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AN ILLUSTRATED MONTHLY DEVOTED TO LITERATURE, SCIENCE, MUSIC, ART, RELIGION, FACTS, FICTION AND TRADITIONS OF THE NEGRO RACE

Miss LAURA BENNETT,
Brooklyn, N. Y.

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CONTENTS FOR MARCH, 1901.

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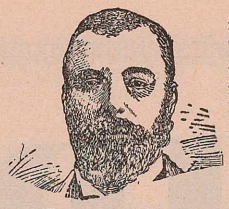

City, Aug. 10, 1893.—To whom it may concern: I feel it my duty also in the interest of humanity for me to write these few lines that others may be benefited as I have been. I am 60 years old and have long been a sufferer. At one time I had made my will and prepared to die. I suffered with the dropsy and a combination of other diseases and could get no relief until I met Mr. B. Mitchell, who has an office at 2528 State street. I went under his treatment, was soon a much improved woman, and now I can say I have good health.

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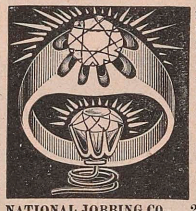

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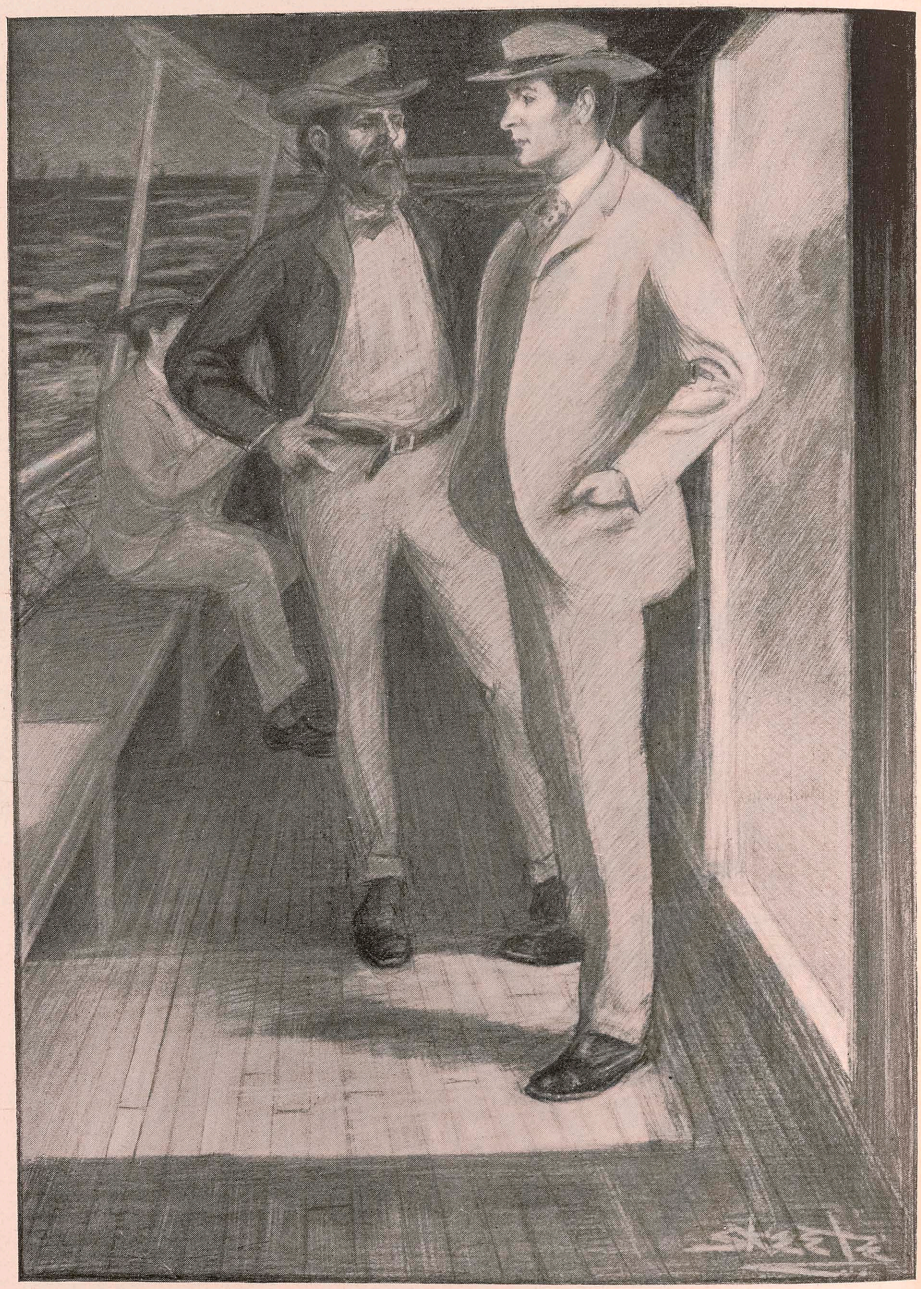


"I'D DO ANYTHING THAT WOULD BREAK THIS CURSED LUCK I'M HAVING."

(*See page 352*)

THE COLORED AMERICAN MAGAZINE.

VOL. II. MARCH, 1901. NO. 5.

BUFFALO AND THE PAN-AMERICAN EXPOSITION.

HON. JAMES A. ROSS, BUFFALO, N. Y.

BUFFALO, the Pan-American city, is perennially attractive. In winter and summer, in spring and fall, unlike many other cities it maintains its interest to tourist, traveler and pleasure-seeker. Situated on Lake Erie and the Niagara River, it commands a magnificent view of the Canadian shores and the Blue Chautauqua Hills, and is within but a few minutes' ride of Niagara Falls. No better selection could have been made wherein to hold an exposition of such importance and magnitude than the above beautiful city of Buffalo. It is true that this country has witnessed many events, but the Pan-American Exposition will outrank all preceding affairs that have been held. The interest that has been manifested by Pan-American countries since the inception of the carrying out of the ideas that were moulded by the late Hon. James G. Blaine while secretary of state, has been very general. The personal effort put forward by Governor Roosevelt, while governor of the Empire State, is a guarantee of its success, and the Vice-President should be particularly complimented for his favorable consideration of placing a member of the Afro-American race on the State Board of Control of the Pan-American State Building. The official roster of the officers of the company may be quoted as evincing the reasons why it is bound to be a grand *success*, with Buffalo's leading

OFFICIAL EMBLEM OF THE EXPOSITION

merchants, manufacturers, statesmen and citizens connected with it in a very whole-souled manner. It is under the management of Hon. W. I. Buchanan, director-general, who possesses all of the necessary qualifications that are needed for this important position. A keen discerner of men, a friend of

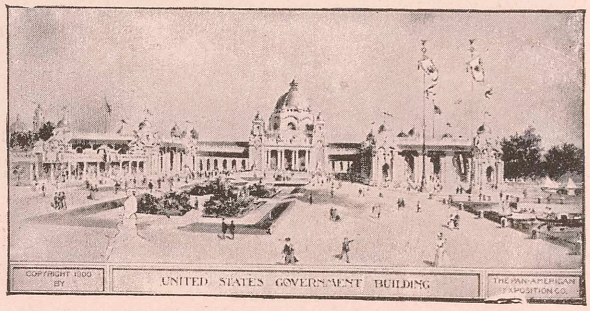
the Afro-American race, and alike in many respects to ex-President Cleveland, he has been extraordinarily successful in the selection of proficient gentlemen as heads of the various

HON. JAMES A. ROSS,
Buffalo, N. Y.
Journalist, Lawyer and Orator.

departments. The race is to be complimented in having a true friend among other heads of departments in Mr. Peabody, in the department of Liberal Arts. He has always manifested much interest in the education of the race, and favors everything that is elevating. The feature that will precede all others, from a racial standpoint, will be the Negro Exhibit which was seen at the Paris Exposition, under the directorate of Prof. T. J. Calloway. Much could be said concerning this exhibit, but it must be seen to be appreciated. Hon. John G. Milburn, president of the Pan-American Exposition, is a resident of Buffalo, and one of Buffalo's leading lawyers, and has distinguished himself as an orator of much ability.

At the Pan-American Exposition will be shown the largest display of electrical machinery and appliances ever presented at one time. Nearly every article will be of the very latest design, and the visitor may expect novelties without number in this interesting division. The Electricity Building is of very rich and beautiful design, having a broad loggia on the southern side, while the roof line is broken with domed towers.

The Service Building was the first structure erected on the Exposition grounds. It is the administrative headquarters of the Exposition, all the officers whose presence is required upon the grounds having their headquarters there. All around the Service Building the grounds have been given up to the horticultural and floral decoration that will embellish the entire Exposition plot.



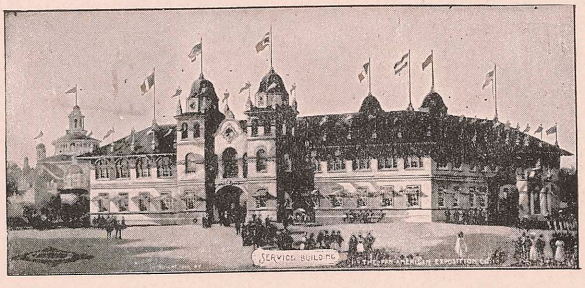
The United States government is spending $500,000 upon its group of three great buildings and the exhibits to be contained in the same. The several departments of the government will make very complete displays. In addition to these will be new exhibits from the Hawaiian and Philippine Islands, Tutuila, Guam, Porto Rico, and Cuba. Among the more important features will be the great exhibit of the Fisheries Department, the Weather Bureau, exhibits from the mint, naval and war exhibits, and many others. Of particular interest will be the big gun exhibit — a group of three immense pieces of ordnance being mounted immediately at the north of the main Government Building.

The Stadium shows the massive and beautiful character of the architecture. This will be a very large structure, and during the Exposition season there will be held an athletic carnival of particular interest. The entrance to the Stadium is a large building having an arcaded arrangement on the ground floor. The upper floors are to be used for restaurant purposes, and waiters employed speaking all tongues and representing all races.

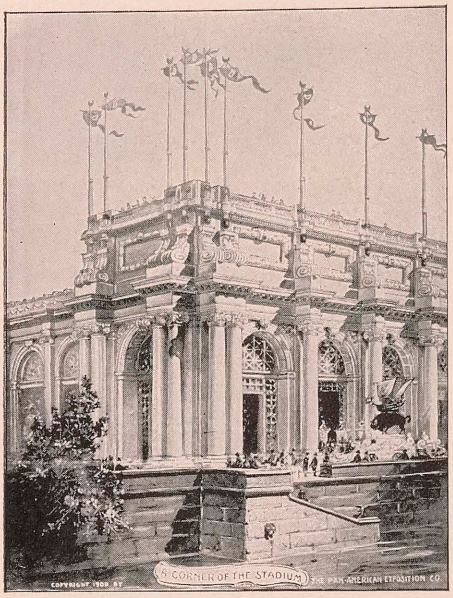
HON. W. I. BUCHANAN,
Director-General.

HON. JOHN G. MILBURN,
President.

The illustration herewith shows the western end of the Propylæa. This is an architectural ornament of very

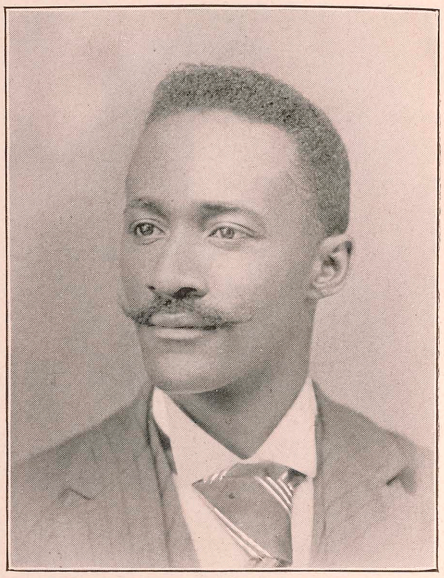


beautiful and imposing design. It marks the northern boundary of the plaza, and is designed as a screen, separating the Exposition from the noise and smoke incident to the traffic of steam railways which pass the Exposition grounds upon the northern side. The Propylæa is five hundred feet long, with a massive towered entrance at each end.

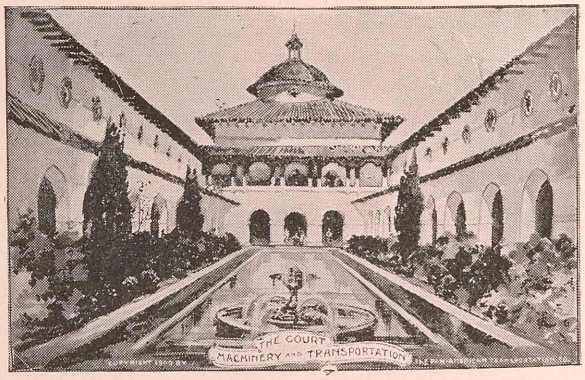


A tropical court in the Machinery and Transportation Building will be one of the special attractions. It is one of the many beautiful features of the Exposition, consisting of an open space, made brilliant with flowers, and a sparkling fountain in the center of a cool and clear basin of water. About this court will be arranged comfortable seats, where the visitor may rest and enjoy the beauty of the shrubs and flowers.

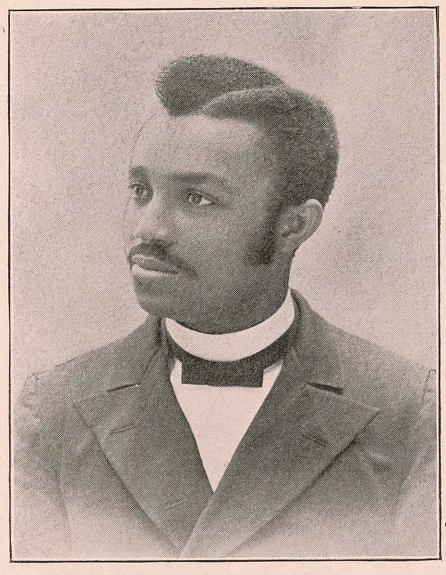
It would be no difficult task to spend hours in the effort to describe the beautiful buildings and exhibits that will be seen in Buffalo at the Pan-American Exposition. The interest that is manifested by the race in holding conventions in Buffalo beginning in May is a guarantee that



JAMES R. MASON,
Buffalo, N. Y.
Secretary of the Afro-American Investment Company.

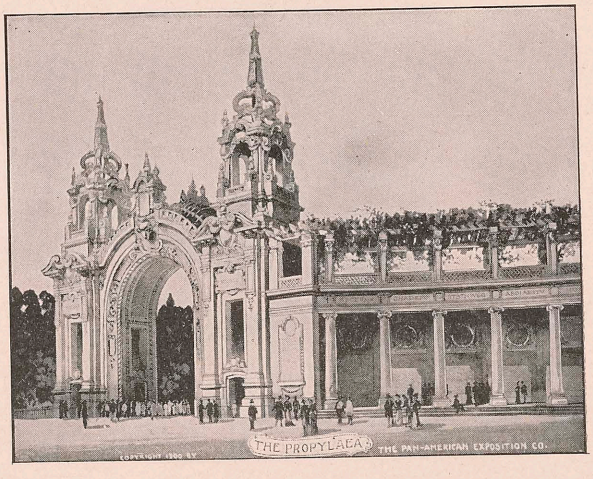


REV. J. C. AYLER,
Buffalo, N. Y.
Pastor A. M. E. Church and President Political Science Club.

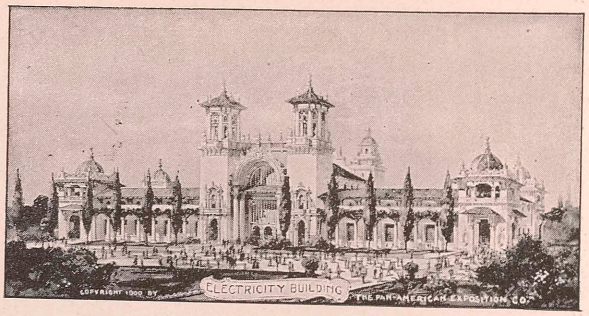


REV. JESSE NASH,
Buffalo, N. Y.
Pastor Baptist Church.

thousands of Afro-Americans will visit the Bison city to witness an Exposition that without doubt will surpass all former enterprises in six important features. (1st) In elaborate and beautiful electric lighting effects. (2d) In the splendor of its hydraulic and fountain arrangement, a stately canal over a mile long encircling the buildings. (3d) In exquisite horticultural and floral embellishments, a wall of foliage surrounding the Exposition; rare plants and brilliant flowers adorning the entire grounds. (4th) In original statuary and plastic ornamentation; more than 125 groups of American sculpture. (5th) In the richness of its color decorations, all buildings to be tinted in beautiful and harmonious shades. (6th) In the magnificence of its court settings, the court area being much larger than at any former Exposition, producing vistas of exceptional grandeur.



The Afro-American citizens of Buffalo are making arrangements to entertain all who visit the city. The various clubs, namely, the Fortnightly, the Loyal Union, the Phyllis Wheatley, Political Science Club, Samaratain, and Elite Circle, which are composed of colored ladies, are manifesting great interest in making the Exposition a success. The Citizen Committee, with headquarters at 117 Clinton, will furnish literature and particulars of any description pertaining to the Pan-American or accommodation during the Exposition free of charge by applying to Secretary of Citizen Colored Committee at above address. We present the names and cuts of some of the leading colored citizens who are doing yeoman service in solving the problem of the race in the commercial and professional field: Hon. W. H. Crosby, telegraph editor *Daily Times;* Henry H. Lewis, with City Bank; F. L. Watkins, M.D.; J. W. Peterson, president Afro-American Investment Co.; W. Percival, A. M. Thomas, lawyers; W. H. Myers, H. Coleman, O. Brown, caterers; Wm. H. Bartlett, city treasurer's office; R. H. Jolley, Internal Revenue office; Nelson Fairbush, chief clerk enquiry department Post-office; H. Bowe, W. U. P. R.R. Co.; Wm. H. Talbert, real estate; Garret R. Tucker, undertaker; George Gilliard, Metropolitan Bank; Dudley Simms, furniture; and many others that space will not permit us to mention. That the Pan-American Exposition will be a grand success, is beyond question. That all members of the race who visit the city of Buffalo during the coming summer will enjoy this, the greatest of all American Expositions to date, there is not the least question of a doubt.



THE OLD FOLKS' HOME OF CHICAGO.

(With brief mention of the Charity Ball held on Feb. 13, 1901.)

MORRIS LEWIS.

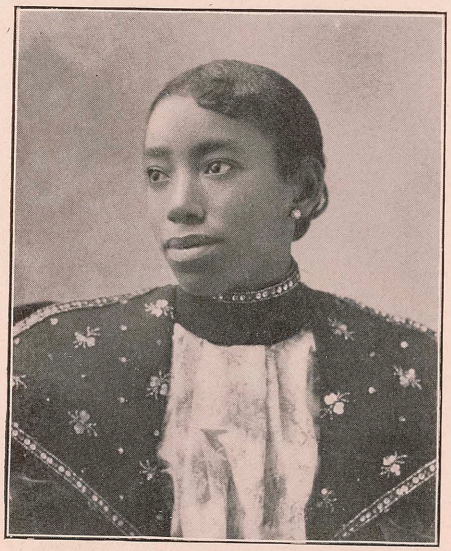
IN the West there is no more successful and prosperous institution among colored people than the "Old Folks' Home" of Chicago, presided over by Major John C. Buckner. This Home, while enjoying a substantial gift from one who is able, has been maintained in the greatest part by contributions and donations from the colored people themselves. This in marked contrast to the success of some of our most worthy charities who receive continuous assistance from those not members of our race. So I say this institution, not endowed, should be justly proud of items in their Second Annual Report such as "Mrs. J. G. Jones, donation of five pounds of buckwheat," "Girls' League of Bethel Church, donation of forty-eight oranges, fourteen apples, two pounds of sugar, one pound of coffee." These are only specimens of the many entries that go to show that the colored people in this particular instance are first trying to help themselves.

No more noble spirit could have been manifested than that which animated those who are responsible for the initiation of the Old Folks' Home, and those who have labored to make our people worthy of the many attentions shown in this connection by a generous public toward a Negro charity. A horse and wagon for the Home was purchased out of funds donated by the colored people.

The Home for the Aged and Infirm Colored People, commonly known as the Old Folks' Home, was originally instituted by Mrs. Gabriella Smith, on Forty-seventh street, Chicago, which began with three or four inmates during the year 1897. The Home prospered under the management of Mrs. Smith, assisted by Mrs. Joe C. Snowden and Mrs. J. T. Stewart, upon whom fell the responsibility of the rent, together with the maintenance. While in a successful condition the Home was visited

MAJ. JOHN C. BUCKNER,
President of the Home.

by fire and entirely burned out. Newspaper reports of the sad occurrence reached the ears of Mrs. Bena Morrison, an old German lady, who at once became interested in the work for the aged colored people. She immediately set to work to hunt up those who were interested, and upon finding Mrs. Smith, she related to her how she would like to do something for the colored people



MRS. WM. E. EMANUEL,
Chicago, Ill.

before she died, and stated that if the colored people would take care of it, she would present to them a house and lot. This she did, and it is the present Home located at 610 Garfield Boulevard.

The joy of the promoters of the original Home can well be imagined upon their being apprised of this providential gift to the then truly needy Home, for it was without funds, shelter, or food.

Immediately plans were devised to manage the new Home, and the following Board of Directors were entrusted with the first work in connection with the present Home:

John C. Buckner, Joseph H. Hudlun, J. M. Johnson, Samuel S. Paul, Miss Carrie Wicks, Lloyd G. Wheeler, Julius N. Avendorph, Dr. G. C. Hall, Mrs. Charles E. Bentley, Mrs. M. V. Deatherage, Mrs. Gabriella Smith, Mrs. John G. Jones, Mrs. Jerry Stewart, Mrs. J. D. Morris, Mrs. Joe C. Snowden. This Board, which organized April 13, 1898, found itself in possession of a splendid house and lot situated on one of Chicago's boulevards; and in addition, the Home was furnished throughout by this good woman. What gratitude this Board had to offer to a divine providence for this lavish display of favoritism to the old and indigent colored people! What an inspiration for untiring labor to make our race worthy of this great gift! And, too, how the heart must fill with thanks and gladness when in addition to the Home a piece of property at 620 Fifty-seventh street was also given to the organization as a sort of endowment, from which a good revenue is derived to carry on this good and noble work.

The Home is organized for the purpose of affording a place for the old and indigent colored people, and is open to all. Persons over sixty years of age, of good moral character, are eligible to admission upon the payment of one hundred dollars, which covers the remainder of their time at the Home, and guarantees a Christian burial at death.

Prayer-meetings and song services

are held regularly at the Home. An organ and piano add to the cheerfulness of the house and help to pleasantly pass away the hours of these good old people who live there.

Attending physicians take care of the health of the inmates. This service has been performed by Dr. George C. Hall, Dr. Price, Dr. Marie Fellows, Dr. A. B. Sehultz, Dr. A. F. Perry, Dr. A. W. Williams, Dr. L. Lewis, Dr. James R. White, Dr. A. B. Hale.

Drugs are furnished from Provident Hospital, Druggist Montrose Rankin, Druggist W. F. Taylor, and George A. Graves.

The Treasurer's Annual Report, covering the period from May 6, 1899, to April 30, 1900, shows total cash receipts of $2,155.66; total disbursements of $2,129.47; balance on hand, $26.19.

A better location for the Home could not have so readily been found as this splendid place at 610 Garfield Boulevard. It is in the city, but far enough out from the busy traffic to avoid the noise. It is convenient to the car-lines, and on visiting days no trouble is experienced to reach the Home. Being upon a boulevard, there is no contact with objectionable elements. There is in the neighborhood no disorders of any kind, and neighbors all display the greatest interest in and respect toward the Home. The house is two stories and a half with a large basement, and a barn in the rear. Mrs. Smith, the superintendent, is in charge, and responsible for the proper care of the Home and its inmates.

The Charity Ball which was given Feb. 13, at the Chicago Auditorium, an account of which is presented in this article, had for its object the raising of funds to purchase the piece of land and house adjoining the present Home, which has been offered to the Home Association as a special favor, and at a very fair price. This prospective addition is so situated that connecting hallways can be easily built which will make a close and convenient passageway between the two houses. This addition will also insure more room for the better care of the present inmates, and also allow waiting applicants who are most worthy, to be received.

R. A. WILLIAMS,
Chicago, Ill.

It is further hoped that the suc-

cess of this function will put the Home on a firmer financial foundation, and thereby create a stronger and more substantial institution, with corresponding influence for good.

Major Buckner first interested himself in the Home for Aged and Infirm

FANNIE HALL CLINT,
Chicago, Ill.

Colored People in the year 1898, during the organization of the institution. In the following year he was elected president, and has since succeeded himself each year. It is through his efforts that the Home has been enlarged and placed upon a more safe financial basis. He has worked untiringly for the success of the institution and for the comforts of its inmates. His large acquaintance with the public-spirited people of the city enables him to call to the assistance of the Home that class of generous citizens who will ever assist in a financial way to maintain and perpetuate this institution.

Mr. J. H. Hudlun, treasurer, is a well-known colored gentleman. Mrs. Joe C. Snowden, the secretary, is one of Chicago's leading colored women.

In the Home at the present time are twenty-two old people, the total of whose ages amounts to about 1,618 years, or an average of about 74 years each.

Helen Stewart, who is 128 years of age, and still well and hearty, was born in Virginia. She has a son 87 years of age. Her five husbands are all dead. She remembers distinctly incidents of the Revolutionary War, the Mexican War and the Civil War, being acquainted with many of the generals and other officers.

Another interesting old lady at the Home is Sophia Job, who was born in Virginia, and is somewhat over one hundred years of age. She at one time worked for the colonial governor of Virginia, by whom she was owned. She was a lady's maid of this governor's daughter at the second inauguration of Pres. George Washington in 1794 in New York. Up to the time of the burning of the Old Folks' Home on 47th street "Mother" Job was in possession of an old family Bible in which was recorded many incidents which occurred about 1794 and prior there-

to. This Bible was destroyed by the burning of the Home.

Sarah Ray, another one of the older inmates, was born in 1807, being now over ninety-four years of age. She came originally from Alabama, from which state she moved to Georgia. She has thirty-one grandchildren and five great grandchildren.

Mr. William Mues and his wife "Miss Ann" Mues, 92 and 78 years of age respectively, portray a very interesting old couple. Mr. Mues is a cigarmaker by trade. They were both born in Virginia. Mrs. Mues preceded her husband to the North, and was taken sick in Paris, Ky. Mues being a trusted servant where he lived was given permission to visit his sick wife, which he did, but instead of returning to the Virginia plantation he took his wife and came to Chicago. Brother Mues states that he has many times regretted ever leaving his master.

Mr. and Mrs. Mues are certainly a much-married pair, having been married no less than five times. Their first marriage was solemnized by what they call a "jump over the broomstick." After that marriage Mr. and Mrs. Mues came to Chicago, and after living there a short time they went to Canada, staying there about a year and a half, during which time he desired to buy some property, and when the transaction was about to be concluded it was found that he would have to get a marriage license, this necessitating the second marriage to "Miss Ann." It seems that this license even proved inadequate, for some reason, and they were to all appearances once more joined in happy wedlock, Mr. Mues no doubt believing to keep everlastingly at it would bring success in the end. When they returned to Illinois, a desire to again purchase real estate caused the fourth marriage. This

MRS. BERTHA B. CALLAWAY,
Chicago, Ill.

time Mrs. Mues made a mistake in one of the letters of her name, making another license necessary. This last time they were successfully joined, which was twenty years ago.

Delilah Scott, 68 years of age, was born in Indiana, and has lived in Chicago for 52 years. She has been

a member of Quinn Chapel, A. M. E. Church, since 1847.

George Sheldon, 70 years of age, was born in Mississippi, and has been in Chicago 40 years. He has been married five times, and has worked in one place for over thirty years, being a cigarmaker by trade.

Aunt Mollie Thompson was born in Virginia, and is 78 years of age.

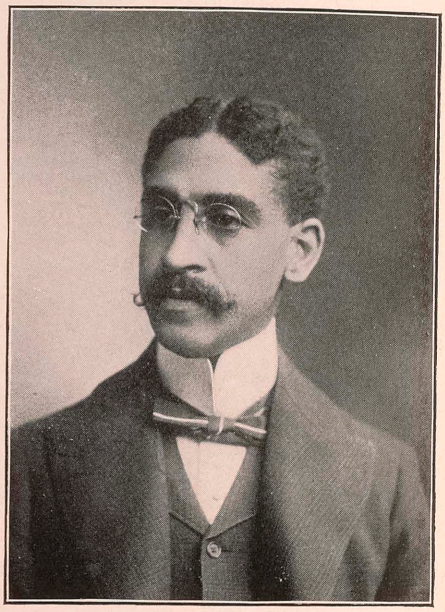
NOAH D. THOMPSON,
Chicago, Ill.

She has been twice married, and is a prominent member of the Daughters of the Union and of St. Stephen's Methodist Church of Chicago. She was an early property owner in Chicago.

Among others in the Home are: Emma Cole, 61 years of age; Charles Bailey, 61 years of age; Harriet Warner, 60 years of age; Hattie Lewis, 68 years of age; Eliza Smith, 72 years of age; Anna Woodward, 87 years of age.

THE CHARITY BALL.

ON entering the great ball-room of the Auditorium on Feb. 13, one would have found the word "Charity" hung in large letters, across the east end of the hall, and directly beneath, on the stage, Chicago's favorite colored orchestra. This all in preparation of the first annual charity ball of the Home for Aged and Infirm Colored



R. A. J. SHAW,
Chicago, Ill.

People. In the foyers easily circulating were to be seen members of the various committees in the most proper and conventional attire.

As early as 8.30 o'clock the charity dancers began to arrive, and were immediately entertained by a band concert.

The grand march took place at ten o'clock, after the arrival of His Honor, Mayor Carter Harrison.

Maj. John C. Buckner led the march with Mrs. Irene McClelland

Lewis. Professor Hall of Chicago had charge of the dance program.

Among those present and beautifully gowned were:

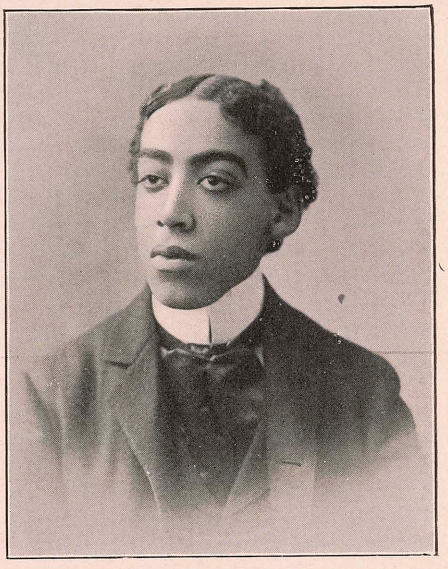
Mrs. W. M. McKnight, black spangled robe with blue chiffon; Mrs. Julius Avendorph, white satin; Mrs. Birdie Young Galloway, white spangled net over moire silk, trimmed with black chiffon, with pearls; Mrs. Fannie Hall Clint, white crystal silk with turquoise; Mrs. Gabe Smith, peau de soie over pink silk; Mrs. Irene McClelland Lewis, black spangled net over brocaded silk, with pearls; Mrs. Dr. Miller, black silk trimmed with white applique; Mrs. Dr. Emanuel, blue panne silk; Mrs. Jerry Stewart, black silk; and others too numerous to mention.

The General Reception Committee in charge of the ball was composed of Maj. J. C. Buckner, Hon. E. H. Morris, J. W. Camp, Jos. H. Hudlun, Mrs. J. P. Stewart, Mrs. Joe C. Snowden, Mr. and Mrs. R. A. Williams.

This permanent committee was assisted by Mr. and Mrs. E. H. Morris, Mr. and Mrs. G. C. Hall, Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Smiley, Mr. and Mrs. John Phelps, Mrs. Margaret Anderson, Mrs. Fannie Hall Clint, Mrs. Irene McClelland Lewis, Miss Blanche Shaw, Mrs. Georgie de Baptist Faulkner, Mrs. Pearl Henderson Pitts.

In addition was the assistance of a committee of young men headed by Noah D. Thompson. They were R. A. J. Shaw, R. Harlow Harper, B. C. Jackson, Isaac Reed, Charles Henderson, Joseph Crum, Anderson Brodie, Frank B. Waring, R. C. Kelly, D. B. Hawley, John Thomas, Jas. E. Knott, Luther Pollard, Charles Webb, John Shaw, Samuel White, Bert T. French, Wellington Greyson, Ben. Gray, Ed Shanklin, Charles Pickett, Charles Mackey, Virgil Mackey, Samuel McGowan, Geo. Ayers, Garner Hendricks, Morris Lewis, Benj. Sayres, Robert Hardin, Frank George, Wm. P. Wright, John H. Allen, L. W. Dickerson.

The music for the occasion was furnished by the orchestra of Prof.



R. HARLOW HARPER,
Chicago, Ill.

Alex Armant. This orchestra was composed of thirty-five pieces and discoursed the most appropriate music, showing an ability worthy of the place and the occasion, and in no way detracted from the musical reputation so much a part of the American Negro. The gentlemen of this orchestra are all well-trained artists, and thoroughly familiar with their instruments and the most classical compositions.

'NEATH THE CROWN AND MAPLE LEAF.

An Afro-Canadian Elegy by A. R. Abbott, Toronto.

A SIGH is breathed from million hearts,
From Slavery's chains set free:
A million tongues now sadly cry,
Great Queen, we weep for thee!

Our Queen is dead; for her all mourn,
In hamlet, palace, hall.
"My Queen is dead!" a warrior cries,
In a lonely Zulu Kraal.

Though high of race, in power and place,
Thy woman's love, O Queen,
O'er every land, from Britain's Isle
To Afric's sand was seen.

The lowliest found in thy domain
Justice to Truth allied;
Tyrants who boast that "might is right,"
Soon pass beyond thy tide.

Thy virtue set a nobler goal,
Which all might seek to find;
Man calls his fellowman his friend,
Nor asks his hue or kind.

Ye heard, sad victims of man's greed,
Her Sovereign voice, which said:
"On Britain's sacred soil the slave
In chains shall never tread."

"Soon as the bondman's weary feet
Shall press its holy crust,
That moment he a free man stands:
His shackles fall to dust."

On snow-clad hills the North Star smiles,
Our guide in days of grief;
But sorrow fled, and joy was found
'Neath the Crown and Maple leaf.

And now in solemn silence bow
Bengali,— Bedouin; —
In palm-clad isles; 'neath Orient skies
Proud Turk and Fellaheen.

While Afric's sons, wherever found,
In free and blest manhood,
Revere the name of England's Queen:
Victoria the Good.

HAGAR'S DAUGHTER.*

A Story of Southern Caste Prejudice.

SARAH A. ALLEN.

CHAPTER I.

IN the fall of 1860 a stranger visiting the United States would have thought that nothing short of a miracle could preserve the union of states so proudly proclaimed by the signers of the Declaration of Independence, and so gloriously maintained by the gallant Washington.

The nomination of Abraham Lincoln for the presidency by the Republican party was inevitable. The proslavery Democracy was drunk with rage at the prospect of losing control of the situation, which, up to that time, had needed scarcely an effort to bind in riveted chains impenetrable alike to the power of man or the frowns of the Godhead; they had inaugurated a system of mob-law and terrorism against all sympathizers with the despised party. The columns of partisan newspapers teemed each day in the year with descriptions of disgraceful scenes enacted North and South by proslavery men, due more to the long-accustomed subserviency of Northern people to the slaveholders than to a real, personal hatred of the Negro.

The free negroes North and South, and those slaves with the hearts of freemen who had boldly taken the liberty denied by man, felt the general spirit of unrest and uncertainty which was spreading over the country to such an alarming extent. The subdued tone of the liberal portion of the press, the humiliating offers of compromise from Northern political leaders, and the numerous cases of surrendering fugitive slaves to their former masters, sent a thrill of mortal fear into the very heart of many a household where peace and comfort had reigned for many years. The fugitive slave had perhaps won the heart of some Northern free woman; they had married, prospered, and were happy. Now came the haunting dread of a stealthy tread, an ominous knock, a muffled cry at midnight, and the sunlight of the new day would smile upon a broken-hearted woman with baby hands clinging to her skirts, and children's voices asking in vain for their father lost to them forever. The Negro felt that there was no safety for him beneath the Stars and Stripes, and, so feeling, sacrificed his home and personal effects and fled to Canada.

The Southerners were in earnest, and would listen to no proposals in favor of their continuance in the Union under existing conditions; namely, Lincoln and the Republican party. The vast wealth of the South made them feel that they were independent of the world. Cotton was

not merely king; it was God. Moral considerations were nothing. Drunk with power and dazzled with prosperity, monopolizing cotton and raising it to the influence of a veritable fetich, the authors of the Rebellion did not admit a doubt of the success of their attack on the Federal government. They dreamed of perpetuating slavery, though all history shows the decline of the system as industry, commerce, and knowledge advance. The slaveholders proposed nothing less than to reverse the currents of humanity, and to make barbarism flourish in the bosom of civilization.

The South argued that the principle of right would have no influence over starving operatives; and England and France, as well as the Eastern States of the Union, would stand aghast, and yield to the master stroke which should deprive them of the material of their labor. Millions of the laboring class were dependent upon it in all the great centers of civilization; it was only necessary to wave this sceptre over the nations and all of them would acknowledge the power which wielded it. But, alas! the supreme error of this anticipation was in omitting from the calculation the power of principle. Right still had authority in the councils of nations. Factories might be closed, men and women out of employment, but truth and justice still commanded respect among men. The proslavery men in the North encouraged the rebels before the breaking out of the war. They promised the South that civil war should reign in every free state in case of an uprising of the Southern oligarchy, and that men should not be permitted to go South to put down their brothers in rebellion.

Weak as were the Southern people in point of numbers and political power, compared with those of the North, yet they easily persuaded themselves that they could successfully cope in arms with a Northern foe, whom they affected to despise for his cowardly and mercenary disposition. They indulged the belief, in proud confidence, that their great political prestige would continue to serve them among party associates at the North, and that the counsels of the adversary would be distracted and his power weakened by the effects of dissension.

When the Republican banner bearing the names of Abraham Lincoln for President and Hannibal Hamlin for Vice-President flung its folds to the breeze in 1860, their was a panic of apprehension at such bold manœuvering; mob-law reigned in Boston, Utica and New York City, which witnessed the greatest destruction of property in the endeavor to put down the growing public desire to abolish slavery. Elijah Lovejoy's innocent blood spoke in trumpet tones to the reformer from his quiet grave by the rolling river. William Lloyd Garrison's outraged manhood brought the blush of shame to the cheek of the honest American who loved his country's honor better than any individual institution. The memory of Charles Sumner's brutal beating by Preston

Brooks stamped the mad passions of the hour indelibly upon history's page. Debate in the Senate became fiery and dangerous as the crisis approached in the absorbing question of the perpetuation of slavery.

At the South laws were enacted abridging the freedom of speech and press; it was difficult for Northerners to travel in slave states. Rev. Charles T. Torrey was sentenced to the Maryland penitentiary for aiding slaves to escape; Jonathan Walker had been branded with a red-hot iron for the same offense. In the midst of the tumult came the "Dred Scott Decision," and the smouldering fire broke forth with renewed vigor. Each side waited impatiently for the result of the balloting.

In November the Rubicon was passed, and Abraham Lincoln was duly elected President contrary to the wishes and in defiance of the will of the haughty South. There was much talk of a conspiracy to prevent by fraud or violence a declaration of the result of the election by the Vice-President before the two Houses, as provided by law. As the eventful day drew near patriotic hearts were sick with fear or filled with forebodings. Would the certificates fail to appear; would they be wrested by violence from the hands ordered to bear them across the rotunda from the Senate Chamber to the hall of the House, or would they be suppressed by the only official who could open them, John C. Breckenridge of Kentucky, himself a candidate and in full sympathy with the rebellion.

A breathless silence, painfully intense, reigned in the crowded chamber as the Vice-President arose to declare the result of the election. Six feet in height, lofty in carriage, youthful, dashing, he stood before them pale and nervous. The galleries were packed with hostile conspirators. It was the supreme moment in the life of the Republic. With unfaltering utterance his voice broke the oppressive stillness:

"I therefore declare Abraham Lincoln duly elected President of the United States for the term of four years from the fourth of March next."

It was the signal for secession, and the South let loose the dogs of war.

CHAPTER II.

DURING the week preceding the memorable 20th of December, 1860, the streets of Charleston, S. C., were filled with excited citizens who had come from all parts of the South to participate in the preparations for seceding from the Union. The hotels were full; every available space was occupied in the homes of private citizens. Bands paraded the streets heading processions of excited politicians who came as delegates from every section south of Mason and Dixon's line; there was shouting and singing by the populace, liberally mingled with barrelhead orations from excited orators with more zeal than worth; there were cheers for the South and oaths for the government at Washington.

Scattered through the crowd traders could be seen journeying to the far

South with gangs of slaves chained together like helpless animals destined for the slaughter-house. These slaves were hurriedly sent off by their master in obedience to orders from headquarters, which called for the removal of all human property from the immediate scene of the invasion so soon to come. The traders paused in their hurried journey to participate in the festivities which ushered in the birth of the glorious Confederate States of America. Words cannot describe the scene.

"The wingèd heralds by command
Of sovereign power, with awful ceremony
And trumpet sound, proclaimed
A solemn council forthwith to be held
At Pandæmonium, the high capital
Of Satan and his peers."

Among the traders the most conspicuous was a noted man from St. Louis, by the name of Walker. He was the terror of the whole Southwest among the Negro population, bond and free; for it often happened that free persons were kidnapped and sold to the far South. Uncouth, ill-bred, hard-hearted, illiterate, Walker had started in St. Louis as a dray-driver, and now found himself a rich man. He was a repulsive-looking person, tall, lean and lank, with high cheek-bones and face pitted with the small-pox, gray eyes, with red eyebrows and sandy whiskers.

Walker, upon his arrival in Charleston, took up his quarters with his gang of human cattle in a two-story flat building, surrounded by a stone wall some twelve feet high, the top of which was covered with bits of glass, so that there could be no passage over it without great personal injury. The rooms in this building resembled prison cells, and in the office were to be seen iron collars, hobbles, handcuffs, thumbscrews, cowhides, chains, gags and yokes.

Walker's servant Pompey had charge of fitting the stock for the market-place. Pompey had been so long under the instructions of the heartless speculator that he appeared perfectly indifferent to the heart-rending scenes which daily confronted him.

On this particular morning Walker brought in a number of customers to view his stock; among them a noted divine, who was considered deeply religious. The slaves were congregated in a back yard enclosed by the high wall before referred to. There were swings and benches, which made the place very much like a New England schoolyard.

Among themselves the Negroes talked. There was one woman who had been separated from her husband, and another woman whose looks expressed the anguish of her heart. There was old "Uncle Jeems," with his whiskers off, his face clean shaven, and all his gray hairs plucked out, ready to be sold for ten years younger than he was. There was Tobias, a gentleman's body servant educated at Paris, in medicine, along with his late master, sold to the speculator because of his intelligence and the temptation which the confusion of the times offered for him to attempt an escape from bondage.

"O, my God!" cried one woman, "send dy angel down once mo' ter

tell me dat you's gwine ter keep yer word, Massa Lord."

"O Lord, we's been a-watchin' an' a-prayin', but de 'liverer done fergit us!" cried another, as she rocked her body violently back and forth.

It was now ten o'clock, and the daily examination of the stock began with the entrance of Walker and several customers.

"What are you wiping your eyes for?" inquired a fat, red-faced man, with a white hat set on one side of his head and a cigar in his mouth, of the woman seated on a bench.

"'Cause I left my mon behin'."

"Oh, if I buy you, I'll furnish you with a better man than you left. I've got lots of young bucks on my farm," replied the man.

"I don't want anudder mon, an' I tell you, massa, I nebber will hab anudder mon."

"What's your name?" asked a man in a straw hat, of a Negro standing with arms folded across his breast and leaning against the wall.

"Aaron, sar."

"How old are you?"

"Twenty-five."

"Where were you raised?"

"In Virginny, sar."

"How many men have owned you?"

"Fo."

"Do you enjoy good health?"

"Yas, sar."

"Whipped much?"

"No, sar. I s'pose I didn't desarve it, sar."

"I must see your back, so as to know how much you've been whipped, before I conclude a bargain."

"Cum, unharness yoseff, ole boy. Don't you hear the gemman say he wants to zammin yer?" said Pompey.

The speculator, meanwhile, was showing particular attention to the most noted and influential physician of Charleston. The doctor picked out a man and a woman as articles that he desired for his plantation, and Walker proceeded to examine them.

"Well, my boy, speak up and tell the doctor what's your name."

"Sam, sar, is my name."

"How old are you?"

"Ef I live ter see next corn plantin' I'll be twenty-seven, or thirty, or thirty-five, I dunno which."

"Ha, ha, ha! Well, doctor, this is a green boy. Are you sound?"

"Yas, sar; I spec' I is."

"Open your mouth, and let me see your teeth. I allers judge a nigger's age by his teeth, same as I do a hoss. Good appetite?"

"Yas, sar."

"Get out on that plank and dance. I want to see how supple you are."

"I don't like to dance, massa; I'se got religion."

"Got religion, have you? So much the better. I like to deal in the gospel, doctor. He'll suit you. Now, my gal, what's your name?"

"I is Big Jane, sar."

"How old are you?"

"Don' know, sar; but I was born at sweet pertater time."

"Well, do you know who made you?"

"I hev heard who it was in de Bible, but I done fergit de gemman's name."

"Well, doctor, this is the greenest lot of niggers I've had for some time, but you may have Sam for a thousand dollars and Jane for nine hundred. They are worth all I ask for them."

"Well, Walker, I reckon I'll take them," replied the doctor.

"I'll put the handcuffs on 'em, and then you can pay me."

"Why," remarked the doctor, "there comes Reverend Pinchen."

"It is Mr. Pinchen as I live; jest the very man I want to see." As the reverend gentleman entered the enclosure, the trader grasped his hand, saying: "Why, how do you do, Mr. Pinchen? Come down to Charleston to the Convention, I s'pose? Glorious time, sir, glorious; but it will be gloriouser when the new government has spread our institootions all over the conquered North. Gloriouser and gloriouser. Any camp-meetin's, revivals, death-bed scenes, or other things in your line going on down here? How's religion prospering now, Mr. Pinchen? I always like to hear about religion."

"Well, Mr. Walker, the Lord's work is in good condition everywhere now. Mr. Walker, I've been in the gospel ministry these thirteen years, and I know that the heart of man is full of sin and desperately wicked. Religion is a good thing to live by, and we'll want it when we die. And a man in your business of buying and selling slaves needs religion more than anybody else, for it makes you treat your people well. Now there's Mr. Haskins — he's a slave-trader like yourself. Well, I converted him. Before he got religion he was one of the worst men to his niggers I ever saw; his heart was as hard as a stone. But religion has made his heart as soft as a piece of cotton. Before I converted him he would sell husbands from their wives and delight in doing it; but now he won't sell a man from his wife if he can get anyone to buy them together. I tell you, sir, religion has done a wonderful work for him."

"I know, Mr. Pinchen, that I ought to have religion, and that I am a great sinner; and whenever I get with good, pious people, like you and the doctor, I feel desperate wicked. I know that I would be happier with religion, and the first spare time I have I'm going to get it. I'll go to a protracted meeting, and I won't stop till I get religion."

Walker then invited the gentlemen to his office, and Pompey was dispatched to purchase wine and other refreshments for the guests.

Within the magnificent hall of the St. Charles Hotel a far different scene was enacted in the afternoon. The leading Southern politicians were gathered there to discuss the election of Lincoln, the "sectional" candidate, and to give due weight and emphasis to the future acts of the new government. There was exaltation in every movement of the delegates, and they were surrounded by the glitter of a rich and powerful assemblage in a high state of suppressed excitement, albeit this meeting was but preliminary to the decisive acts of the following week.

The vast hall, always used for dancing, was filled with tables which spread their snow-white wings to receive the glittering mass of glass, plate and flowers. The spacious galleries were crowded to suffocation by beautiful Southern belles in festive attire. Palms and fragrant shrubs were everywhere; garlands of flowers decorated the walls and fell, mingled with the new flaw — the stars and bars — gracefully above the seat of the chairman. In the gallery opposite the speaker's desk a band was stationed; Negro servants in liveries of white linen hurried noiselessly to and fro. The delegates filed in to their places at table to the crashing strains of "Dixie"; someone raised the new flag aloft and waved it furiously; the whole assembly rose *en masse* and cheered vociferously, and the ladies waved their handkerchiefs. Mirth and hilarity reigned. The first attention of the diners was given to the good things before them. After cigars were served the music stopped, and the business of the day began in earnest.

There was the chairman, Hon. Robert Toombs of Georgia; there was John C. Breckenridge of Kentucky, Stephen A. Douglas, Alexander H. Stevens, and Jefferson Davis.

"Silence!" was the cry, as Hon. Robert Toombs, the chairman, arose.

"*Fellow Delegates and Fellow Citizens:* I find myself in a most remarkable situation, and I feel that every Southern gentleman sympathizes with me. Here am I, chairman of a meeting of the most loyal, high-spirited and patriotic body of men and their guests and friends, that ever assembled to discuss the rights of humanity and Christian progress, and yet unable to propose a single toast with which we have been wont to sanction such a meeting as this. With grief that consumes my soul, I am compelled to bury in the silence of mortification, contempt and detestation the name of the government at Washington.

"I can only counsel you, friends, to listen to no vain babbling, to no treacherous jargon about overt acts; they have already been committed. Defend yourselves; the enemy is at your door; wait not to meet him at the hearthstone,— meet him at the door-sill, and drive him from the temple of liberty, or pull down its pillars and involve him in a common ruin. Never permit this federal government to pass into the traitorous hands of the black Republican party.

"My language may appear strong; but it is mild when we consider the attempt being made to wrest from us the exclusive power of making laws for our own community. The repose of our homes, the honor of our color, and the prosperity of the South demand that we resist innovation.

"I rejoice to see around me fellow-laborers worthy to lead in the glorious cause of resisting oppression, and defending our ancient privileges which have been set by an Almighty hand. We denounce once and for all the practices proposed by crazy enthusiasts, seconded by designing knaves, and destined to be executed by demons in human form. We

shall conquer in this pending struggle; we will subdue the North, and call the roll of our slaves beneath the very shadow of Bunker Hill. 'It is a consummation devoutly to be wished.'

"And now, I call upon all true patriots in token of their faith, to drink deep to one deserving their fealty,—the guardian and savior of the South, Jefferson Davis."

Vociferous cheers broke forth and shook the building. The crowd surrounding the hotel took it up, and the name "Davis!" "Davis!" was repeated again and again. He arose in his seat and bowed profoundly; the band played "See the Conquering Hero Comes"; a lady in the gallery back of him skilfully dropped a crown of laurel upon his head. The crowd went mad; they tore the decorations from the walls and pelted their laurel-crowned hero until he would gladly have had them cease; but such is fame. When the cheers had somewhat subsided, Mr. Davis said:

"I must acknowledge, my fellow-citizens, the truth of the remarks just made by our illustrious friend, Senator Toombs. I was never more satisfied with regard to the future history of our country than I am at present. I believe in state rights, slavery, and the Confederacy that we are about to inaugurate.

"The principle of slavery is in itself right, and does not depend upon difference of complexion. Make the laboring man the slave of *one* man, instead of the slave of society, and he would be far better off. Slavery, black or white, is necessary. Nature has made the weak in mind or body for slaves.

"In five days your delegates from all the loyal Southern States will meet here in convention. I feel the necessity that every eye be fixed upon the course which will be adopted by this assembly of patriots. You know our plans. South Carolina will lead the march of the gallant band who will give us the liberty we crave. We are all united in will and views, and therefore powerful. I see before me in my colleagues men to whom the tranquility of our government may be safely confided — men devoted and zealous in their interest — senators and representatives who have managed everything for our aid and comfort. Few of the vessels of the navy are available at home; the army is scattered on the Western frontier, while all the trained officers of the army are with us. Within our limits we have control of the entire government property — mints, custom-houses, post-offices, dock-yards, revenue-cutters, arsenals and forts. The national finances have been levied upon to fill our treasury by our faithful Southern members of the late cabinet. Yes, friends, all is ready; every preparation is made for a brief and successful fight for that supremacy in the government of this nation which is our birthright. (Tremendous applause.)

"By the election just thrust upon us by the Republican party the Constitution is violated; and were we not strong to sustain our rights, we should soon find ourselves driven to prison at

the point of the bayonet (cries of 'Never, never!'), ousted from the council of state, oblivion everywhere, and nothing remaining but ourselves to represent Truth and Justice. We believe that our ideas are the desires of the majority of the people, and the people represent the supreme and sovereign power of Right! (Hear! hear! cheers.) For Abraham Lincoln (hisses) nothing is inviolate, nothing sacred; he menaces, in his election, our ancient ideas and privileges. The danger grows greater. Let us arise in our strength and meet it more than half way. Are you ready, men?"

"We are ready!" came in a roar like unto the waters of the mighty Niagara. What shall we do?"

"No half measures; let it be a deed of grandeur!"

"It shall be done!" came in another mighty chorus.

"In such a crisis there must be no vacuum. There must be a well-established government before the people. You, citizens, shall take up arms; we will solicit foreign re-enforcements; we will rise up before this rail-splitting ignoramus a terrible power; we will overwhelm this miserable apology for a gentleman and a statesman as a terrible revolutionary power. Do you accept my proposition?"

"Yes, yes!" came as a unanimous shout from the soul of the vast assembly.

"Our Northern friends make a great talk about free society. We sicken of the name. What is it but a conglomeration of greasy mechanics, filthy operatives, small-fisted farmers, and moonstruck Abolitionists? All the Northern States, and particularly the New England States, are devoid of society fitted for well-bred gentlemen. The prevailing class one meets with is that of mechanics struggling to be genteel, and farmers who do their own drudgery, and yet who are hardly fit for association with a gentleman's slave.

We have settled this matter in the minds of the people of the South by long years of practice and observation; and I believe that when our principles shall have been triumphantly established over the entire country — North, South, West — a long age of peace and prosperity will ensue for the entire country. Under our jurisdiction wise laws shall be passed for the benefit of the supreme and subordinate interests of our communities. And when we have settled all these vexed questions I see a season of calm and fruitful prosperity, in which our children's children may enjoy their lives without a thought of fear or apprehension of change."

Then the band played; there was more cheering and waving of handkerchiefs, in the midst of which John C. Breckenridge arose and gracefully proposed the health of the first President of the Confederate States of America. It was drunk by every man, standing. Other speakers followed, and the most intemperate sentiments were voiced by the zealots in the great cause. The vast crowd went wild with enthusiasm.

St. Clair Enson, one of the most

trusted delegates, and the slave-trader Walker sat side by side at the table, and in the excitement of the moment all the prejudices of the Maryland aristocrat toward the vile dealer in human flesh were forgotten.

The convention had now passed the bounds of all calmness. Many of the men stood on chairs, gesticulating wildly, each trying to be heard above his neighbor. In vain the Chair rapped for order. Pandemonium reigned. At one end of the long table two men were locked in deadly embrace, each struggling to enforce his views upon the other by brute strength.

One man had swept the dishes aside, and was standing upon the table, demanding clamorously to be heard, and above all the band still crashed its brazen notes of triumph in the familiar strains of "Dixie."

A Negro boy handed a letter to Mr. Enson. He turned it over in his hand, curiously examining the post-mark.

"When did this come, Cato?"

"More'n a munf, massa," was the reply.

Mr. Enson tore open the envelope and glanced over its contents with a frowning face.

"Bad news?" ventured Walker, with unusual familiarity.

"The worst possible for me. My brother is married, and announces the birth of a daughter."

"Well, daughters are born every day. I don't see how that can hurt you."

"It happens in this case, however, that this particular daughter will inherit the Enson fortune," returned Enson, with a short laugh.

Walker gave a long, low whistle. "Who was your brother's wife? Any money?"

"Clark Sargeant's daughter. Money enough on both sides; but the trouble is, it will never be mine." Another sharp, bitter laugh.

"Sargeant, Sargeant," said Walker, musingly. "'Pears to me I've had business with a gentleman of the same name years ago, in St. Louis. However, it can't be the same one, 'cause this man hadn't any children. Leastways, I never heard on eny."

"Perhaps it is the same man. Clark Sargeant was from St. Louis; moved to Baltimore when the little girl was five years old. Mr. and Mrs. Sargeant are dead."

"Same man, same man. Um, um," said Walker, scratching the flesh beneath his sandy whiskers meditatively, as he gazed at the ceiling. "Both dead, eh? Come to think of it, I moight be mistaken about the little gal. Has she got black hair and eyes and a cream-colored skin, and has she growed up to be a all-fired pesky fine woman?"

"Can't say," replied Enson, with a yawn as he rose to his feet. "I've never had the pleasure of meeting my sister-in-law."

"When you going up to Baltimore?" asked Walker.

"Next week, on 'The Planter.'"

"Think I'll take a trip up with you. You don't mind my calling with you on your brother's family, do you, Mr. Enson? I would admire to introduce myself to Clark Sar-

geant's little gal. She moight not remember me at first, but I reckon I could bring back recollections of me to her mind, ef it's jes' the same to you, Mr. Enson."

"O, be hanged to you. Go where you please. Go to the devil," replied Enson, as he swung down the hall and elbowed his way out.

"No need of goin' to the devil when he's right side of you, Mr. Enson," muttered Walker, as he watched the young man out of sight. "You d—d aristocrats carry things with a high hand; I'll be glad to take a reef in your sails, and I'll do it, too, or my name's not Walker."

CHAPTER III.

ST. CLAIR ENSON was the second son of an aristocratic Maryland family. He had a fiery temper that knew no bounds when once aroused. Motherless from infancy, and born at a period in the life of his parents when no more children were expected, he grew up wild and self-willed. As his character developed it became evident that an unsavory future was before him. There was no malicious mischief in which he was not found, and older heads predicted that he would end on the gallows. Sensual, cruel to ferocity, he was a terror to the God-fearing community where he lived. With women he was successful from earliest youth, being possessed of the diabolical beauty of Satan himself. There was great rejoicing in the quiet village near which Enson Hall was situated when it was known that the young scapegrace had gone to college.

The atmosphere of college life suited him well, and he was soon the leader of the fastest set there. He was the instigator of innumerable broils, insulted his teachers, and finally fought a duel, killing his man instantly. According to the code of honor of the time, this was not murder; but expulsion from the halls of learning followed for St. Clair, and much to his surprise and chagrin, his father, who had always indulged and excused his acts as the thoughtlessness of youth's high spirits, was thoroughly enraged.

There was a curious scene between them, and no one ever knew just what passed, but it was ended by his father's saying:

"You have disgraced the name of Enson, and now you dare make a joke to me of your wickedness. Let me not see your face in this house again. Henceforth, until you have redeemed yourself by an honest man's career, I have but one son, your brother Ellis."

"As you please, sir," replied St. Clair nonchalantly, as he placed the check his father handed him in his pocket, bowed, and passed from the room.

That was the last heard of him for five years, when at his father's death he went home to attend the funeral.

By the terms of the will St. Clair received a small annuity, to be enlarged at the discretion of his brother, and in event of the latter's death without issue, the estate was to revert to St. Clair's heirs "if any there be who are an honor to the name of Enson," was the wording of the will.

In the event of St. Clair's continuing in disgrace and "having no honorable and lawful issue," the property was to revert to a distant branch of cousins, "for I have no mind that debauchery and crime shall find a home at Enson Hall."

After this St. Clair seemingly dropped his wildest habits, but was still noted on all the river routes of the South as a reckless and daring gambler.

His man Isaac was as much of a character as himself, and many a game they worked together on the inexperienced, and many a time but for Isaac, St. Clair would have fared ill at the hands of his victims. Isaac was given to his young master at the age of ten years. The only saving grace about the scion of aristocracy appeared in his treatment of Isaac. Master and slave were devoted to each other.

As a last resource young Enson had gone in for politics, and the luck that had recently deserted him at cards and dice, favored him here. The unsettled state of the country and the threatening war-clouds were a boon to the tired child of chance, which he hailed as harbingers of better times for recreant Southern sons. He would gain fame and fortune in the service of the new government.

All through the dramatic action of the next week when history made so fast in the United States, when the South Carolina convention declared that "the union then subsisting between herself and other states of America, was dissolved" and her example followed by Mississippi, Florida, Alabama, Georgia, Louisiana, Texas, Virginia, Arkansas, North Carolina and Tennessee, all through that time when politics reached the boiling point, St. Clair, although in the thickest of the controversy, busy making himself indispensable to the officials of the new government, was thinking of the heiress of Enson Hall. He was bitter over his loss, and ready to blame anyone but himself.

In his opinion, Ellis was humdrum; he was mild and peaceful in his disposition, because his blood was too sluggish and his natural characteristics too womanish for the life of a gentleman. Then, too, Ellis was old, fifteen years his senior, and he was twenty-five.

St. Clair shared the universal opinion of his world (and to him the world did not exist north of Mason and Dixon's line), that a reckless career of gambling, wine and women was the only true course of development for a typical Southern gentleman. As he thought of the infant heiress his face grew black with a frown of rage that for the time completely spoiled the beauty women raved over. His man Isaac, furtively watching him from the corner of his eye, said to himself:

"I know dat dar's gwine to be a rippit; Marse St. Clair never look dat a way widout de debbil himself am broked loose." In which view of the case Isaac was about right.

St. Clair made up his mind to go home and see this fair woman who

had come to blast his hopes and steal his patrimony for her children. Perhaps as she was young, and presumably susceptible, something might be done. He was handsome — Ah, well! and he laughed a wicked laugh at his reflection in the mirror; he would trust to luck to help him out. He ordered Isaac to pack up.

"Good Lawd, Marse St. Clair! I thought you'd done settled here fer good. How comes we go right off?"

"We're going home, Isaac, to see the new mistress Enson and my niece. Haven't I told you that your master, Ellis was married, and had a daughter?"

"Bress my soul! no sar!" replied Isaac, dropping the clothes he held upon the floor. His master left the room.

"Now de Lawd help de mistress an' de little baby. I love my master, but he's a borned debbil. He's jes' gwine home to tare up brass, dat's de whole collusion ob de mystery."

St. Clair Enson took passage on board "The Planter," which was ready to start upon its last trip up Chesapeake Bay before going into the service of the Confederate government. At that time this historic vessel was a side-wheel steamer storing about fourteen hundred bales of cotton as freight, but having accommodations for a moderate number of passengers. No one of the proud supporters of the new government dreamed of her ultimate fate. The position of the South was defined, and given to the world with a loud flourish of trumpets. By their reasoning, a few short months would make them masters of the entire country. Wedded to their idols, they knew not the force of the "dire arms" which Omnipotence would wield upon the side of Right. One of the most daring and heroic adventures of the Civil War was successfully accomplished by a party of Negroes, Robert Small commanding, when the rebel gunboat "The Planter" ran by the forts and batteries of Charleston Harbor, and reaching the flagship "Wabash" was duly received into the service of the United States government.

St. Clair Enson went on board the steamer with mixed feelings of triumph and chagrin — triumph because of the place he had made for himself in the councils of the new government and the adulation meted out to him by the public; chagrin because of his brother's new family ties and his own consequent poverty.

For a while he wandered aimlessly about, resisting all the tempting invitations extended by his numerous admirers in the sporting and political world to "have something" at the glittering bar. But his pockets were empty — they always were — and he finally allowed himself to be cajolled to join in a quiet game in the hope of replenishing his purse, where he saw the chances were all in his favor.

The saloon was alight with music and gaiety; the jolly company of travelers and the gaudy furniture were reflected many times over in the gilded mirrors that caught the

rays of a large chandelier depending from the center of the ceiling. To the eye and ear merriment held high carnival; some strolled about, many sought the refreshment bar, but a greater number — men and even women — took part in the play or bet lightly on the players, sotto voce, for pastime. The clink and gleam of gold was there as it passed from hand to hand. Six men at a table played baccarat; farther on, a party of very young people — both sexes — played loo for small stakes. There were quartets of whist players, too; but the most popular game was poker, for high stakes made by reckless and inveterate gamblers.

St. Clair and his party found an empty table, and Isaac, obedient to a sign from his master, brought him the box containing implements for a game of poker. All the men were inveterate gamblers, but Enson was an expert. Gradually the on-lookers gathered about that one particular table. Not a word was said; the men gripped their cards and held their breaths, with now and then an oath to punctuate a loss more severe than usual.

The slave-trader Walker sauntered up to the place where St. Clair sat, and stood behind him.

"What's the stakes?" he asked of his next neighbor. The man addressed smiled significantly: "Not a bagatelle to begin with; they've raised them three times."

"Whew!" with a whistle. "And who is winning?"

"Oh, Enson, of course."

"Why 'of course?'" asked Walker with a wicked smile on his ugly face.

"He always wins."

"I reckon not now," returned Walker, as he pointed to the play just made.

"He's dealing above board and square, and luck's agin him."

It was true. From this time on Enson played again and again, and lost. The other players left their seats and stood near watching the famous gambler make his play. Finally, with a muttered curse, he staggered up from his chair and started to leave the table with desperate eyes and reeling gate. But he stopped as if struck by a sudden inspiration, and resumed his seat.

"What will he do now?" was the unspoken thought of the crowd.

"Isaac, come here," called out Enson. "I will see you and five hundred better," he continued, addressing his opponent, as the boy approached, and at a signal from him climbed upon the table. The crowd watched the strange scene in breathless silence.

"What price do you set on the boy?" asked the winner, whose name was Johnson, taking a large roll of bills from his pocket.

"He will bring eighteen hundred dollars any day in the New Orleans market."

"I reckon he ain't noways vicious?" said Johnson, looking in the Negro's smiling face.

"I've never seen him angry."

"I'll give you fifteen hundred for him."

"Eighteen," returned Enson, with an ominous tightening about the mouth.

"Well, I'll tell you what I'll do, the very best; I'll make it sixteen hundred, no more, no less. That's fair. Is it a bargain?"

Enson nodded assent. The crowd heaved a sigh of relief.

"Then you bet the whole of this boy, do you?" continued Johnson.

"Yes."

"I call you, then," said Johnson.

"I've got three queens," replied Enson.

"Not enough," said the other.

"Then if you beat three queens, you beat me."

"I have four jacks, and the boy is mine." The crowd heaved another sigh as one man.

"Hold on! Not so fast!" shouted Enson. "You don't take him till you *show* me that you beat three queens." Johnson threw his five cards upon the table, and four of them were jacks! "Sure," said Johnson, as he looked at Enson and then at the crowd.

"Sure!" came in a hoarse murmur from many throats. For a moment all things whirled and danced before Enson's eyes as he realized what he had lost. The lights from the chandelier shot out sparkles from piles of golden coin, the table heaved, faces were indistinct. He seemed to hear his father's voice again in stern condemnation, as he had heard it for the last time on earth. His face was white and set. He was a man ready for desperate deeds. It seemed an hour to him, that short second. Then he turned to the winner:

"Mr. Johnson, I quit you."

Isaac was standing upon the table with the money at his feet. As he stepped down, Johnson said:

"You will not forget that you belong to me."

"No, sir."

"Be up in time to brush my clothes and clean my boots; do you hear?"

"Yas, sir," responded Isaac, with a good-natured smile and a long side-glance at Enson, in which one might have seen the lurking deviltry of a spirit kindred to his master's. Enson turned to leave the saloon, saying:

"I claim the right of redeeming that boy, Mr. Johnson. My father gave him to me when I was a lad. I promised never to part with him."

"Most certainly, sir; the boy shall be yours whenever you hand me over a cool sixteen hundred," returned Johnson. As Enson moved away, chewing the bitter cud of disappointment, Walker strolled up to him.

"That's a bad bargain Johnson's got in your man, Mr. Enson."

"How? Explain yourself."

"If he finds him after tomorrow morning, it's my belief it won't be the fault of Isaac's legs."

"Do you mean to say, sir, that I would connive at robbing a gentleman in fair play?"

"Oh, no; it won't be your fault," replied Walker with a familiar slap on Enson's back, that made the latter wince; "but he's a cute darkey

that you can sell in good faith to a man, but he won't stay with him. Bet you the nigger'll be in Baltimore time you are."

"I'll take you. Make your bet."

Walker shook his head. "No, don't you do it. Luck's agin you, an' I won't rob you. That nigger'll lose you, sure."

Enson made no reply, but stood gazing moodily out upon the dark waters of the Atlantic, through which the steamer swiftly ploughed her way. Finally Walker continued:

"Why don't you try another game? Keep it up; luck may change. I'll lend you."

Enson waved his hand impatiently and said: "No; no more tonight. I have not a cent in the world until I eat humble pie and beg money from my brother."

"Tough!"

"Thank you. I do not want your sympathy."

"My help, then. Perhaps I can help you. Enson smiled derisively at the endless black waves and the moonless sky.

"No man can do that. I have made my bed hard and must abide the issue."

"Oh, rot! Be a man, and keep on fighting 'em. You'll be all right presently. Never say die."

"Perhaps you have a plan to compass the impossible," returned Enson with a sneer.

"I should say so. I've been thinking a good deal about your brother's marriage, and my old friends, the Sargeants. What would it be worth to you now to find a way to break off this marriage?"

"Break it off! Why, man, that can't be done. What are you driving at?"

"Easy there, now. I said 'break it off,' and I meant 'break it off.' They used to tell me when I was a boy that two heads was better'n one ef one was a sheep's head. Same case here. Job's worth ten thou. I can see three thou right in sight, that would make your bill about seven thou." Walker settled his hat at the back of his head, thrust his hands deep in his hip pockets, and gazed out over the dark waters with a glance from his ferret-like gray eyes that seemed to pierce the blackness.

"I don't understand you, Walker; explain yourself."

"I understand myself, and that's enough. All you've got to do is to put your I O U to a paper calling for seven thousand dollars conditional on my rendering you valuable service in a financial matter. Savey?"

"I'd do anything that would break this cursed luck I'm having. Can you do anything? What do you mean, anyhow, Walker?"

"Never mind what I mean. You meet me at Enson Hall. Wait for me if you get there first. Be ready to sign the paper, and I'll show you as neat a job as was ever put up by any man on earth. That's all." Walker turned as he finished speaking and walked away. St. Clair looked after him, uncertain what to think of his strange words and actions.

(*To be continued.*)

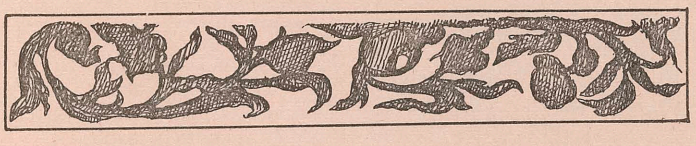
JES' GIB HIM ONE UB MINE.

D. WEBSTER DAVIS.

A LITTLE urchin, ragged, black, an old cigar "stump" found,
And visions of a jolly smoke began to hover 'round,
When finding that he had no match, a big store he espied,
And straightway for it made a bolt, to have his wants supplied.

"We have none here to give away; and even if we do,
We have no match," the owner said, "for such a thing as you."
Down in the ragged pantaloons the little black hand went,
And forth it came, now grasping tight a big, old-fashioned cent.

"Gib me a box!" the urchin said,— his bosom swelled with joy,
And calmly lighted his "cigar," a radiant, happy boy;
Then handing back the box, he said, while his face with pride did shine,
"Nex' time a genl'mun wants a match, jes' gib him one ub mine."



QUEEN VICTORIA—THE FRIEND OF THE NEGRO.

ROBERT W. CARTER.

THE death of Queen Victoria is not only an irreparable loss to the British nation, but also to the world of Christianity and civilization.

It is with reluctance, with sadness and with sorrow that the world parts with a great benefactor or benefactress, as well as one who has been a fervent friend.

No sovereign ever lived who contributed more to the general good of humanity, and did more to give intellectual light to the benighted among the nations of the world, than did Queen Victoria, during the long period of her reign. Her kingdom was a shelter to the friendless and exiled of other countries,—to the black man, the red and the brown, or in fact every nation who asked protection beneath her flag.

The institution of American slavery or the slave trade on the high seas had no favor with the British queen.

The Northern States of this country, especially the New England States, were a refuge in the early part of the past century for the fugitive slave; but when the slave-master obtained a right by act of Congress to seek and claim his slave wherever he or she might be found in the States, the Negro then found a safe shelter of freedom only beneath the British flag.

The principle of Christianity was too deeply wrought in the soul of the English queen to send back to the American slave-master the father and mother of the human family to be bound tighter by the chains of oppression, or for the loved ones of their bosom to be torn from them as the young from cattle or the dumb beast of the field.

Long before Queen Victoria came to the English throne it was characteristic of her people, irrespective of race or color, to recognize the brotherhood of man and the fatherhood of God. For back in the eighteenth century, Granville Sharp worked in England, as did John Brown in America, to right the wrongs done the Negro by his Anglo-Saxon brother. Both of these gentlemen were Abolitionists, and both of the English race of people who, on general principles, are guided by the spirit of right, of freedom and justice to all men.

The spirit of freedom and justice that characterized the valuable labors of Granville Sharp on behalf of humanity followed the mighty Princess Victoria to the English throne, where she lived and reigned for the longest period of any monarch who ever sat on the English throne.

And it was her influence as a ruler of an excellent people, a queen of a mighty nation, that the colored brother received in London and in other English cities, a recognition and a cordial reception such as was never accorded him by his fellow-

citizens upon American soil. This broad sense of brotherhood is consistent with the spirit of Christianity, the evidence of improved civilization, of enlightenment and of superior education.

But the question naturally arises: Why is the colored brother so cordially received in Europe by the Anglo-Saxon race, and yet treated so differently by the same people upon the American soil? The answer is this: There has been gathered together here in the United States the offsprings of every nation belonging to the white race. They find that their race (the white race) is largely in the majority; a majority of numbers, of wealth and of education, of culture and refinement, of financial power and mercantile ability, with whom they blend in social life and in religious worship.

On the other hand they find the Negro laboring under many disadvantages, with the stigma of slavery ever hanging over his head.

But of this matter we will say no more. The social relation of the races is a matter that must govern itself. It cannot be forced, it must come of its own will; it cannot be regulated by legislation.

But it is well to compare the Christianity and civilization of this country with that of England. When Paul Dunbar, the native born American Negro poet, went to London, he was received most cordially. On his return to the United States he told the people of this country, through the columns of the New York *Tribune*, of this recognition, the cordial attention and the flattering reception extended by the English people. He also stated that the only person who tried to insult him during his entire visit was an American lady whom he met at a reception given him by an English gentleman.

This attention given by the English people to Paul Dunbar, Prof. Booker T. Washington, and other worthy representatives of the colored race who have visited England, is characteristic of their philanthropy, their manners, their religion, and their civilization. The influence of the parent almost invariably shapes the life and character of the child. The excellent qualities of Queen Victoria, her constancy in religion, and her love of the human family, was a model to the people over whom she ruled sixty and four years.

She was the representative of a great principle; a principle that refuses to ostracise men because of their color, but recognize them according to intelligence and real worth.

During the sixty-four years of Her Majesty's reign her influence was felt in South Africa by the native born of the soil, in the West Indies, and in the isles of the sea.

The environments of the native in South Africa have been changed from a state of intellectual darkness to that of intelligence and enlightenment; from a state of superstition to facts and realization; from worshipping false gods to the giving of honor and praise to the God of truth and life. In the West Indies and in the isles of the sea Queen Vic-

toria's influence has fostered true religion, has encouraged material and intellectual progress among a nation of people so much hated by her Anglo-American cousins.

Again, it must be noted that in all of the British possessions in Africa, or wherever the queen's influence is represented by the English flag and English rule, the African brother in black is treated as a man, his place in the human family is conceded, and his moral and intellectual welfare is provided for. There, surrounded by the power of a noble queen, guided and protected by English laws, the African is treated as a human being, and not as a soulless creature that many ethnologists claim him to be. There he is not confronted with that air of sarcasm and insolence when entering a public inn, hotels and places of amusement, as he is in the States. There, if he commit an offense against the law, whether guilty or innocent, he is given a fair trial according to English law, and not burned at the stake without due process of law, as he is in Christianized and civilized America, the act approved by thousands of so-called Christians standing by as witnesses.

What a mockery of Christianity! Behold the stigma upon the rectitude of the American law! Think of the lasting disgrace upon American history, and the civilization of the past and present century! Back in the eighteenth century it was said by an English nobleman that the atmosphere of England was too pure for any slave to breathe. England speaks today and says that British laws are too pure, too well wrought with the principle of right and justice to burn at the stake a human being, or to take in any manner the life of a fellow citizen charged with crime, without a legal investigation and a trial by jury. In deploring the death of England's noble queen, praising her virtues and commenting upon her fine qualities, we regret to have this to say of beautiful America, her magnificent people, and of the imperfection in the administration of her laws. For it is true that there are as many justice-loving white people, especially in the North, who disdain lynching and burning at stake a fellow human being, as there were those who abhorred the institution of slavery before the late Civil War. The same spirit for justice to humanity yet prevails in the North, and will evermore rise against lynch law and mob violence as practiced in the South, as it did against the horrors of slavery.

For against this tyrannical usurpation to which the colored citizens are now subjugated in the South, the present century will tell of another John Brown. Against the unjust disfranchisement of the colored voter in that section, another Charles Sumner will rise in the legislative halls of the nation, on the public platform, in favor of human rights; a Lovejoy and a Phillips will appear. The literary world will again be entertained by another Harriet Beecher Stowe. Yea, even in the British parliament voices wil be heard like unto a Wilberforce and a Clarkson. For all

of these were great characters who fought nobly for rights of the human family; they wrote and spoke against the wrongs done the African by his Anglo-Saxon brother.

The supremacy of right, of justice and of equality of all men before the law, for which these noble characters struggled, are realized but in part. The battle must be continued until victory is complete. It must continue until the American law be administered like the laws in England, impartial, without prejudice, without regard to creed, color or condition; until the laws of America be appreciated as too pure to burn at stake a fellow-being, and the sentiment of the American people too full of Christianity and too great with philanthropy to kill at all a fellow-citizen, until the accused is given a fair trial by a jury of his peers, according to constitutional law. By adhering to these principles, Queen Victoria had a long and peaceful reign. Holding fast to true Christianity, she was ever an example to the governments of the world, to the world of Christianity and civilization, of progress and education, to the home and common fireside.

Thus it is fitting that the colored race, together with other races of the world, should mourn her death with a deep sympathy and with a fervent hope for her never-ending happiness in the great beyond, which, according to the Holy Scripture, is fully assured her. We have no doubt but that today our noble Queen Victoria has that unspeakable privilege of gazing upon the Great White Throne, and of being led by kindred hands through green pastures and beside still waters, partaking of that eternal bliss which the world can neither give nor take away.

FAMOUS MEN OF THE NEGRO RACE.

PAULINE E. HOPKINS.

EDWIN GARRISON WALKER.

Born in Charlestown, Mass., Sept. 28, 1835; died in Boston, Mass., Jan. 13, 1901.

"THE Dead March wails in the people's ears;
The dark crowd moves, there are sobs and tears;
The black earth yawns; the mortal disappears;
Ashes to ashes, dust to dust:
He is gone who seemed so great,—
Gone; but nothing can bereave him
Of the force he made his own
Being here;
And he wears a truer crown
Than any wreath that man can weave him.
God accept him! Christ receive him!"

It is decreed all men must die. Men who have died are as the sands by the sea, but those who have left footprints on the sands are few indeed. Although we are descended from the same parent stock, yet are we different. One man excels another as one sun differeth from another in its celestial glory. So if a man's life — his good deeds, acts of kindness, of philanthropy toward his fellows — be like a sun of greatest magnitude in this short span allotted to us, his death creates a void; his loss seems irreparable.

All history of the great deeds or wonderful achievements of man is but biography. Each man's experiences or acts are but a repetition of the same deeds in others, perhaps — a reflection of that mind which is the common property of all humanity. Herein lies the common brotherhood of man.

We applaud these great acts because we ourselves would have acted as he did had the opportunity been ours. The exploits, the sacrifices of these men who have toiled for the development of this same common brotherhood, were performed for the education and advancement of ages yet unborn, as well as for the benefit of the present generation.

To the superficial observer, the life of Queen Victoria, her long and prosperous reign, her grace, grandeur, riches and power, presents nothing in common with this representative of a humble race; but if we overlook this superficial difference and seek the relationship of souls — the divine attribute by which alone we may claim kindred with all human life, they were kindred spirits. The soul of Victoria melted within her at the cry of the bondman, and she was moved to have compassion upon his

utter helplessness. Her welcoming hand carried on its outstretched palm peace and security within her Canadian domains. The same spirit stirred in Judge Walker's heart as he thrilled with indignation at the Negro's wrongs, and sought by the fiery eloquence of his oratory to arouse men to a realization of the enormity of the crime they were perpetrating against an innocent and inoffensive people. And not by words alone but by deeds, by every honest action that might create favorable sentiment.

The late queen and Edwin G. Walker were as far apart as the east is from the west, but within their hearts was unity of thought and action. "Nature is an endless combination of a few laws; she is full of a sublime family likeness in all her works."

Edwin Garrison Walker, the eminent Negro barrister, was known to all his friends as "Judge" Walker. His father was a colored preacher, David Walker, himself a fugitive slave from North Carolina; his mother was also a prominent figure in the fugitive slave period.

The first prominence given to the name of Walker was in 1827, when David Walker issued his famous pamphlet, "Walker's Appeal. "Right here we have the most interesting fact in the history of the abolition movement: this appeal was *the very first step taken in the attempt to arouse the people of the United States to the enormity of the crime of slavery* and the deep disgrace it was bringing upon the country. This paper was strong in sentiment, cogent in its reasonings, and breathed the thoughts of a man of powerful mind; it was hard to believe that it was written by a man but recently free. The entire country was aroused wherever it appeared; the attention of men richly endowed with intellectual gifts was attracted, and they were soon absorbed in the study of the Negro question. Fact piled on fact met them at every point of argument, and a cloud of witnesses bearing on their bodies evidence in the shape of wounds and scars revolting and horrible. These men could not withstand the evidence, and soon the very lives of the brightest ornaments of American thought and culture were absorbed in the warfare against slavery. The appeal gave us *The Liberator* and William Lloyd Garrison. The first issue of the paper was made on Jan. 1, 1831. "It was a most humble and unpretentious little sheet of four pages, about fourteen inches by nine in size, but charged with the destiny of a race of human beings whose redemption from chattel, brutal bondage was one day to shake to its foundations the mightiest republic ever yet existing on the globe." The movement grew amazingly after its first inception, and soon drew to its support Nathaniel P. Rogers, S. S. Foster, Parker Pillsbury, Lucy Stone, Lucretia Mott, Wendell Phillips, Charles Sumner, George Thompson of England, James Buffum, Abby Foster, the Burleigh brothers and a host of others.

Such was the stock from which "Judge" Walker sprang, and such the movement into which he was born. He lived on Belmont street in Charlestown, very near to the old Catholic cemetery, after his family moved from Boston. He was well and favorably known in the city, receiving more notice because of his intelligence and race than a white lad. He was educated in the public schools, and at the close of his youthful school days learned the trade of morocco dresser. As soon as he had mastered this trade he entered business for himself on Prince street, employing three men to help him. He prospered in his work, but the young aspiring mind was not satisfied. With his first earnings he bought a copy of Blackstone, and devoted his entire attention to the study of law. He was a brilliant student, and in 1864 successfully passed his examination and was admitted to the bar. At this time he had made the acquaintance of Robert Browne Elliott, and the two were fast friends, the house on Belmont street being the home of Elliott as well. Both of these men had a taste for politics; both saw and recognized the importance to the Negro that like the Irishman, he became a factor in the governing power of the land. Sitting in the gallery of the hall of the Massachusetts Legislature, these men took lessons in debate and parliamentary usage. "Bob," said Mr. Walker to his friend one day, as they leaned over the gallery railing and gazed down upon the assemblage of lawmakers, "Bob, some day I shall sit there, and help make the laws of this Commonwealth."

"All right, Ned," replied Mr. Elliott; "when you do that I shall go to Congress and help make the laws for the United States."

In a very short time after that Mr. Walker *did* have the honor of representing Charlestown in the Massachusetts Legislature. He was materially aided in the accomplishment of this event by his friend, Elliott. And in 1881, as we know, Mr. Elliott was a Congressman, casting the lustre of his genius as a Negro over the entire continent.

Lawyer Walker opened his first law office in Charlestown, Mass. He was an able and eloquent advocate, much liked by his brothers in the profession, black and white, and was a great friend of Robert Morris. He was frequently assigned by judges to conduct the defence in important criminal cases, and always acquitted himself with credit. But it was upon the platform, with his race as his theme, that one enjoyed to the full his fiery and eloquent oratory, which was not only eloquent but at times sublime.

Archibald Grimke, ex-consul to San Domingo, in an eloquent address on Mr. Walker, says:

Edwin Garrison Walker was built out of the staunchest sort of race material. His father was so built before him. Neither of them had a drop of blood in his body or a single thought in his mind which was traitor to the cause of his race.

And this was so because of early training in the hard school of adversity, which was the portion of the Negro in Massachusetts at the time of his birth. Few of us realize the situation or the feeling of the time. With the exception of a few staunch white friends, every hand was against us, every door closed. We cannot in these days truthfully picture the events which transpired in the development of the greatest evolution in human destiny known to modern times. Nor has justice ever been done in telling of these thrilling occurrences, to the sacrifices made of money and of personal safety by the colored men of New York and New England for the amelioration of their race. He who would be free must himself strike the first blow, some one has told us. Surely the Negro has followed that advice to the letter. Most of these colored men were stern and determined actors; not gifted with eloquent speech that fitted them for the public platform, but their zeal never slept. Within humble homes and in unpretentious churches plans were concocted for the overthrow of the slave power, and fugitive slaves were given aid and comfort and helped to places of safety. Many times the fugutive was seated in church, surrounded by a dense mass of black humanity. Outside the master, in company with the sheriff, walked up and down, ready to identify and seize his property. A carriage would drive up, and covered by the crowd, the Negro entered the carriage and was dr ven to a place of safety. Even in New York City they did not dare attack that crowd of desperate blacks, ready to sell life dearly.

In Boston we are told of Jacob Moore's tailor-shop in Spring Lane. There, when night shades had fallen, the shutters were carefully adjusted and doors securely locked. In the profound stillness that followed the activity of the day in this business locality, men might have been seen, singly, never together, approaching the tiny shop; the door would open silently, the figures would disappear. Phillips, Foster, Garrison — any one of these names might have been given with truth to the figures that disappeared in the darkness of Spring Lane, for all those intellectual giants were familiar visitors to Moore's tailor-shop. So it was with Peter Howard's barber-shop, situated at the corner of Irving and Cambridge streets — the same men visited his place secretly, to consult with the colored men, and to view the fugitive in concealment and devise means for his comfort and safety, while they listened to his tale of horror, and shuddered at the signs of physical torture indelibly stamped upon his quivering flesh. After these meetings the country would be startled by some new effective and daring act of the Abolitionists. In some of these scenes Walker participated in his youth.

We can imagine him as a child in his trundle-bed drawn out before the glowing log fire in the humble living room, listening, when he should have been sleeping, to the serious talk of

his father, neighbors and fugitive slaves — for that home sheltered many a man fleeing from oppression — listening to the stories of the wrongs of his race until his young heart was on fire with indignation. His father died when he was quite young, but the son never forgot his teaching. We see him as a youth when Anthony Burns is to be remanded to slavery. All day the streets of Boston were filled with knots of excited men, at last awakened to the strength of the slave power.

Boston was almost suburban in its character. Dover street was way out of town. Charlestown was a separate city, not yet encircled by the arms of modern expansion.

It was rumored abroad that rescue bands were forming to resist the intrusion of Dixie laws in Puritan Boston. "Clang! clang! clang!" The hoarse voice of the bells in every steeple gave the signal for opening the draws upon all the bridges leading into the city, to prevent white men and black men violating the new United States law for the rendition of slaves. Parties of men built rafts and ferried themselves across the Charles to the other shore. Probably Walker was among them.

State street was densely packed with men whose stern faces were ominous of thoughts within. The Boston Courthouse was in chains, two hundred rowdies and thieves sworn in as special policemen, respectable citizens shoved off the sidewalks by the slave-catchers. Was it for this they had resisted a paltry tax on tea, at the cannon's mouth, and were basely submitting to an imposition tenfold greater simply to brutalize their fellowmen? Silent the great crowd stood, while down the historic street swung the marines in hollow square within which walked the prisoner — one helpless Negro, whose chains clanked at every step, and whose manacled hands were useless to their owner. A sigh came from the crowd in one long-drawn breath, then was hushed again into unbroken silence. Suddenly on the left from the Commonwealth building slowly descended a coffin, across whose black surface was traced in white letters the one word "*Liberty*." On the instant the suppressed feelings of the crowd broke forth in cries, groans, hisses, then they swayed in the direction of the soldiers hustling them for a moment. Weapons were drawn and gleamed and flashed for an instant about the prisoner, and answering flashes came from the men within the crowd. It was a crucial moment, when but for the fact that it was a Massachusetts crowd, mob violence would have defied the Federal government. Amid such scenes as this Lawyer Walker was trained to fidelity to his race along with Robert Morris, Charles Lenox Remond, William C. Nell, Lewis Hayden, John J. Smith, George T. Downing, Mark R. De Mortie, J. Sella Martin, and many others whom we do not now recall.

With such scenes indelibly stamped upon his mind, Lawyer Walker could not brook the crack of the party whip when it commanded him to do

violence to his own best promptings in the interest of his race. In 1867 he made a speech on the Fourteenth Amendment that practically severed his connection with the Republican party. He refused to obey his political bosses, and lost the chance of re-election to the Massachusetts legislature. Then, too, he was a leal follower of Benjamin F. Butler, always stumping the state in his interest when the general was a candidate. Such things operated against his worldly advancement; and when we add to that the bitter disappointment that came to him in a cherished ambition, we cannot wonder that he felt his cup of bitterness was overflowing.

Mr. Walker relied upon himself; spoke his open convictions. He was a non-conformist to the doctrines of the Republican party, because he was a man free in body and thought. For this non-conformity he had the displeasure of the world about him, white and black.

Believing that the conservatism of the Northern Republican counts the Negro vote as always solid and reliable in the interest of one political body, he saw that a change would be beneficial. He saw, too, that to conserve the white Southern Republicans and eliminate the value of political patronage from the calculations of the black Republicans, without the loss of a single vote, was the daring scheme of the party bosses. With the experience gained in two eventful epochs in the history of this country, Lawyer Walker saw the black man's opportunity if, as a race they would only come together without regard to personal ambition; he trimmed his own sails to catch the favoring wind that greets the free-lance politician, but found himself alone and unsupported. Mr. Grimke's language is very clear and forcible in stating Mr. Walker's position:

"He was among the first of the colored leaders of the country to perceive clearly the folly of political solidity for the race. For no one needs to penetrate very deeply into the hidden nature of things political to discern in the peculiar circumstances of our lot in America that union among ourselves for the good of the race makes for its political strength, while, on the other hand, union for the good of a party organization is undoubtedly well for that particular party organization, but bad for ourselves, must inevitably ultimate in our growing political weakness, in our diminishing political importance as wielders of the ballot, that right preservative of all other rights and liberties in an industrial republic.

He knew enough respecting the history of political parties in America and the real motives which have ever influenced their action on the Negro question, to understand how little can be obtained from them by slavish devotion to either the one or the other at the polls. He knew that party slaves get absolutely nothing from party masters but fair promises before election and broken ones afterward; that in the United States voters realize their expectations in exact proportion to their ability to

dictate terms before election day, and to their determination to mete out condign punishment to traitors later; that the only thing party managers dread is a loaded ballot leveled straight at the head and front of their power, and a finger on the trigger, which means your political life or my political rights.

Like all honest, intelligent and self-respecting leaders among us he had but one real dread, and that was of ourselves, when moving in the field of politics like dumb-driven cattle toward the goal of any party. This was why he wrote as his watchword the inspiring and invincible legend: "Union among ourselves, division between the two great political parties." He was never truer to your interests than when he conceived such a wise course of action for the race, never braver than when he endeavored through good and evil report to follow without flinching, the way thus pointed out, steep and rugged as it was, to its logical issue; though in doing so he had to part company with old party associates, and with old and tried race associates also, though he became an object of suspicion among you as a target for unjust and harsh criticism and contumely, as of one who had been false to your rights, to the best interests of the race. You knew many years before he died that he was not false to your rights.

Where today are the party leaders and representatives in Congress who log-roll for freedom, for a larger infusion of impartial justice into the laws of the land, for equal rights for the poor oppressed Negro? Are they Senator Hoar or Senator Lodge? The first is too busy opposing, and the second too much engrossed in engineering, through Congress measures for the subjugation of the Filipinos to spare a thought for the redress of the wrongs of nine million people lying beaten and bleeding at their very doors, in their very midst.

It is a curious fact, and significant that the bravest words yet spoken in our defence in the present session of Congress came not from either Senator Hoar or Lodge or Hanna, not from Republican senators and congressmen, but from a Massachusetts Democrat, from an Irish-American Democrat of Boston, the Hon. John F. Fitzgerald. This brave man was a friend of Edwin Garrison Walker, whose brave sympathy for the Irish race quickened in turn sympathy for us in the breasts of many a true man of Irish blood in Boston."

Lawyer Walker honored the Irish voter, and was a member of a secret order of Irishmen, himself the only black man in it. He honored them because he saw in their acts the lesson of example for the blacks.

Fifty years ago an Irishman could not obtain employment in many of these old Puritan cities. His hopes were centered in the corner grocery, where rum was the staple article on sale, or in gathering rags. But the judicious use of the ballot has placed Pat in the front ranks of the pros-

perous men of America's business world. He controls ward politics in most of our large cities, and is gradually but surely making inroads toward the possession of state politics in Massachusetts; and he will tell you it has all been done by strict devotion to his race in the political arena; ready to accept any proposition, no matter what, that promises another mount on the rungs of ambition's ladder. He is the most venal of all politicians — a trickster and ward-heeler of the most pronounced type, in comparison with whom the Negro politician, whose black deeds are flaunted in our faces as proof of our utter unworthiness to possess the ballot, is an angel of light or a babe in the woods.

All these things "Judge" Walker knew; and although he felt keenly the harsh criticism on his acts, still he never wavered. He remarked to us many times: "Faithfulness to the race will prove to most of us the graveyard of our hopes and aspirations, for the white man will not forgive the Negro who paints his people as they are, and works devotedly for their elevation. But with this knowledge I accept the alternative gladly. I will never cease fighting our false friends until death seals my lips eternally." And he never did.

He knew that our destruction lay in our facile obedience to one party at all hazards. He saw that the Republican party is not what it was; the old ideas which gave it birth; the inalienable right of man to liberty of person, mind, education and religion, have changed under the management of the present generation and the infusion of young republicanism, to a commercial and financial basis; a subserviency which has reduced all things to a dollars-and-cents basis without regard to the ethical standpoint. He held that such being the situation, we must change to meet the times. Neither did he tolerate the new school of action which calls for a line of demarkation in the education of the Negro. Education is our security for freedom; no race could have been held in bondage as was ours save for our ignorance.

For three years he was president of the Colored National League, and at the time of his death was president of the Equal Rights Association. He was also Past Grand Master of the Order of Love and Charity.

His obsequies were held in Charles-street A. M. E. Church, Boston, and were attended by delegates from all over New England, representatives of all classes and conditions of men — white and black. Reverend Thomas, pastor of the church, was in charge, and many noted speakers paid him tribute; among them the most touching were the farewell words of the venerable Geo. T. Downing of Newport, R. I. The representatives of Suffolk bar attended in a body. On Feb. 12 a memorial meeting was held at the Charles-street A. M. E. Church, under the auspices of the Colored National League. The president of the league, I. D. Barnett, opened the meet-

ing; prayer was offered by the Rev. Dr. William H. Thomas. Judge Pettingill of Malden was the presiding officer of the meeting.

Interesting remarks were made by Judge Pettingill, Geo. W. Forbes, who gave an extended account of his life, Mark R. De Mortie, J. S. Gaines, Hon. Archibald Grimke, Hon. Clement G. Morgan, Edward Everett Brown and others. Sympathetic resolutions were adopted.

And now having finished this brief sketch of his career, we may ask: What was his character?

Let us not confound character with reputation. Reputation is what others think or speak of one, but character is implanted by Divinity; and in "Judge" Walker was an unswerving brotherly love for his race, — a love that was all-suffering, all-absorbing, all-abstaining, all-inspiring, that had vowed never to soil its hands by any compliance that would betray a brother. That was his character.

"Farewell!
And though the ways of Zion mourn
When her strong ones are called away,
Who like thyself have calmly borne
The heat and burden of the day,
Yet He who slumbereth not nor sleepeth
His ancient watch around us keepeth;
Still, sent from his creating hand,
New witnesses for truth shall stand."

IN DREAMLAND.

AUGUSTUS M. HODGES.

I OWN estate with shady bowers,
Enthroned upon a tropic isle,
With fragrant plants and fruits and flowers;
Heaven and nature's sweetest smile
Beams brightly on this vast domain;
A princely mansion, large and bright,
A host of servants in my train,
Who do my bidding day and night —
In Dreamland.

There is a barren, rocky shore
(A few short leagues from my estate)
With all the ills of life in store
For him whose bark's driven there by fate;
Privation, sickness, sorrow, death,
And wicked demons of great might,
Or harpies with sulphuric breath —
'Twas there I found myself one night —
In Dreamland.

HERE AND THERE.

[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 the country but the world. All are invited to contribute items of general views and interest.]

REV. ABRAHAM LINCOLN GAINES, D.D., was born in Wilkes County, Ga., May 8, 1865. He is a graduate of the collegiate department of Atlanta University and of Gammon Theological Seminary. After completing his grammar school course, he was employed in the service of the Atlanta (Ga.) *Blade* as compositor and contributor.

After his collegiate course he was employed as principal of Madison, Ga., public schools. During the time he was holding this position he was elected principal of the Gray street public school of Atlanta, Ga., which position he held until he resigned to enter actively into the ministry of the A. M. E. Church. He joined the North Georgia Conference in 1887, and has been pastor at Rutledge, Ga., Social Circle, Ga., and St. James Church, Atlanta, Ga.

In August, 1892, he was transferred from the North Georgia Conference to assume the pastorate of St. John's A. M. E., Norfolk, Va., to succeed Dr. J. G. Mitchell, professor of Exegetical Theology at Wilberforce University. This charge is the leading appointment of the Virginia Conference. In 1896 he was appointed to Portsmouth Station. He is now the Presiding Elder of the Norfolk (Va.) District. In 1893 the degree of Master of Arts was conferred upon him by Atlanta University, his Alma Mater. In 1898 the degree of Doctor of Divinity was conferred on him by Wilberforce University.

He represents the Virginia Conference as a trustee of Wilberforce University and the Second Episcopal District as member of the General Board of Church Extension. In 1894 he was appointed one of the Virginia Commissioners to the Negro Department of the Cotton States and International Exposition. He has been instrumental in raising more than $45,000 and in adding more than one thousand persons to the A. M. E. Church. He led his delegation to the General Conference of 1896 and 1900. He is also editor and publisher of "Our Church," a very creditable monthly. Dr. Gaines is a ripe scholar, a thorough theologian, a diplomat and a parliamentarian of rare ability.

MISS LUCILLE S. WILSON is one of the shining lights of the Baltimore "younger set," and has talents which augur a bright future. At present she is a student in the High School, from which institution she graduates in 1902.

MISS ANNA K. RUSSELL is one of St. Louis' rising young women with distinctively business inclinations.

She is bookkeeper and cashier in Russell & Gordon's undertaking establishment, which is one of the largest concerns owned by Negromen in this city, and probably in the West.

Miss Russell is a practical young woman, and quite an expert driver of fast horses.

WM. H. BUTLER of St. Louis, Mo., has recently been promoted from lieutenant of Company L of 49th Regiment to captain of Company K, same regiment.

Captain Butler was a clerk in a wholesale drug-house at the commencement of the Spanish-American War, and when the Seventh Immunes were organized he enlisted as first lieutenant in Company A, but the war was concluded before they had seen any active service.

The regiment was mustered out and Captain Butler returned home to enter again upon his duties as clerk, but he was restless, and longed for the excitement of stirring events.

When the call was made for volunteers to go to the Philippine Islands, Captain Butler reinlisted as lieutenant in Company L of 49th Regiment, where he has served with distinction for nearly two years.

LESTER A. WALTON of St. Louis, Mo., is a young man who is fast coming to the front in journalism. After leaving school he secured a position on the St. Louis *Star*, as a reporter of suburban news. In this field he showed such marked ability that they called him into the city and placed him in the courts as a reporter of legal matters. He has recently been made a general reporter.

Mr. Walton is a thorough St. Louisian, having been educated in the district and high schools of this city.

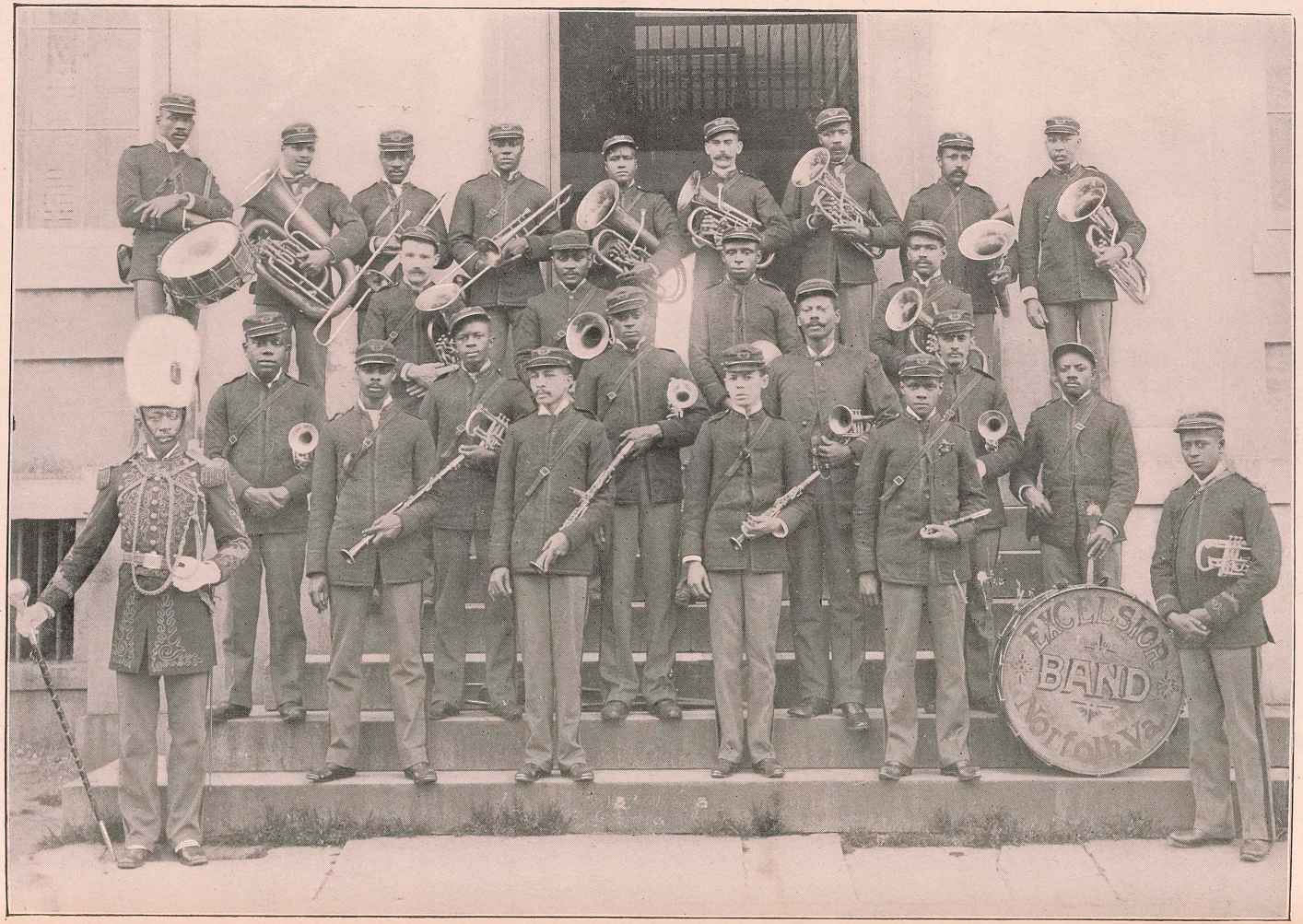
MRS. M. A. WYNNE is one of the recent additions to St. Louis social life, where she has already won a warm place in the hearts of her associates.

Mrs. Wynne is a member of the Auxiliary Board of the Provident Hospital, and also an active member in the Ladies' Guild of All Saints Episcopal Church.

DR. HENRY FITZBUTLER was the first colored man to practice medicine regularly in the state of Kentucky. He graduated from the University of Michigan in 1873, and has practised in Louisville for the past twenty-eight years. In 1888 he obtained a charter from the state, by which authority a medical college was opened, thus affording an opportunity for colored men to study medicine in Kentucky, since the race prejudice precluded them from the regular medical schools of Louisville.

This school, known as the Louisville National Medical College, is the only one of its kind owned and governed entirely by colored men.

The Auxiliary Hospital at 1027-29 W. Green is an evidence of Doctor Fitzbutler's philanthropy, and gives the colored practitioners of Louisville an opportunity of demonstrating their efficiency in surgery.



THE EXCELSIOR BAND, NORFOLK, VA.

(*See page 370.*)

Since the establishment of the hospital there have been forty-five patients in the lying-in department;

MRS. B. E. DE TOSCANO,
New York City.
Treasurer of the C. W. B. C.

several successful laparotomy operations, amputations, etc. All acute, non-contagious diseases are treated here. Dr. Sarah H. Fitzbutler is the matron and Alvin McCurdy, steward.

The present session, which opens the thirteenth year, has an increased attendance. The Auxiliary Hospital has a number of nurses in training. These nurses not only work in the hospital, but do general relief work where their services are needed; thus an industry is carried on which does much good.

THE Excelsior Band of Norfolk, Va., organized in the year 1881, is one of which the citizens of that fair city are justly proud.

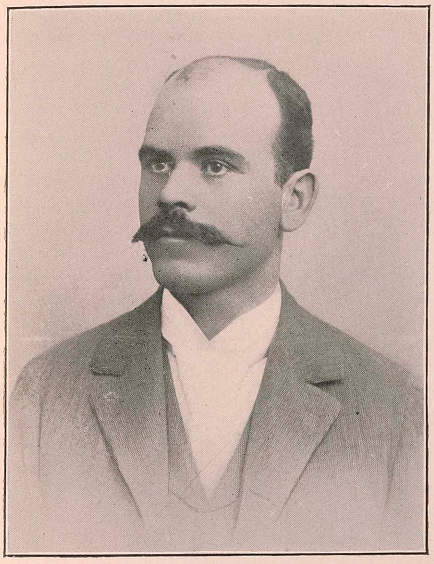
Though composed mostly of hard-working men, they yet find time to attend rehearsals regularly, and make themselves familiar with the best music of the times. They are very popular, and are favored with many engagements by the better element of white citizens. The band numbers twenty-five, and has on its rolls some of Norfolk's best citizens and business men.

Mr. Geo. Elliott, their present conductor, is most efficient, and has been wielding the baton for the past three years. He is a fond lover of the noble art, and takes pride in the fact that he first took lessons from one of its members, whom he now conducts.

JOSEPH A. PRICE,
New York, N. Y. (*See page 380.*)

There are distinguishing features about the various members of this band which are seldom met with in

organizations of their kind. They are beneficial in organization, and have for their mascot a white man familiarly



R. L. OLIVER,
Louisville, Ky.

known as "Smalley," who would feel much slighted if on parade days he was left behind. They are at present planning to make a tour of the country.

A short time ago, while the world-famous Sousa was playing an engagement there, they surprised him with a serenade, and were in turn favored by him with a short address, complimenting them most highly.

R. L. OLIVER is one of the prominent young business men of Louisville, Ky. He is a most energetic representative of the U. O. T. R., being the chief of the Louisville division of the order. He is surely benefiting his people by the promotion of the principles upon which the True Reformers are founded.

REV. C. L. PURSE of Louisville, Ky., the president of the State University in that city, is a scholar of rare ability. He devotes his best energies to the work, with an eye single to the ultimate large success of the university.

Since he took charge of the work in 1894, he has succeeded in greatly reducing the indebtedness of the school, and at the same time to see a constantly increasing enrollment of new scholars. The value of the school property is now about $30,000. Doctor Purse has the assistance of twelve efficient teachers.

MISS KATE LENA RAMEY, whose portrait we present to our readers

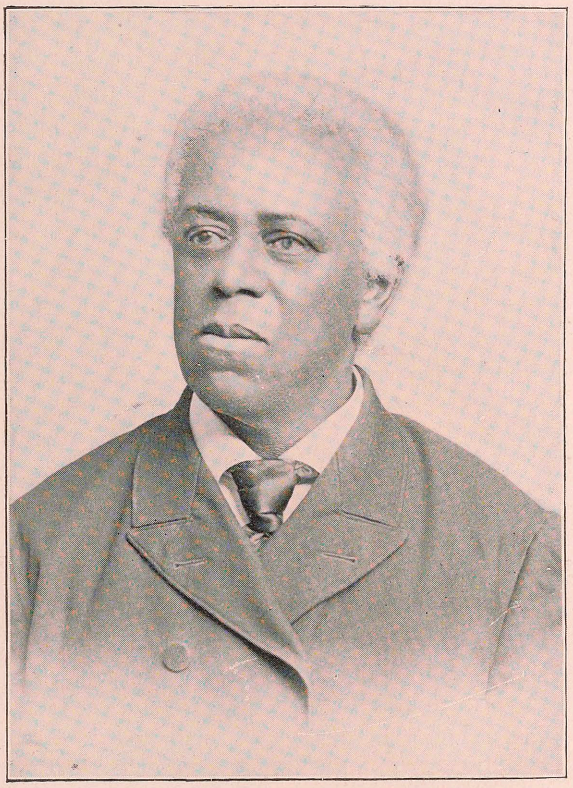
REV. C. L. PURSE,
President of State University, Louisville, Ky.

this month, is one of the most talented colored girls in Tennessee. She was born in the beautiful city of Clarks-

ville, Tenn., April 20, 1880. Her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Burton Ramey, were well-to-do and aristocratic pioneer settlers. Miss Ramey's mother died when she was but a mere tot. Her early education was under private tutors, but she afterwards attended the public school until 1897, when she entered Frances Rhoda College, to study the rudiments of a normal course. In 1899 she entered Fisk University, where she is now a sophomore.

In personal appearance Miss Ramey is a striking brunette. She has traveled extensively, and is fully conversant on all the leading topics of the day. Her ability as an elocutionist has won her much note. She is also a musician and a singer of great promise. Her able manipulation of the piano, coupled with a sweet mezzo-soprano voice, has won her much distinction.

Miss Ramey is an ardent admirer of the COLORED AMERICAN MAGAZINE, and proclaims it to be the most unique of its kind on earth.



THE LATE EDWIN GARRISON WALKER. (*See page 358.*)

THE Frederick Douglass Memorial Hospital and Training School at Philadelphia was organized during the month of July, 1895. It has been an unqualified success from its organ-

ization up to the present time. The Legislature has twice voted it an appropriation of $10,000. This, with the donations from its board of management, annual subscribers, and those secured by its ladies' auxiliaries, have furnished the means for the carrying on of the work.

The board of management has been composed largely of lay members, and to this is mainly due the fact that no great amount of friction has ever developed within the board.

The success of this and like institutions must be of great encouragement to the race in its efforts toward the development in the lines of management of scientific institutions. The race has shown its interest and appreciation for the work in many ways. One of the incidents most worthy of remembrance in the history of the hospital, is the fact that the first two gifts by legacy were from colored men; one Mr. Oliver, but a young man, and one possessed of small means, yet was the first to leave a legacy in remembrance of the kindness shown him during his illness at the institution. The second, a legacy of $300, from Mr. George Allen, a man who had lived and labored among his people, and who desired to cooperate in death in this effort for the

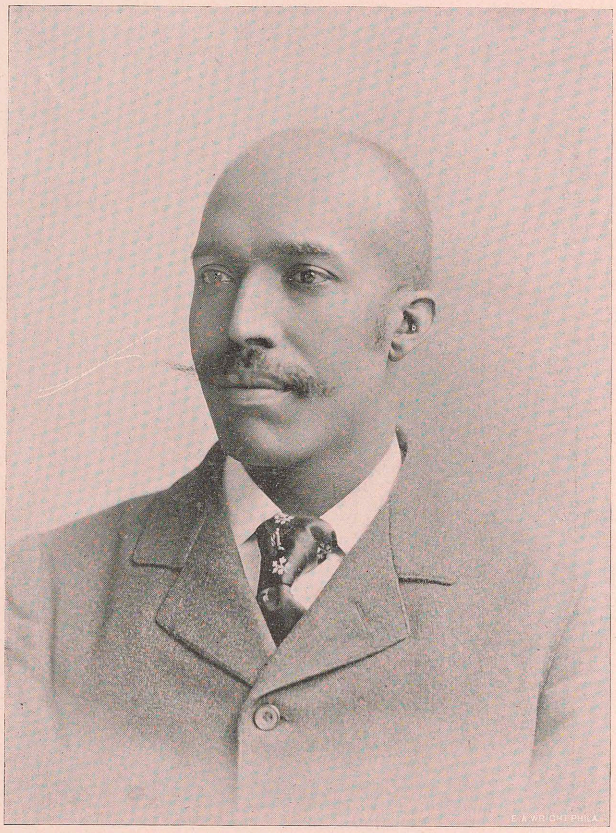
MISS KATE L. RAMEY,
Sophomore at Fisk University, Nashville, Tenn. (*See page 371.*)

betterment of their condition. The nurses graduated from the institution have found no difficulty in securing work in their chosen field of effort.

The drug-store of the hospital issued five thousand prescriptions during the present year. The various clinics have increased in usefulness from year to year under the management of an able attending associate and consultant staff made up of the best physicians of the city.

One of the interesting features of the institution is the fact that any physician may enter and treat a patient at the hospital, except in cases of operative treatment, in which case the institution reserves the right to use discretion in the choice of an operator.

The institution has in view in the near future the erection of a more suitable building, and also a nurse's home. To that end a systematic effort will be made at an early date both in the United States and in England, where Frederick Douglass, the honored American after whom the hospital was named, was known and loved so well.



DR. N. F. MOSSELL, PHILADELPHIA, PA.

OFFICE OF THE FREDERICK DOUGLASS MEMORIAL HOSPITAL, PHILADELPHIA, PA.

(*See page 372.*)

DR. N. F. MOSSELL, a graduate of Lincoln University, and later of the medical department of the University of Pennsylvania, has been a practicing physician for some nineteen years. During this time he established himself successfully in private practice, and later was quite successful in securing aid for students entering upon medical studies in Philadelphia.

The N. F. Mossell Medical Society, named in his honor, has on its rolls a large percentage of students over whom he exercised a kindly care during their student year. Dr. S. P. Stafford, the president of this society, is now chief of staff of the Provident Hospital, St. Louis, Mo.

As the years passed, and many young people applied to Doctor Mossell for assistance in entering upon their studies as physicians, pharmacists and nurses, he felt the necessity of overcoming the difficulty that beset their path, by the organization of a hospital where many of such opportunities would be open to them; to this end the Douglass Hospital was

MISS FLORENCE A. AYTES, RICHMOND, VA. (*See page* 377.)

organized, and has fulfilled all expectations in carrying out these desired results.

In 1898 Doctor Mossell visited the hospitals of London and Scotland, and spent the summer in study, especially along the line of surgery.

Doctor Mossell is chief of staff and attending surgeon of the Douglass Hospital, is a member of Medical Society, and one of the physicians lately appointed by the Board of Education of Philadelphia to attend to the health of the public school children.

MISS AUGUSTA M. HAWLEY, BRIDGEPORT, CONN. (*See page 378.*)

Upon his return a most enthusiastic reception was tendered him, in which the whole city and both races co-operated, in their desire to show appreciation for his efforts to advance the race and the home of his adoption.

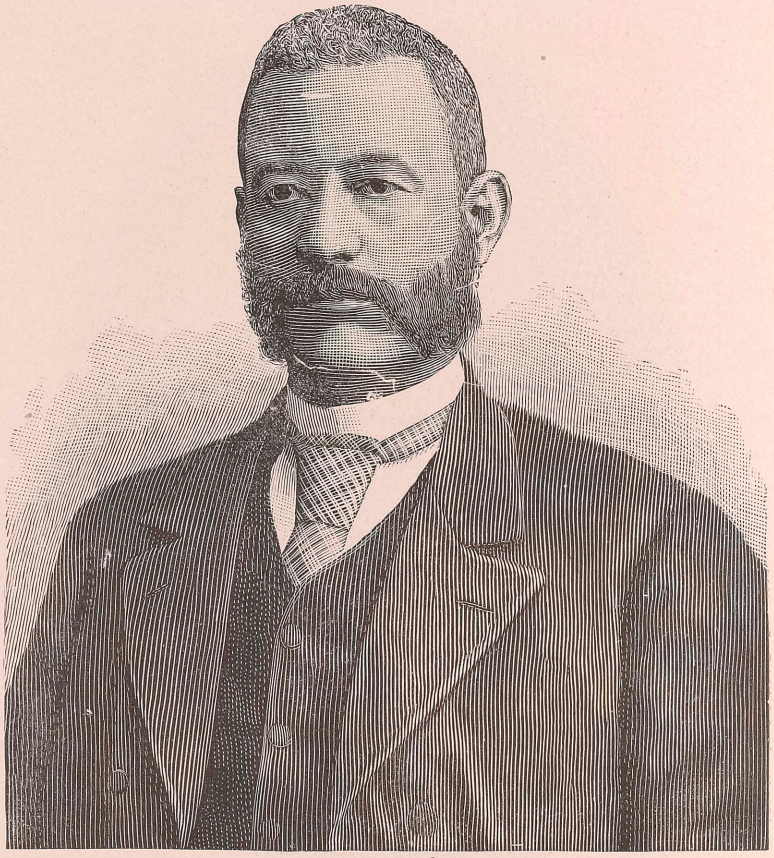
MISS FLORENCE A. AYTES, the bright and attractive representative in this month's issue of Richmond, Va.'s, society, stands high in appreciation by her many acquaintances.

The young lady, though well educated and talented, is very modest

and retiring, preferring home life, brightened by her musical genius, to the "mazy whirl of society's demand."

Mrs. W. W. Browne, the widow of the Hon. W. W. Browne, founder of the True Reformers' Organization, chose her of many accomplished misses as companion during her extensive travel last summer.

Miss Aytes is one of Richmond's public school teachers who has made a success in her chosen profession.

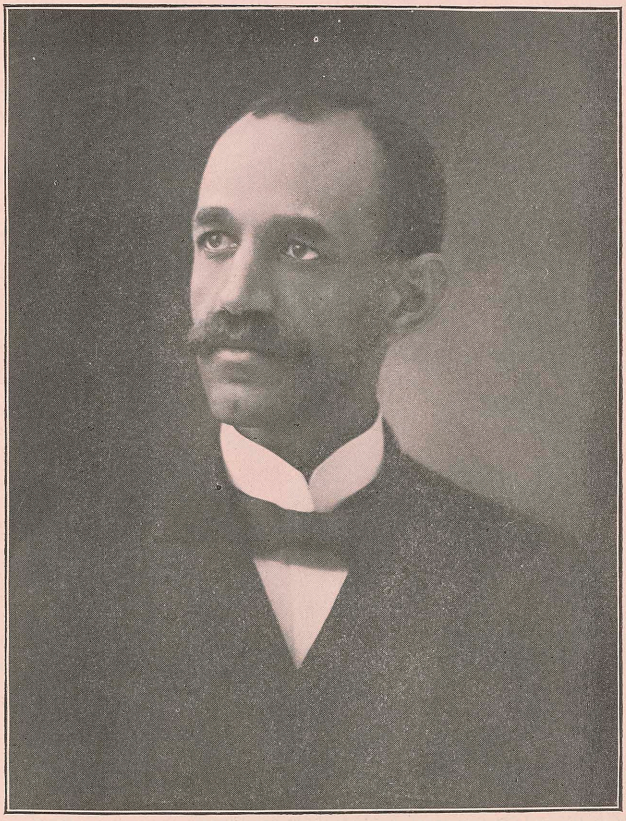


DR. HENRY FITZBUTLER, LOUISVILLE, KY. (*See page 368.*)

MISS AUGUSTA MADGE HAWLEY was born in Bridgeport, Conn., of an illustrious family, who can trace their lineage in an unbroken line back to Revolutionary times. She is a second great-granddaughter of Nero Hawley, one of the defenders of Bunker Hill. Miss Hawley is very proficient in the art of china and oil painting. Her paintings would do credit to many professional artists. She is very successful in teaching music and embroidery, and enjoys the full confidence and appreciation of her scholars. Being one of the descendants of Revolutionary fame, she enjoys the permanent good-will and regard of all those who revere the memory of the nation's struggle and

honor the names of the nation's defenders, regardless of color.

ON Feb. 14 Bethel African Methodist Episcopal Church of Philadelphia was the scene of the 141st anniversary of the birth of Richard Allen, founder of the A. M. E. Church and denomination. A chorus of over one thousand voices sang. Bishop W. B. Derrick delivered the principal address; among other things said: "Allen planted a church, not a white church nor a black church. God's church does not consist of color. African Methodism teaches the unity of the whole human race. Of one blood God made all the nations that live on the face of the earth." Others who officiated were Reverends Astwood, D.D., of Brooklyn, T. W. Henderson, D.D., C. M. Croby, D.D., J. B. Stansberry, D.D., W. H. Giles, D.D., S. P. Hood, D.D., W. O. Davis, B.D.; Theo. Gould, C. M. Tanner, D. W. Parvis, Esq., and numerous church delegations.



REV. A. L. GAINES, D.D., NORFOLK, VA. (*See page 367.*)

It was about 1794 that the colored people belonging to the Methodist Episcopal Society of Philadelphia "convened to consider the evils under which they labored, arising from the unkind treatment of their white brethren, who considered them

a nuisance in the house of worship." This was the cause that led them to form the A. M. E. Church. Richard Allen, with twenty faith followers purchased the land where mother-Bethel Church now stands. From twenty the church has now grown to seven hundred thousand members. Richard Allen, the first pastor of the first church, naturally became the first bishop. The A. M. E. Church will hereafter celebrate his birthday, and Feb. 14 will hereafter be consecrated to that end.

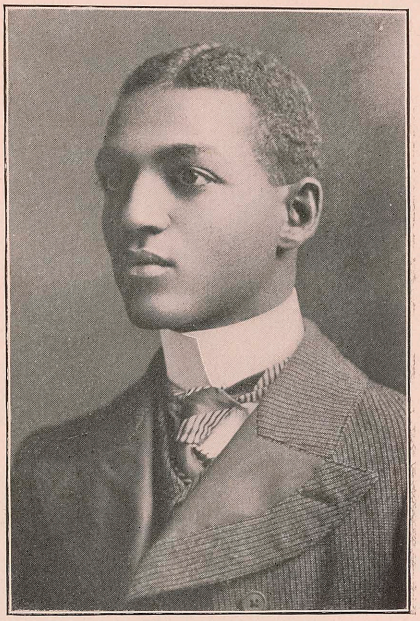
MISS LUCILLE S. WILSON, BALTIMORE, MD. (*See page 367.*)

JOSEPH A. PRICE was born at Retherfordton, N. C., May 22, 1853. As a boy he spent a few years on the farm, leaving same to enter the hotel field. He spent several years with prominent hotels, beginning at Charlotte, N. C., and later at Philadelphia, Pa. Later he went to New York and identified himself with the catering business.

Mr. Price has spent nine winters at Jacksonville, Fla., at the St. James Hotel, as assistant to Mr. Thomas. He has also been connected with the New Putnam House, Palatka, Fla., the Masconomo at Manchester-by-the-Sea, Eastman Hotel, Hot Springs, Ark. In 1891 he took full charge of the dining-room at the Broadway Central Depot, New York.

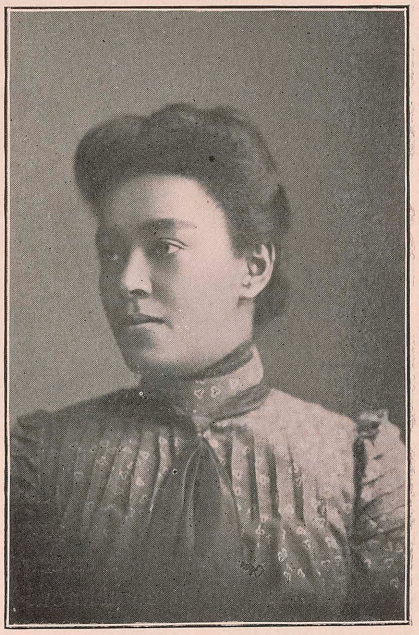
After spending six years in this

MRS. M. A. WYNNE,
St. Louis, Mo. (*See page 368.*)



LESTER A. WALTON,
St. Louis, Mo. (*See page 368.*)

CAPT. W. H. BUTLER, U. S. A.,
St. Louis, Mo. (*See page 368.*)



MISS ANNA K. RUSSELL,
St. Louis, Mo. (*See page 367.*)

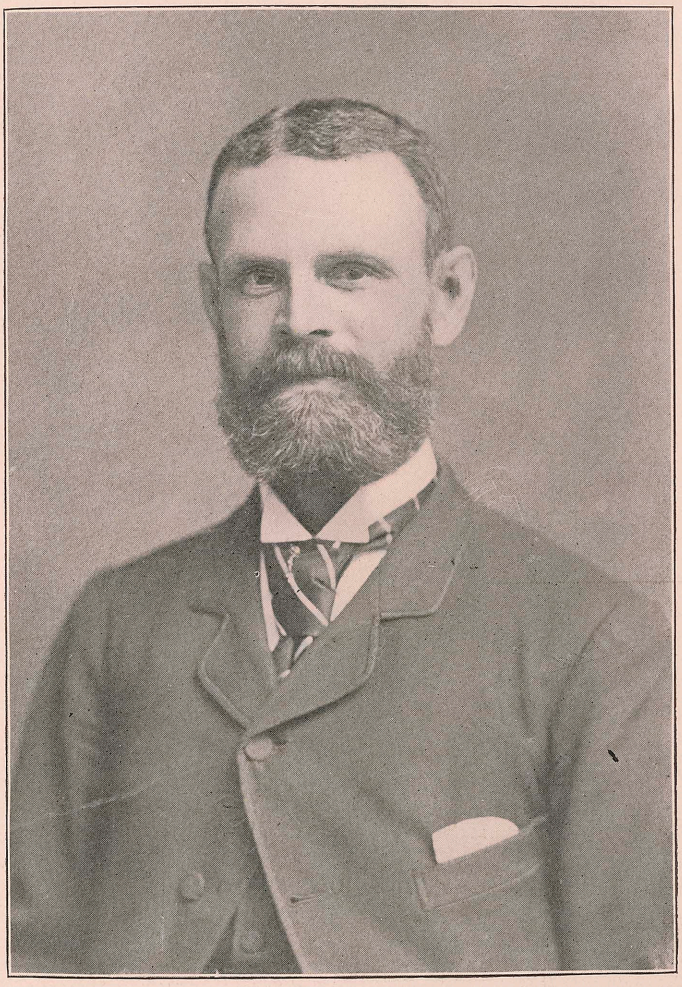
department and proving himself a man of rare ability, the proprietor saw fit to promote him to a still more responsible position by placing him as "steward," which position he has held for four years, to the entire satisfaction of the proprietor. Mr. Price is held in very high esteem as a business man, and is an acknowledged authority on all hotel matters. Mr. Price's present position shows that colored men possessing thrift and determination can hold many positions of trust and honor in whatever field they embark.

As for early education Mr. Price's advantages were limited, he having spent a short while at Biddle University and Wayland Seminary, Washington, D. C.

DR. CONWELL BANTON, PHILADELPHIA, PA.

DR. CONWELL BANTON is one of the prominent younger physicians of Philadelphia, Pa. He attended the

collegiate department of the University of Pennsylvania, and took his degree of M.D. from the same institution in the year 1900, being one of the few young colored men so privi-

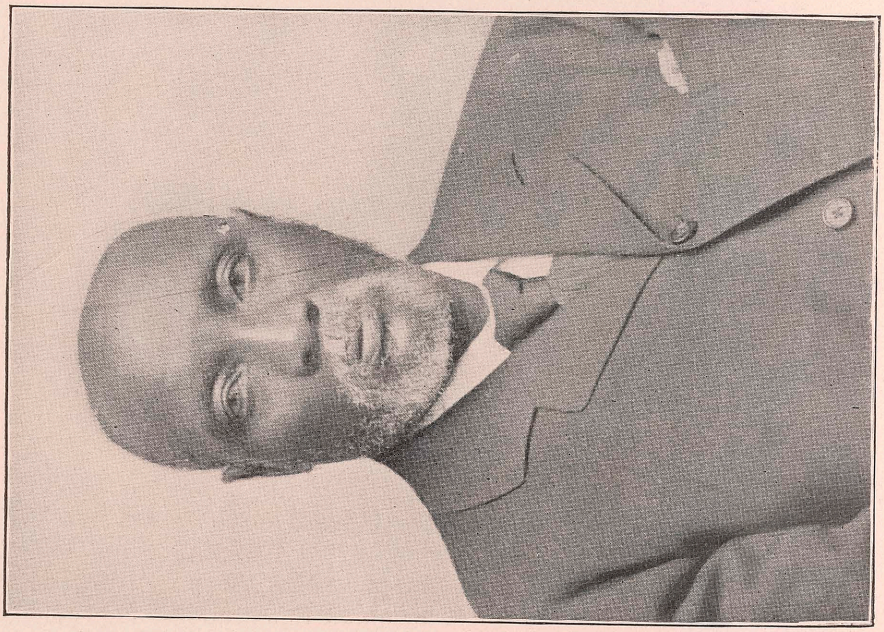


DR. R. M. HALL, BALTIMORE, MD.

leged. Immediately after graduation he began the work of his profession, and is now resident physician of the Douglass Hospital, Philadelphia, Pa.

DR. R. M. HALL is one of the pioneer physicians of Baltimore, Md. He is a man of highest standing in the community, and one whose general ability has been recognized by citizens of both races. Doctor Hall has fostered some of the many benefits now enjoyed by Negroes in Baltimore, and throughout his career has shown his intense public spirit by his zeal in promoting the public weal in its manifold ramifications. He is one of the largest owners of realty of any one of the race in Baltimore.

BATHOENG, CHIEF OF THE BANGWAKETSE.



SEBELE, CHIEF OF THE BAKWENA.

THE STORY OF THE CHRISTIAN KING KHAME.

In Two Parts. Part II.

(With brief sketches of Bathoeng and Sebele.)

S. E. F. C. C. HAMEDOE, A PROF. F. G. S. I.

SEKHOME'S first act after his restoration to the throne was to flatter his son Khamane, as he and Khame were children of the same mother and father. He made Khamane believe that he had the same rights as his brother Khame, forgetting that the law of primogeniture is firmly fixed in the hearts of the Bechwana, and they will not break it without the best of reasons, such as mental or physical incapacity.

Khame remained silent and Sekhome became bolder. He made Khamane ruler over a tribe of bushmen, thus making him an equal bidder with his brother for the chieftainship. Khame still used no harsh words to show his displeasure of his father's actions. He immediately withdrew from Shoshong, and made his headquarters at Serue, a cattle post on the route to Matebele Land. Part of the people followed him, in spite of his thuto, and others began to treek over to him, until the town of Shoshong was well-nigh deserted.

Sekhome and Khamane did not like this new departure, but they were powerless to prevent it; for while the people did not like Khame's religion, they did believe that he could protect them from the awful onslaughts of the savage Matebele, who were the dread of all South Africa.

Khamane's hatred of his brother was too deep-seated to think of asking him to return, but still each day would see another family treek to Serue, until Khamane was forced to ask the two missionaries, Doctors McKenzie and Hepburn, to accompany him, and to use their influence with Khame not to split the nation, but to return to Shoshong and assume control of the government.

Khame replied with flashing eyes and infinite sternness: "When I was with you my face was botlhoko (pain). You treated me like a dog in my own lolwapa, and before my own people; therefore I refuse to live in the same town with you and Sekhome. I have had enough of that. Let us separate. You take your road and I will take mine. Let those who prefer to remain with you remain, and those who prefer to come unto me, let them come."

Thus ended their interview, and the King, Sekhome, Khamane, and the missionaries returned to Shoshong. Serue was an unsatisfactory capital, as it was too near the Matebele border. Fearing an attack Khame moved northwest and settled on the Botlétlé River. In making

this move it was necessary to traverse two hundred miles of the great Khalahari desert, amid great privations, as many of the roads were full of sand, making it most difficult for the wagons, although drawn by from sixteen to twenty oxen, and with a very small water supply.

Sekhome and Khamane proposed to take advantage of Khame under these conditions, and they stole many of his stray oxen, and even seized some of his women and children.

Upon hearing of these outrages Khame gave orders not to seize anything that belonged to his father and brother, but to let their property pass unmolested. Khame then camped, and returned next day to Shoshong to seek his cattle, together with the women and children. Addressing Sekhome, Khame said: "I come peacefully to ask you for my women and children, together with the cattle. Give them to me, and I will return without doing you any harm." Sekhome and Khamane replied: "The cattle and the women are ours. Do not for a moment think you are dealing with an old woman like Maching. We speak with guns, not with words, like you." After making this declaration they made arrangements to lay in ambush eight miles from Shoshong, at the Nakalongme Pass, and intercept Khame and his men. This plan was carried out, and they took Khame completely by surprise.

Khame, however, by very sharp fighting rallied his men, and put Sekhome and his following to utter rout. He then sent word to his father, saying: "Do not send the women and children to the caves tonight. I shall not attack you. I acknowledge you as chief, not Khamane. You will find me and my supporters before the town tomorrow morn at sunrise. If you give me the wives and children of my young men, and our cattle, I shall return without firing a shot."

This message elated the old heathen king, as he felt this would give him an opportunity to shoot down his foolish son. As Khame and his men were approaching the next morning, Sekhome's men, according to arrangements, opened fire, but without effect. Khame had ordered his men not to fire a shot. He had, however, instructed them to rush in and to burn and destroy the entire town.

The entire Makalaka tribe upon seeing Khame hastened to him with the women and children, together with all the cattle. Khame then returned to the Botlétlé River, leaving Sekhome and Khamane at their old capital, Shoshong. A few months later Khame appeared like an apparition before Shoshong, in spite of all the scouts sent out by his father to herald his approach. Leaving his main army at the Lesōsō River, upon which the twenty thousand subjects of Sekhome and Khamane had to rely for water, he sent this message to Khamane: "I hear you intend to fight. If so, make ready at once. I am here, and we will fight this day for the waters of Lesōsō."

Then was fought a hard, but sharp

and decisive battle. Many were killed and wounded on both sides. Sekhome and Khamane were finally routed, and fled for their lives. For a long time they lived as exiles among the Bakwena tribe, of which people I shall speak a little later.

Khame finally recalled his father, but never again did he restore him to power. He lived quietly without influence, and finding that his power was gone forever, he pined away and died in 1883. Thus it was about the 5th of February, 1875, when Khame came full into power as chief of the Bamangwato. His first act was an endeavor to consolidate the tribes. "In union there is always strength," he would say. He did all in his power to encourage Christianity.

New missions were started all over the kingdom. The old chief of this tribe, Lecholathebe, ruled until his death. Then Dethabo reigned in his stead until Lecholathebe's son, Moremi, was of age.

Moremi's mother was a woman who as a girl had been taken a slave in one of the Matebele raids. Her name was Ma-Makaba. When she stood on Lake Ngami she saw for the first time in her life a white man, David Livingston.

When the first mission was founded here she became an early convert. But her son Moremi was of a different kind. He loved his beer, and although he knew Khame had prohibited its use in the kingdom, he traveled to Shoshong to beg to be allowed to have this last custom retained, to which the king replied: "Moremi, when I visit you and your people I shall respect your laws, but no beer."

Khamane then began a moonshine distillery to supply Moremi and others with beer. When Khame heard of this he became greatly enraged, and cried out: "What new insult is this at the hands of Khamane?" and seizing a burning brand thrust it into Khamane's crääl, burning it flat. Nevertheless, Moremi got his beer, and died a drunkard ten years later, in spite of this object-lesson set by the king.

In 1883 the Matebele again took the field and began to raid in Khame's country. He sent a few scouts and two regiments to find out their plans and to watch their movements. When he had finally located them, he left the capital with his main army to attack them, leaving Khamane in charge of the government.

Khame had scarcely left when Khamane called a council and immediately made arrangements to begin to brew beer. He promised all of the old chiefs that he would immediately return to all of the old customs, and to the young men a restoration of the Bogwera. To the mothers he promised the return of the Boyale.

To impress them all with his sincerity he commanded the nation to assemble, and proclaimed that they go through all of the ancient rites. They accordingly held high revel and made the night hideous with their "Yo, Yo, Yo." Khamane then swore that if he was ever chief, all these rites and ceremonies would be restored, as in Khari's time. He even

commanded all of the young men to wear ostrich feathers, a sign of feticism and war. Some said: "I am a Christian and should not be compelled to wear them." To this he replied: "I am Khamane, your chief, and command it."

Ma-Bessie, Khame's wife, protested, as did Mphoeng, a Christian, against the custom, and especially against the command for the Christian converts to wear ostrich plumes. They appealed to the missionaries, and they in turn held an audience with the chief. His reply was: "It is a European custom, brought to us by you, for every regiment you have has some medal or special mark of rank. We also have ours, which is the ostrich plume."

After sharp skirmishing Khame's scouts caught some of Lobenguela's men. They were, however, treated with great kindness and sent back to their chief. This caused Lobenguela to withdraw, and for a time put an end to the war. Among Lobenguela's men were some traders, the Makalaka. Some of these men were captured and some killed. This Khame deeply regretted, and he commanded that all their belongings be gathered together and restored to them; and sent them back to their king with apologies for the unfortunate occurrence.

This act was spread broadcast among the tribes of South Africa, and caused many hundreds to leave their own cruel chiefs and ally themselves unto the Thuto chief's country, and swear him their allegiance.

From Zambesi, Mashuboa, Gabjé, Batoka, Makob and other lands hundreds of miles away came this vast array of natives. Khame's motto is: "There shall be no king before me in my country." If a man digs a well, Khame will buy that well and sell the water himself, in order that that man may not get any prestige among the people.

A missionary who had just arrived began to build a large hut with a straw-thatched roof. One morning he saw a large band of young men coming towards it, each with a shock of grass. He was perplexed, and did not know but that he had fallen into disfavor, and thought they were preparing to burn his hut. But great was his delight when he learned that it was a punishment, as they had transgressed a law, and Khame had commanded each to pull so much grass; and thus the missionary was saved.

Khame was visited in 1885 by Major-General Warren, Sir Baden-Powell and the Rev. John McKenzie, their object being to declare a British protectorate over Khame's country. In greeting them Khame said: "I give thanks to the Queen, but ask that the right to make laws and change them in the country of the Bamangwato, be decided according to our custom. We have laws that are good and advantageous to us, and I ask that they be not taken away. I will not have any intoxicating drinks enter my country in any way or form whatever, whether for white people or for blacks."

A little later one of the Dutch traders asked permission of one of Khame's chiefs to build a house, which he granted without consulting Khame. Khame sent a regiment of the Maolola under his younger brother Ikitsuing to coerce the chief, but he was stubborn and had prepared to fight. But Khame's men, with the assistance of the British police, settled this affair satisfactorily.

Khame's son Sekhome was born in 1865. He is tall and slender, like his father, and is a graceful horseman. He speaks English, as he was sent for two years to the Lonedale Institution at Cape Town, the most noted in South Africa. In 1889 Khame made the announcement that he would move his capital from Shoshong some seventy miles to a range of hills called Palapshe, or Phalopsye. The principal reason for moving was the lack of water. When the king gave the word to start, every wagon and vehicle of any kind was pressed into service. It was a most exciting time, to see the natives, especially the poorer class, with all their simple furniture on their heads. This procession of over twenty thousand people stretched out along the road for a distance of seventy miles.

Khame had staked the new town according to the ideas of the Bamangwato. Every head man had his allotment, and was given orders what to do. The exodus was slow but sure, and in six months' time the new city of Phalopsye had been completed, and a stranger visiting the same would never have suspected but that it had been there for years. During the moving the chiefs left behind many old, decrepit and blind women and men, saying that they were no longer of any service.

When this became known to Khame he lost his temper, and immediately ordered the head men to see to it that they were moved to the new city at once. In this new city six months after it was founded you could not see a single European dwelling, for even Khame himself lived in an African hut, though more spacious and commodious than those of his subjects. But today you will find many traders there with brick houses, also government and missionary buildings, and the Lepantanpantan River furnishes an abundant supply of water for all.

In 1889 besides the vexing questions of state Khame's cup was filled to the brim by the death of his wife Ma-Bessie. She had been his greatest consolation and adviser, a faithful wife and a great comfort, always assisting him in trying to instill Christian principles in their son as well as in their subjects. After her death Khame had a handsome and costly church built.

The present Bamangwato's knowledge of the Bible astonishes most travelers. A story is told of a Jesuit priest who was anxious to spread his faith among them had painted a black Zulu, and told the people it was the Christ. They shook their heads and said: "Oh, no, we know that Zulu; Christ was a Jew."

The town of Palapsye is more Christian than any American or

European city, as no work is allowed and no wagon can enter or leave the town on Sunday, where services are held regularly, twice daily.

In 1892 when the Matebele, led by Gambo Lobenguela's son-in-law, began war with the English, the British government asked Khame for fifteen hundred men for a month, and he sent them twenty-five hundred. They met and defeated the Matebele at Imbadine, the Matebele losing one hundred men, while Khame lost but two men and fifteen wounded. Khame remained a while with the English, but as it was the plowing season he returned home and began work, leaving the final action to the British government. The result of this action must be fresh in all of your minds today, as it has so recently happened. Khame then sent for Her Majesty's agents, and asked them to help him to fight the liquor traffic. Addressing them he said, "I fear brandy more than the Matebele and Lobenguela. I have fought them and driven them back, and they never came again. They never gave me a sleepless night. But to fight against strong drink is to fight against demons, not men. I dread the white man's drink more than the attacks of the Matebele. All kinds of wounds come from drink, and they never heal."

After Ma-Bessie's death he married Crasekete, sister of the Chief Bathoeng, but she died a year and a half later. In 1894 Khame got into a boundary dispute with Sebele, but he appealed to the British government, and they settled it for him.

At the age of sixty Khame decided to visit Cape Town, and see the ocean and travel on the railways. He was kindly received by the High Commissioner, Lord Loch, who styled himself Khame's friend. A meeting and reception was held by the prominent churchmen in his honor. In reply to this ovation Khame said: "I salute you, church of God; I salute you with a thankful heart. You are my friends. When I came to the Cape I did not know that I had any friends. I felt like a lost man. I rejoice at the sympathy you have shown me. I never expected to find such friendship here. I am a black man, and I have no friends among the white people, and I am, therefore, astonished at the way you receive me. When I left home they told me I would find friends at the Cape. I did not believe it, but now I see that it was true. I thank you heartily for your kind reception, and I pray you to help me fight the liquor traffic, and when I go home I know I shall arrive amid great rejoicing among my people."

When Khame decided to visit England a little later, the white residents of his capital addressed him as follows:

To the Chief Khame:

CHIEF OF THE BAMANGWATO NATION,-
PALAPSYE.

DEAR SIR: We, the undersigned, residents of Palapsye, the chief town in your country, being given to understand that you are about to take a trip to England, cannot let this opportunity pass without offering to you our heartiest thanks for the way in which you have always treated us since we came to reside in your country. We are

glad to bear our testimony to the justice and courtesy we have always experienced at your hands, and to the uprightness and honesty of all your business transactions. Touching your people, we have always found them civil, honest, and obliging, and nowhere in South Africa is there a country with so little theft and crime as among your people. We wish you a pleasant journey to England and a safe return, renewed in vigor and health, to your own country.

Very truly yours,———

This letter was signed by all the white residents at Palapsye, his capital. I now leave you to form your own opinion of King Khame, and will endeavor to say a few words of his two neighbors, Bathoeng and Sebele.

BATHOENG, CHIEF OF THE BANGWAKETSE.

Bathoeng, son of Gaseitsime, is the paramount chief of the Bangwaketse tribe, and brother to Khame's second wife. About fifteen thousand of this tribe live at the capital, Kanye, exclusive of the subject tribes that live in the country. When the missionaries first entered this region, they found old Chief Makabé II. Moffat began preaching the resurrection. He listened for a while to him, and then replied: "Oh, no; impossible. The men slain by the strong arm of Makabe II. can live no more. We love you 'Moshete' (which is the nearest they can pronounce Moffatt), but we cannot accept this doctrine. You will have to change that in Makabe's country."

Bathoeng was born in 1845. In his youth he learned to read and write at the mission school. He is a good shot, and a great hunter of elephants. He stands five feet eight inches high, and is much fairer than any of the others of his tribe. He has an excellent knowledge of his own language and the Lengwaketse, together with Lechwana, Dutch and English. He is well versed in Bangwaketse lore, and that of most all the neighboring tribes. In 1887 he visited Khame, and was much concerned by the example of good Christian government shown him. During his absence the heathen-rite faction, upon whom he had placed restrictions, broke loose, and attempted to drive out the missionaries, crying: "We want no more of this thuto!" When Bathoeng heard this, he hastened home, and quickly put down the rebellion, and today he rules with a firm hand. He is a fluent speaker and a good lawyer, as well as chief. He is always well dressed in European clothes, usually in black.

In 1890 he went through a Christian marriage service with Gagoangme, the daughter of the Chief Sechelé, sister of Sebele, and widow of the Chief Pelane. She is the daughter, sister, widow, wife, and mother of a chief. Thus by marriage the three chiefs are related much the same as the royal families of Europe. He lives in a different manner from Khame, in an European house. A clock may be seen in every room, and in one room he has half a dozen, which were presented to him by noted European travelers. On entering Kanye you will see signboards printed in the Sechwana and Dutch languages, forbidding any one to

enter or leave the capital on Sunday. Any person violating this law is fined an ox.

Prayers were held by his order every morning and evening. Yet he was not a Christian. He also visited the Cape in 1892, and was kindly received by the High Commissioner, Lord Loch, and saw for the first time in his life the sea and the warships and railways. He visited England later with the other chiefs, and has accepted Christianity, and the Bogwera and Boyara, yo! yo! yo! can no longer be heard at Kanye, and for miles before you arrive at the capital you can see the spire of the magnificent church built by his order. You can also see that Christianity is far different in South Africa from that practiced in America today, where they have an aristocracy in Christendom. Here all are equal, and the white man bows with the black without distinction, and another savage is turned into a Christian king.

SEBELE, CHIEF OF THE BAKWENA.

But how differently the white man is seen and his Thuto by Sebele, chief of the Bakwena, of whom I shall say a few words.

If you wish to learn something of the early reigns of the chiefs of these tribes read Livingstone, who was a great friend of Sebele's father. One day he called Livingstone and said: "We like you as well as if you had been born amongst us. You are the only white man we shall probably ever see, but we do wish you would give up that constant preaching and praying. We cannot get familiar with that at all. You see we never get rain, and the other tribes who never preach and pray have plenty of vanity." Livingstone tried to convince him, but he only said: "God made black men first, but did not love them as he did white men. He made you beautiful, and gave you clothing, and guns, and powder, horses, wagons, and many things, about which we know nothing. But toward us he has no heart. He gave us nothing but the assegai and cattle and rainmakers, making not our hearts like yours. We never love one another." You can readily see that Sebele's early training was that of a heathen, and although Doctor Livingstone taught him to read, he is still a peculiar man. He leads all of the heathen rites at times and at others he will discuss the Bible like a preacher. He is a regular church-goer, and his son is one of the most handsome black men in the world.

Sebele believes in the lore of his ancestors. He came in possession of his throne in 1893. He is very wealthy, and has visited England. He was received by Hon. Joseph Chamberlain most kindly, and on his return home said: "God bless the Queen, whose government is always just."

EDITORIAL AND PUBLISHER'S ANNOUNCEMENTS.

AN apology is certainly due the many hundreds of interested friends who desired a copy of our February issue. The fact is, our edition for February was completely exhausted on the day of publication, and we have been forced to refuse orders from our agents from all sections of the country during the entire month just past.

We could have sold many thousand copies additional. We shall endeavor to see that this condition is not repeated, although as the magazine is made more interesting and timely with each new issue, it becomes most difficult to know just how many to print, in order to supply the constantly increasing demand. It will be a very good plan, however, if you desire to make sure of each issue, to enter your yearly subscription, either direct to the home office or through any of our regular agents, as you will thus be assured of each issue being mailed you regularly.

OUR Premium Offer of a beautiful watch for eight yearly subscribers, is meeting with great favor in all sections of the country. Many of the watches have already been mailed to our workers, and they have in every case given perfect satisfaction. Following is a copy of a letter just received:

24 W. 133d STREET, NEW YORK.

Dear Sirs: Your letter and Premium Watch arrived safely, and in reply allow me to return many thanks to you, as I am very much pleased and perfectly satisfied in every respect. Respectfully,

MISS H. MATTHEWS.

This Premium Offer, which is a most liberal one, may be withdrawn at any time. Would it not be wise for you to secure one of the watches while you can? It's very simple. Show the magazine to eight interested friends and collect $1.50 from each. Forward us the twelve dollars and you get the watch by return mail. Your eight friends will each receive twelve issues of this magazine, and also a beautiful photogravure, "The Young Colored American." It is really a favor to your friends to have their attention called to a magazine of the high standard of this publication. Make a start at once. You can own the watch in a few hours time if you really try.

THE following, which appeared in a recent edition of the Boston *Herald*, is most timely:

CROWDING OUT THE NEGRO.

IN North Carolina there is under consideration legislation forbidding colored men the right of practising law in the courts of the state. Having prevented them from exercising the right to vote, it is now proposed to deny them the right to make a living in the profession of law. If this scheme succeeds, the next step naturally will be to deny their right to practice medicine, then their right to preach the gospel, then their right

to work at any gainful trade of which white men wish to secure a monopoly, then, perhaps, their right to own land in fee-simple, and so on until the old slave law against teaching colored persons to read is revived. The process is not altogether illogical. Having denied the right to vote to all who cannot satisfy a hostile white registration board of their intelligence, it is quite consistent to devise ways and means to discourage colored persons from acquiring intelligence, the purpose of the laws not being to secure intelligent suffrage, but an exclusive white suffrage, whether intelligent or not. It is a dark prospect for the colored people in the South now; but there are rays of light. Last week the Academy of Music in Richmond, Va., was rented for the first time for a meeting of colored men, the occasion being a meeting of the Negro Business Men's League, to hear an address by Booker T. Washington. The League formally invited the legislature and the city council to attend the meeting, and both accepted the invitation by vote. There were, it is reported, at least three hundred white men present. He to whom they listened was not an inferior in nobility or culture.

THE speech of Congressman George H. White, the colored member from North Carolina, is now being circulated, complete, in pamphlet form. The portions that reached the public through the news channels gave but a fragmentary idea of the force, the eloquence and the pathos of this valedictory effort. It emphasized apparently the parting of the ways. It was significant of the too evident fact that the Negro has been forsaken by political parties and social organizations. The address was dignified, eloquent, and as scholarly as a majority of his fellow-members could have delivered. He answered dispassionately yet convincingly the insinuation of a Southern member that the blacks had been thrust upon the whites of their section.

His closing exhortation and appeal was both dramatic and pathetic. It was the appeal of one who seemed to think that he must make the most of a final opportunity. Speaking for the Negro, he said:

> Help him to overcome his weaknesses, punish the crime-committing class by the courts of the land, measure the standard of the race by its best material, cease to mold prejudicial and unjust public sentiment against him, and my word for it, he will learn to support, hold up the hands of, and join in with that political party, that institution, whether secular or religious, in every community where he lives, which is destined to do the greatest good for the greatest number. Obliterate race hatred, party prejudice, and help us to achieve nobler ends, greater results, and become more satisfactory citizens to our brother in white.

In conclusion he said: "The only apology that I have to make for the earnestness with which I have spoken is that I am pleading for the life, the liberty, the future happiness, and manhood suffrage for *one-eighth of the entire population* of the United States." The outlook is dark for the Negro in the Old North State, but as long as this spirit of caste and proscription is indulged to the extent now apparent, *it is darker still for the white man.— Boston Transcript.*

Following is the list of our agents as far as appointed, arranged by states. We shall add to the list from month to month.

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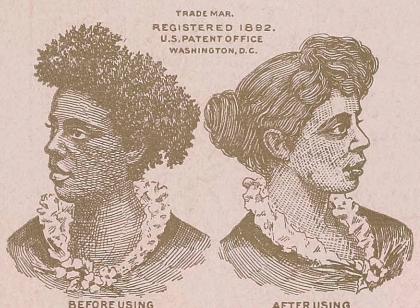

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