a way that no one else has done business with him. If a Southern white man wanted a house or a bridge built, he consulted a Negro mechanic about the plan, about the building of the house or a bridge. If he wanted a suit of clothes or a pair of shoes made, it was the Negro tailor or shoemaker that he talked to. Secondly, every large slave plantation in the South was in a limited sense, an industrial school. On these plantations there were scores of young colored men and women who were constantly being trained, not alone as common farmers, but as carpenters, blacksmiths, wheelwrights, plasterers, brickmasons, engineers, bridge-builders, cooks, dressmakers, etc., more in one county than now in the whole city of Atlanta. I would be the last to apologize for the curse of slavery, but I am simply stating facts. This training was crude and was given for selfish purposes, and did not answer the highest purpose, because there was an absence of literary training in connection with that of the hand. Nevertheless, this business contact with the Southern white man and the industrial training received on these plantations, put us at the close of the war into possession of all the common and skilled labor in the South. For nearly twenty years after the war, except in one or two cases, the value of industrial training given by the Negroes'

former masters on the plantations and elsewhere, was overlooked. Negro men and women were educated in literature, mathematics and the sciences, with no thought of what had taken place on these plantations for two and a half centuries. After twenty years, those who were trained as mechanics, etc., during slavery, began to disappear by death, and gradually we awoke to the fact that we had no one to take their places. We had trained scores of young men in Greek, but few in carpentry, or mechanical or architectural drawing; we had trained many in Latin, but almost none as engineers, bridge-builders and machinists. Numbers were taken from the farm and educated, but were educated in everything except agriculture; hence they had no sympathy with farm life and did not return to it.

The place made vacant by old Uncle Jim, who was trained as a carpenter during slavery, and who, since the war, had been the leading contractor and builder in the Southern towns, had to be filled. No young colored carpenter capable of filling Uncle Jim's place could be found. The result was that his place was filled by a white mechanic from the North, or from Europe or from elsewhere. What is true of carpentry and house-building in this case, is true, in a degree, of every line of skilled labor, and is becoming true of common labor. I do not mean to say that all of the skilled labor has been taken out of the Negro's hands, but I do mean to say that in no part of the South is he so strong in the matter of skilled labor as he was twenty years ago, except, possibly, in the country districts and the smaller towns. In the more Northern of the Southern cities, such as Richmond and Baltimore, the change is most apparent, and it is being felt in every Southern city. Wherever the Negro has lost ground industrially in the South, it is not because there is a prejudice against him as a skilled laborer on the part of the native Southern white man, for the Southern white man generally prefers to do busi-

ness with the Negro mechanic, rather than with the white one; for he is accustomed to doing business with the Negro in this respect. There is almost no prejudice against the Negro in the South in matters of business, so far as the native whites are concerned, and here is the entering wedge for the solution of the race problem. Where the white mechanic or the factory operative gets a hold, the trades union soon follows and the Negro is crowded to the wall.

But what is the remedy for this condition? First, it is most important that the Negro and our white friends honestly face the facts as they are, otherwise the time will not be far distant when the Negro in the South will be crowded to the ragged edge of industrial life, as he is in the North. There is still time to repair the damage and to reclaim what we have lost.

I stated in the beginning that the industrial education for the Negro had been misunderstood. This has been chiefly because some have gotten the idea that industrial development was opposed to the Negro's higher mental development. This has little or nothing to do with the subject under discussion; and we should no longer permit such an idea to aid in depriving the Negro of the legacy in the form of skilled labor, that was purchased by his forefathers at the price of 250 years in slavery. I would say to the black boy what I would say to the white boy; get all the mental development that your time and pocketbook will afford—the more the better, but the time has come when a larger proportion, not all, for we need professional men and women, of the educated colored men and women, should give themselves to industrial or business life. The professional class will be helped in proportion as the rank and file have an industrial foundation so that they can pay for professional services. Whether they receive the training of the hand while pursuing their academic training or after the academic training is finished, or whether they

will get their literary training in an industrial school or college, is a question which each individual must decide for himself, but no matter how or where educated, the educated men and women must come to the rescue of the race in the effort to get and hold its industrial footing. I would not have the standard of mental development lowered one whit, for with the Negro, as with all races, mental strength is the basis of all progress, but I would have a larger proportion of this mental strength reach the Negro's actual needs through the medium of the hand. Just now the need is not so much for common carpenters, brick-masons, farmers and laundry-women, as for industrial leaders; men who, in addition to their practical knowledge, can draw plans, make estimates, take contracts; those who understand the latest methods of truck-gardening and the science underlying practical agriculture; those who understand machinery to the extent that they can operate steam and electric laundries, so that our women can hold on to the laundry work in the South, that is so fast drifting into the hands of others in the large cities and towns.

It is possible for a race or an individual to have mental development and yet be so handicapped by custom, prejudice and lack of employment, as to dwarf and discourage the whole life, and this is the condition that prevails among my race in most of the large cities of the North, and it is to prevent this same condition in the South that I plead with all the earnestness of my heart. Mental development alone will not give us what we want, but mental development tied to hand and heart training, will be the salvation of the Negro.

In many respects, the next twenty years are going to be the most serious in the history of the race. Within this period it will be largely decided whether the Negro is going to be able to retain the hold which he now has upon the industries of the South, or whether his place will be

filled by white people from a distance. The only way that we can prevent the industries slipping from the Negro in all parts of the South, as they have already in certain parts of the South, is for all the educators, ministers and friends of the Negro to unite to push forward, in a whole-souled manner, the industrial or business development of the Negro, either in school or out of school, or both. Four times as many young men and women of my race should be receiving industrial training. Just now the Negro is in a position to feel and appreciate the need of this in a way that no one else can. No one can fully appreciate what I am saying who has not walked the streets of a Northern city day after day, seeking employment, only to find every door closed against him on account of his color, except along certain lines of menial service. It is to prevent the same thing taking place in the South that I plead. We may argue that mental development will take care of this. Mental development is a good thing. Gold is also a good thing, but gold is worthless without opportunity to make it touch the world of trade. Education increases an individual's wants many fold. It is cruel in many cases to increase the wants of the black youth by mental development alone, without at the same time increasing his ability to supply these increased wants along the lines at which he can find employment.

I repeat that the value and object of industrial education has been misunderstood by many. Many have had the thought that industrial training was meant to make the Negro work, much as he worked during the days of slavery. This is far from my idea of it. If this training has any value for the Negro, as it has for the white man, it consists in teaching the Negro how rather not to work, but how to make the forces of nature—air, water, horse-power, steam and electric power work for him, how to lift labor up out of toil and drudgery, into that which is dignified and beautiful. The

Negro in the South works, and he works hard; but his lack of skill, coupled with ignorance, causes him to do his work in the most costly and shiftless manner, and this keeps him near the bottom of the ladder in the business world. I repeat that industrial education teaches the Negro how not to work. Let him who doubts this, contrast the Negro in the South, toiling through a field of oats with an old-fashioned reaper, with the white man on a modern farm in the West, sitting upon a modern "harvester" behind two spirited horses, with an umbrella over him, using a machine that cuts and binds the oats at the same time—doing four times as much work as the black man with one half the labor. Let us give the black man so much skill and brains that he can cut oats like the white man, then he can compete with him. The Negro works in cotton, and has no trouble so long as his labor is confined to the lower forms of work—the planting, the picking and the ginning; but when the Negro attempts to follow the bale of cotton up through the higher stages; through the mill where it is made into the finer fabrics, where the larger profit appears he is told that he is not wanted. The Negro can work in wood and iron, and no one objects, so long as he confines his work to the felling of trees and the sawing of boards, to the digging of iron ore and the making of pig iron; but when the Negro attempts to follow his tree into the factory, where it is made into chairs and desks and railway coaches; or when he attempts to follow the pig iron into the factory, where it is made into knife blades and watch springs, the Negro's trouble begins. And what is the objection? Simply that Negro lacks skill, coupled with brains, to the extent that he can compete with the white man, or that when white men refuse to work with colored men, enough skilled and educated colored men cannot be found able to superintend and manage every part of any large industry, and hence, for these reasons, we are constant-

ly being barred out. The Negro must become, in a larger measure, an intelligent producer, as well as consumer. There should be more vital connection between the Negro's educated brain and his opportunity of earning his daily living. Without more attention being given to industrial development, we are likely to have an over-production of educated politicians—men who are bent on living by their wits. As we get farther away from the war period, the Negro will not find himself held to the Republican party by feelings of gratitude. He will feel himself free to vote for any party; and we are in danger of having the vote or "influence" of a large proportion of the educated black men in the market for the highest bidder, unless attention is given to the education of the hand, or to industrial development.

A very weak argument often used against pushing industrial training for the Negro, is that the Southern white man favors it and, therefore, it is not best for the Negro. Although I was born a slave, I am thankful that I am able to so far rid myself of prejudice as to be able to accept a good thing, whether it comes from a black man or from a white man, a Southern man or a Northern man. Industrial education will not only help the Negro in the matter of industrial development, but it will help in bringing about more satisfactory relations between him and the Southern white man. For the sake of the Negro and the Southern white man, there are many things in the relations of the two races that must soon be changed. We cannot depend wholly upon abuse or condemnation of the Southern white man to bring about these changes. Each race must be educated to see matters in a broad, high, generous, Christian spirit; we must bring the two races together, not estrange them. The Negro must live for all time by the side of the Southern white man. The man is unwise who does not cultivate in every manly way the friendship and good will of his next door neighbor, whether he is black or white.

I repeat that industrial training will help cement the friendship of the two races. The history of the world proves that trade, commerce, is the forerunner of peace and civilization as between races and nations. We are interested in the political welfare of Cuba and the Sandwich Islands, because we have business interests with these islands. The Jew, that was once in about the same position that the Negro is to-day, has now complete recognition, because he has entwined himself about America in a business or industrial sense. Say or think what we will, it is the tangible or visible element that is going to tell largely during the next twenty years in the solution of the race problem. Every white man will respect the Negro who owns a two-story brick business block in the center of town and has \$5000 in the bank. When a black man is the largest taxpayer and owns and cultivates the most successful farm in his county, his white neighbors will not object very long to his voting and to having his vote honestly counted. The black man, who is the largest contractor in his town and lives in a two-story brick house, is not very liable to be lynched. The black man that holds a mortgage on a white man's house, which he can foreclose at will, is not likely to be driven away from the ballot-box by the white man.

I know that what I have said will likely suggest the idea that I have put stress upon the lower things of life—the material; that I have overlooked the higher side, the ethical and religious. I do not

overlook or undervalue the higher. All that I advocate in this article is not as an end, but as a means. I know as a race, we have got to be patient in the laying of a firm foundation, that our tendency is too often to get the shadow instead of the substance, the appearance rather than the reality. I believe further, that, in a large measure, he who would make the statesmen, the men of letters, the men for the professions for the Negro race of the future, must, to-day, in a large measure, make the intelligent artisans, the manufacturers, the contractors, the real estate dealers, the land-owners, the successful farmers, the merchants, those skilled in domestic economy. Further, I know that it is not an easy thing to make a good Christian of a hungry man. I mean that just in proportion as the race gets a proper industrial foundation—gets habits of industry, thrift, economy, land, homes, profitable work, in the same proportion will its moral and religious life be improved. I have written with a heart full of gratitude to all religious organizations and individuals for what they have done for us as a race, and I speak as plainly as I do because I feel that I have had opportunity, in a measure to come face to face with the enormous amount of work that must still be done by the generous men and women of this country before there will be in reality, as well as in name, high Christian civilization among both races in the South.

To accomplish this, every agency now at work in the South needs reinforcement.

III. CALL THE BLACK MAN TO CONFERENCE.

A. KIRKLAND SOGA.

Late of the Civil Service, Native Department, South Africa.

That a premium is being placed upon
PROTECTION intelligence, ownership
AND of property, thrift and
THE BALLOT. character, rightly
 or wrongly, by the
 leading white races in regard to the fran-

chise, is soundly true, and strictly correct, in its interpretation of the attitude of civilized governments in relation to the coloured races to-day. It is noteworthy that in South Africa the conditions of the franchise have been raised

for all classes from a property qualification of 25 pounds prior to 1892, for owners and occupiers, to 75 pounds at the present time. In salary or wages 50 pounds is the lowest standard, in addition to which applicants must be able to fill in their claims in their own handwriting and this includes name, residence, occupation, and general qualification of applicants as a test of their ability to read and write correctly and legibly.

It is held by the advocates of this franchise that although it is a departure from the rule that taxation goes with representation, the preponderance of the aboriginal population renders it imperative to adopt some standard to safeguard the position of the whites in the country being swamped by the native vote. The position is admirably stated by Mr. Theophilus Schriener, one of the candidates for the representation of the Native Territories for the House of Assembly of the Cape Colony. In his treatise on the "The Black Man and the Franchise" M. Schriener says *inter alia* that it is agreed that the determining factors in the drawing of the enfranchising line shall be the degree of civilization, i. e., of material, mental, moral, and social advancement attained, and remarks further that: "No sensible person desires that the barbarian or civilized man, to which class most of the labourers in the mines belong, should be placed on the same political footing as the white man, nor that the black man still living in tribal fashion under Imperial or Colonial protection should be admitted to the right of citizenship in the State. These classes must be ruled firmly, justly, and kindly, and encouraged to advance in civilization, but to give them political rights is out of the question. While this is so, every sensible man ought to desire that under the British flag the door may ever stand open (as it does in the Cape Colony, and to some extent in Natal and Rhodesia) by which the black or coloured British subject, resident in a state with free Parliamentary institutions, who

raises himself to the level of the white man in civilization, manner of life, education, and possession of property, may be entitled to the same political rights as he.

"This open door is the true and only safe solution of the native question in South Africa, and will act as a safety-valve in the future development of that question, for it will knit the best and most intelligent and advanced portion of the black race to the support of the white man and the Empire; whereas, the policy of the shut door (as in the case of the Uitlanders in the late South African Republic) will tend to rouse that section against the Government, and make it the leader of disaffection. It is inconceivable that men who have reached the white man's status should consent forever to be denied a share in political privileges under free Parliamentary institutions.

"I am no advocate of lowering the franchises as to include the semi-civilized man. Far from it. Raise the qualification, monetary and other, if necessary, but leave the door open, and do not draw a colour line."

Just why or how the franchise should be raised is not quite clear to the writer. Mr. Schreiner has shown sufficient reason to satisfy the whites, and being a moderate white man, with a single eye to the reconciliation of racial differences along the lines of give-and-take, or live and let live, he is backed by the opinion of the moderates. Under the circumstances there is no call for black men to agitate the question on the matter of rights, for there are some things that may be right in principle, but it is not always expedient to demand them. The force of this truth is more apparent to Booker Washington, than to some of his countrymen, hence his sterling advice to the masses to put their backs into work, and refrain from incessantly agitating politics, advice which could very well apply

to many black men in South Africa, who have neither confidence in the ability of their leaders to represent their grievances, nor talent in themselves to lead, or sense to "go way back and sit down." The black man in America is cursed and tormented by those political up-starts who will neither lead themselves, nor allow anybody else to do so, hence many of the outcries and attacks against prominent individuals. We make no complaint against legitimate criticism.

We say that the tendency to autocracy inseparable from this form of franchise raises the question Who or Why? Who is to fix the terms upon which such rights are to be enjoyed? Just as soon as we move away from the principle that taxation goes with representation we begin to flounder in pitfalls. Parliament is elected by the people, and administers with their consent. Who are the people? It cannot mean the educated, or cultured, or wealthy, or white, else it must be government by castes, and an autocratic government is not government by the people, and no just representation or equality of rights in the real sense of the term can be held to obtain under such a system. It must mean the tax-payer and in that case the weakness of the Cape Colony franchise is at once apparent.

The question why the franchise should be raised, is equally unanswerable on ordinary grounds of right, if we are to believe John Stuart Mill who gives utterance to this significant sentiment, which is quoted in a masterly editorial by Louis F. Post, in "The Public" Chicago on "The Legal Rights of the American Negro in Principle."

"If civilization has got the better of barbarism, when barbarism had the world to itself, it is too much to profess to be afraid lest barbarism, after having been fairly got under, should revive and conquer civilization. A civilization that can thus succumb to its vanquished enemy, must first have become so degenerate that neither its appointed priests and teachers, nor anybody else, has the capac-

ity, or will take the trouble to stand up for it. If this be so, the sooner such a civilization receives notice to quit, the better. It can only go on from bad to worse, until destroyed and regenerated (like the Western Empire) by energetic barbarians."

The Editor of "The Public" proceeds to unfold the doctrine of equal rights in that article, an extract from which is briefly as follows: (May 16th, 1903):—

"By no utilitarian principle or doctrine can any legal discrimination as to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness among fellow citizens of different races be sustained. Experience has amply demonstrated that such discriminations retard human progress by breeding antagonisms prejudicial to both races and usually destructive of the weaker. Not only are some of the most effective forces that make for progress thus frittered away in race conflicts, but many of the actual gains for civilization are lost. For let it be carefully noted, the weaker race that succumbs in race struggles is not always the "inferior" race. Regardless then, of religion or morality, but simply upon the basis of utilitarian ethics, the legal rights of American white men and American Negroes must be the same.

Bare as is this outline of ours it is enough to show that equality of legal rights among men is, in abstract principle, a social law. The more completely the outline is filled in the clearer will that truth appear. No matter what one's philosophy may be, it will lead him on, if he follows it loyally, to the axiom which Thomas Jefferson perceived and adopted as the corner stone of American liberties.

Deep down in the well of all philosophies, lies that precious truth. It is ancient beyond the records of man, but is ever youthful. Elusive of the "scientific" probings of the wise, yet it reveals its splendors to babes. The sport of the powerful and their satellites of every epoch, it has nevertheless been the cherished day star of the unsophisticated in all ages. Torn from its exalted place

and crushed to earth (often by its professed friends) with every novel appeal to its standards, yet this truth invariably justifies the faith of the unsophisticated while it confounds the wisdom of the wise and laughs at the "science" of the scientific. It rises again and again, as truth crushed to earth will always rise, and makes of each occasion a new landmark along that pathway of human progress which its fires mark out and its light illumines.

This truth knows no distinction of race or colour. All men look alike to it. Equality before the law is a universal principle. With reference to legal rights

of life, to legal rights to liberty, to legal rights to pursuits and to the enjoyment of property, it admits, as a principle, of no discrimination. The precepts of religion and the axioms of morality make the recognition of this equality an indisputable obligation upon conscience, while the ethics of experience inculcate it as an unavoidable necessity of civilization. As matter of abstract principle, then, the legal rights of the American Negro in respect of his life, his liberty, his pursuits and his property, ought to be precisely the same as those of the American white man."

(To be Continued.)

ALICE OF LONG AGO.

AZALIA EDMONIA MARTIN.

Around my cheerful fireside,
My lamplight all aglow;
While happy thoughts come stealing,
Of Alice of long ago.

Ah, how well I remember,
When Love's sweet dream was
young,
The days we spent together,
The songs that we have sung.

And now that we have parted,
My sadness none can know;
Each day and night I miss her
My Alice of long ago.

The rose has lost its beauty—
Soft zephyrs do not blow;
For you my heart is breaking,
Sweet Alice of long ago.

NEGRO SUFFRAGE NOT A FAILURE.

HON. MOORFIELD STOREY.

(Concluded from December, 1903.)

It was perhaps too much to expect of human nature that men who had known the Negroes as their slaves should voluntarily help them to become their equals, that in the bitterness of defeat and destitution they should be entirely reasonable. It is enough to recognize the historical facts without attempting to distribute the blame for the deplorable conditions which existed. What the student and the critic, however, must bear constantly in mind is that the feelings of the Southern white population, their traditions and their prejudices, their poverty and their bitterness on the one side, and the ignorance, destitution and degradation of the Negroes on the other, were stubborn facts, which no legislation could change. These conditions inevitably meant conflict between old prejudices and new conditions, suffering for all parties, misunderstandings and quarrels, in a word, all the disagreeable concomitants of a struggle uphill from wretchedness to better things. Law could not create wealth, assuage grief, destroy prejudices, or give knowledge. There was no royal road to a reconstructed society. All that law could do was to remove obstacles and give opportunities; the rest must be done by the people themselves. Old men must die, new men must be born, children must be educated and grow up under new conditions and with new ideals, wealth must be created by toil. A long series of years was needed to eradicate evils, which had been fostered by centuries of slavery. Whatever course was adopted, trouble was inevitable, and it was equally certain that men would thoughtlessly blame the laws for

evils which no law could cure, but which were in themselves.

In much that is said upon this question it seems to be assumed that suffrage was granted to the Negroes at the outset of reconstruction. The fact is exactly the reverse. The experiment of reconstruction without Negro suffrage was tried first and failed completely.

Passing over as not significant in this connection the early attempts of Mr. Lincoln to establish governments in Arkansas and Louisiana, let us pass at once to the reconstruction attempted by President Johnson. On May 29, 1865, he issued a proclamation of amnesty, and on the same day another providing for reconstruction in North Carolina through a convention to be chosen only by persons qualified to vote before secession, thus excluding all colored men from the electorate. He followed this precedent in all the other states, appointing in each a provisional governor and providing for a constitutional convention, which framed a state government under which elections were held for state officers and members of Congress. Colored men were uniformly excluded from taking any part in these proceedings, while all white men were allowed to vote and hold office, except a few belonging to certain specified classes who could on special application be pardoned by the President. The country had therefore an opportunity to see exactly what reconstruction without Negro suffrage would mean, and it is to be observed that the leaders of the Republican party were by no means agreed in opposing this policy, while very few in fact were ready to give the Negro the ballot. The correspondence

of Mr. Sumner shows how little support he had from his colleagues in the Senate, and even Thaddeus Stevens could not get from the Republican Convention of Pennsylvania any expression in favor of equal suffrage. It was the course of the Southern States themselves that united Congress in its support.

court into service for limited times. In some places colored men were seized and sold in this way without any pretence of law, and it was apparent that unless such practices were checked virtual slavery would soon be established. Such evils grow rapidly by neglect. Early in 1866 a statute was passed to prevent a practice, thus described in a letter read by Mr. Sumner to the Senate on January 9, 1866.

"Another big trade is going on,—that of running Negroes to Cuba and Brazil. They are running through the country dressed in Yankee clothes hiring men, giving them any price they ask, to make turpentine on the bay, sometimes on the rivers, sometimes to make sugar. They get them on the cars. Of course the Negro don't know where he is going. They get him to the bay and tell him to go on the steamer to go around the coast, and away goes poor Cuffee to slavery again. They are just cleaning out this section of the country of the likeliest men and women in it."

The testimony from private sources was voluminous, and much is given in the speech made by Mr. Sumner on December 20, 1865. One writer says, "The Southerners are too smart not to see that slavery is dead, but many of them hope as long as the black race exists here to be able to hold it in a condition of practical serfdom."

The Negroes were ignorant of their rights and easily influenced, and it soon became apparent that they would ignorantly make the most improvident

contracts, and become embarrassed by debts to the whites, which afforded a ready means of keeping them in compulsory servitude. Debt alone often enslaves free men, but it could easily be made more effective by such methods as are disclosed in the following advertisement:—

PUBLIC SALE. The undersigned will sell at the court house door in the city of Annapolis at twelve o'clock M. on Saturday 8th December, 1866, a Negro man named Richard Harris for six months convicted at the October term 1866, of the Anne Arundel County Circuit Court for larceny and sentenced by the Court to be sold as a slave.

WM. BRYAN,

Sheriff Anne Arundel County.

A Wilmington newspaper reported that an official examination made by General Ames and others, established that

"The Negroes have been cruelly treated not only by the civilians, but also by the civil authorities.

only could the lives and the property of colored men and white Union men be protected. They needed every weapon that we could place in their hands, and this weapon was among them.

But the case does not end here. We had been contending with a system founded on the inequality of men. That was the root of slavery. If slavery was abolished, its root must be extirpated. It was not enough to say, "The Negroes shall have some rights, but may not have others." It was not enough to say that they were somewhere between beasts and men. Any such concession to the claims of slavery only meant another contest sooner or later to complete their emancipation. Unless they had the right to vote, they could not protect their other rights.

Nor was it safe to say, "You can vote when you are educated." They needed the vote in order to get education. They were substantially all ignorant in 1865, and if the power had been in the hands of the whites or the educated people, which meant the same thing, could they have been trusted to provide the Negroes with the means of education in order that they might thus acquire the suffrage and obtain control of the State? The whites were then obstructing colored education, whipping and in some cases shooting the teachers. To have put the white people in control, while making colored suffrage conditional upon education, would have been to offer the whites continued power on condition of keeping the Negroes ignorant. Would that have been statesmanship, or would that have smoothed the Negroes' path to freedom? The wise course was to cut deep once for all, to remove all inequality, to give the Negro all the legal rights of every other man, and then to let him with such help as we could give gradually work his way up.

Such a policy is, moreover, to be defended upon the ground till lately maintained by us all, that the way to make a man is to treat him as a man; that responsibility is in itself the best educator. It is not easy to state the argument, and to illustrate at the same time the change of view into which many men have been driven by our Asiatic policy, better than by the following quotation from Dr. Lyman Abbott, who in his book on "Christianity and Social Problems," published in 1896, quotes Carlyle's argument,— "If thou do know better than I what is good and right, I conjure you in the name of God force me to do it; were it never by such brass collars, whips and handcuffs, leave me not to walk over precipices," and then answers it well and

wisely thus: "No, this is not liberty; it is servitude. . . Freedom . . . assumes not that every man can safely govern himself, but first that it is safer to leave every man to govern himself than to put any man under the government of any other class; and, secondly, that there is such potentiality of self-governing power in every man, such capacity to learn by his blunders, that he will acquire a wisdom and self-restraint through the very perils of self-government of others wiser and better than himself."

It was that he might protect his new freedom and his newly acquired rights, and that he might also learn to be a man through exercising the powers and feeling the responsibilities of a man that we gave the ballot to the Negro.

And now we are told that Negro suffrage has proved a failure, by a leader of the Republican party. What does he mean? Colored men vote in every Northern State. Has any one claimed that they have proved in practice less discriminating or less competent to vote than their white neighbors? Surely no Republican leader can claim this without stultifying himself, since they have as constantly supported that party as the immovable hosts of Pennsylvania. Colored suffrage is not a failure in the North, where it is exercised freely, and if this is so the color is no disqualification. Is it a failure in Maryland or Kentucky or Missouri? No complaints come from those states. It is then in the Southern States if anywhere that it has proved a failure.

How stands the account there? Go back to Appomattox and recall in memory the hosts of Negroes who then filled the Southern States, ignorant, poor, degraded, with no land, no home, no capital, and all the weaknesses and vices which centuries of slavery had en-

tailed upon them. Visit the same region now, after the lapse of only a single generation, think of Booker Washington and Hampton with its students, count the farms which are owned by Negroes, number their bank deposits, see how many positions of use and influence they occupy, and then say that the policy of justice has failed and that it was wrong to recognize the Negro as a man. Where in history has a race from such a depth risen so rapidly? Did the early English, the Irish, the Germans or any other race during the dark ages advance so quickly? Few men who know the conditions of 1865 could have dared to hope that the Negro race would have been where it is in 1903. Justice has not failed. It has won a conspicuous success. This record is the most convincing proof that the way to elevate and civilize a man is to recognize him as a man and to trust him.

But there was bad government in the South, reckless extravagance, an orgy of corruption after Negro suffrage was granted. It is true that for a few years, beginning in 1868 and ending at various times up to 1876, corrupt men chosen by Negro votes controlled the Southern States. Whose fault was that? New voters were misled, and voted for dishonest men. They were misled in most cases by dishonest Southern white men, and this was made possible because the honest Southern white men in disgust refused to lead them right, or to exercise their just influence. But if this were not so, can we insist that the color is the cause? While Pennsylvania bows to Quay; while Montana elects Clark; while Addicks owns Delaware; while the trials at St. Louis reveal the nature of her rulers, and Minneapolis is punishing Ames, are we sure that white suffrage is a success? Is it color, or our common humanity which is at fault?

Some of the staid New England voters of Rhode Island and Connecticut, to go no further, are purchasable. Would it not indeed be surprising if in the first eight years after their enfranchisement, deserted by their proper leaders and dominated by bad men, the freedmen had shown a character and a hatred of corruption which their white brothers do not show after centuries of civilization and self-government? Had they done so, they would have shown themselves not only not inferior, but far superior to their white neighbors. Can we condemn a race to permanent inferiority because of this experience, while we close our eyes to the corruption which through the campaign fund buys elections? Some men buy offices, some buy clauses in the tariff, some buy seats in the Senate, some franchises in state or city, and among them are some of our political and financial leaders. Can they be sure that the Negroes who nearly a generation ago sold their votes were conspicuously inferior to themselves on that account?

Indeed in the Southern States since 1876 Negro suffrage has not been tried and therefore has not failed. The Ku Klux Klan and the tissue paper ballot are not Negro suffrage. Force and fraud have failed, injustice has failed, as they always will fail in a universe governed by moral laws, but their failure is not the failure of equal suffrage. The solid South is the answer to any claim that Negro suffrage is responsible for any failure in the government of the South since 1876.

We of the North perhaps wisely have left the Negro to assert his rights, believing that "who would be free himself must strike the blow." He has shrunk from a contest of strength with the whites and perhaps also wisely, for the gradual gain which the race is making

in education, experience, manhood, property and standing is making it impossible long to deny their right to vote. Under the educational and property qualifications in the present Southern Constitutions they will gradually be admitted to suffrage, and when the whites divide, as they inevitably must, one party or the other will turn for allies to these potential voters and will open wide the door for their admission to full political rights. Meanwhile suffrage has done its work. It has prevented the re-enslavement of the Negroes, and from now on the struggle should be easier.

There is one thing that can delay their progress, and that is the attempt to hold them inferior to their neighbors, too readily acquiesced in by Northern men. That Southern men should have this prejudice with their inheritance is natural. That Northern men should educate themselves to share it is monstrous. Men say that the Negro must be disfranchised to save civilization, but it may be doubted if a man is civilized himself who preaches this doctrine. To such may be commended Lord Russell's definition of civilization:—

"What indeed is true civilization? By its fruit you shall know it. It is not dominion, wealth, material luxury; nay, not even a greater literature and education widespread—good though these things be. Civilization is not a veneer. It must penetrate to the very heart and core of societies of men. Its true signs are thought for the poor and suffering, chivalrous regard and respect for women, the frank recognition of human brotherhood, irrespective of race or color or nation or religion, the narrowing of the domain of mere force as a governing factor in the world, the love of ordered freedom, abhorrence of what is mean and cruel and vile, ceaseless devotion to the claims of justice."

This true civilization is never advanced by looking down upon our fellows because they are poorer or more ignorant than ourselves.

There is a genuine danger, however, that in the reaction which is now taking place against the fundamental principles of liberty a serious injury may be done to the principles and the ideals of this generation. An evil tendency unchecked gathers force until its consequences work in time a cure at the expense of the community, as was the case with slavery. This country belongs to our colored fellow-citizens as much as it does to us. It is their birthplace, their home, and it will be the home of their children. They have every right which we can claim, and their descendants and ours will dwell here side by side. Their lives will not be made happier or more harmonious by our dwelling on the peculiar qualities which make the Negroes in our judgment inferior to ourselves, nor will our country prosper through any effort to deprive them of any rights or to keep them from rising. Civilization and the highest political wisdom alike require that we should recognize the brotherhood of these as well as of all our fellow-citizens. We should do our best to elevate them, and at least be silent about any defects which we cannot cure, all the more because it is we who held them as slaves and are responsible for their weakness and ignorance. We cannot degrade them and not degrade ourselves; their gain is our gain; injustice to them is injustice to us. In the words of Whittier: "The laws of changeless justice bind

Opressor with oppressed,
And close as sin and suffering joined
We march to fate abreast."

For this reason it is the duty of every patriotic American to cease discussing

the inferiority of the Negro, or attaching to it any political or social consequences. It is our duty to resist any attempt anywhere to deprive them of that equality of rights, which as Mr. Sumner said is "the first of rights." With time and sympathy the differences between men largely disappear. Of undesirable social consequences, so often dwelt on, there is no danger. The two races dwell together in every Northern State, and no complaint on this ground has been made. It has no more real terrors than any other scarecrow.

Let it once be agreed that the Negro is inferior and that on this account he may be deprived of political rights, and it will not be long before other men are discovered who are also unfit to hold them. Ignorance is the real disqualification, and that is not peculiar to any color. There are many now who consider our foreign born citizens a great menace to our government, and their rights may go next. There are many who think that only men who pay a property tax should have a vote, and they would exclude the poor. The moment the doctrine of equal rights is abandoned, who shall draw the line?

Dazzled by a new ambition, we have abandoned our principles, and are seeking to deprive a foreign nation of its liberty. We justify this by assuming that they are our inferiors. How quickly do we learn the truth of Lincoln's words: "They who deny freedom to others deserve it not themselves, and under a just God will not long retain it." Just as Northern men in the war with slavery found free speech, free meeting, and personal liberty endangered at home, so now the attempt to conquer a brown race generates a feeling which endangers the liberties of our own colored citizens. The connection is clear. It is

openly avowed in the Southern press. Thus the Charleston "Evening Post" says:—

"It is quite evident that the discrimination against the dark races in the Philippines which is enforced by the Government under the direction of the Republican policy . . . must make the sponsors tolerant of, if not actually sympathetic with the discrimination which is practised in the Southern States, and which is essential in this section to the maintenance of a high civilization. . . . We should not only go with, but drive the Republicans along the road of race discrimination in the Philippines, and before they could turn about they would find themselves shut within the confines of the South's traditional and essential race policy."

Our crime in the Philippines endangers the fruit of our long contest with slavery, and every friend of freedom must stand alike for the equal rights of the Negroes in this country and the independence of the Filipinos in Asia. In both cases liberty is in danger, and the peril comes from the great Republic whose honor should be dearer to her children than all the wealth of the Indies.

We may be sure, however, that the cause of right is not beaten. The time will come, and at no distant date, when this people will again believe with Lincoln, will again be proud of the great Declaration, when the follies and offences of to-day will be remembered with the bitterest regret, and when the false prophets of injustice and oppression will be forgotten. Not many years ago a mob of respectable Bostonians dragged Garrison through the streets of Boston with a rope about his neck. No statue or picture of any man in that mob adorns any public place in that

city, but in the centre of its proudest quarter stands the statue of Garrison and on its base is inscribed his lofty motto:

"My country is the world; my countrymen are all mankind."

His example and his triumph forbid us to falter.

THE MAN AND THE HOUR.

HARRIET MARTINEAU.

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CHAPTER I.—WAITING SUPPER.

The nights of August are in St Domingo the hottest of the year. The winds then cease to befriend the panting inhabitants; and while the thermometer stands at ninety degrees, there is no steady breeze, as during the preceding months of summer. Light puffs of wind now and then fan the brow of the Negro, and relieve for an instant the oppression of the European settler; but they are gone as soon as come, and seem only to have left the heat more intolerable than before.

Of these sultry evenings, one of the sultriest was the 22d of August. 1791. This was one of five days appointed for rejoicings in the town of Cap Francais; festivities among the French and Creole inhabitants, who were as ready to rejoice on appointed occasions as the dullness of colonial life renders natural, but who would have been yet more lively than they were if the date of their festival had been in January or May. There was no choice as to the date, however. They were governed in regard to their celebration by what happened at Paris; and never had the proceedings of the mother-country been so important to the colony as now.

During the preceding year, the white proprietors of San Domingo, who had hailed with loud voices the revolutionary doctrines before which royalty had begun to succumb in France, were aston-

ished to find their cries of Liberty and Equality adopted by some who had no business with such ideas and words. The mulatto proprietors and merchants of the island innocently understood the words according to their commonly received meaning, and expected an equal share with the whites in the representation of the colony, in the distribution of its offices, and in the civil rights of its inhabitants generally. These rights having been denied by the whites to the free-born mulattoes, with every possible manifestation of contempt and dislike, an effort had been made to wring from the whites by force what they would not grant to reason, and an ill-principled and ill-managed revolt had taken place in the preceding October, headed by Vincent Oge and his brother, sons of the proprietress of a coffee-plantation a few miles from Cap Francais. These young men were executed under circumstances of great barbarity. Their sufferings were as seed sown in the warm bosoms of their companions and adherents, to spring up in due season in a harvest of vigorous revenge. The whites suspected this, and were as anxious as their dusky neighbors to obtain the friendship and sanction of the revolutionary government at home. That government was fluctuating in its principles and in its counsels; it favored now one party, and now the other; and on the arrival of its messengers at the ports of the colony, there ensued sometimes the

loud boastings of the whites, and sometimes quiet, knowing smiles and whispered congratulations among the depressed section of the inhabitants.

The cruelties inflicted on Vincent Oge had interested many influential persons in Paris in the cause of the mulattoes. Great zeal was exercised in attempting to put them in a condition to protect themselves by equal laws, and thus to restrain the tyranny of the whites. The Abbe Gregoire pleaded for them in the National Assembly; and on the 15th of March was passed the celebrated decree which gave the mulattoes the privileges of French citizens, even to the enjoyment of the suffrage, and to the possession of seats in the parochial and colonial assemblies. To Europeans there appears nothing extraordinary in the admission to these civil functions of free-born persons, many of whom were wealthy and many educated; but to the whites of St. Domingo the decree was only less tremendous than the rush of the hurricane.

It arrived at Cap Francais on the 30th of June, and the tidings presently spread. At first, no one believed them but the mulattoes. When it was no longer possible to doubt; when the words of Robespierre passed from mouth to mouth, till even the nuns told them to one another in the convent garden, "Perish the colonies rather than sacrifice one iota of our principles!" the whites trampled the national cockade under their feet in the streets, countermanded their orders for the fete of the 14th of July (as they now declined taking the civic oath), and proposed to one another to offer their colony and their allegiance to England.

They found means, however, to gratify their love of power and their class-hatred by means short of treason. They tried disobedience first, as the milder method.

The governor of the colony, Blanchelande, promised that, when the decree should reach him officially, he would neglect it, and all applications from any quarter to have it enforced. This set all right. Blanchelande was pronounced a sensible and patriotic man. The gentlemen shook hands warmly with him at every turn; the ladies made deep and significant courtesies wherever they met him; the boys taugth their little Negroes to huzza at the name of Blanchelande; and the little girls called him a dear creature.

In order to lose no time in showing that they meant to make laws for their own colony out of their own heads, and no others, the white gentry hastened on the election of deputies for a new General Colonial Assembly. The deputies were elected, and met, to the number of one hundred and seventy-six, at Leogane, in the southern region of the island, as early as the 9th of August. After exchanging greetings and vows of fidelity to their class-interests under the name of patriotism, they adjourned their assembly to the 25th, when they were to meet at Cap Francais. It was desirable to hold their very important session in the most important place in the colony, the centre of intelligence, the focus of news from Europe, and the spot where they had first sympathized with the ungrateful government at home, by hoisting, with their own white hands, the cap of liberty, and shouting so that the world might hear, "Liberty and Equality" "Down with Tyranny!"

By the 20th the deputies were congregated at Cap Francais; and daily till the great 25th were they seen to confer together in coteries in the shady piazzas, or in the Jesuits' Walk, in the morning, and to dine together in parties in the afternoon, admitting friends and well-wishers to these tavern dinners. Each

day till the 25th was to be a fete-day in the town and neighborhood; and of these days the hot 22d was one.

Among these friends and well-wishers were the whites upon all the plantations in the neighborhood of the town. There was scarcely an estate in the Plain du Nord, or on the mountain steeps which overlooked the cape, town, and bay on all sides but the north, which did not furnish guests to these dinners. The proprietors, their bailiffs, the clergy, the magistrates, might all be seen along the roads in the cool of the morning; and there was a holiday air about the estates they left behind. The Negroes were left for this week to do their work pretty much as they liked, or to do none at all. There was little time to think of them and of ordinary business, when there were the mulattoes to be ostentatiously insulted, and the mother-country to be defied. So the Negroes slept at noon and danced at night during these few August days, and even had leave to visit one another to as great an extent as was ever allowed. Perhaps they also transacted other affairs of which their masters had little suspicion.

All that ever was allowed was permitted to the slaves on the Breda estate, in the plain, a few miles from Cap Francais. The attorney or bailiff of the estate, M. Bayou de Libertas, was a kind-hearted man, who, while insisting very peremptorily on his political and social rights, and vehemently denouncing all abstract enmity to them, liked that people actually about him should have their own way. While ransacking his brain for terms of abuse to vent on Lafayette and Condorcet, he rarely found any thing harsh to utter when Caton got drunk and spoiled his dinner; when Venus sent up his linen darker than it went down to the quarter; or when little Machabee picked his

pocket of small coin. Such a man was, of course, particularly busy this week; and, of course, the slaves under his charge were particularly idle, and particularly likely to have friends from other plantations to visit them.

Some such visitor seemed to be expected by a family of these Breda Negroes on the Monday evening, the 22d. This family did not live in the slave-quarter. They had a cottage near the stables, as Toussaint Breda had been M. Bayou's postilion; and, when he was lately promoted to be overseer, it was found convenient to all parties that he should retain his dwelling, which had been enlarged and adorned so as to accord with the dignity of his new office. In the piazza of his dwelling sat Toussaint this evening, evidently waiting for some one to arrive; for he frequently put down his book to listen for footsteps, and more than once walked round the house to look abroad. His wife, who was within cooking supper, and his daughter and little boy, who were beside him in the piazza, observed his restlessness; for Toussaint was a great reader, and seldom looked off the page for a moment of any spare hour that he might have for reading either the books M. Bayou lent him, or the three or four volumes which he had been permitted to purchase for himself.

"Do you see Jean?" asked the wife from within. "Shall we wait supper for him?"

"Wait a little longer," said Toussaint. "It will be strange if he does not come."

"Are any more of Latour's people coming with Jean, mother?" asked Genifrede from the piazza.

"No; they have a supper at Latour's tonight; and we should not have thought of inviting Jean, but that he wants some conversation with your father."

"Lift me up," cried the little boy, who

was trying in vain to scramble up one of the posts of the piazza, in order to reach a humming-bird's nest which hung in the tendrils of a creeper overhead, and which a light puff of wind now set swinging, so as to attract the child's eye. What child ever saw a humming-bird thus rocking, its bill sticking out like a long needle on one side, and its tail at the other, without longing to clutch it? So Denis cried out imperiously to be lifted up. His father set him on the shelf within the piazza, where the calabashes were kept: a station whence he could see into the nest and watch the bird, without being able to touch it. This was not altogether satisfactory. The little fellow looked about him for a calabash to throw at the nest; but his mother had carried in all her cups for the service of the supper-table. As no more wind came at his call, he could only blow with all his might, to swing the tendril again; and he was amusing himself thus when his father laid down his book, and stepped out to see once more whether Jean was approaching.

"Lift me down," said the boy to his sister, when his head was giddy with blowing. Genifrede would fain have let him stay where he was, out of the way of mischief; but she saw that he was really afraid of falling, and she offered her shoulders for him to descend upon. When down, she would not let him touch her work; she took her scissors from his busy hands, and shook him off when he tried to pull the snowberries out of her hair; so that there was nothing left for the child to play with but his father's book. He was turning it over when Toussaint reappeared.

"Ha! boy! a book in your hands already! I hope you may have as much comfort out of that book as I have had, Denis."

"What is it? what is it about?" said

the boy, who had heard many a story out of books from his father.

"What is it? Let us see. I think you know letters enough to spell it out for yourself. Come and try."

The child knew the letter E, and, with a good deal of help, made out, at last, Epictetus.

"What is that?" asked the boy.

"Epictetus was a Negro," said Genifrede, complacently.

"Not a Negro," said her father, smiling. "He was a slave, but he was a white."

"Is that the reason you read that book so much more than any other?"

"Partly; but partly because I like what is in it."

"What is in it—any stories?" asked Denis.

"It is all about bearing and forbearing. It has taught me many things which you will have to learn by-and-by. I shall teach you some of them out of this book."

Denis made all haste away from the promised instruction, and his father was presently again absorbed in his book. From respect to him, Genifrede kept Denis quiet by signs of admonition; and for some little time nothing was heard but the sounds that in the plains of San Domingo never cease—the humming and buzzing of myriads of monkeys in a neighboring wood, and, with a passing gust, a chorus of frogs from a distant swamp. Unconscious of this din, from being accustomed always to hear more or less of it, the boy amused himself with chasing the fire-flies, whose light began to glance around as darkness descended. His sister was poring over her work, which she was just finishing, when a gleam of greenish light made both look up. It came from a large meteor which sailed past toward the mountain, whither were tending also

the huge masses of cloud which gather about the high peaks previous to the season of rain and hurricanes. There was nothing surprising in this meteor, for the sky was full of them in August nights; but it was very beautiful. The globe of green light floated on till it burst above the mountains, illuminating the lower clouds, and revealing along the slopes of the uplands the coffee-groves, waving and bowing their heads in the wandering winds of that high region. Genifrede shivered at the sight, and her brother threw himself upon her lap. Before he had asked half his questions about the lights of the sky, the short twilight was gone, and the evening star cast a faint shadow from the tufted posts of the piazza upon the white wall of the cottage. In a low tone, full of awe, Genifrede told the boy such stories as she had heard from her father of the mysteries of the heavens. He felt that she trembled as she told of the Northern Lights which had been actually seen by some traveled persons now in Cap Francais. It took some time and argument to give him an idea of cold countries; but his Uncle Paul, the fisherman, had seen hail on the coast only thirty miles from hence; and this was a great step in the evidence. Denis listened with all due belief to his sister's description of those pale lights shooting up over the sky, till he cried out vehemently, "There they are! look!"

Genifrede screamed, and covered her face with her hands; while the boy shouted to his father, and ran to call his mother to see the lights.

What they saw, however, was little like the pale, cold rays of the aurora borealis. It was a fiery red, which, shining to some height in the air, was covered in by a canopy of smoke.

"Look up, Genifrede," said her father, laying his hand upon her head.

"It is a fire—a cane-field on fire."

"And houses too — the sugar-house, no doubt," said Margot, who had come out to look. It burns too red to be canes only. Can it be at Latour's? That would keep Jean from coming. It was the best supper I ever got ready for him."

"Latour's is over that way," said Toussaint, pointing some distance farther to the South-East. "But see! There is fire there, too! God have mercy!"

He was silent, in mournful fear that he knew now too well the reason why Jean had not come, and the nature of the conversation Jean had desired to have with him. As he stood with folded arms, looking from one conflagration to the other, Genifrede clung to him, trembling with terror. In a quarter of an hour another blaze appeared on the horizon; and, soon after, a fourth.

"The sky is on fire!" cried Denis, in more delight than fear. "Look at the clouds!" And the clouds did indeed show, throughout their huge pile, some a mild flame-color, and others a hard crimson edge, as during a stormy sunset.

"Alas! alas! this is rebellion," said Toussaint; "rebellion against God and man. God have mercy! The whites have risen against their king, and now the blacks rise against them in turn. It is a great sin. God have mercy!"

Margot wept bitterly. "Oh, what shall we do?" she cried. "What will become of us, if there is a rebellion?"

"Be cheerful and fear nothing," replied her husband. "I have not rebelled, and I shall not. M. Bayou has taught me to bear and forbear; yes, my boy, as this book says, and as the Book of God says. We will be faithful and fear nothing."

"But they may burn this plantation," cried Margot. "They may come here

and take you away. They may ruin M. Bayou: and then we may be sold away: we may be parted—”

Her grief choked her words.

“Fear nothing,” said her husband, with calm authority. “We are in God’s hand, and it is a sin to fear his will. But see! there is another fire, over toward the town.”

And he called aloud the name of his eldest son, saying he should send the boy with a horse to meet his master. He himself must remain to watch at home.

Placide did not come when called, nor was he at the stables. He was gone some way off, to cut fresh grass for the cattle—a common night labor on the plantation.

“Call Isaac, then,” said Toussaint.

“Run, Genifrede,” said her mother. “Isaac and Aimee are in the wood. Run, Genifrede.”

Genifrede did not obey. She was too much terrified to leave the piazza alone; though her father gently asked when she, his eldest daughter, and almost a woman, would leave off being scared on all occasions like a child. Margot went herself; so far infected with her daughter’s fears as to be glad to take little Denis in her hand. She was not long gone. As soon as she entered the wood, she heard the sound of her children’s laughter above the noise the monkeys made: and she was guided by it to the well. There, in the midst of the opening which let in the starlight, stood the well, surrounded by the only grass on the Breda estate that was always fresh and green; and there were Isaac and his inseparable companion Aimee, making the grass greener by splashing each other with more than half the water they drew. Their bright eyes and teeth could be seen by the mild light, as they were too

busy with their sport to see their mother as she approached. She soon made them serious with her news. Isaac flew to help his father with the horses, while Aimee, a stout girl of twelve, assisted her mother in earnest to draw water and carry it home.

They found Genifrede crouching alone in a corner of the piazza. In another minute Toussaint appeared on horseback, leading a saddled horse.

“I am going for M. Bayou myself,” said he; adding, as he glanced round the lurid horizon, “it is not a night for boys to be abroad. I shall be back in an hour. If M. Bayou comes by the new road, tell him that I am gone by Madame Oge’s. If fire breaks out here, go into the wood. If I meet Placide, I will send him home.”

He disappeared under the limes in the avenue; and his family heard the pace of the horses quicken into a gallop before the sound died away upon the road.

CHAPTER II.

The parties of deputies with whom M. Bayou was dining, were assembled at the great hotel, at the corner of Place Mont Archer, at Cap Francais. Languidly though gladly did the guests, especially those from the country, enter the hotel, overpowering as was the heat of the roads and the streets. In the roads the sands lay so deep that the progress of horsemen was necessarily slow, while the sun seemed to shed down a deluge of flame. In the streets there was the shelter of the piazzas; but their pillars, if accidentally touched, seemed to burn the hand; and the hum of traffic and the sound of feet appeared to increase the oppression caused by the weather. Within the hotel all was comparatively cool and quiet. The dining and drawing-rooms occupied by

the guests adjoined each other, and presented none but the most welcome images. The jalousies were nearly closed; and through the small spaces that were left open there might be seen in one direction, the fountain playing in the middle of the Place, and in the other, diagonally across the Rue Espagnole, the Jesuits' Walk, an oblong square laid down in grass, and shaded in the midst by an avenue of palms. Immediately opposite the hotel was the Convent of Religieuses, over whose garden wall more trees were seen; so that the guests might easily have forgotten that they were in the midst of a town.

The rooms were so dark that those who entered from the glare of the streets could at first see nothing. The floor was dark, being of native mahogany, polished like a looking-glass. The walls were green, the furniture green—everything ordered in counteraction of light and heat. In the dining-room more was visible; there was the white cloth, spread over the long range of tables, and the plate and glass, glittering in such light as was allowed to enter; and also the gilded balustrade of the gallery, to be used to-day as an orchestra. This gallery was canopied over, as was the seat of the chairman, with palm branches and evergreens, intermixed with fragrant shrubs, and flowers of all hues. A huge bunch of peacocks' feathers was suspended from the lofty ceiling; and it was waved incessantly to and fro, by strings pulled by two little Negroes, at opposite corners of the room, causing a continual fanning of the air, and circulation of the perfumes of the flowers. The black band in the orchestra summoned the company to dinner, and entertained them while at it by playing the popular revolutionary airs which were then resounding through the colony like the hum of its insects or

the dash of its water-falls. As they took their seats to the air of the "Marseillaise Hymn," more than one of the guests might be heard by his next neighbor singing to himself,

"Allons, enfans de la patrie,
Le jour de gloire est arrive."

Before politics, however, there was dinner to be attended to; and the first-fruits of the eloquence of the meeting was bestowed on the delicate turtle, the well-fatted land-crabs, and the rich pasties; on the cold wines, the refreshing jellies, and the piles of oranges, figs, and almonds, pomegranates, melons, and pine-apples. The first vote of compliment was to Henri, the black cook from St. Christophe, whence he had been brought over by the discerning hotel-keeper, who detected his culinary genius while Henri was yet but a lad. When the table was cleared, a request was sent up to the chairman from the various parties at the table that he would command Henri's attendance, to receive the testimony of the company respecting the dinner he had sent up, and to take a glass of wine from them.

Dr. Proteau, the chairman, smilingly agreed, saying that such a tribute was no more than Henri's professional excellence and high reputation deserved; and Henri was accordingly summoned by a dozen of the grinning black waiters, who ran over one another in their haste to carry to the kitchen the message of these, the highest gentry of the land. The waiters presently poured into the room again, and stood in two rows from the door, where Henri appeared, not laughing like the rest, but perfectly grave, as he stood, white apron on and napkin over his arm, his stout and tall figure erect, to receive the commands of his masters.

"Was your father a cook or a gour-

mand, Henri? Or are you all good cooks at St. Christophe?" asked a deputy.

"If it is the air at St. Christophe that makes men such cooks as Henri, the knights of St. John of Malta had a goodly gift in it," said another.

"Can one get such another as you for money, Henri?" asked a third.

"How many boys has your wife brought you, Henri? We shall bid high for them, and make your master's fortune, if he trains them all to your profession," said a fourth.

"Tell your master he had better not part with you for any sum, Henri. We will make it worth his while to refuse more for you that was ever offered yet."

"Your health, Henri! May you live out all the turtle now in St. Domingo, and the next generation after them."

Amidst all these questions and remarks, Henri escaped answering any. He stood looking on the ground till a glass of Champagne was brought to him, bowed to the company, drank it off, and was gone.

"How demure the fellow looks!" said M. Papalier, a planter, to Bayou, his neighbor in the plain, who now sat opposite to him; "what an air of infinite modesty he put on! At this moment, I dare say, he is snapping his fingers, and telling the women that all the money in St. Domingo won't buy him."

"You are mistaken there," said Bayou. "He is a singular fellow, is Henri, in more ways than his cookery. I believe he never snapped his fingers in his life, nor told anybody what his master gave for him. I happen to know Henri very well, from his being an acquaintance of my overseer, who is something of the same sort, only superior even to Henri."

"The fellow looked as if he would have given a great deal more than his glass of wine to have stayed out of the room," observed M. Leroy. "He has

nothing of the mulatto in him, has he? Pure African, I suppose."

"Pure African; all safe," replied Bayou. "But observe! the music has stopped, and we are going on to the business of the day. Silence, there! Silence all!"

Everybody said "Silence!" and Dr. Proteau rose.

He declared himself to be in a most remarkable situation; one in which he was sure every Frenchman present would sympathize with him. Here he stood, chairman of a meeting of the most loyal, the most spirited, the most patriotic citizens of the empire; chairman of an assemblage of members of a colonial parliament, and their guests and friends; here he stood, in this capacity, and yet he was unable to propose any one of the loyal toasts by which it had, till now, been customary to sanction their social festivities. As for the toast, now never more to be heard from their lips—the health of the king and royal family—the less that was said about that the better. The times of oppression were passing away; and he, for one, would not dim the brightness of the present meeting, by recalling from the horizon, where it was just disappearing, the tempest-cloud of tyranny to overshadow the young sunshine of freedom. There had been, however, another toast, to which they had been wont to respond with more enthusiasm than was ever won by despotic monarchy from its slaves. There had been a toast to which this lofty roof had rung again, and to hail which every voice had been loud, and every heart had beat high. Neither could he now propose that toast. With grief which consumed his soul, he was compelled to bury in silence—the silence of mortification, the silence of contempt, the silence of detestation—the name of the National Assembly of France. His language

might appear strong; but it was mild, it was moderate; it was, he might almost say, cringing, in comparison with what the National Assembly had deserved. He need not occupy the time of his friends, nor harrow their feelings, by a narrative of the injuries their colony had sustained at the hands of the French National Assembly. Those around him knew too well, that in return for their sympathy in the humbling of a despot, for their zeal in behalf of the eternal principles of freedom, the mother-country had, through the instrumentality of its National Council, endeavored to strip its faithful whites in this colony of the power which they had always possessed, and which was essential to their very existence in their ancient prosperity—the exclusive power of making or enforcing laws for their own community. The attempt was now made, as they too well knew, to wrest this sacred privilege from their hands, by admitting to share it a degraded race, before whose inroads would perish all that was most dear to his fellow-citizens and to himself—the repose of their homes, the security of their property, the honor of their color, and the prosperity of the colony. He rejoiced to see around him, and from his heart he bade them welcome, some fellow-laborers with himself in the glorious work of resisting oppression and defending their ancient privileges, endeared to them by as many ages as had passed since distinctions of color were made by an Almighty hand. He invited them to pledge themselves with him to denounce and resist such profane, such blasphemous innovations, proposed by shallow enthusiasts, seconded by designing knaves, and destined to be wrought out by the agency of demons—demons in human form. He called upon all patriots to join him in his pledge; and, in token of their faith, to drink deep to

one now more deserving of their homage than was ever king or National Assembly—he need not say that he alluded to the noblest patriot in the colony—its guardian, its savior—Governor Blanchelande.

The gentleman who rose, amidst the cheers and jingling of glasses, to say a few words to this toast, was a man of some importance in the colony as a member of its assembly, though he otherwise held no higher rank than that of attorney to the estate of M. Gallifet, a rich absentee. Odeluc was an old resident, and (though zealous for the privileges of the whites) a favorite with men of all colors, and therefore entitled to be listened to by all with attention, when he spoke on the conflicting interests of races. However his opinions might please or displease, all liked to look upon his bright countenance and to hear his lively voice. Vincent Oge had said that Odeluc was a worse foe to the mulattoes than many a worse man; he always so excited their good-will as to make them forget their rights.

As he now rose, the air from the peacock-fan stirring the white hair upon his forehead (for in the heats of St. Domingo it was permitted to lay wigs aside), and the good wine animating yet further the spirit of his lively countenance, Odeluc was received with a murmur of welcome before he opened his lips to speak.

"I must acknowledge, my fellow-citizens," said he, "I never was more satisfied with regard to the state of our colony than now. We have had our troubles, to be sure, like the mother-country, and like all countries where portions of the people struggle for power which they ought not to have. But we have settled that matter for ourselves, by the help of our good governor. and I firmly

believe that we are at the commencement of a long age of peace."

Here some applauded, while two or three shook their heads. Odeluc continued:

"I see some of my friends do not altogether share my hopes. Yet are these hopes not reasonable? The governor has himself assured me that nothing shall induce him to notice the obnoxious decree till he has, in the first place, received it under all the official forms; in the next place, written his remonstrance to the Government at home; and, in the third place, received an answer. Now all this will take some time. In three days we deputies shall begin our session; and never were the members of any assembly more united in their will and in their views, and therefore more powerful. We meet for the express purpose of neutralizing the effects of this ill-judged decree; we have the power, we have the will, and who can doubt the results? The management of this colony has always succeeded well in the hands of the whites; they have made its laws and enforced them; they have allowed the people of color liberty to pursue their own business, and acquire property if they could, conscious of strength to restrain their excesses if occasion should arise; and as for the Negro population, where in the world were affairs ever on a better footing between the masters and their force than in the colony of St. Domingo? If all has worked so well hitherto, is it to be supposed that an ignorant shout in the National Assembly, and a piece of paper sent over to us thence, can destroy the harmony and overthrow the prosperity which years have confirmed? I, for one, will never believe it. I see before me, in my colleagues, men to whom the tranquility of the colony may be safely confided; and over their heads, and beyond the wise laws they are about

to pass for the benefit of both the supreme and subordinate interests of our community, I see, stretching beyond the reach of living eye, a scene of calm and fruitful prosperity, in which our children's children may enjoy their lives without a thought of fear or apprehension of change. Regarding Governor Blanchelande as one of the chief securities of this, our long tenure of social prosperity, I beg to propose, not only that we shall now drink his health, but that we shall meet annually in his honor on this day. Yonder is the Government-house. If we open our jalousies wide enough, and give the honors loud enough, perhaps our voices may reach his ears, as the loyal greeting that he deserves."

"Do you not smell smoke?" asked Bayou of his neighbor, as the blinds were thrown open.

"What a smell of burning!" observed the chairman to Odeluc at the same moment.

"They are burning field-trash outside the town, no doubt," Odeluc answered. "We choose the nights when there is little wind, you know, for that work."

There was a small muster of soldiers round the gates of the Government-house, and several people in the streets, when the honors were given to the governor's name. But the first seemed not to hear, and the others did not turn their heads. The air that came in was so hot that the blinds were immediately ordered to be closed again. The waiters, however, seemed to have lost their obsequiousness, and many orders and oaths were spent upon them before they did their duty.

While the other gentlemen sat down, a young man remained standing, his eyes flashing, and his countenance heated, either by wine or by the thoughts with which he seemed big.

"My fellow-citizens," said M. Brelle, beginning in a very loud voice, "agreeing, as I do, in my hopes for this colony with M. Odeluc, and, like him, trusting in the protection and blessing of a just Providence, which will preserve our rights and chastise those who would infringe them; feeling thus, and thus trusting, there is a duty for me to perform. My friends, we must not permit the righteous chastisements of Providence to pass by unheeded and be forgotten. The finger of Providence has been among us, to mark out and punish the guilty disturber of our peace. But, though dead, that guilty traitor has not ceased to disturb our peace. Do we not know that his groans have moved our enemies in the National Assembly? that his ashes have been stirred up there, to shed their poison over our names? It becomes us, in gratitude to a preserving Providence; in fidelity to that which is dearer to us than life—our fair fame; in regard to the welfare of our posterity, it becomes us to mark our reprobation of treason and rebellion, to perpetuate in ignominy the name of the rebel and the traitor. Fill your glasses, then, gentlemen, and drink—drink deep with me, Our curse on the memory of Vincent Oge!"

Several members of the company eagerly filled their glasses; others looked doubtfully toward the chair. Before Dr. Proteau seemed to have made up his mind what to do, M. Papalier had risen, saying, in a rather low and conversational tone:

"My young friend will allow me to suggest to him the expediency of withdrawing his toast, as one in which his fellow-citizens cannot all cordially join. We all unite, doubtless, in reprobating treason and rebellion in the person of Oge; but I, for one, cannot think it good, either in taste or in policy, to curse the memory of the dead in the hearing

of those who desire mercy for their fallen enemies (as some here present do), or of others who look upon Oge as no criminal, but a martyr; which is, I fear, the case with too many outside." He pointed to the windows as he spoke, where it now appeared that the jealousies had been pushed a little open, so as to allow opportunity for some observation from without. M. Papalier lowered his tone, so as to be heard, during the rest of his speech, only by those who made every effort to catch his words. Not a syllable could be heard in the orchestra outside, or even by the waiters ranged against the wall, and the chairman and others at the extremities of the table were obliged to lean forward to catch the meaning of the speaker, who proceeded:

"No one more heartily admires the spirit of good-humor of our friend, M. Odeluc, than myself; no one more enjoys being animated by the hilarity of his temper, and carried away by the hopeful enthusiasm which makes him the dispenser of happiness that he is. But I cannot always sympathize in his bright anticipations. I own I cannot today. He may be right. God grant he be so! But I cannot take M. Odeluc's word for it, when words so different are spoken elsewhere. There are observers at a distance—impartial lookers-on, who predict (and I fear there are signs at home which indicate) that our position is far from secure, our prospects far other than serene. There are those who believe that we are in danger from other foes than the race of Oge; and facts have arisen—but enough. This is not the time and place for discussion of that point. Suffice it now that, as we all know, observers at a distance can often see deeper and farther than those involved in affairs; and that Mirabeau has said—and what Mirabeau says is

at least worth attention—Mirabeau has said of us, in connection with the events of last October: 'They are sleeping on the margin of Vesuvius, and the first jets of the volcano are not sufficient to awaken them.' In compliment to Mirabeau," he concluded, smiling, and bowing to M. Brelle, "if not in sympathy with what he may think of my needless caution, I hope my young friend will reserve his wine for the next toast."

M. Brelle bowed rather sulkily. No one seemed ready at the moment to start a new subject. Some attacked M. Papalier in whispers for what he had said; and he, to defend himself, told, also in whispers, facts of the murder of a bailiff on an estate near his own, and of suspicious circumstances attending it, which made him and others apprehend that all was not right among the Negroes. His facts and surmises went round. As, in the eagerness of conversation, a few words were occasionally spoken aloud, some of the party glanced about to see if the waiters were within earshot. They were not. There was not a Negro in the apartment. The band had gone out unnoticed—to refresh themselves, no doubt.

Odeluc took the brief opportunity to state his confidence that all doubts of the fidelity of the Negroes were groundless. He agreed with M. Papalier that the present was not the time and place for entering at large into the subject. He would only just say that he was now an old man; that he had spent his life among the people alluded to, and knew them well, if any man did. They were revengeful, certainly, upon occasion, if harshly treated; but otherwise, and if not corrupted by ignorant demagogues and designing agents, they were the

most tractable and attached people on earth. He was confident that the masters in St. Domingo had nothing to fear.

He was proceeding; but he perceived that the band was re-entering the orchestra, and he sat down abruptly.

The chairman now discovered that it had grown very dark, and called out for lights. His orders were echoed by several of the party, who hoped that the lights would revive some of the spirit of the evening, which had become very flat.

While waiting for lights, the jalousies were once more opened by orders from the chair. The apartment was instantly pervaded by a dull, changeful red light, derived from the sky, which glowed above the trees of the Jesuits' Walk with the reflection of extensive fires. The guests were rather startled, too, by perceiving that the piazza was crowded with heads; and that dusky faces, in countless number, were looking in upon them, and had probably been watching them for some time past. With the occasional puffs of wind, which brought the smell of the burning, came a confused murmur, from a distance, as of voices, the tramp of many horses in the sand, and a multitude of feet in the streets. This was immediately lost in louder sounds. The band struck up, unbidden, with all its power, the Marseillaise Hymn; and every voice in the piazza, and, by degrees, along the neighboring streets and squares, seemed to join in singing the familiar words,

"Allons, enfans de la patrie,
Le jour de gloire est arrive."

(To be Continued.)

MR. ALAN KIRKLAND SOGA.

SARAH A. ALLEN.

Alan Kirkland Soga, the subject of our brief sketch, grown familiar to the readers of the Colored American Magazine as a writer of able papers on racial matters of South Africa, was born in the sixties in Kafirland, South Africa.

At the age of seven years he was sent by his parents to Scotland, with two elder brothers, the Rev. Dr. William Anderson Soga, M. D., of Edinburgh, now of Miller Mission, Bomvanaland, and the Rev. John Henderson Soga, of the Presbyterian Mission, South Africa, to be educated. A younger brother, Jotello Festire Soga, M. R. C. V. S. of Dick's Royal College of Veterinary Surgeons, became a government veterinary and served the Cape Colony with credit.

The father of this interesting Afro-Anglican family was the late Rev. Tiyo Soga, who was deceased in 1871; he was the first ordained native minister to the Kosa Kafirs and a man of grand personality, and from this personality as exhibited by the native African who has lived his life in the full enjoyment of the blessing of perfect manly freedom we are able to realize what must have been the glories of the careers of our ancestors at the zenith of Ethiopian ancient civilization. An interesting volume, "The Life of Tiyo Soga," by the late Rev. John Chalmers, one of England's most noted divines, who was a colleague in the mission field with Rev. Tiyo Soga, deals with the chief features of frontier life and the earlier history of the Eastern Province and has been widely read and distributed all over the civilized world.

"Tiyo Soga was a son of Soga, a councillor of the Baika Chief Sandilli, and came of a long line of 'Amapakati,' who exercised a powerful sway in the councils of the chiefs. Old Soga and Tyala were the last of the old line of retainers who had followed the fortunes of the royal houses faithfully throughout the stirring incidents connected with the white inva-

sion, and the inter-tribal wars of the last and preceding century. The ill-fated Chief Sandilli was killed in the war of 1877-78 (Gaika-Gcaleka war) having ignored the advice against war of Tyala and Soga in favor of the younger councillors. Tyala died of a broken heart at the loss of their country which extended from the neighborhood of King William's Town to the Great Kei River. Old Soga, disappointed at his chief's conduct, exposed himself to the enemy and met his death like the good old warrior he had been, for he was then old. They had served Baika, Sandilla's father, before him, and Soga had taken his part in all the wars against the British from 1818. In that year his father, Jotella, was killed in the historical battle of the Amalinde, on the Debe plains, when Baika was attacked by a Confederation of his brother chiefs—Ndlambe, Hintsa and the Tembus—who complained of his friendly relations with Lord Charles Somerset, the Governor, and the Cape Government. This event, in which Soga narrowly escaped while assisting his father as a youth, has been commemorated in a brief poem by Mr. A. Kirkland Soga.

The history of the family is closely connected with most of the stirring events of colonial frontier life. It is the intention of Mr. A. Kirkland Soga to review the relations of white and black, at the present time, in a book which is in course of preparation and which has been entered for copyright at the Library of Congress, Washington, D. C., under the title of "The Problem of the Social and Political Regeneration of Africa." It is hoped that the Colored Co-operative Publishing Company, proprietors of the Colored American Magazine, will undertake its publication, and we believe that this book, written by a native of the soil, a college-bred man of the highest mental attainments, thoroughly trained in journalism as well as being versed in the intricacies

of colonial politics, will be of special interest to Afro-Americans everywhere.

Mr. Soga is a man who takes large views of the higher politics as they affect the relations of the black man generally as he has demonstrated in these columns to the great satisfaction of our readers. For his articles now running in the magazine under the heading "Call the Black Man to Conference," we predict a sensation among the whites and blacks in the field of letters before they are ended. The illustrations for this book are now in the hands of the well-known firm of John Haddon & Son, Caxton Type Foundry, London, England.

Mr. Soga was educated at Dollar Academy on the banks of the river Devon, to which he transferred from the Glasgow High School, then under the principalship of Dr. Thomas Muir, now Superintendent General of Education for the Cape Colony. From Dollar he proceeded to Glasgow University, taking the Classes of Law under the late Sheriff-Substitute Berry of Lanarkshire, then Professor there, and the Humanity Classes under Professors Ramsay and Jebb.

Returning to South Africa, he entered the Civil Service (Native Affairs Department), subsequently being transferred to the Labor Department at the suggestion of Cecil John Rhodes, who as Prime Minister, shortly before the Jameson Raid, had established a Labor Bureau under the supervision of Mr. L. G. Taniton, the Government Labor Agent for the Cape Colony. By successfully passing the law examinations, Mr. Soga had obtained the position of Acting Resident Magistrate, but he suspected that the difficulty of obtaining the T. P.—ship and his transference into the Labor Department from the Bench was prompted by back-stairs influence and the "color-line" at the hands of his Chiefs in the service. At any rate, the influences were too powerful for him, and as the Labor Department was a new one, and regarded with jealousy by the other service, added to other difficulties encountered by the hostility of the Kruger regime in their treatment of the la-

borers sent up by the Cape Colony, he threw up the position in disgust and resigned the service. The Bureau was subsequently abolished.

The country was now in a desperate state, owing to the conduct of the Boers, the Kruger regime having strong supporters in the Cape Parliament. The great elections of 1898 were approaching, and owing to the crafty influences of Jan Hofmeyer, the leader of the Bond, and Messrs. Sauer and Merriman, the native paper "Imo" (Native Opinion) under the editorship of Mr. J. Tengo Iabaon, and the oldest established native organ which had hitherto exercised great influence over the native vote, elected to throw in its lot on the side of the Bond. In 1897, fearing that the natives were being misled, the present Directors (native) established the Izwi Labantu (Voice of the People) and invited Mr. Soga to assume the Editorship. This he did in 1898, succeeding Mr. Umhalla in that office. Parties since then have been divided into British and Dutch in Parliament and Izwi has consistently supported the British ideal. The defeat of Sir Gordon Spriggs' ministry in 1899 was succeeded by the Anglo-Boer war at the outbreak of which the Editor of Izwi proceeded to the front as a trooper in Brabants' Horse, serving for a few months and then returning to resume his duties on the paper having come out unscathed. He was present at the memorable retreat of General Gatacre at Stromberg, and in the taking of Dordrecht and other lesser engagements.

The Dutch are still strong in the Cape Parliament and are accused of endeavoring to win back by the ballot what Kruger failed to achieve by the bullet. Hence the interest in the present elections now pending and which it is believed, should finally decide the relative superiority of Bond and Progressive in the future councils of the country. So far the Legislative Council Elections just over, have resulted in a majority of one for the Progressive party. The important Assembly Elections take place probably in January, 1904. Unfortunately, the higher inter-

ests of the natives are suffering by the divisions over politics and the native press, and it is sincerely hoped that for the protection of these larger interests the Native Congress which is a body akin to the Afro-American Council, will be able to draw the most intelligent classes together in unity and social co-operation. On politics there is likely always to be a division, but there is no reason why both Negro in America and Bantu in Africa should not unite on larger questions, for their own safety and progress.

Mr. Soga is Convener of the Queen Victoria Memorial (native) for the erection of a national tribute (scholastic and educational) in honor of Queen Victoria, The Good, whose high character as a sovereign contributed not a little to ameliorate the condition of her Black subjects in South Africa during her reign. He is, too, President of the newly created South African Native Press Association, the originator of which is Mr. F. Z. S. Peregrino, Editor of The South African Spectator, Cape Town.

Mr. Soga is much interested in his American cousins and would like to see the Tuskegee system of industrial education introduced into South Africa, being a great admirer of Booker T. Washington, whose book "Up From Slavery," he has read with great pleasure. His dear old mother died recently, his father having married a Scotch lady, Janet Burnside. She had for many years resided in Glasgow since the death of her husband, supervising the education of the younger members of the family.

Mr. Soga recognizes in the Negro what he takes to be a great coming factor in the regeneration of Africa, and as an Afro-Anglican would like to hasten a Conference of black men from the four worlds, to discuss the black man's future if the Negro can sink his differences sufficiently to combine forces towards that desirable end. Such a conference should be held in America and should include all shades of thought and color.

WHAT MATTERS IT.

EDWARD ELMORE BROCK.

WHAT matters it whether we be rich
or poor,
That we were born up high, or way
down low?
We're all traveling on the same life
road,
May the pace be fast, or the pace be
slow.

What matters it if our cares seem
heavy, like lead,
Which oft make us wish that we were
better off dead?
There is a brighter day coming, so
somewhere I've read,
For a just God reigns up in Heaven,
'tis said.

What matters it whether we be black
or white?
We're all the same in God's own
sight.
'Twas He who made the day—the
night,
And all in earth is His by right.

ENVOY.

Reader! God's the Pilot, — rules o'er
land and sea,
Who in the end is to judge both you
and me.

CARLTON AVENUE BRANCH OF THE BROOKLYN, N. Y., YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION.

N. BARNETT DODSON.

The Carlton Avenue Branch of the Brooklyn Young Men's Christian Association, although less than two years old, furnishes an example of steady progress, and has an interesting history. Shortly after the call and acceptance of the Rev. Alexander J. Henry to the pastorate of the Nazarine Congregational Church, in this city, he made a systematic investigation into the educational, social, moral and spiritual condition of our people, looking towards a larger and more speedy development of the church. During this time, the necessity for a branch of the Young Men's Christian Association for our young men became firmly fixed in his mind. At various times during a period of ten years, attempts were made to establish the work, but each effort proved fruitless.

But to give up all hope of organizing a work which meant so much to the young men of the community and the race at large, was not to be thought of until every effort had been again and again tested. So Rev. Henry, with fresh zeal and determination, made another attempt the latter part of June, 1901. A conference was held with Messrs. W. F. Trotman, N. D. Johnson, J. C. DeVillis and W. E. Johnson. The situation was carefully gone over, and these four gentlemen began a canvass among the young men of the city, and succeeded in enrolling the names of two hundred and fifty men, who pledged their support to such an enterprise. Petition was made at once to the Brooklyn Young Men's Christian Association, for a branch. While these arrangements were being perfected, meetings were held at

the Central Branch, conducted by Dr. William L. Bulkley, Principal of Public School No. 80, New York City, who subsequently became, and is now, chairman of the Carlton Avenue Branch. The next question which confronted the men was, Where shall we meet? but this did not last very long, for soon news came that the Hon. George Foster Peabody had purchased and furnished the three-story and basement building on Charlton Avenue, near Fulton St., and given it to the men composing this new branch of the Y. M. C. A.

The building contains pleasant parlors, a reading room, a library with excellent books, magazines, daily and weekly papers; a room for games and a limited number of nicely-furnished rooms for men. The branch has become a great social centre for young men, where they can spend their evenings and spare moments pleasantly and profitably, thus escaping many of the evil attractions common to a great city.

The following organizations have proven very helpful to the members: Educational classes, Bible class, religious meetings, literary society, glee club and orchestra, employment bureau, baseball club, and other features to attract and help young men.

Besides the regular Sunday afternoon meetings in the building, a public meeting is held on the last Sunday in the month at four o'clock, in some one of the city churches, at which helpful and inspiring addresses are made by able speakers.

The first fair under the auspices of the Branch was held last March at the Holy

Trinity Baptist Church, Rev. S. W. Timms, pastor, and was a decided success, netting over three hundred and fifty dollars (\$350.00).

Much credit was given to the ladies from the various churches, who volunteered their services at this fair, thereby contributing largely to its grand success.

The first anniversary exercises of the Branch were held in Association Hall on Fulton St., March 19, 1903. The annual report, read by Dr. Bulkley, showed that the Branch had met all of its expenses and had a neat little sum left to begin its second year's work. The work is in a flourishing condition, the educational classes are well attended and public interest in the Association increases as time rolls on. All indications point to a great work for the uplifting of our people in body, mind and soul.

The officers of the Branch are: W. L. Bulkley, Ph.D., Chairman; F. H. Gilbert, Vice-Chairman; W. E. Tyler, Recording Secretary; C. H. Bullock, Secretary.

PERSONAL.

Dr. William L. Bulkley, Principal of Public School No. 80 in New York City, Chairman of the Carlton Avenue Branch Y. M. C. A., hails from South Carolina, and has been actively engaged in all movements for good among our people since he took up his residence here. In educational circles he is regarded as a master mind, and among the members of the Branch he sheds a wholesome, uplifting influence. We regret very much not to have Dr. Bulkley's photo in this group, but suffice it to say that the work which he is doing for our young men and the race generally in the community of Greater New York, will outlive pictures, and draw compound interest regardless of flattering oratory.

WYATT EUGENE TYLER.

Mr. W. E. Tyler, Recording Secretary of the Committee of Management, is a native of Portsmouth, Va., and is one of the most widely known young men in Brooklyn. He is chairman of the reception committee of the Branch, assistant superintendent of the Concord Baptist Sunday school, an earnest worker in Christian Endeavor circles, and has devoted much time and thought to the many benevolent and charitable institutions among us. Mr. Tyler was educated in the public schools of Portsmouth, and has supplemented that with a business course here in one of the city business colleges. He holds a position of trust and responsibility with the Standard Oil Co. in New York City.

SECRETARY BULLOCK.

Mr. Charles H. Bullock, Secretary of the Carlton Branch, Brooklyn Y. M. C. A., was born in Charlottesville, Va., March 5, 1875. He received his early education in the public schools of his native city, which was later supplemented by a practical business course, his father being one of the pioneer business men of Charlottesville during the years immediately following the late rebellion.

Having the gift of accuracy and a trained memory, Mr. Bullock has been highly successful in all of his work. Probably the first position of trust and responsibility held by him was that of private secretary to the Hon. I. Garland Penn, when that gentleman was Chief Commissioner of the Negro Department of the Atlanta Fair. Mr. Bullock passed from this position to that of teacher in the public school of Charlottesville, where he displayed excellent ability and wrapped around him the love and good will of the scholars, parents and the school board.

It was with much persuasion that he

was prevailed upon to come to Brooklyn to take charge of the Carlton Ave. Branch as Secretary, for while teaching in Charlottesville, he filled a similar position in the local Y. M. C. A. To get a man of Mr. Bullock's literary training and Christian character to take charge of this work, would be no experiment, and his acceptance was counted a god-send. The county Sunday-school Union, the churches and institutions of benevolence and charity in and around his native home have all, more or less, felt the force of his character and Christ-like example. As a writer for the local press both white and colored, Mr. Bullock left his name under a peg up near the editorial chair.

In Brooklyn he is beloved and respected, and the young men of the Association consider it an honor to support such a man in charge of such a noble work. The Concord Baptist Church of Christ feels delighted to count Mr. Bullock among its membership.

FRANCIS H. GILBERT.

One of the most enthusiastic promoters of the Carlton Avenue Branch is Mr. F. H. Gilbert, Vice-Chairman, and Chairman of the Finance Committee. He is deeply interested in the work, and it always delights him to see the rooms crowded with young men. All through the struggle to put the work on a sound financial basis, Mr. Gilbert was untiring in his efforts to interest men of means to give liberally to this cause; and he did himself, what he urged other to do. Mr. Gilbert is extremely modest, and likes to lose sight of himself in order to help others. He is a man of considerable influence, and well fixed in what we term this world's goods. He was educated at Brown's Commercial College,

this city, and at Wilberforce College, Ohio.

REV. ALEXANDER J. HENRY.

Rev. A. J. Henry, Bible-class instructor of the Association, is lovingly called the "Father of the Carlton Avenue Branch, reference to which we have already made. By both experience and literary training, he is the right man in the right place. He was born in Blunt Co., Tenn., Sept. 25, 1853. His early boyhood days were spent on the farm where he received his first lessons in perseverance and self-reliance.

At the age of eighteen he struck out for himself, determined to get an education; he entered the Parochal School at Mayesville, then under the auspices of the Freedmen's Board of the Presbyterian Church. Two years' hard study in this school sent him up to the college department of the same school, from which he graduated in 1875.

Not being satisfied to stop at this point in his education, he set out that same year for Howard University, Washington, D. C., where he entered the Theological Department, from which he graduated three years later. After leaving Howard University, the Freedman's Board put him in charge of a group of mission churches in Virginia. In this field Rev. Henry showed his ability as an expounder of the Gospel of Jesus Christ, and a successful builder of churches, for on this field he built three churches and founded four schools, raising the necessary money for their erection, and leaving them clear of debt.

Rev. Henry's next field of labor was among the Shinnecock Indians, Southampton, Long Island, where he organized a Presbyterian Church. From Southampton, Rev. Henry was called to Brooklyn to take charge of the Nazarene Congregational Church, in 1888,

of which he is still the honored and beloved pastor. As a preacher of the Gospel, Rev. Henry is practical, clear, and forceful. In the community at large and among the clergy, he is highly esteemed.

The members of the Association regard him as a safe leader in both spiritual and temporal affairs, and they eagerly seek his advice on questions of delicacy, whether private or public.

THE BOSTON COMMERCIAL COMPANY.

GEORGE F. KING, Pres.; AUGUSTUS C. WORMLEY, Treas.; JOS. C. JOHNSON, Sec'y.

The closing of the doors of the business world to men of color has been conducive to good results since it has forced young colored men of enterprise to form business combinations. The object of the above company is to show the race that combinations of small capital may become important factors in the affairs of the world whether made up of Anglo-Saxons or Afro-Americans.

The young men of the Boston Commercial Company will establish salesrooms throughout the country as branches of the Boston house, whereby the patronage of their own race will enable them to give employment to the worthy ones everywhere.

The idea is to furnish the housewife with everything necessary to the comfort of the family—wearing apparel, household goods, etc. At the present time the firm represents one of the largest New England factories, which is putting on the market an article most essential to preserve the health of the female population, in the shape of "Whitney's Elastic Cushion Treadle" for the sewing machine.

They handle all the sewing machines and supplies manufactured by this particular house. They are also direct representatives in the South and Southwest, for a Tea and Coffee Corporation importing direct, coffee from South America and tea from China. They represent one of the largest music publishing houses in the country; also one of the largest jewelry establishments. In short their resources are limitless and include every known branch of the business world, not omit-

ting Christian Endeavor and American Bible Societies supplies.

MR. GEORGE F. KING.

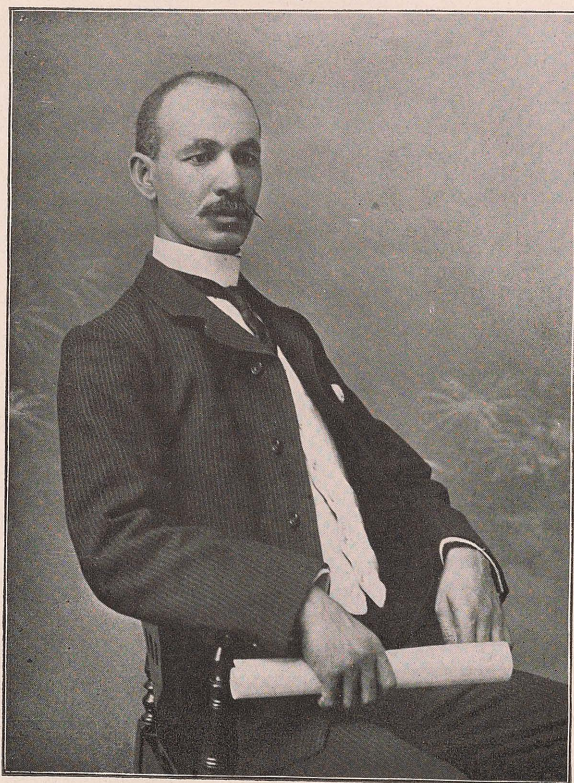
The president of the firm was born at Norfolk, Virginia. While a student at Norfolk Mission College, he began his career in the business world as a newspaper solicitor, meeting with marked success, and he decided to become a "circulation boomer" and since then he has worked with the best boomers in the country. Mr. King was highly complimented in the 20th century edition of the *Virginian and Pilot*, a leading Southern journal. Mr. King became very proficient in prosthetic dentistry and received many offers from leading dentists but refused them all to follow his favorite pursuit. He became a solicitor for many of the leading Northern papers and for *The Ladies' Home Journal* and the *Saturday Evening Post*. He continued along these lines until the position of General Traveling Agent for *The Colored Magazine* was offered him, which he accepted.

In 1901 Mr. King returned to Boston, determined to fit himself for a business career and with that end in view took a commercial course under instructors at the Y. M. C. A. Institute.

Noting with anxiety the giant strides made by the Anglo-Saxon and all other races (except the Negro) in this great country, he determined to force the issue and put his long-cherished plans in operation with the result that Messrs. Wormley and Johnson, both wide-awake young fellows, were induced to co-operate with



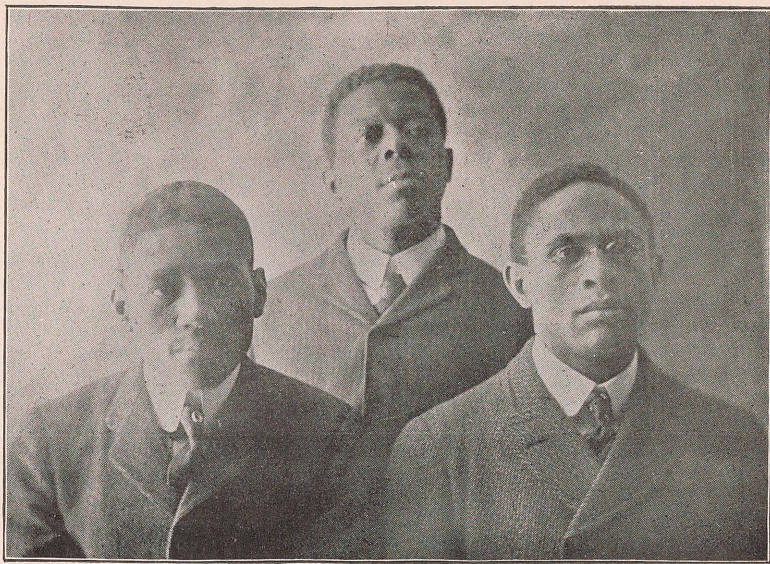
DR. BOOKER T. WASHINGTON,
Tuskegee, Ala.



MR. A. KIRKLAND SOGA,
Author, Poet and Journalist,
Late of the Civil Service, Native Affairs Department, So. Africa. — See page 114.



HON. A. B. WALKER, B. A., LL.B.
Saint John, New Brunswick, Canada.
(See page 125.)



THE BOSTON COMMERCIAL COMPANY,

See page 120.

him, and the Boston Commercial Company is the outcome.

MR. AUGUSTUS C. WORMLEY.

The Treasurer of this enterprising firm was born in Hampton, Virginia. He came to Boston in early youth, where the environment engendered in a boy a desire for literary pursuits. He attended the Boston High School, which is an institution worthy of the highest praise, where a young man at graduation is the equal of many a college graduate if he follows a good course of reading under judicious direction. Mr. Wormley became greatly interested in all enterprises pertaining to the elevation of his race and was one of the founders of the Young Men's Congressional Club of Boston, a well-known and popular organization connected with the Calvary Baptist Church. Mr. Wormley was Vice-President one year, Treasurer four years, and also dramatic instructor. He devoted several years to public reading and wrote a two-act tragedy entitled "The Armorer of Tyree." His acting in this drama was highly commended by the Boston press.

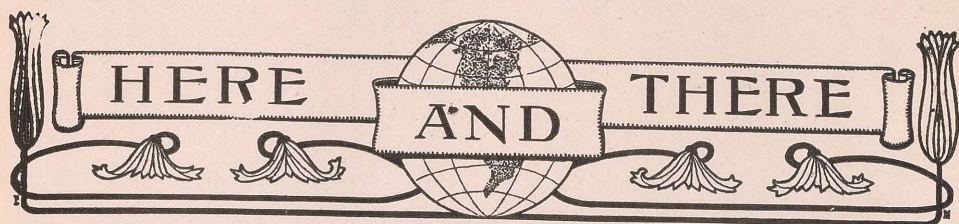
For two years Mr. Wormley ran a first-class cafe, and at the present time he is a member and trustee of the "Home Trust Association," which has a realty valuation rising to \$25,000.

MR. JOSEPH C. JOHNSON.

The Secretary of the firm, Mr. Joseph C. Johnson, was born in St. Louis, Mo. He attended the high school in that city, and his family is well-known among the old progressive settlers.

Four years ago he migrated to Boston, taking up the study of law at the Y. M. C. A. under competent instructors from the most celebrated colleges. He dropped his law course to pursue business.

Mr. Johnson is connected with the Calvary Baptist Church, being librarian of the Sabbath School and President of the Young People's Society of Christian Endeavor, by virtue of which position he is a member of the Executive Committee of the Boston branch of the Christian Endeavor Society, and an active member of the Boston Y. M. C. A.



(Under this heading we shall publish monthly such short articles or locals as will enable our subscribers to keep in close touch with the various social movements among the colored race, not only throughout this country but the world. All are invited to contribute items of general news and interest.

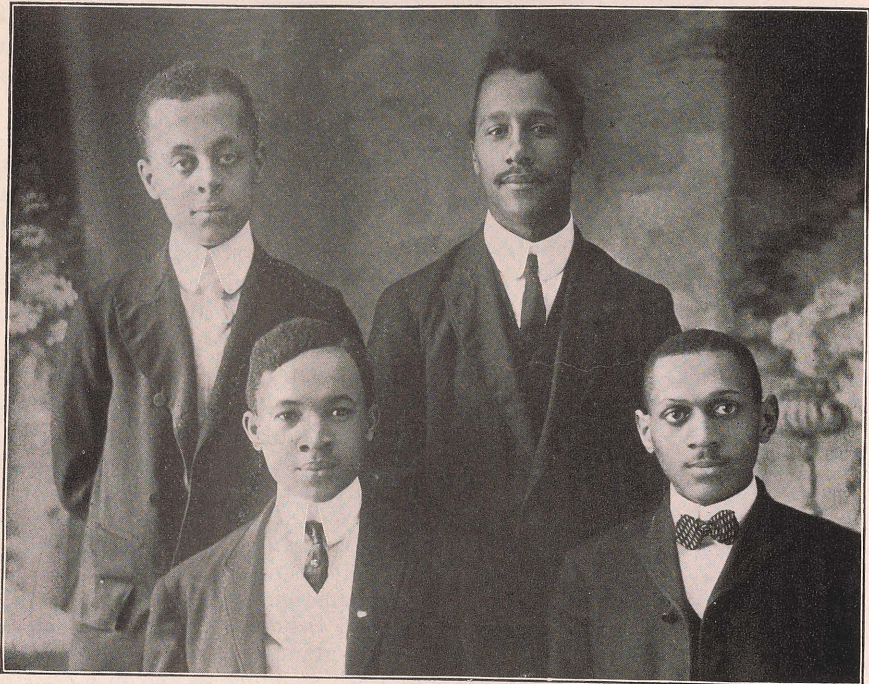
Sampson Bird Mackey, Superintendent of Telegraph of the Colorado & Northwestern Railway Company, was born of slave parentage April 14, 1878, at Richmond, Madison County, Kentucky. His parents having died when he was quite young he was taken by an elderly sister to Greenville, Pa., where he finished in the public schools, and afterward entered the commercial department of Thiel College, in that city. In June, 1893, he entered the office of James T. Blair, General Manager of the Pittsburg, Shenango & Lake Erie Railway, now the Bessemer & Lake Erie R.R., as messenger, and at various times was required to serve as cook, or porter, on the official private cars of the company. His ambition was to become a member of the regular office force, and with this object in view, and his close attention to all duties assigned him, it was but a short while until he was rewarded with a desk and clerkship in the office of his superior, Mr. Blair, to whom all credit is due for his success and advancement in the railroad business. There is nothing that succeeds like success, which is noticeably true in the case of Mr. Mackey; upon the construction of the Colorado & Northwestern Railway, the now famous Switzerland Trail of America, and Colorado's Pictorial Route in 1897, Mr. Blair having taken charge of the property in August of that year, Mr. Mackey came West to again enter his employ in the general offices of this company at

Boulder, Colo. In September, 1901, he was appointed to the position of Superintendent of Telegraph of the company, which he has filled since that time with much credit. Mr. Mackey also has charge of the Advertising Department of the company, and is author of several souvenir publications of the Rocky Mountain region, one of which is the attractive pictorial book, entitled: "Picturesque Boulder and Gems of Boulder County."

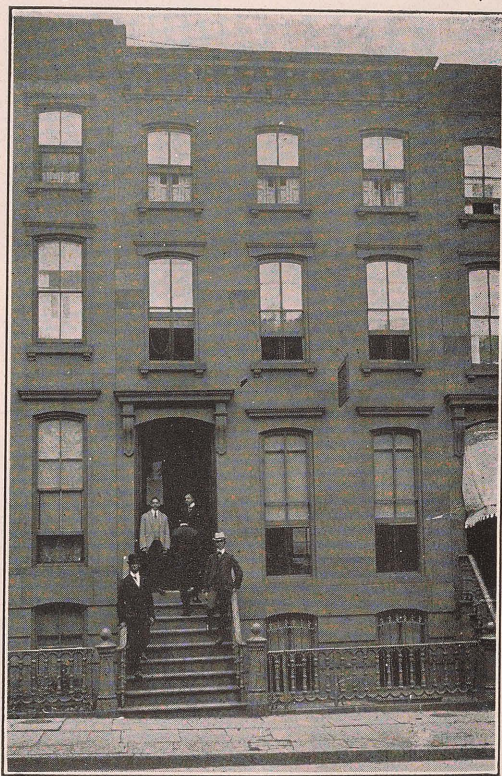
Hon. A. B. Walker, B. A., LL. B., barrister-at-law, Saint John, New Brunswick, Canada, Editor and Proprietor of the magazine "Neith," a valuable contributor to the international negro press.

Mr. J. R. Carter is a true example of a self-made man. He was born in Virginia 33 years ago and of hard work and determination managed to enter the State Normal School of West Virginia, where he was graduated from the academic class of 1901, standing second in a class of 23. Mr. Carter owns a nice home in the City of Parkersburg on the corner of Fifteenth and Latrobe streets, and can boast of owning and running the only colored restaurant in the city; and in fact the only first-class restaurant that has ever been established there by a colored man. He owes much of his success to his energetic wife. Mr. Carter has high ambitions and will no doubt make a successful business man.

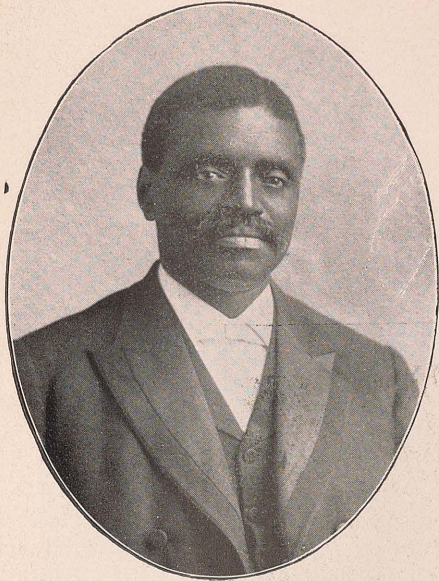
Miss Bertha R. Jacobs whose picture adorns our cover this month, is the daughter of Reverend Jacobs, formerly of St. Thomas, B. W. I. Miss Jacobs is now



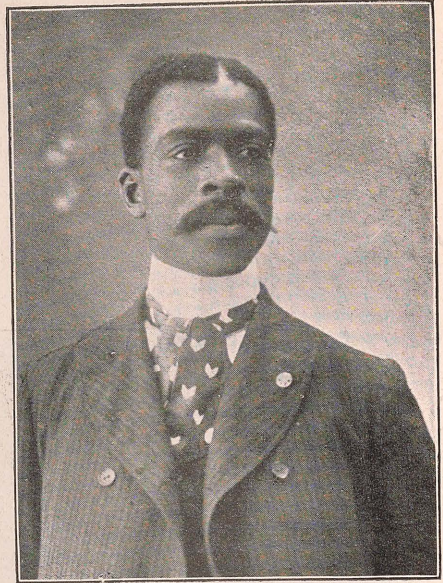
W. E. TROTMAN, N. D. JOHNSON
J. C. DE VILLIS, W. R. JOHNSON,
FOUNDERS OF THE BROOKLYN Y. M. C. A.



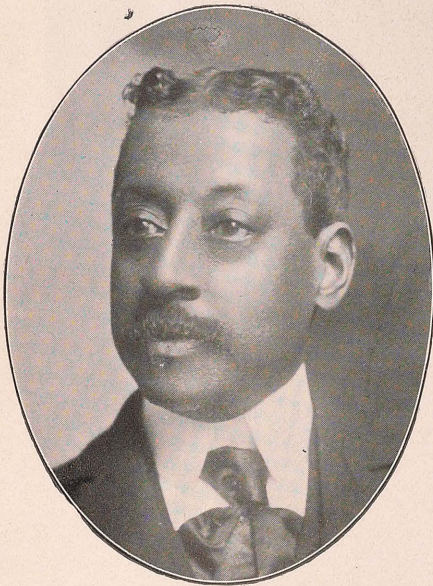
CARLTON AVE. BRANCH, Y. M. C. A.,
Brooklyn, N. Y.,
See page 117.



REV. ALEXANDER J. HENRY,
Bible Class Instructor.
(See page 119.)



W. EUGENE TYLER,
Recording Secretary.
(See page 118.)



F. H. GILBERT,
Chairman Financial Committee,
(See page 119.)



CHARLES H. BULLOCK,
Secretary,
(See page 118.)

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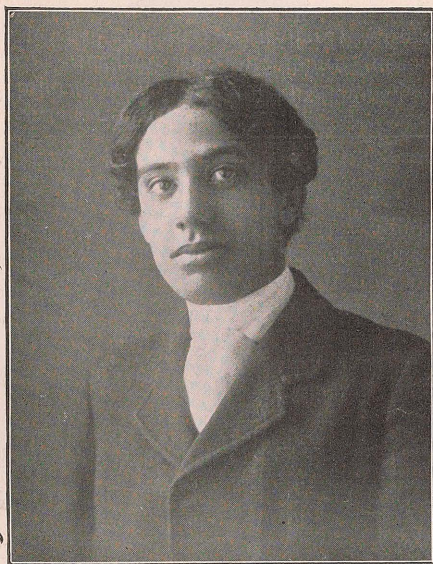
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living in Worcester, Mass. She is a graduate of the Worcester High School, an earnest worker in the church and Sunday school, and a member of the Standard Social Club of Worcester. Miss Jacobs also graduated from the St. Thomas High School.

Better than all her accomplishments, Miss Jacobs is a lady of the sweetest disposition and is greatly beloved by all her associates.

erician Magazine desire to say to their friends and patrons that important changes will be inaugurated beginning with the March issue. Circulars will be forwarded to all agents and to subscribers, setting forth new propositions, and new aims for carrying forward the work of the magazine to the highest possible success.

The article on Mrs. Jane Sharpe's African work was unavoidably crowded out of this month's issue; we shall endeavor



MR. WM. STANLEY BRAITHWAITE.

Mr. William Stanley Braithwaite is about to issue his first book of poems. We call the attention of our readers to his publisher's announcement in our advertising columns.

Mr. Braithwaite is a young Boston man, born some 24 years ago in that city. He early evinced a talent for writing which has in later years developed into a remarkable gift. We predict much for this young writer; there are no bounds to the possibilities of genius, and we look forward to seeing Mr. Braithwaite occupy a high position among the world's writers.

The management of The Colored Am-

to give a long and interesting account of this estimable woman in the March issue.

We beg leave to announce to our African and West Indian correspondents that we shall inaugurate a "CORNER" devoted to news from their sections. All information from residents of these sections will be gladly received and will be promptly inserted in our columns.

We are in receipt of cards announcing the engagement of Miss Theodora Holly and Dr. H. Perigord, both of Port-au-Prince, Hayti.

Miss Holly is the only daughter of the world-famous Bishop Holly of Hayti. The family is an honored one not only in Hay-



MR. J. R. CARTER,
Parkersburg, Va.
(See page 125.)

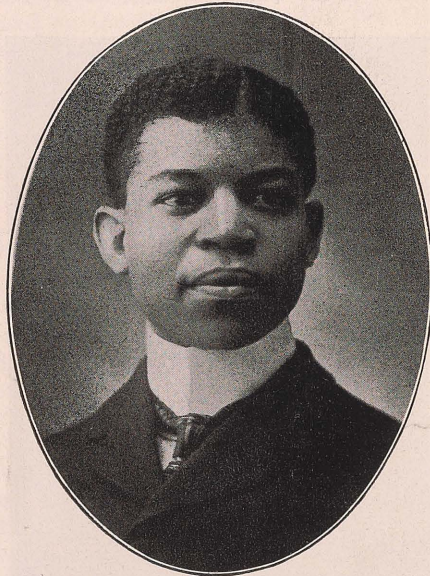
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ti, but in the United States as well, where the younger members have some time been educated. The editor of the Colored American Magazine treasures many pleasant memories of Dr. Arthur Cleveland Cox Holly while he attended Boston University some ten years ago.

The readers of the Colored American Magazine will recall that Miss Holly was the author of a remarkable series of articles on Haytian customs (illustrated)

most active in association with Garrison, Phillips and others in assisting in that movement. Since the close of the war he had been a man whom the freedmen could depend upon for wise advice and for needed assistance. Certain negro educational institutions at the South have owed a good deal of their success to his counsels and personal assistance. He grew up and lived with the conviction that a man, no matter what his immediate work in life



MR. SAMPSON B. MACKEY.

See page 125

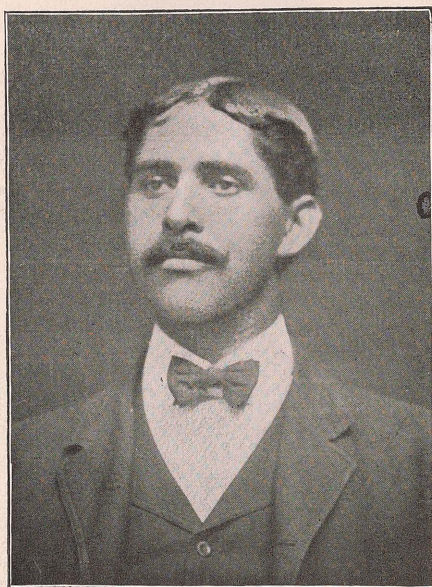
which appeared in the columns of the magazine.

Mr. Richard P. Hallowell, who died at his home in Medford on Tuesday morning, Jan. 6th, 1903, belonged to that class of Boston merchants which for generations past have given our city its moral standing in the world. A member by descent of the Society of Friends, Mr. Hallowell held tenaciously to the broad and deep ethical beliefs of the Quakers after he had seen reason to question their theological system. He was thus led in early life to become an earnest advocate of negro emancipation, and in the years preceding our civil war was one of the

might be, had put upon him certain duties toward humanity, and that he was false to his better self if he ignored these obligations. To him the duty at hand in his early manhood was the abolition of slavery, and his later efforts were directed to the work of doing what he could to extirpate in the colored people the evil effects of their race experiences in the past. It is, as we said above, to men such as Mr. Hallowell that our city owes a great deal of the distinction that it has attained of being a place where the mere material results of successful human effort count for less than in other places. From a time long before the revolutionary war down to

the present day, there have been with us active, prosperous business men who have been hard workers and often pioneers in disinterested movements for the betterment of mankind, men whose greatest aim in life it has been to do what they could for others rather than for themselves. Although a successful merchant, for many years the head of one of the largest wool commission houses of this city, Mr. Hallowell maintained by preference in his home life the quiet simplicity of his Qua-

ma Constitution which has fraudulently disfranchised so many of our best citizens. One of these cases was submitted to the Supreme Court January third without argument, and two others were argued by Mr. Smith on the following day, January fourth. The case submitted January third is the one in which a decision has now been handed down. It is a case carried to the Supreme Court to establish the right of Negroes to sit on Grand Juries in every Southern State, or wherever the



MR. J. P. JONES, MILLBORO, VA.

ker predecessors, showing in this, as in other respects, his belief in the broad principles of human equality.—Boston Herald.

Montgomery, Ala., Jan. 19.—The Associated Press dispatches today brought to the colored people of Montgomery and Alabama word as to the successful fruition of one of the cases carried to the United States Supreme Court by Hon. Wilford H. Smith, 150 Nassau street, New York City, the colored attorney who has represented them in the contests. Mr. Smith has been prosecuting in the State courts an attack upon the validity of the Alaba-

Negro is brought before State courts on criminal charges.

The following is the report sent out by the Associated Press, and establishes this right most clearly: "Washington, Jan. 18th.—The United States Supreme Court today reaffirmed the ruling made some time ago in the case of Carter vs. the State of Texas, to the effect that the exclusion of Negroes from grand juries in cases involving criminal charges against members of their race is in violation of the Constitution, and therefore not permissible. The decision was delivered by Justice Holmes, in the case of a resident

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of Alabama, named Dan Rogers, who was indicted for murder by a jury composed entirely of white men, and from which, it is charged, all negroes were excluded because of their color. The Supreme Court of the State upheld the regularity of the action, but Rogers brought it to the Federal Court on a writ of error, with the result that the decision of the State court was reversed, and the case remanded to the State courts for further proceedings not inconsistent with today's opinion.

"The decision was based on the Carter case, in which it was held that exclusion of all persons of the African race from a grand jury which finds indictment against a Negro in a State court, when they are

excluded entirely because of race or color, denied him equal protection of the laws, in violation of the fourteenth amendment of the Constitution of the United States, whether such exclusion is through action of the Legislature, or through the executive or administrative officers of the State."

Now it is up to the Negro people themselves to contend for their rights in this matter. The highest judicial tribunal in the land has vindicated the right of the Negroes to representation on grand juries, and our race throughout the Union owes Mr. Smith a debt of gratitude which it will hardly be able ever to pay.

DO NOT PEOPLE READ THE BIBLE WITH THEIR PREJUDICES?

*REV. J. ALLEN VINEY.

Having attended a meeting this evening at the Summer St. colored Baptist church, Nashville, Tenn., we listened to a sermon preached by a white minister, who in his preliminary remarks, stated that his own people forbade him preaching to the colored people lest it should work detrimentally to his general ministry. The words of Wendell Phillips in his lecture on Toussaint L'Ouverture, delivered in 1861, were recalled, namely, "You read history, not with your eyes, but with your prejudices," modifying the above quotation according to the subject of this article we venture to reply at least in part.

Bishop Tanner has said, "It is in place, however, to say that we are indebted to the Japhetic or white race for all our facts; for it is they alone in this day who do all the delving, all the discovering, all the translating, and all the concluding, and we all know that in all things that pertain to the race with which they are identified, they proceed on the thought that 'blood is thicker than water,' with them 'all roads lead to Rome.'" It is in this manner of their concluding that they

have failed to give us a true exposition of many passages in the Bible.

We will for instance take Exodus 4:24-26 and give the reader an example of the way in which our white brethren interpret the Scriptures. The text in question is this: "And it came to pass by the way in the inn, that the Lord met him and sought to kill him. Then Zipporah took a sharp stone, and cut off the foreskin of her son, and cast it at his feet, and said, Surely a bloody husband art thou to me—So he let him go; then she said, A bloody husband thou art, because of the circumcision."

Geikie, in a foot note in his "Hours With the Bible," has to say, "The incident of the circumcision of Gershon, the son of Moses, at the caravanserai, on the way to Egypt, is striking. Moses had neglected to perform the rite and was suddenly struck by severe illness, which he traced to this oversight of his duty. Zipporah learning the fact, forthwith circumcises the child and Moses presently recovers; on which Zipporah tells him that she had won him again for her bridegroom by the child's blood; that his life

is spared on account of it, and she has him as it were, given to her anew."

Geikie in three instances, as a wandering star, recedes as far from the light of the Scriptural text, as the nature of the case permits. Let us now notice the exposition of the Rev. George Rawlinson.

"The narrative of verses 24-26 is obscure from its brevity; but the most probable explanation of the circumstances is, that Zipporah had been delivered of her second son, Eliezer, some few days before she set out on her journey to Egypt. Child birth, it must be remembered, in the East does not incapacitate a person from exertion for more than a day or two. On the journey, the eighth day, from the birth of the child arrived, and his circumcision ought to have taken place; but Zipporah had a repugnance to the rite, and deferred it, Moses weakly consenting to the illegality. At the close of the eighth day, when Moses went to rest for the night, he was seized with a sudden and dangerous illness, which he regarded and rightly regarded, as a God-inflicted punishment, sent to chastise his sin in breaking the Divine command (Gen. xvii., 10-12). Zipporah understood the matter in the same way; and, as her husband was too ill to perform the rite, she herself with her own hand cut off her boy's foreskin, and, still indignant at what she had been forced to do, cast it at her husband's feet with the reproach,—'Surely a bloody husband art thou to me.'

The rite once performed, however reluctantly. God remitted his anger, and allowed Moses to recover his health, and pursue his journey." These writers got truly what they went after, for fishing in shallow water they caught only wiggletails.

We will now make a general criticism on their interpretation of the text.

1. They see in the text no more than a mere historical narrative.
2. They venture assertions which they cannot support.
3. They overlook entirely The Christ idea so obvious in the text.
4. Their exposition verges on to the

ludicrous: that is to say, they make it appear that God, who after having commissioned Moses in the most solemn terms, changed his mind and thereupon intercepted Moses while on his way to Egypt and sought to take his life; but Zipporah, coming to her husband's rescue, circumcised her son.

5. They find the text opened to an interpretation but leave it "sealed with seven seals."

The Bible is a spiritual temple standing upon but a single pillar, that is, the Atonement; and he, who would interpret Scripture without keeping his eye constantly fixed upon that, goes upon a fool's errand.

We will now proceed in a general way to give the exposition of the text in question.

The spiritual truth to be brought out of this passage is drawn from the family relation every part of which under a figure attests to some spiritual significance, the central thought being the Atonement.

In order to a better understanding of the text proper, we will attend upon some of the antecedents entering into the history of this family.

When Moses fled from Egypt he associated himself with the family of Jethro, who was wholly or in part of Hamitic descent and, therefore, belonged to the colored branch of the human family, as opposed to the prevailing complexion of both Semitic and Japhetic races. Moses married Zipporah, the daughter of Jethro, by whom he had two sons, Gershom, his first-born, who was duly circumcised, and Eliezer, whose circumcision, probably on account of Moses's absence, was neglected.

We now, as one passing out of nature into grace, leave behind us the mere prosaic facts of historical narrative and enter into the sphere of typical and symbolical relations. Moses standing before the burning bush, looked upon the symbolical representation of the Holy Trinity; the voice, the bush, the fire; accordingly when God revealed his name, it was "I Am That I Am." "I Am" is The

Father, "That" (or as the English often) "That Which" is Jesus Christ, who is called "That Which." (I. John 1:1), and again "I Am" is the Holy Spirit. Thus standing before the symbol of the Trinity Moses himself becomes the type of the "That Which" or Jesus Christ. The bush fittingly represented the humble shepherd's calling of both the type, who esteemed "the reproach of Christ greater riches than the treasures in Egypt" (Heb. 11:26), and Christ the Antitype, "Who being in the form of God, thought it not robbery to be equal with God; but made himself of no reputation, and took upon him the form of a servant," (Phil. 2: 6, 7).

The divinely prescribed ceremony necessary to Moses' induction into the office of this typical Christhood was the removal of the sandals from off his feet. He was permitted to retain the Shepherd's crook, the insignia of both his past and future calling, as well as a reminder of him who is the "good Shepherd."

The Christian ministry have always told us that the bush represented the Church in Egypt, but this is not true; a furnace, whether represented as smoking or burning, is a symbol of the Church in affliction. To rightly interpret Scripture, one must keep constantly in view the ideas of unity, trinity, and the Atonement, the latter being the connecting link between the Church idea and the Trinity. We will possibly surprise the reader when we say that Jethro now becomes a type of the Father, Zipporah, a type of the Holy Spirit, Gershom a type of the Jewish Church, and the little uncircumcised Eliezer, a type of the Gentiles in their unbelieving state, for being uncircumcised, he was under a curse. (Gen. 17: 14.)

The proof of these bare statements will be brought out during the course of our argument.

Upon receiving his commission, Moses proceeds to Egypt with his family; had they not represented some particular typical relation, they would have been allowed to continue their journey into Egypt; but no longer acting in a private capacity,

the Lord intercepted, not Moses, but his family.

The Exposition of The Text.

"And it came to pass by the way in the inn that the Lord met him and sought to kill him.

The Lord intercepted Moses' family in order to prevent Zipporah from taking Gershom into Egypt and to cut off Eliezer, the uncircumcised. Had Zipporah gone into Egypt with her circumcised son, according to her own typical relation, she would have prefigured the Holy Spirit leading the chosen people back into spiritual Egypt or sin, a thing which Israel was often minded to do, but their intentions were as often providentially overruled, Egypt itself being a symbol of sin.

As we have before observed, we are in a region of types and symbols, every thing that is now called into action prefigures some spiritual truth.

"The Lord sought to kill him," that is Eliezer, not Moses. The reason Eliezer's name has not been mentioned before, nor even now, is because in his typical relation, he represents the uncircumcised Gentiles, and none but believers are "counted" with God. "The Lord shall count, when he writeth up the people, that this man was born there." (Ps. 87: 6. See the whole Psalm.) Moses could not circumcise him, for he was the type of Christ. Zipporah being a type of the Holy Spirit performed the rite of circumcision, thus representing the work of the Holy Spirit who this day circumcises the Gentiles. (Rom. 2: 28, 29.)

After the circumcision, She cast the bloody foreskin at Moses which touched his feet, staining them with the blood of the circumcision. The curse now being rolled off Eliezer (Josh. 5: 9), it was formally transferred, for the Gentiles, to Jesus Christ. The devil brought the curse and put it on the race. (Gen. 3, 4, 5). God finding a substitute promised to put the curse on his Son (Gen. 3: 15), Noah pronounced the curse upon Christ (Gen. 9: 25), Zipporah transferred the curse (Exodus 4: 25), John the Baptist;

introduced the Curse. (Gal. 3: 13, John 1: 36). The sons of Shem rejected the Curse (Luke 9: 22), the children of Japheth crucified the Curse (Matt. 27: 35), and Christ having tasted the Curse, satisfied his Father, and threw it back to the devil whence it came (Heb. 1: 3), and rose from the dead.

Zipporah said, "A bloody husband thou art, because of the circumcision." She, as a type of the Holy Spirit, could not raise up children unto Moses without the shedding of blood. She must either circumcise them or lose them, nor can the Holy Spirit raise up children unto Christ without the shedding of blood. They must be either born of the Spirit or be lost. (John 3:5, Heb. 9:22). Jethro being the type of the Father, Zipporah returns to him with her children (John 14: 2), Moses delivering the Hebrews encamped "at the mount of God" (Exodus 18:5), where we now stand in the presence of the symbol of the Trinity. The bush is now transformed into a majestic mountain (John 20:16, 17), the fire and the voice are unchanged for God is immutable.

The fire that burned in the bush burns now on the mountain, and the voice that uttered commands from the bush commands now from the mountain. Jesus is no longer the despised Son of Mary, but the great Majesty in the heavens. A Great Mystery as seen under the light of the Trinity

A Great Mystery as Seen Under the Light of the Trinity.

When the Hebrews were led out of Egypt they were brought out under the conduct of a human Trinity which was typical of the Holy Trinity, namely, Moses, Aaron, and Miriam. Micah 6:4 says, "For I brought thee up out of the land of Egypt, and redeemed thee out of the house of servants; and I sent before thee Moses, Aaron and Miriam." Miriam, the third person of the typical Trinity represented the Holy Spirit, but when Jethro the type of the Father brought his colored daughter Zipporah,

the type of the Holy Spirit, and her children and presented them to Moses, Zipporah completely overshadowed Miriam, who forfeited her typical character; this is the origin of Miriam and Aaron's sedition against Moses, for having "married an Ethiopian woman," for now the typical trinity became Jethro, Moses and Zipporah.

When Jethro gave his daughter and her children to Moses he prefigured what is written in Hebrews 2:13, "Behold I and the children which God has hath given me," and also Matt. 3:16.

Jethro the Hamite, the type of the Father, overshadows Moses in three respects, 1. He instructs him how to govern the Hebrew nation. 2. He makes a feast at which he himself presides. 3. He blesses Moses, Aaron, and all the people. (Heb. 7:7).

Now Miriam had figured before this as the leading female character of the Hebrew nation, but she found herself completely eclipsed when Zipporah the Hamite came. It has been a question who this Ethiopian woman was with whom Miriam reproached Moses; when all things are taken into consideration, we are much inclined to believe that she was not Zipporah, but as Josephus says, a woman of Ethiopia in Africa and therefore a genuine black Negress. Zipporah, was of fairer complexion but nevertheless a colored woman, whom white Christian America calls "the inferior race" and concerning whom some of our white Christian commentators leave a hint behind. Now Moses it is certain married an Ethiopian woman, which we would not have known so far as Scripture is concerned if Miriam had not lost her better judgment, but she let the secret out. And it is by the aid of this little piece of, but important, information, we propose to discuss in the next month's issue of this magazine "The Period of the Negro's Political Dominion." Our white brethren have betrayed their prejudices by trying to exclude the Negro from the Bible, but their task is a hopeless one in view of an impartial interpretation of the Word of God.

THE RISE AND FALL OF PEOPLES AND NATIONS.

CHARLES S. WILLIAMS.

In the long past, in the far away East, peoples and the nations formed by them, grew step by step, it is probable, towards and finally becoming grand peoples; capable, influential and powerful because of the great progress made from the low conditions in their early existence. In the course of time, perhaps many centuries, the tides turned, for reasons not now known, they lost their positions of prominence and power, drifting down back to low conditions, finally it may be some of them becoming parts of other nations. Among those far away peoples and nations of great prominence were: it seems reasonably probable, black peoples who were the ancestors of Negro peoples of late centuries and those who are citizens of this nation. Created by the All-Wise Father with black skin for reasons of his own and, He, being the Father of all, His people, a Father equally just to all, the black peoples went up to great prominence and down with the others probably for very similar reasons.

It may have been great wealth and prosperity, creating a tendency to ease, comfort, luxury, pleasure and fun along with selfishness as individuals. Caring only for themselves, growing into neglect of the general welfare—careless and indifferent as to governmental affairs, as the people of this nation, an organization designed to care for the common interest of all its people, now are. After these rising and falling peoples and their nations in the far distant past came Assyria, Babylon, Egypt, Persia, Greece and Rome, also in the long past; rising from low conditions to prominence and falling. Going the way of all nations.

This great nation of which we are so proud and of right should be, its people a mixture, a conglomerate of all the peoples of Europe along with a small draft from Africa and hardly as yet become of a national type. But it would seem in the progress made, an improvement over

all others of this age. Notwithstanding is is now only about three centuries since this people began the formative work in the process of creating a new people and nation for the welfare of all its people—and besides were hampered greatly by the enslavement of members of another people and the unfortunate influence coming therefrom.

Within these three centuries, with a degree of rapid progress unknown with any other people, coming within our knowledge, we seem to have arrived at the summit where, with the nations of great prominence preceding us in the long past; the tide turned and they commenced the descent down to the low position from whence they came.

Upon that summit of national greatness we are in the midst of unusual prosperity and the tendency to ease, comfort, luxury, pleasure and fun, in our individual and selfish interest, are with us; with a general and growing disposition for the accumulation of money. From all of which has come a serious neglect and unconcern for the general welfare and the affairs of government, so essential and necessary in a nation organized by and for its people.

In connection with the above; so detrimental to progress and the betterment, uplifting of the people, there came to some of this people who, by inheritance and education from the centuries of that enslavement of certain members of the human family, an aristocracy of selfishness, habits of tyranny and in certain types of them so inheriting a degree of cruelty in excess of that found among the uncivilized and savage tribes of past ages. Many of the things charged in Robertson's History of Western Europe, against religion, have been, and are being repeated in our Southern states during the past near forty years, against the descendants of that enslaved people.

There is a Controlling Influence

among our Southern people, an outgrowth from slavery, having an influence in all matters relating to Negroes, equal that of the Pope in those early days, which has been freely exercised since the civil war, to annul the act of emancipation and the amendments of the constitution granting citizenship and suffrage to the Freedmen and protection in their rights under them. To that end that controlling power decreed that the Southern states were a white man's country, that Negroes should have no part in governmental affairs nor in the social life of that white people, and promulgated a code of unwritten laws relating to Negroes, to carry out that unjust decree.

Under these laws, thousands of Negroes have been slaughtered with the shot gun and otherwise, to intimidate and prevent that people from taking part in affairs—other thousands lynched or burned alive at the stake on the charge of crime, of which they were many times innocent; and, when arrested and convicted of any trivial misdemeanor, were punished as provided by the unwritten law, far more severely than were white men for similar offences. From these improper, cruel and unjustifiable acts there came an education to the children of that white people, many of them now grown to manhood and in recent years many of them rejoicing at an opportunity and enjoying the fun of helping to lynch a Negro, or see one burned alive at the stake.

Along with this unfortunate education from Southern barbarism and injustice, there came from the pulpit, the platform and the pen, in many parts of the nation, from some ministers and other men of education, who had accepted and were following the teachings of political demagogues, and teaching that our governments state and national were corrupt—legislation controlled by the courts in the interest of capital and against the people and the courts controlled by the men with millions of money which had been accumulating by robbing the poor.

This education, by ministers and others more unfortunate, it is probable, than

the former, became so far reaching, has drawn in many additional teachers and been very successful in educating many citizens, even quite a number of the intelligent. Some prominent political aspirants seem to have graduated from that unfortunate school and are industriously at work, in spreading the charges put forth by ministers and others, the tendency of which, with the other unfortunate teachings, is to place this nation on the descending grade to that low plane of life, from which its people, heretofore, along with very many of their ancestors have been laboring and struggling to get away from.

Some results of that teaching and a slight move on the descending grade are already with us. The assassination of that grand and noble man, William McKinley, he a product of a nation organized by people in the interest of its people and all who may become its people; where the sons of poor laboring men can occupy any position in the gift of the people up to the highest, became capable, prominent and popular advisers and leaders of the people; become rich in this world's goods, yes, millionaires. Where they do fill all the prominent places above mentioned. Assassinated by one who had been taught by some ministers as above, who by their teachings cultivated into life and vigor, in that young assassin, a germ of hatred against ruling powers, inherited from far back European ancestors, but lying dormant in this country where the great people govern, until restored to life by such unfortunate teachings. Why should he not commit that great crime, having that germ of hatred, being endowed with an ancestral courage and a love for the poor and oppressed, whom this government was defrauding for the benefit of the rich, as was being taught here among this people? That education is cultivating, has already cultivated, similar germs in other persons having similar inheritance, and we must not be surprised if other assassinations follow.

These unfortunate teachings are like-

wise responsible for another wide step towards and down that descending grade. The very harmful organizations of labor unions, class organizations, foreign, absolutely foreign in a government of the people. Having no place here among this people. The only union admissible is a union of the people, in a broad and generous interest for all the people. Labor unions are class organizations, arraying classes against each other with very strong tendencies to anarchy and strife; as shown in many labor strikes. Anarchy pure and simple—far more detrimental and dangerous to a people than the assassination of a president or men of many millions.

There is many times some reason perhaps excuse for the act of the assassin who takes the life of one prominent in a government or the life of a large possessor of money, accumulated by robbing the poor, as taught. If his far away ancestors have been cruelly wronged by ruling powers in the old country, creating naturally, a hatred against such, which had been cultivated by similar wrongs for generations and transmitted to some among this peoples where the folly and shameful teachings by enthusiast, cultivated and restored that germ of hatred to life, led them to commit the overt act. But no reason nor excuse for the organization of class, strife, of labor strikes here in this government of the people, when the people rule; where it is their duty to rule.

With all these existing facts, facts without a question, enthusiast as ministers and others above stated continue on in their unfortunate, truly improper and dangerous teachings, on the mistaken plea of working for the welfare of the people.

At the same time a large majority of the people, especially those who are capable, influential and the true friends of stable and honest rule, in the interest of all the people, seem to be entirely uncon-

cerned, as to these great wrongs, devoting their time and means to trivial objects; careless and indifferent to Southern barbarisms, cruelty and injustice to our citizens having African blood in their veins; to the unfortunate education coming therefrom, and from the teachings that our governments are corrupt, controlled by the money power in the interest of capital and against the people.

The barbarisms, cruelties and injustice to Negro citizens; the arbitrary acts of labor unions in disturbing business interests of the people to the serious detriment and many times injury to health of vast numbers of them, as in the fuel famine of last winter; their tyrannical acts of preventing independent labor men from working who prefer to act on their own judgment rather than under the dictation and direction of a self-constituted boss or walking delegate and boycotting the business of those who employ them.

All of such acts clearly foreign to a people's government, having no place where the people rule. These unlawful acts in violation of the right of citizens along with that unfortunate teachings by enthusiasts are unmistakably leading to the descending grade down to the lower plane from which man has been struggling for long periods of time to get away from.

What can be said and done to arouse the capable and influential from this unfortunate indifference to the welfare of this people and nation? Who and where are the men, yes, and women of ability and influence, who will come out from their ease, comfort and selfishness and set the ball in motion, to arouse this people to resume their duty as citizens of a people's government, crushing out the barbarism of the South, the arbitrary and tyrannical acts of labor unions, and the erroneous and unfortunate teachings? All seriously shamefully unjust and very harmful.

LIFE BEYOND.

CHARLES T. SMITH

Does life exist beyond this land
Of pain, of sorrow and distress,
Where mortal's sickness is unknown,
And Christians are ever at rest?
Shall we his goodness imitate?
We do believe, we trust, we wait.

Does life exist beyond the skies
Where Living Truth and Angels dwell,
Where the Spirit of God abides
And the Angelic hosts dispel
All earthly fear, all pain and ache?
We only trust, believe and wait.

Does life exist beyond the sun
Where our innocent children go?
Will their pure lives forever shun
The mean and sinful world below?
Pray, who can tell? Can you relate?
For we don't know, we trust, we wait.

Does life exist beyond the stars
Where no sin and darkness enter?
Where Cherubims and Seraphims
Do around the white throne centre?
Again, we ask — reiterate —
For we don't know, we trust, we wait.

Does life exist beyond the moon
That casteth its beautiful rays
Upon the river and lagoon,
And there maketh artistic shades?
Shall you and I there habitate?
We do not know, we trust, we wait.

Does life exist beyond the eyes
Of supernatural vision,
Where the Trinity — One — presides
O'er all eternal creation?
Pray, why drop thou in pensive state?
For we can't tell, we trust, we wait.

Does life exist beyond this globe?
Ask the silent brook in motion;
Ask nature in its sweetest robe;
Ask the sea and noisy ocean.
Perhaps, you can, unto us state?
For we don't know, we trust, we wait.

Does life exist beyond this life?
He in that pageantry could teil;
The soldiers with their drum and fife
Bear him on, mid the tolling bell
Still is his voice! Why meditate?
For we don't know, we trust, we wait.

Does life exist beyond this life?
My friend, the Book of Books says so;
We know that life below is strife,
Full of sorrow, misery, woe,
Believe in what that Book relates,
Patiently watch, pray, trust and wait.

COMMERCIAL EDUCATION.

M. LULU HILL.

A man's achievements in trade and commerce depend in no small measure upon his capacity for education. This we call "Commercial Education." In this year of grace, 1903, stenographic instruction has attained a high plane. Shorthand writing has undergone many changes and progressions in the last twenty years.

The business school in its advertising is ever pointing out the road to wealth. If a student is to become a first-class bookkeeper or stenographer, he must do something besides play. He must learn the use of downright drudgery and hard work. He who learns the worth of labor, and the joy of labor, will enter upon any business with prospects of success.

The students are to be men first, last, and all the time, and never thieves. Men and women are to be examples of noble ideals. They are to be awakened and inspired by coming in contact with the business world. If I were asked to change the character of a young person in the shortest possible time, I would place him with the type of man or woman whom I wished him to be like.

Constant association is a strong element in encouraging personal growth.

It is a mistake to always judge the value of a position by the salary paid. I consider salary a secondary consideration in judging of a position, and would so impress upon the mind of the young stenographer. Stenography is a stepping-stone to something higher.

Some of our most successful business men started as stenographers or bookkeepers. There is a great demand in our New Possessions for young people with commercial educations. Our young Afro-Americans should grasp the opportunity. A man without a business education is like a house built upon a sandy foundation.

It therefore behooves all young people who expect to make their mark in the world, to become thoroughly acquainted with the business world.

Education is not all that is needed, but there must be a basis of character. There must be a business integrity, sterling honesty, absolute reliability, that can come only as an expression of high character. These qualities are within the power of all to cultivate.

STORY OF A DAY.

It's the dawn that signals duty,
Twilight gird for the fray,
Mid-day says God speed you,
Evening, we must away.

LEST WE FORGET.

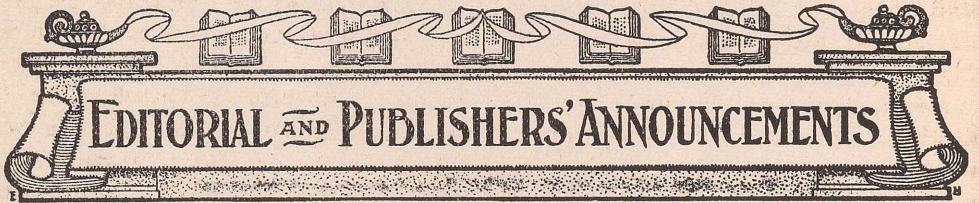
RUDYARD KIPLING.

God of our fathers, known of old —
 Lord of our far-flung battle line,
 Beneath Whose awful Hand we hold
 Dominion over palm and pine —
 Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
 Lest we forget — lest we forget !

Far-called our navies melt away —
 On dune and headland sinks the fire —
 Lo, all our pomp of yesterday
 Is one with Nineveh and Tyre !
 Judge of the Nations, spare us yet,
 Lest we forget — lest we forget.

The tumult and the shouting dies —
 The captains and the kings depart ;
 Still stands Thine ancient Sacrifice,
 An humble and a contrite heart.
 Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
 Lest we forget — lest we forget !

If drunk with sight of power we loose
 Wild tongues that have not Thee in
 awe —
 Such boasting as the Gentiles use,
 Or lesser breeds without the law —
 Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
 Lest we forget — lest we forget !



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The management of The Colored American Magazine desire to say to their friends and patrons that important changes will be inaugurated beginning with the March issue. Circulars will be forwarded to all agents and to subscribers, setting forth new propositions, and new aims for carrying forward the work of the magazine to the highest possible success.

The article on Mrs. Jane Sharpe's African work was unavoidably crowded out

of this month's issue; we shall endeavor to give a long and interesting account of this estimable woman in the March issue.

We beg leave to announce to our African and West Indian correspondents that we shall inaugurate a "CORNER" devoted to news from their sections. All information from residents of these sections will be gladly received and will be promptly inserted in our columns.

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SHAKESPEARE'S WOMEN.

MATILDA B. CARTER.

Our young men and women in all institutions of learning, from the public schools to the highest colleges, should be taught to know and appreciate Shakespeare, for they will find his work a veritable Golconda.

In beauty and purity of diction we find no writings to equal his, always excepting the Book of Books. He sounds the whole gamut of human emotions. Mirth, pathos, wit, wisdom, and anger are so vividly portrayed by his pen that we are ever ready to laugh with his Falstaff, weep with his Lear, pity his Hamlet, despise his Shylock, and hate his Iago.

And nowhere do we find such lofty ideal of womanhood. In the galaxy of women which he has given to the world we find them pure, noble, and true, with but few exceptions, and even these are endowed with a certain nobility of nature, an unselfishness which we can but admire, while we are forced to condemn. As we read about and study his women, we unconsciously grow to think of them as in real life; we go with them through their noble resolves to effect some good or grand purpose, or with sympathy through their failures, the shattering of their hopes, and often their lives, and we are made better for having known them. Amid the grosser passions of the play their womanly graces shine out like stars in the midnight sky.

Shakespeare gives to Hamlet an Ophelia, loyal and tender, but in her sweet implicity, her lack of knowledge

of the wickedness and crafts of human nature, she fails to understand the trials and passions that sway the Prince when he tries to decide whether it be not nobler in the mind to suffer the stings and arrows of outrageous fortune, or to take arms against a sea of troubles, and by opposing, end them. She can give him only her love and sympathy. After he has slain her father she becomes the sufferer. No revenge or hatred enters her gentle breast; she suffers uncomplainingly until reason is dethroned and she, at last, sinks into the grave, the passive victim of another's sins and ambitious designs. We find Lady Macbeth an exact antithesis of Ophelia; she is ambitious, active, and cruel, but in her turbid breast the "milk of human kindness" is not wholly lacking, for she cannot bring herself to slay the helpless king who resembles her father as he lays sleeping before her. When Macbeth, through her influence, has done the deed notwithstanding the callousness with which she reassures him, when he dares not look upon what he has done, telling him that "the sleeping and the dead are but as pictures," she sinks beneath the weight of her crime; in her troubled sleep she is ever haunted by "Duncan's silver skin, laced with his golden blood." While we see the wicked passions predominating in this misguided woman, we also see the unselfish devotion which she bears her lord, sacrificing peace, hope, and life to gain for him the crown of Scotland.

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