

The Colored American Magazine

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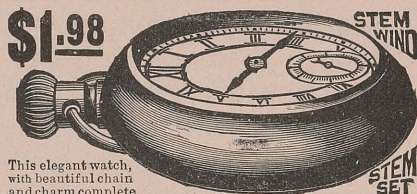
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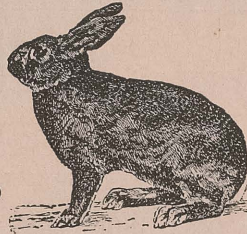
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“ LIKE ME, SHALT THOU EMERGE FROM DEATH AND RISE
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THE COLORED AMERICAN MAGAZINE.

VOL. II.

APRIL, 1901.

No. 6.

EASTER DAY.

WILLIAM STANLEY BRAITHWAITE.

Today I woke and looked upon the heath
 And odorous breath
Of lilies, and the sweet geranium,
 With the low hum

Of birds, spoke softly to my ears and said :
 “He who was dead
Lives once again — He rose 'twixt day and night
 In samite white.

“And all the morn grew flush'd in subtle bloom ;
 All death's sad gloom
Vanished ; and joy, as when His foot touched earth
 Sprang into birth.”

Then one did seem to stand in field nearby,
 And loudly cry :
“Step blithely midst the flow'rs, for I am He
 Of Calvary.

“And when thou, too, hast borne thy cross thro' life,
 And won the strife,
Like me, shalt thou emerge from death and rise
 With this great prize :

“Life's raiment cleansed with precious blood of mine ;
 And radiant shine
Beside my Father's throne, three lilies in thine hair,
 As crown shalt wear.”

THREE NEGRO POETS,*

JOHN LIVINGSTON WRIGHT.

OF the latter-day ameliorators of the colored race, no one has grasped the problem with the singular perception and wisdom of Booker T. Washington. Well may he be called the "Washington of his race!" He alone has epigrammed the mighty question of what is to become of the colored man. Mr. Washington has stated it in this sentence:

"The development of the colored man must come from within and not without."

There is the gist of the case. The statement of a premise that all the factions can agree upon. And who but the sincere, patient, heroic Mr. Washington has rendered the exact diagnosis?

If this postulate is true of the black man in respect to material advancement, no less is it true of educational, ethical and literary upliftment. Until within a very brief period, the colored man has figured in literature much as a clever critic declared that the child had posed prior to the coming of James Whitcomb Riley. Said this analyst: "There had been no lack of 'Children's Poems.' In fact, bushels of juvenile books were coming out each Christmas. But the poems were invariably of the kind that papa and mamma would memorize and recite to their friends *about* the children.

Finally Mr. Riley came along and turned the tables. He had the children tell, in their own words and way, what they thought about the grown folks!"

Thus, with respect to the colored man. He has been a theme in prose and poetry, but it has been taken as a matter of course that the white man should be the depicter and the mimic. From the grave and polished lucubrations of the novelist, the gamut has been run until every "one-night-stand" theatrical troupe has felt itself unable to cope with the rigors of the road unless there was a limitless supply of Hebrew or Hibernian-made "Coon" songs. Like his other sorrows and abuses, the colored man has patiently borne this onslaught of Bowery descriptive, and in his patient way prayed for the time when his own race might portray its own life. There are happy indications that the time is arriving. In verse-making there are three young men of African blood who have arisen to paint in faithful imagery the life of the black man as he lives in America today. They are Paul Dunbar, Daniel Webster Davis and James D. Corrothers. They are the first of the Negro blood to attain in the realm of poetry a footing which entitles them to first consideration.

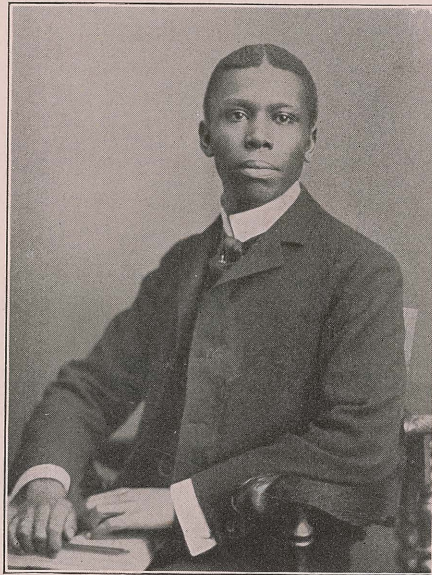
* We desire to acknowledge the courtesy of Messrs. Dodd, Mead & Co., Helman-Taylor Company, and the Century Company, for permission to use the several selections of poetry appearing in this article.— Ed.

Earliest in public attention, Dunbar is far the best known, although that fact does not necessarily mean that his standing is in all respects superior to his mates in lyric-making. While, since his first book of poems was published, he has, in addition to his later volume of poems, done some short stories and a novel, his best work and his reputation depend mainly upon his dialect verses. His novel was an attempt to get away from the colored life. But it was not the real Dunbar that dominated this volume. This effort was of no especial merit save where he got carried away by that plaintive refinement which is the distinguishing feature of his verse-making. In these few touches there was the display of the rare talent which has made him famous. It was once more but an illustration of how easy it is to be unsatisfied with what you can do best. What reader of "The Uncalled" would have said: "Leave poetry and keep on with the novel"? No, it was in his dialect verse that Dunbar won his first success, and in which he has maintained and enhanced his literary standing. It was the little volume, "Lyrics of Lowly Life," that impelled Howells to lend that kindly aid and encouragement which were worth worlds to the talented young man from Dayton. After an examination of the book, the eminent novelist declared:

"If Dunbar should do nothing more than he has done, I should feel that he has made the strongest claim for the Negro in English that the Negro has yet made."

And in summing up his views of the newcomer, Mr. Howells observed:

"There is a precious difference of temperament between the races which it would be a great pity to lose, and this is best preserved and most charmingly suggested by Mr. Dunbar in those pieces of his where he studies the moods and traits of his race in its own accent of our English. We call such pieces 'dia-



PAUL LAURENCE DUNBAR.

lect,' for want of some closer phrase, but they are really not dialect so much as delightful personal attempts and failures for the written and spoken language. In nothing is his essentially refined and delicate art so well shown as in these pieces. He reveals in them a finely ironical perception of the Negro's limitations."

It is a rough law, but it is a law, nevertheless, that a man or a race

can only attain standing in the professions or arts when the achievement is absolute. A profound decision of law must be accepted because it is law; not because it is a remarkably bright performance considering that the promulgator wears a Greek letter fraternity pin on the lower part of his waistcoat and an inoffensive moustache upon the lower part of his countenance; nor yet, because the opinion was vouchsafed by a grave and reverend mien and a bald pate. Dunbar has the proud distinction of being the pioneer in a poetry that is poetry and "no questions asked."

However, such is our innate love of the personal and the anecdotal, it is interesting to us to know that young Dunbar was born of a father who had gained his escape from slavery by fleeing to Canada; of a mother who was made free by the Civil War. In Dayton, Ohio, the place of his birth, Dunbar was thrust upon the world to sink or swim as a child of the poor. This colored boy was determined to swim. His father had learned the trade of a plasterer and then learned to read. The boy had from the start that strange love of books that seems to know no station. The trait crops up in the hut, and refuses, oftentimes, to crop in the palace. With Dunbar, it was to educate himself, and then strive to make his own words jibe. To literary recognition was over the same toilsome and venerable path.

His "Lyrics of Lowly Life" were followed by "Poems of Cabin and Field." He was now in the lime-

light, with every ray turned on. Honors and receptions and lectures and every allurements to never doing any more good things were flaunted before him. Nevertheless, he soon issued his book of short stories, "Folks from Dixie," of which his publishers were speedily alleging the passing of the "fifty-thousand mark." He issued the novel, "The Uncalled," and in the meantime was contributing magazine verses and fugitive articles. He has proven himself a methodical outputter of literary wares and is steadily maintaining his pace. He is of honor to his race because his achievement has been absolute.

Of that fineness of feeling, that delicacy and daintiness of touch that characterize his work, that subtle humor, accurate perception and spiritual philosophizing, the just appreciation must come from a reading of Dunbar's books, but the following selections may bestir the reader to longing for a more extended enjoyment.

A PLEA.

Treat me nice, Miss Mandy Jane,
Treat me nice.

Dough my love has turned my brain,
Treat me nice.

I ain't done a t'ing to shame,
Lovahs all ac's jes' de same;
Don't you know we ain't to blame?
Treat me nice.

Cose I know I'se talkin' wild,
Treat me nice.

I cain't talk no bettah, child;
Treat me nice.

Whut a pusson gwine to do,
W'en he come a-cou'tin you,
All a-tremblin' thoo and thoo?
Please be nice.

Reckon I mus' go de paf
 Othahs do :
 Lovahs lingah, ladies laugh.
 Mebbe you
 Do' mean all the things you say,
 An' p'rhaps some latah day
 W'en I baig your ha'd, you may
 Treat me nice.

TIME TO TINKER ROUN'!

Summah's nice, wif sun a-shinin',
 Spring is good wif greens and grass,
 An' dey's somethings nice 'bout wintah,
 Dough hit brings de freezin' blas';
 But de time dat is de fines',
 Whethah fiel's is green er brown,
 Is w'en de rain's a-po'in',
 An' dey's time to tinker 'roun'.

Den you men's de mule's ol' ha'nness,
 An' you men's de broken chair,
 Hummin' all de time you's wukin'
 Some ol' common kind o' air.
 Evah now an' then you looks out,
 Tryin' mighty hard to frown,
 But you cain't, you's glad hit's rainin',
 An' dey's time to tinker roun'.

WITH THE LARK.

Night is for sorrow and dawn is for joy,
 Chasing the troubles that fret and annoy;
 Darkness for sighing and daylight for
 song,—
 Cheery and chaste the strain, heartfelt and
 strong.
 All the night through, though I moan in the
 dark,
 I wake in the morning to sing with the lark.

ACCOUNTABILITY.

Folks ain't got no right to censuah othah
 folks 'bout dey habits ;
 Him dat giv de squir'ls de bushtails made
 de bobtails fu' de rabbits ;
 Him dat built de gread big mountains hol-
 lered out de little valleys ;
 Him dat made de streets and driveways
 wasn't 'shamed to make de alleys.

When you come to think about it, how it's
 all planned out, it's splendid ;
 Nuthin' 's done er evah happens dout hit's
 somefin' dat's intended ;
 Don't keer whut you does, you has to ; and
 it sholy beats de dickens —
 Viney, go put on de kittle, I got one o'
 mastah's chickens.

LIFE.

A crust of bread and a corner to sleep in,
 A minute to smile and an hour to weep in,
 A pint of joy to a peck of trouble,
 And never a laugh but the moans come
 double ;
 And that is life.

FOOLIN' WIF DE SEASONS.

All de wintah he was plannin' how he'd
 gather sassafras,
 Jes' ez soon ez evah springtime put some
 greenness in de grass ;
 An' he 'lowed a little sooner, he could stan'
 a cooler breeze,
 So's to mek a little money from de sugah-
 watah trees.

In de summah, he'd be wearin' out de linin'
 of his soul
 Try'n to ca'kilate an' figger how he'd git
 his winter's coal :
 'Twell I believe he got his judgment so
 tuckered out and thinned
 Dat he t'ought a robin's whistle was de
 whistle of de wind !

In Daniel Webster Davis, A.M.
 (yes, though son of slaves, he has
 made himself entitled to append
 those two pompous letters to his
 name), we have a dialect rival of
 Dunbar. Davis' poems do not show
 that refinement that trends through
 Dunbar, but in vigor, comicality, and
 baldness of philosophy, Davis occu-
 pies a niche of his very own. His
 volume "Weh Down Souf" has had

a wide circulation, and induced many unusual criticisms in behalf of its unmistakable force and merit. Though most of his work seems to be marked by other qualities, the following from Davis' little poem entitled "A Rose," certainly suggests the plaintive, colorful melody of Tom Moore:

A ROSE.

The rose of the garden is given to me,
And to double its value, 'twas given by thee;
Its lovely bright tints to my eyesight is
borne,
Like the kiss of a fairy or blush of the morn.

Too soon must this scent-laden flower decay,
Its bright leaves will wither, its bloom die
away;
But in mem'ry 'twill linger; the joy that it
bore
Will live with me still, tho' the flower's no
more.

And as an inspiration to faith, the subjoined stanza from his "I Can Trust" seems the touch of Longfellow:

I CAN TRUST.

I cannot see why trials come,
And sorrows follow thick and fast;
I cannot fathom His designs,
Nor why my pleasures cannot last,
Nor why my hopes so soon are dust;
But I can trust.

What could be more comforting than:

KEEP INCHIN' ALONG.

Do' de load be mighty hebby
An' de road be 'ceedin' ruff,
Do' yer lim's be mighty tired
An' de paf be dark enuf,
You still mus' keep a-singin'
To cheer yo' on de road,
"Fur de lane mus' hab a turnin'"
An' lighter grow de load.
Keep inchin' along.

What do' de load is hebby
An' de burden mek yo' sigh,
Jes' ben' yer back a little —
'Twill be better bime-by;
De cloud's a-hangin' hebby
Ez yo' journey on de way,
But dar's a silber linin';
You'll see it, too, sum day.
Keep inchin' along.

The religious element in Davis' poetry is probably due in a measure to his personal interest in the church. Born on the Wheatland estate in Carolina County, Virginia, his parents got to Richmond in 1866. The son managed to secure an education, graduating from a normal school in 1878. After teaching for a time he prepared for the ministry, and since 1896 has been pastor of a Baptist church at Manchester, Va. His time has been actively employed in teaching and preaching, and during the past two years he has traveled considerably, presenting, like Dunbar, readings from his poems, in which latter vocation he has been exceedingly successful.

When you come to the taking of a text and driving it home with a comical, vivid, terse directness, it is there that you find Davis at his best. In hard-headed Negro-dialect philosophy, Davis is as "pat" as the redoubtable "Dooley" of Irish-American celebrity. For instance:

DE BIGGIS' PIECE UB PIE.

When I was a little boy
I set me down to cry,
Bekaze my little brudder
Had de biggis' piece ub pie.
But when I had become a man
I made my min' to try
An' hustle roun' to git myself
De biggis' piece ub pie.

An', like in bygone chil'ish days,
 De worl' is hustlin' roun'
 To git darselbes de biggis' slice
 Ub honor an' renown ;
 An' ef I fails to do my bes',
 But stan' aroun' an' cry,
 Dis ol' worl' will git away
 Wid bof de plat' an' pie.

An' eben should I git a slice,
 I mus' not cease to try,
 But keep a-movin' fas' es life,
 To hol' my piece ub pie.
 Dis ruff ol' worl' has little use
 Fur dem dat chance to fall,
 An' while youze gittin' up agin,
 'Twill take de plat' an' all.

STICKIN' TO DE HOE.

Dar's mighty things a-gwine on,
 Sense de days when I wuz young,
 An' folks don't do ez dey did once,
 Sense dese new times is kum ;
 De gals dey dresses pow'ful fin',
 An' all am fur a sho',
 But de thing dat I'ze in favor ub
 Is stickin' to de hoe.

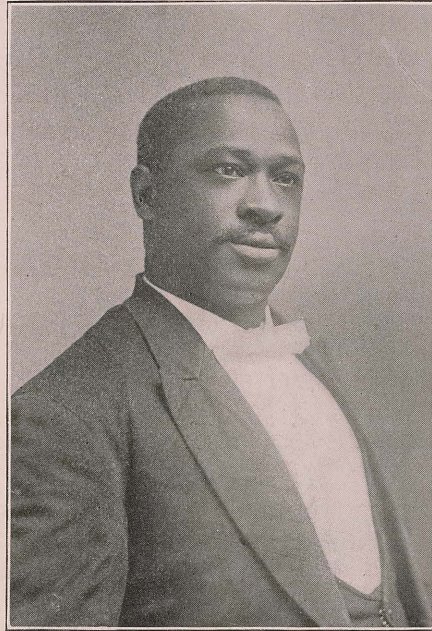
Larnin' is a blessed thing,
 An' good cloze berry fin',
 But I likes to see de cullud gal
 Dat's been larnt how to 'ine ;
 Gimme de gal to wash an' scrub,
 An' keep things white an' clean,
 An' kin den go in de kitchin
 An' cook de ham an' greens.

I ain't got no edikashun,
 But dis I kno' am true,
 Dat raisin' gals too good to wuck
 Ain't nebber gwine to do ;
 Dese boys dat look good 'nuf to eat,
 But too good to saw de logs,
 Am kay'n us ez fas' ez smoke,
 To lan' us at de dogs.

I 'spose dat I'm ol' fashun',
 But God made man to plow,
 An' git his libbin by de sweat
 Dat trickles down his brow.
 While larnin' an' all dem things
 Am mighty good fur sho',
 De bes' way we kin make our pints
 Is — stickin' to de hoe.

MISS LIZA'S BANJER.

Hi! Miss Liza's got er banjer ;
 Lemme see it, ef you please !
 Now don' that thing look pooty,
 A-layin' 'cross yer kneeze,
 Wid all dem lubly ribbins,
 An' silber trimmin's roun'.
 Now, mistis, please jes' tetch it,
 To lemme hear de soun'.



DANIEL WEBSTER DAVIS.

'Scuze me, mistis, but dar's sumfin'
 De matter wid dem strings ;
 I notis it don' zackly
 Gib de proper kinder ring ;
 An' den de way yo' hol' it
 Ain't lik' yo' orter do.
 Now, mistis, won't yo' lemme
 Jes' try a chune fur yo'?

Now lis'n to de diffunce ;
 I'se got the thing in chune,
 An' de music's lik' de breeze
 Dat fills de air in June.
 Fur a banjer's lik' a 'ooman —
 Ef she's chuned de proper pitch,
 She'll gib yo' out de music
 Dat's sof', melojus, rich.

But when yo' fail to chune her,
 Or to strike de proper string,
 Yo' kin no more git de music,
 Den mek a kat-bird sing.
 An' 'taint always de fixin's
 Dat makes a 'ooman bes',
 But de kind ub wood she's made un
 Is de thing to stan' de tes'.

In "Skeetin' on de Ice" we have a venerable pastor explaining to his trusting flock how the Red Sea was crossed, the attempt of the young theological student to puzzle the old preacher, and the latter's comical escape from a tight place.

SKEETIN' ON DE ICE.

You see 'twuz in de winter when de chillun
 dar wuz led,
 An' de norf win' wuz a-blowin' strong ernuf
 to raise de dead.
 Now, yo' see, de thing wuz easy, an' like-
 wise berry nice,
 Fur all de chillun had to do wuz to skeet
 across on ice.
 "Beg pardon, brother pastor, but geogra-
 phies, you know,
 Say this land is in de tropics, where can be
 no ice or snow."
 "I thanks yo', do' I does not like no 'sturb-
 mence on dis topic;
 But in dem day, 'twan't no gogeries, so
 'course dar won't no tropics."

From pugilism to poetry is something of a reach. In the career of James D. Corrothers we have a story of struggle, athletics, adventure, and a romance more remarkable than that in many novels. Corrothers' powerful muscles and clever fists have had not an insignificant part in aiding his determination to educate himself for literature, paradoxical as it might at first thought appear.

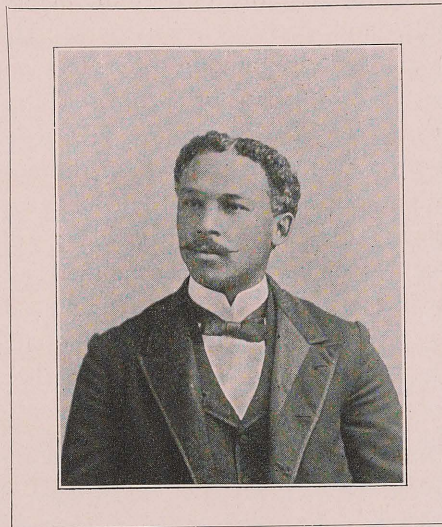
To begin with, although commonly classed as a colored man, that is *black* man, and the Negro blood predominating in feature, he is really a polyglot in lineage, for he has in his veins Scotch, Irish, French, Negro, and Indian blood, and is red of complexion. Born in 1869 in Cass County, Michigan, he grew up in the pretty village of South Haven. Here in the heart of the "Michigan fruit belt" was a delightful place to live, in so far as the flowers, trees, fruits, birds and teeming fields were concerned; and where the sandy shore ended, there began the beautiful blue of Lake Michigan. But you see the little colored boy was the only one of his kind in the village of South Haven, and in order to comfortably enjoy the privilege of going to school, he was confronted with the task of whipping every white lad in South Haven. Nevertheless, Jimmy was not discouraged nor disposed to stay away from study. His mixture of races came into requisition very handily. He began his work faithfully, and kept at it with the resolve born of an honest cause. Young Corrothers proved to be as quick-fisted and as wiry of sinew as he was zealous at his lessons. He thrashed one white boy after another, until finally the boy population of South Haven, as many citizens living there today will aver, stood in wholesome respect toward the little red fellow. When the day came that it was admitted Jimmy Corrothers could whip any local white boy of his age and size (and several who were older and

larger) common-school education in South Haven knew no color. At fourteen he went to work in the saw-mills of Muskegon and in the lumber camps, spending his spare time and funds for books. Of those days he says: "I was a big, strong boy, could do a man's work, received a man's pay, and not a man in the mills could throw me." Then he worked on a farm one summer, sailed on the Lakes the next, and at eighteen was running a boot-blackening chair in Chicago. For some time he had been essaying little poems, but literature was a thorny road to travel, and one day Harry Gilmore, once a noted pugilist, and then conducting a school of boxing, happened into the shop. Gilmore was tremendously impressed with the physical appearance of the young boot-black, and forthwith was determined to have Corrothers for a protégé. Being in sore discouragement over his literary efforts, Corrothers accepted Gilmore's proposition. Under the latter's skilled tutelage Corrothers rapidly developed genuine science in handling the gloves, and under Gilmore's management and an assumed name fought several hot battles with men who have since become famous in the roped arena.

But the young man's prowess in boxing was intended merely as a makeshift that should somehow keep him along until he could gain a literary foothold.

About this time he became acquainted with Alfred Wilson, now of Boston, who proposed that Cor-

rothers give up pugilism and let Wilson introduce him into colored society as a poet. The venture proved very successful. Corrothers' readings and recitations were greatly admired. Presently Henry D. Lloyd, the author, now also a Boston resident, secured a position for Corrothers on the *Chicago Tribune*, and encouraged him to enter Northwestern University at Evanston, Ill.



JAMES D. CORROTHERS.

While at Evanston the famous temperance lecturer and philanthropist, Frances E. Willard, became interested in the young colored man. Miss Willard and Mr. Lloyd aided the struggling youth in many ways, and remained his steadfast sponsors. Graduating at Northwestern, Corrothers entered upon newspaper work. He did work for the various Chicago dailies, and later for those in Philadelphia and New York. He has edited three papers devoted to

the interests of the colored race. Six years ago he became an ordained minister of the A.M.E. Church. For two years he was private secretary to Bishop Walters. He now makes his home at Red Bank, N. J.

Corrothers' ambition had always been to write verse. His patient endeavors at study and perfecting himself as a writer, have at last been rewarded, and his poems now find their way into the best of the magazines and literary newspapers. He is a contributor among others to *Century*, *Truth*, *New York Mail and Express*, *New York Herald*. His style is pronounced for its unctuous humor or pathetic philosophy. His Thanksgiving poem in the *Century* of last November has been copied all over the country, and is being used as a recitation. It is a gem of its class, and is reproduced here, together with another poem of graver theme, the latter also from the *Century*.

A THANKSGIVIN' TURKEY.

'Cindy, reach dah 'hine yo' back
'N' han' me dat ah almanac.
W'y, land! t'morrer's Thanksgiving!
Got to git out an' make hay,—
Don' keer whut de preachah say,—
We mus' eat Thanksgiving' day,
Uz sho' uz yo's a-libbin'.

You know whah Mahs Hudson libs?
Dey's a turkey dah dat gibbs
Me a heap o' trouble.
Some day Hudson g'ine to miss
Dat owdashus fowl o' his:
I's g'ine ober dah an' twis'
'At gobbler's nake plumb double.

Goin' pas' dah t'othah day,
Turkey strutted up an' say:
"A-gobble, gobble, gobble,"

Much uz ef he mout remahk:
"Don' you wish 'at it wuz dahk?
Ain't I temptin'?" S'I: "You hahk,
Er else dey'll be a squabble.

"Take an' wring yo' nake right quick,
Light on you lak a thousan' brick.
'N' you won't know whut befell you."
'N' I went on. *Yiz*, evah day,
When I goes by that-a-way,
'At fowl has too much to say:
'N' I'm tiahd uv it, I tell you.

G'ine to go dis bressed night,
An' put out dat turkey's light,
'N' I'll lam him lak a cobbler.
Take keer, 'Cindy, lemme pass;
Got to do ma wo'k up fas'.
Ain't a-g'ine to take no sass
Off *no* man's turkey-gobblah.

A DIXIE THANKSGIVIN'.

Hollerdays hab come once mo'
Hyar it am Thanksgiving!
Ole man gittin' stiff an' so'e —
Hahdly make a livin'.
But, sah, when Thanksgiving' come,
Honey, I ain't nevah glum;
'Ca'se ma dinnah'll sho' be some —
Bress de good Thanksgiving'!

Bes'es' white folks in dis town
Sent a turkey to me!
'N' evathing to go aroun' —
Dat's de way de do me.
Lucy Ann's a-comin' down
Fuh to bake it nice and brown;
Den we'll 'vite de preachah 'roun'—
No time to be gloomy!

Lucy Ann's my dorter, chile,
Wo'kin' fuh de white folks —
Up de road about a mile —
One o' dese hyar light folks.
'Roun' hyar she's de cullud belle,—
Preachah's sot to huh a spell,—
But when Lucy *marries* — well,
Dey mus' be de right *folks*!

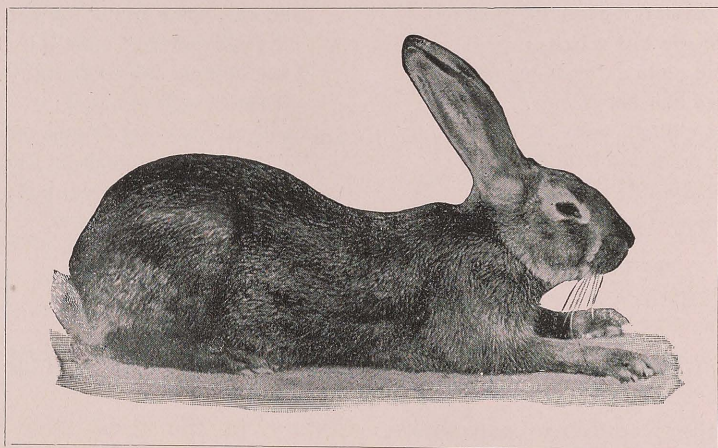
Lucy's mammy's dead an' gone
 Sence she was a baby ;
 Tuk mah chile an' trabled on —
 Raised huh lak a *lady* !
 She ken ciphah, wash an' cook,
 An' she reads me f'om de Book
 Dat lights up de paff I's took
 To'rds de lan' dat's shady.

But, sah, come aroun' tonight,
 Ef you wouldn't mine it ;
 Take de road dah to de right —
 Easy 'nough to fine it ;
 Come an' tas'e dat dinnah, sah,
 'N' meet the preachah 'n' Lucy ; fuh,
 Ef he wants a 'ceipt fuh huh,
You'll be dar to sign it.

THE LEADING NEGRO FREEMASON OF THE WORLD.

WHEN the Republican convention of the Fifth Senatorial District in Chicago, Ill., nominated John G. Jones of Chicago, the fearless advocate of the people's rights, for Representative in the Illinois Legislature, they made no mistake. The people at the polls on election day, Nov. 6, ratified his nomination by electing him as Representative from the Fifth Senatorial District by an overwhelming and decisive majority. Mr. Jones will represent in the Illinois Legislature the largest, wealthiest and most highly cultured district in the city of Chicago, which city today has two millions of people. One of the admirable traits in the life of John G. Jones is that he is loyal and true to his friends, both in victory and in defeat. He is noted for being outspoken upon all questions, and has an unceasing and unrelenting hatred for cowards, traitors and deception. He was born in Ithaca, Tompkins

County, in the great state of New York; came to Chicago with his parents in 1855, and has resided in Chicago ever since. He is a clear-headed lawyer, and stands high at the Chicago bar. He has been an active Republican all his life, and has rendered valuable service to his party for many years. He is a public-spirited citizen, and has an excellent record and an unblemished reputation. He will be a valuable member in the Legislature for the great state of Illinois, for he knows the needs of the people. Pres. James A. Garfield appointed him, upon the recommendation of the late Senator John A. Logan and a large number of other prominent men throughout the country, United States Consul to Cayes, Hayti, but he declined the appointment. He is the foremost Negro Freemason in the world, and is so recognized the world over.—*From the Illinois Conservator.*



BRITAIN RAY, SON OF THE FAMOUS LORD BRITAIN.

Owned by Howland & Whitney, Dorchester, Mass.

BELGIAN HARES FOR PLEASURE AND PROFIT.

With Illustrations of Prize Winners.

ALEX. HANNUM,

Official Judge and Scorer of the American Belgian Hare Registry Association.

M. L. OSBORNE,

The Osborne Rabbitry, Everett, Mass.

FORTUNE, it is said, knocks once at every man's door. Just now, to all appearances, if not exactly Fortune, something at least closely resembling the fickle goddess, is knocking at the door of the poor man and the man in moderate circumstances throughout New England and the South. From the Golden Gate, along the Pacific coast, across the Rocky Mountains to the western plains this knocking has been heard, and those who have hastened to welcome the stranger have been greatly profited. Now comes a gentle patter of little feet, the glint of a saucy eye, the whisk of a compact, cleanly, and altogether desirable little body encased in a

silky coat of rufous red, and behold! the Belgian hare is among us. With tremulous ears and alert tail erect he looks about him, decides that the location is desirable, and calmly proceeds to take possession of every available barn, shed, garret and empty room; and failing these, demands imperiously the immediate erection of buildings suitable for his accommodation. And we, looking on at first askance, amazed, soon fall completely under the spell of his sway.

So much attention has this wonderful little animal already attracted east of the Mississippi that a few facts regarding its origin, nature and habits may be of interest.

Paradoxical as it may seem, the

Belgian hare is not a hare at all, but a rabbit; the result of carefully crossing the little red rabbit of Belgium, the large English white rabbit, and the black Dutch rabbit to produce an animal resembling in size, color and shape the hare, and retaining at the same time the great prolificacy of the rabbit.

From the time of its origination in Belgium in the early part of the nineteenth century the leporines, as they were then called, grew steadily in popular favor until they were introduced into England, about 1850. There being no recognized standard to breed to, each individual breeder followed his own ideas as to what constituted an ideal animal, so that little uniformity of size, color or shape existed. But in 1882 the industry had assumed so much importance that the breeders found it necessary to devise and adopt a standard for their guidance. At this time the leporines were divided into two classes, the Belgian hare and the Flemish giant; the former being the animal produced by the fancier, and the latter the outgrowth of years of breeding exclusively for meat stock. In 1889 it was found necessary to revise the existing standard to cover practically the qualifications required today.

France soon became acquainted with the excellence of the little animal, and between 1888 and 1890 they were introduced into the United States, gaining a firm foothold in popular favor in California and gradually spreading along the Pacific

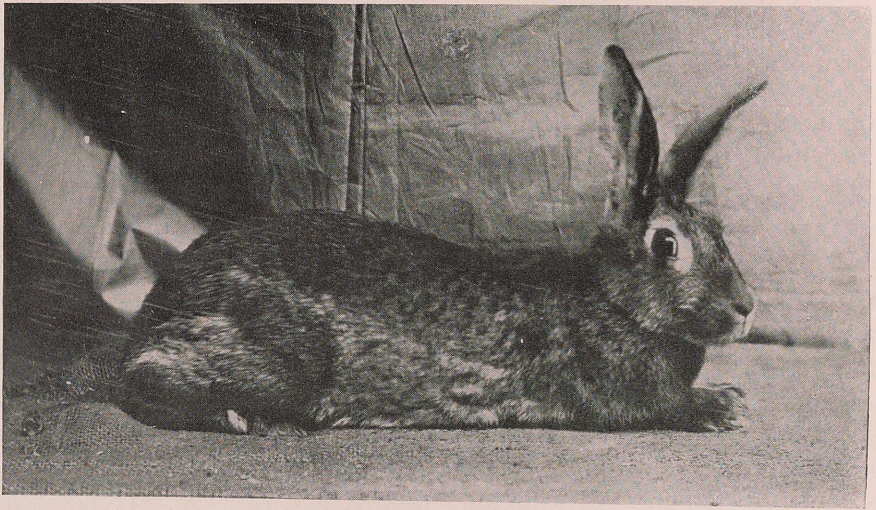
coast and eastward to the middle west. Now it has reached New England, and judging from present indications its popularity here will be no less than it enjoys wherever else it has been introduced. The movement is already gradually making its presence felt in the South, where the industry is undoubtedly destined to assume important proportions.

The Belgian hare's value as a factor in the problem of the world's food supply has been so conclusively demonstrated as to insure the permanence of the industry to the breeder for market, while its value to the fancier is at once apparent when one is acquainted with its beauty, intelligence, docility and habits. As a meat producer it stands easily at the head of all our domestic animals, not only in the quality of its flesh, but in quantity as well. The meat is white, like the breast of a chicken, and in delicacy of flavor and tenderness is not excelled. It lacks the heavy oily substances found in chickens and ducks, the bones are remarkably small, and all of the flesh is eatable, so that there is absolutely no waste if the animal is properly dressed. It will dress a pound for every month of its age up to six months, and will furnish food for the table from the eighth week of its existence. The most profitable age at which to kill for market is about the fifth month, and it can be raised to that age for twenty-five cents per head. At the present time there is a large and growing demand for

meat stock of that age at 75 cents to \$1.25 a head. Several large firms have already gone into the business for the production of meat stock, and this side of the industry is sure to assume proportions of great magnitude in the near future. One large packing company, after having investigated its practicability, has announced that it is ready to begin the canning of Belgian hare meat when-

shading of colors, produce elegant effects.

While the greater profit will always be made on fine specimens for show or breeding purposes, and the best stock will always find ready sale at high prices, the meat side of the proposition is a very profitable one, and persons engaged in raising for market will not be obliged to pay the fancy prices for breeding stock that



SWEET ALICE, BEN BOLT.

Winner of First Prize as the best imported mature doe, at the Boston Show, 1901.

ever the supply proves available to keep a plant supplied.

The pelts of the animal command a ready sale in New York at ten to twenty-five cents per pound, the hair of the poorer specimens being utilized in the making of felt hats, and the finer skins being tanned and made into very beautiful rugs, robes, etc., also being used for lining capes, and in imitations of costly furs. The firm texture of the skin, the silky quality of the hair, and the beautiful

are now asked for high-grade animals. The business has become a very profitable side line to hundreds of clerks and mechanics, and some of the most successful breeders are women. The work is so easy and pays such large profits that many are forsaking other vocations and devoting their entire time and attention to the raising of these little animals.

The Belgian hare, if properly cared for and handled, is the most intelligent, playful and affectionate

of all pet stock. It is exceedingly domestic in nature, thriving in close confinement, and will be healthy and contented in small boxes located in any convenient corner in or about the residence, in stables, sheds, etc. It is so scrupulously clean, when given intelligent care, that no fault can be found with it by the most fastidious, and is the only animal known by nature so cleanly that large numbers can be kept in close proximity to a dwelling-house with no objection.

My personal experience with Belgian hares is that they can be kept in much smaller quarters than the same number of chickens, require less care, cost less to feed, have fewer ailments, and are altogether much more desirable for the fancier. Add to this their cleanliness, rapidity of production, and the profit to be derived from even a small stock, and we have an ideal animal for the consideration of those who have a little available room and a couple of hours' spare time each day to attend to their wants.

The concensus of opinion among breeders is, that the Belgian hare is unquestionably the greatest money-maker of the day, when the amount invested is considered. The capital required is small, many breeders starting with a trio: two does and a buck. When it is understood that such a trio should produce three hundred young in a year, it can be readily seen that one can start in a small way and have in a short time a good business and well-filled

hutches. The beginner in every community has obvious advantages in getting extra prices in selling his neighbors their first stock, and wherever they are introduced interest in them rapidly spreads.

As instances of what has been done in the raising of Belgian hares may be mentioned a man in California who bought a pair a few years ago for \$40, and as the outgrowth of this original investment has taken \$15,000 from the business, and now owns a plant worth \$20,000. An assistant bookkeeper, working at a salary of \$15 per week, bought a Belgian hare doe two years ago, and has since sold over \$2,000 worth of stock, and now has a rabbitry worth \$5,000. One woman breeder is clearing from \$100 to \$500 a week.

The man who raises a few Belgian hares in his back yard sells his neighbors a few to start with, and his neighbor's neighbor, and so on, until with time the chain will be completed in this country as it is in Europe; and then, like the chicken, the Belgian hare will become a staple article. It will be raised for the table; but like fine chickens, cattle, horses, dogs and other livestock, the finest will always command the best prices, with a ready market.

While the greater profit is made on the fancy show specimen, the novice wishing to feel his way can begin with a medium grade and by proper mating, breed up and improve the quality. For starting in a small

way, a trio is best. Procure two does that are not related, and a buck of different blood. Have the does bred to two different bucks, and in this way five different strains will be obtained, so that no new blood will be needed for a long time. This gives the beginner an opportunity to obtain a practical knowledge of the industry at a small outlay, and still forms the basis for a rapid increase of stock, as it is the most prolific of any animal that has been domesticated. Under ordinary circumstances the doe will produce from four to six litters a year, varying from six to twelve each time, or as a low average, forty young a year. This, with the increase of the progeny which commences while quite young, will give all told from the original pair in the neighborhood of 135 hares in a year. It is estimated that the forty young of the one doe will average eight pounds each at the end of eight months, which would total 320 pounds for the forty. No other food-furnishing animal will multiply its weight so rapidly. Starting with a trio of two does and a buck, three hundred young may easily be raised in a single year.

Probably the majority of people starting in a small way will have room for a few hutches without going to the expense of building a house. Small dry-goods boxes, say three feet square by two high, will do very nicely for the hutches. Make a frame and cover with one-inch-mesh wire for the front. This may be hung with hinges, but a better way is to arrange the frame to lift

out, fastening it in place with a couple of catches at the sides. The breeding does will require a nest-box. A cracker-box is about the right size. It should be about twelve by eighteen inches and ten or twelve inches high. Arrange a cover to lift up, and cut a six-inch round hole in one side near the end, three inches from the bottom. The youngsters when about two weeks old will begin to come out of the nest-box, and if the hole is too high up they may not be able to climb back, and in cold weather are apt to become chilled.

The three chief requisites for success are good air, perfect cleanliness and careful attention to feeding. The hutches should have a liberal sprinkling of sawdust on the bottom, and should be cleaned out thoroughly at least twice a week during the winter months and every day in warm weather.

For feeding, ordinary oats, hulled oats, rolled oats, cracked corn, bran, hay and carrots may be used. For youngsters and breeding does, rolled oats and bread and milk are both excellent, but the little fellows should not be allowed to have any carrots until three or four months old. Milk is good for them, but should be diluted about a third with warm water. While clover, alfalfa and timothy hay are used by many breeders for feeding, I find that coarse lowland hay, known commercially as "swale hay," is more satisfactory, as it can be kept in the hutches all the time without any danger of over-eating, while clover is too fattening if used indis-

criminally. Do not neglect to provide plenty of fresh, clean water in earthen dishes.

The does may be bred every sixty days, beginning when they are six months old; though if fine, healthy, vigorous young ones are wanted, four times a year will be as often as is desirable. The bucks are old enough for service at seven to eight months. The does will kindle in thirty days from time of service, and will have from four to twelve young, while about eight is the average. A couple of days after kindling allow the doe to leave the hutch and take a little exercise while the nest-box is inspected, to ascertain whether there are any dead ones in it, and the number of live ones. If more than eight live young are found, remove all over that number, either giving them to a nurse doe or killing them, as the doe can nurse only eight at one time. She will nurse the young ones but once in the twenty-four hours, so if more than eight are left to her care, some of them must go unfed.

When about two weeks old the little ones will begin to venture out, and at this time, or even earlier in warm weather, the nest-box should be removed, cleaned thoroughly and fumigated, then replaced and supplied with a liberal layer of sawdust in the bottom, and some fine hay. The young will now begin to eat a little of the food provided for the doe, and will grow at a surprising rate. They will be weaned at six weeks of age.

When they are three months old, separate the bucks. The does may be left together, but should not be cramped for room. The young ones growing rapidly as they do, have voracious appetites, and should be fed freely, yet with care, and should be given plenty of exercise. A runway, eight or ten feet long, with boards placed edgewise about six inches high at intervals of two feet, is excellent to keep the young in good condition, and produce the long, racy appearance sought after in the matured specimen.



FASCINATING BIBLE STORIES.

V. *Esau and Jacob.*

CHARLES WINSLOW HALL.

ESAU, overlord of Mount Seir and conqueror of many scattered bands of Edom, the Red Land and the Eastern Wilderness, had long awaited the death of his father Isaac and the day of vengeance upon his twin brother Jacob, who had supplanted him in the love of his mother, and, if family traditions were true, in the favor of Almighty God, and that mighty empire which in years to come was to exalt the descendants of Abraham above all other nations.

Over a century after the death of Abraham, his father, Isaac still lived, blind and bed-ridden for the most part, and Jacob over twenty years ago had fled from his fierce wrath to Kharran, the ancient Syrian cradle of his race, whence Eleazar of Damascus had brought Rebekah to the arms of Isaac, and where, if all tales be true, Jacob himself had found wives of his own near kin, and grown rich in lusty sons and flocks and cattle innumerable.

Esau himself had wived among the friendly Canaanites; with Adah, dark-eyed daughter of Elon the Hittite, and Aholibamah, a stately princess, granddaughter of Zibeon the Hivite, and, later, perhaps in the vain hope of pleasing his father by taking a wife of the daughters of Abraham, had espoused Bashemath or Mahalath, the daughter of Ishmael. Five tall

sons had they borne him; and many grandsons, already able to wield sword and spear, and lusty archers in hunting and war, followed his banner and carried his rule far into the southern wilderness, into the borders of the eastern lands that slope down to Akabah, on the Persian Gulf.

And now Esau, for the time at peace, sat at his tent door, beside the brook Arnon, and saw above him the Idumean mountains growing greener as to their lower slopes and close up to the white line which still told of the heavy snow-drifts of the past winter. To him came Reuel, his son by the daughter of Ishmael, his young face alight with the lust of march and foray, and the desire of tribal and hereditary vengeance.

"Hear, O my father!" said the archer, "A messenger standeth at the defile yonder. He cometh from Jacob, thy wicked brother, to prepare thee for his return unto the tents of Isaac. Shall we slay?"

The giant warrior flushed and paled at the tidings, and for a moment his huge right hand, almost hidden in a heavy fell of red hair, gripped at the ivory hilt of his sword. He stared grimly and somewhat curiously at his son, and then, as if awakening from a dream, said sternly, "Slay! God forbid! A messenger is to be held in all honor, and courteously entreated

while he is a messenger. Hereafter we may feed him to the wolves and ravens, but now let them bring him before me."

So they led him in, in all honor — a tall Syrian whose hawk-like features and keen eye, well-horsed retinue, costly arms and princely garb marked him as no common messenger.

"Hail, Esau, son of Isaac and ruler of Mount Seir and the Gabahtes! I am Aram, the son of Kemuel, the son of Nahor of Kharran who was the brother of Abraham, the Friend of God."

"Welcome art thou, kinsman, to my tents. Eat thou, drink and rest until the evening meal, for the way is long between thy tents and mine."

"Food I may not eat, water or wine I may not taste, rest under thy tents I may not take until my errand be accomplished. I bear a message unto thee from thy brother Jacob, who, with his servants, herds and flocks, lies by now at Manahaim, just beyond Jordan. Will my lord listen unto the message?"

"Say on!" said Esau curtly.

"Thus then saith Jacob, the son of Isaac, the son of Abraham, the brother of Nahor and son of Terah of Kharran, and of Eld of Ur of the Chaldees. Thy servant Jacob saith thus: 'I have sojourned with Laban in Kharran, until now; and I have oxen and asses, flocks and herds, men-servants and women-servants, and I send thee to tell my lord, that I may find grace in his sight.'"

Then Esau answered: "Thou hast proved thyself a faithful messenger; even such an one as I pray the gods

may be mine when I have need. Eat now and drink, thou and thy following; tomorrow I will give thee an answer for my brother Jacob."

So Aram was refreshed and rested until the sun sank low in heaven, and the evening meal was spread under a great tent beside the Arnon. Copses of oleander in full bloom softened the grim outlines of the red sandstone terrace-cliffs, and thickets of tamarisk sighed and rustled softly as the southeast wind from the Persian Gulf poured down the defiles, cooled by the dwindling snow crests of the mountain land. Wild doves cooed among the grain fields and in the vines and fig-trees, and little clouds of smoke rose up to heaven from every defile and hilltop within the range of human vision. Esau, while rather warrior than prince in bearing, was unsparing in his hospitality, and his wives, tall, strong, stately women, proud-eyed and fearless of men, brought forth their choicest food and wine, and omitted no rite of hospitable courtesy. Horite and Hivite, renegade Egyptian, fugitive Phoenician, Gebalenes and chiefs of Amalekites, thronged around the board, armed with every variety of weapon of that simple age — club, throwing stick, sword, spear, sling sword, bow and dagger, rude helmet and ruder mail, all were represented in the hands of men, each evidently especially skilful in the use of his chosen weapon. Little was said by them, and from time to time new arrivals poured into the little valley, while swift runners and mounted couriers dashed into the ever-deepening

shadows, or came in weary and breathless, but seldom without armed companions.

Afar off red bale-fires blazed along the mountain range, and from hilltop to hilltop the angry war-beacons sent their message of warning and summons to the common rendezvous. On every hand men were feathering arrows, fitting new spear-staves, filling the archer's quiver and the slinger's scrip, or patiently whetting the edge of axe and sword. Over this scene of warlike preparation the full moon shone as the sun withdrew himself, and Aram saw that his mission promised little of good omen to his kinsman and nation.

Esau led him apart to the shelter of a rude hill-fort of dry stone masonry, and seated him by his side. "I am going to meet my brother," he said, in deep, stern tones which were more terrible than any threat of vengeance.

Aram paused for a moment before replying. "Is it in peace?" he asked.

"Listen!" said Esau bitterly, "and judge for yourself; for your hawk's eyes and experience have not been blind to the fact that I am calling into the field my choicest warriors; you shall also hear how, through Jacob and my mother, my father was deceived and I robbed of my rights as the first-born.

"We were born, as you doubtless know, at one birth; the sons of Isaac by that Rebecca, the daughter of thy uncle Bethuel, whom Eleazar of Damascus brought from far Kharran

to our father's arms. Even at birth I was lusty, but uncomely, covered with coarse, red hair, big-muscled and huge of limb. I was named 'The Red' because of these things, and although I was the first-born, Jacob soon became the darling of my mother, whose whims and prejudices he was ever ready to consult and profit by. I loved the chase, the trials of strength which prepare men for the sterner game of war. Jacob avoided these things, and awaited patiently the results of shifty, politic and dishonest contrivings.

"I was young, outspoken, often inconsiderate, but never deceitful. I did not value, as I should have done, the rights of an elder brother to the possession of property and the leadership of his people. I came in an-hungered and faint one day, and asked my brother for some red pottage of lentils, which he had prepared. He refused to give me any unless I would grant him my birthright. I, a hungry, fainting, thoughtless boy, unknowing what I did, consented, and Jacob the younger had become Jacob the heir and prince of his house.

"My mother turned against me, and although my father loved and favored me so far as he could, his blindness and helplessness could not save me from constant slights and petty vexations. I could have crushed Jacob like a scorpion, but I scorned to measure my strength against his puny frame, and I could not forget that he was my own twin-brother, suckled with me at the same

breasts, and endeared to me by many joyous and loving memories.

“My father would not counsel me to revoke an oath, sworn by the Most High, but he promised me that his blessing, even the blessing of the first-born, should be mine, in token of his love and sympathy.

“I went forth to the chase, to kill some venison for my father on the day that should have conferred upon me the blessing of the son of Abraham. My mother, Rebekah, had overheard us, and with her help, Jacob, my only brother, disguised in my clothing, and with savory meats such as my blind father loved, presented himself in my name and place to claim my blessing.

“He came in with his thin, smooth hands enlarged and roughened by the skins of the kids, which had been prepared to deceive our blind father, and said, ‘My father!’ The dear old blind man answered, ‘Here am I; who art thou, my son?’ He, liar and deceiver, answered, ‘I am Esau, thy first-born; I have done according as thou badest me. Arise, I pray thee, and eat of my venison, that thy soul may bless me.’

“Then said my father: ‘How is it that thou hast found it so quickly, my son?’ And Jacob, whose messenger thou art, answered without hesitation or shame, ‘Because the Lord thy God brought it to me.’

“Then our father, being not without doubt, said unto my brother, ‘Come nearer, I pray thee, that I may feel thee, my son, whether thou be my very son Esau or no.’ And when

my brother had so done, he said, ‘The voice is Jacob’s voice but the hands are the hands of Esau.’ Then our father asked once again, ‘Art thou verily my own son Esau?’ And my twin-brother said, ‘I am.’

“Then said our father, deceived and helpless as he was, ‘Bring it near me, and I will eat of my son’s venison, that my soul may bless thee,’ and he ate of the dish which my mother had prepared, and drank wine and was refreshed.

“And having finished he said, ‘Draw near now and kiss me, my son,’ and he did so. And my father smelled in my stolen clothing the faint odors of nard and balm, crushed sweet grasses and herbs, and spicy leaves and buds; for the blind, who may not see, are subtle of touch and smell.

“He breathed in the wild odors, and I know that they brought back to him fair memories of old days, when he too could follow deer and gazelle with staunch hounds and deadly archery, for he said: ‘See! The smell of my son is as a verdant field which the Lord hath blessed.’

“‘Therefore God give thee of the dew of heaven and the fatness of the earth, and plenty of corn and wine. Let peoples serve thee and nations bow down to thee; be lord over thy brethren and let thy mother’s sons bow down to thee. Cursed be every-one that curseth thee, and blessed be he that blesseth thee.’

“And when he had made an end of blessing my brother, Jacob departed hastily, and I, who had sped

with my hunting, came quickly in and said, 'Let my father arise, and eat of his son's venison, that thy soul may bless me.'

"Then my father Isaac rose upon his cushions and said, 'Who art thou?' And I said, 'I am thy son, thy first-born, Esau.'

"But he, trembling and astonished, cried, 'Who? Where is he that hath taken venison and brought it to me? And I have eaten of all before thou camest, and have blessed him! Yea, and he shall be blest.'

"Then I, even I, Esau the Red Hunter, whose back no foe hath ever seen, cried like a sick girl, and besought of Isaac, my father, 'Bless me, even me also, O my father!'

"My father said mournfully, 'Thy brother came with subtlety, and hath taken away thy blessing.'

"Then said I bitterly, 'Is he not rightly named Jacob the Supplanter? For he hath supplanted me now these two times; first he took away my birthright, and behold, now he hath taken away my blessing. Hast thou not reserved a blessing for me?'

"Then said my father: 'Behold I have made him thy lord, and all his brethren have I given to him for servants; with corn and wine have I endowed him; and what can I now bestow upon thee, O my son?'

"But I answered him with tears: 'Hast thou but one blessing, O my father? Bless me, even me also, O my father.'

"Then Isaac, my father, seemed to grow young and strong again for a moment, and his voice rang out like

a trumpet in a narrow pass: 'Behold, thy dwelling shall not lack the fatness of the earth, nor the refreshing dews of heaven above. By thy sword shalt thou live, and for a time serve thy brother; but it shall come to pass, when thou shalt come to thy dominion, that thou shalt break his yoke from off thy neck.'

"Now I deemed it beyond the power of man to change the decree of Jehovah, who permitted my betrayal. Therefore I cursed not my brother, but none the less I purposed to kill him whenever my dear old father should sleep with his fathers. But his mother's subtlety sent him away, even unto Kharran, and I am still awaiting the day of mine avenging.

"Now Aram, son of Kemuel, thou hast heard the truth. What hast thou to say why I should not gather archers and spearmen, and set the edge of my sword against his subtlety?"

Then answered Aram, the son of Kemuel: "Truly, O Esau, thou hast great and just cause of offence against thy brother. But bethink thee that thy father is still alive, and thou canst not bring down his grey hairs with sorrow to the grave. Neither canst thou deny that it was thine own act which sold the leadership of thy people for a mess of pottage; aye, and confirmed it with an oath. Furthermore, I cannot but think that thy father felt that God had decided that thy brother should rule after thy father, and who shall hope to make war upon the gods?"

Then Esau turned angrily upon Aram, and clenched his mighty right hand on the hilt of his heavy falchion, groaning in spirit the while. "Thou sayest hard things and perilous," he said at last. "Nevertheless thou art a brave man and true; say on and fear not — for thyself."

"Also, touching these matters of the birthright and of the blessing," said Aram quietly, "there may well be grave doubts, O Esau, whether thou hast not profited instead of lost thereby, when all is said: Jacob expects to become the ruler of a great people. Thou hast already known the lust of battle, the triumph of victory, and the homage of the vanquished. Thou art already a ruler of a nation, and thy rude halls in cavernous Petra are the palaces of the first of a mighty line of kings of Edom. Never in this life shall Jacob, thy brother, see his people a nation, and himself a king of men.

"He won his wives by hard service under a m serly shepherd, noble of birth, it is true, but greedy to the heart. Thou hast to wife the daughters of princes, bought not with slavish toil, but with the controlling passion of a warrior, whose courage and generosity made him beloved of noble women and great men. Albeit of my blood, I would not claim for the wives of Jacob such majesty and glory of proud humility and devotion as these have lavished upon thee."

"There are none like them," said Esau quietly. "Neither in love or hate, womanly gentleness or utter

fearlessness and reckless courage, as passionate priestesses of love or faithful helpmeets and gentle mothers, can I ever hope to see their like again."

"Further, O Esau," said Aram, almost below his breath, "thou art not willing to give thy every sacrifice and act of worship to the one and only God of Abraham, Isaac and Jacob. Though Jacob were willing to give up to thee birthright and blessing, thou wouldst not give up thy wild, free life, thy friends of many peoples and strange gods, thy veteran comrades, abhorred of the zealots of our race, for the heavy yoke and uncertain destiny which thy brother Jacob must bear forever. Bethink thee, Esau," he said earnestly, "hast thou in truth just cause of mortal hatred against thy brother?"

Esau did not answer. His huge bulk bent forward, as if swayed by contending passions; but his eyes seemed to exult in rather than bewail the trials of the past and the expectation of the future. When he at last deigned to answer, he said: "Spur hardly, O Aram, as thou goest northward tomorrow, for I follow close upon thy trail with twice two hundreds of my best and bravest."

"In peace or for war?" asked Aram eagerly.

"In peace or for war as may betide, O Aram, wisest of counsellors," was the grim reply.

But Jacob, camping at Manahaim beyond Jordan, saw his flocks and herds growing strong and 'lusty on

the lush herbage of the valley, and rejoiced that only a few more removes would place them in security near the tents of Isaac in Mamre. And then he bethought him of that terrible elder brother, Esau, overlord of the Hill Country, conqueror of the Amalekites and Gebalites, and now his sworn enemy even unto the death.

How could he expect forgiveness, nay, mercy, when the long account was balanced by the desert marauders of Esau of Mount Seir?

Then returned his messengers with spent horses, and camels staggering and moaning in sullen revolt and obstinate weariness. Aram, worn with ceaseless exertion, his thin cheeks showing white through the tan, and with great black circles under his sombre eyes, alighted and stood silent before his wealthy kinsman.

"What of Esau, my brother, O Aram?" said Jacob anxiously.

Aram held forward the hilt of his sword in token of fealty, and answered: "We came to thy brother Esau, as thou hast commanded."

"And he?" asked Jacob hoarsely.

"Said that he would surely come to meet thee, and four hundred horsemen with him."

Then there was weeping of women and crying of affrighted children, and scarcely less pitiful exclamations of fear and apprehension on the part of Jacob's servants, for these were but few in number and untrained to war. Reuben, indeed, a great-limbed youth of thirteen, buckled on his sword; and Simeon, a year younger, took

his spear from its socket before the door of the tent, but Jacob shook his head.

"There is no hope in sword or bow," he answered sadly; "neither can we flee unless we would leave all these to Esau and his foragers." As he spoke, Aram's eyes followed the motions of Jacob's hand, still graceful in shape and texture, despite his years of liberal labor in the wilderness. "Here are near unto three thousand sheep, as many goats and their young, six hundred camels, as many asses, and nearly a thousand cattle, besides horses and other spoil. We cannot return; we must go forward, and we will not, can not fight against our brethren."

Then he commanded that the camp be divided into two bands. The one slowly advanced further on the road to Canaan, and then again encamped. The other encampment remained at the place where Aram and his fellow messengers had found their leader.

For Jacob said to Aram and the elders: "If Esau shall come upon the other company and smite it, then the other which is left shall escape."

But there was little sleep in either of the divided camps that night, for all men deemed evilly of the promise of Esau to come and meet his brother.

And Jacob, sleepless and full of bitter apprehensions, went at midnight to a little hill above the encampment and saw afar off through the mists of night, the grey spots of sleeping herds and cattle and clustered tents, which represented one-half his wealth, and his own tents

close at hand; and he took counsel of the Lord as he prayed:

"O God of my father Abraham, and God of my father Isaac, the Lord which saidst unto me, 'Return unto thy country and to thy kindred and I will deal well with thee'; I am not worthy of the least of all the mercies, and of all the truth which thou hast showed unto thy servant; for with my staff only in hand I passed over this Jordan, and now I am become two bands.

"Deliver me now, I pray thee, from the hand of my brother, from the hand of Esau; for I fear him, lest he will come and smite me, and the mothers with their children.

"For thou hast said, 'I will surely do thee good, and make thy seed as the sands of the sea, which cannot be numbered for multitude.'"

But, when he had finished a serene trust pervaded his heart, and he saw clearly where he had before struggled blindly with mortal fears and apprehensions; and he went down to the tents, and slept soundly until sunrise.

And when the daylight was fairly come he called unto him the chief herdsman and said: "Choose now from among the goats two hundred milch and twenty he-goats, the choicest of the flock, and start them by themselves upon the way southward.

"And when these have departed, send after them two hundred ewes and twenty rams, the best and fattest of the flocks.

"Let thirty milch camels with foals, sixty in all, go next thereafter, a mile

or so behind the sheep, and let none of them bear blemish or lack in stature.

"Send next after these forty young milch kine and ten bulls, the choicest of the herd; and after these are well upon their way, let twenty she-asses with handsome foals take the road behind them."

And to those who were to take charge of each drove, he said: "Pass over the ford before me, and keep open the space between drove and drove."

And to him who drove the goats he said: "When Esau, my brother, meeteth thee and asketh thee, saying: 'Whose man art thou?' and 'Whither goest thou?' and 'Whose are these before thee?' then shalt thou say: 'They be thy servant Jacob's; it is a present sent unto my lord Esau; and behold also, thy servant Jacob is behind us.'"

Thus also he spoke unto the shepherd of the sheep; to him who rode the great bell-camel, queen of dromedaries; to the herdsman who bemoaned himself that the pride of his heart was to pass into the hands of Edomite barbarians; and to the stalwart man-at-arms who carried his long spear athwart the saddle of a great cream-colored she-ass.

But to Aram he said: "I will appease Esau with this present, which goeth before me, and when afterward we meet face to face, peradventure he will accept of me also."

So that magnificent peace-offering went over the ford of the brook Jabbok, but the rest of Jacob's company remained there until the heat of

the day was overpast. Late in the afternoon Jacob ordered that the whole company pass over the ford while it was light, and encamp in the valley for the night.

But Jacob remained alone, on the little hill beyond the brook Jabbok, and behold, as he prayed, there came a man strong and beautiful exceedingly, and wrested with him until the breaking of the day.

And Jacob was still unwearied, albeit his adversary's grip had sprained the hollow of Jacob's thigh.

So the stranger said: "Let me go, for the day breaketh." And Jacob answered: "I will not let thee go unless thou bless me."

Then said the stranger: "What is thy name?" And he said: "Jacob."

Then said his antagonist: "Thy name shall no more be Jacob, the supplanter, but Israel, a prince of God; for as a prince hast thou power with God and men, and hast prevailed."

Then Jacob felt a great awe, but said: "Tell me, I pray thee, thy name." But he answered: "Wherefore dost thou ask me my name?" And the stranger blessed Jacob, while the eastern sky grew bright with the full dawn; and the birds sang among the tamarisks and oleanders, the swift stream rippled gaily over the pebbles, and the eternal melody of the spheres seemed to lend a diapason strangely deep and solemn to their joyous morning song.

A moment later and he was alone. The day had broken, and afar off adown the crest of the hills which fringed the valley came Esau's

four hundred men, their spear-points gilded by the rays of the newly-risen sun.

And Jacob called the little eminence Penuel, or "The Face of God," "for I have seen God face to face, and I shall live and not die."

Then Jacob hastened across the brook Jabbok and arrayed his people, clad as befitted their rank: First Bilhah with Dan and Naphtali, and Zilpah with Gad and Asher, Jacob's sons; then Leah, the tender-eyed, with Reuben, Simeon, Levi, Judah, Issachar, Zebulon and Dinah, and lastly, but best loved of all, Rachel, with Joseph, her son.

Shouting their war-cries and brandishing their weapons, those wilderness horsemen followed their burly leader, who, surrounded by his sons, rode silently at their head. Despite their apparent fury, none were bold enough to break their array, loose shaft or deliver blow without his order, and Esau, looking neither to left or right, rode up to the tents of Jacob, and halted before them.

Then Jacob, tall and princely, without abasement, but bearing himself as became a host and younger brother, came from the little group, and, bowing seven times until the plume of his headpiece swept the ground, came before his brother Esau.

And Esau, the great-hearted and generous, threw himself from his horse and ran to meet and embraced him and fell on his neck and kissed him; and both wept for the pity of their past estrangement, and the joy of their reunion and reconciliation.

And when that first passion of joy

was abated, Esau looked kindly upon the women and children, and said: "Who are these with thee?" And Jacob answered: "The children whom God hath graciously given unto thy servant." And in due order the women and children came forward and made obeisance unto their mighty kinsman.

Then said Esau: "What meanest thou by all these droves which I met upon the way?"

And Jacob said: "These were sent that I might find grace in the sight of my lord."

Then Esau said: "I have enough, my brother. Keep now these that are thine own."

But Jacob said: "Nay, I pray thee, if now I have found grace in thy sight then receive this present at my hand, for the sight of thy face, my brother, hath been to me as the face of God, and thou art no longer angry with me. Take then, I pray thee, my blessing that is brought to thee, for God hath dealt graciously with me and I have enough and to spare."

So he urged Esau, and at last he sent his servants to herd and care for the princely gift, and ordered his men to encamp in all peace and amity. Then there was slaying of oxen, sheep and kids of the flock; lighting of fires; boiling of huge caldrons; breaking of bread and broaching of huge skins of Syrian wine, and happy merriment, where, the night before, all had feared massacre and pillage.

As the stars came out, Esau and Jacob sat together above the camp. "I must go tomorrow, my brother,"

said Esau kindly. "Let us take our journey together, and I will clear the way before thee."

But Jacob said: "My lord knoweth that the children are tender, and many of my flocks and herds are with young, and if they were over-driven but one day, all the sheep would die."

"Let my lord, I pray thee, pass over before his servant, and I will follow slowly, as the cattle that go before me, and the children, are able to endure, until I come unto my lord in Mount Seir."

Then Esau said: "Let me at least leave with thee some of my folk that are with me." But Jacob said: "What need is there, so long as I have found grace in the sight of my lord."

So Esau returned into his own land, and Jacob, by short stages and many sojournings, came at last to his father's house at Mamre. But Isaac was grown old, for his days were an hundred and fourscore years, and soon gave up the ghost and was gathered to his people, being old and full of days; and his sons, Esau and Jacob, buried him.

Then Esau took his wives, his sons and daughters and all his substance and went into the wilderness from the face of his brother Jacob; for their flocks and herds were so great that they might not dwell together in the land of Canaan.

They parted in all amity, and Esau dwelt in Mount Seir, the father of the great Edomite people. But although he was reconciled to Jacob, even as Ishmael had been to Isaac, the hered-

itary sense of injury was never wholly eradicated, although there was peace between the brethren and their descendants for over six hundred years.

But in the time of Saul, he ravaged the border of Edom with fire and sword, and, under David, garrisons of the sons of Israel held Edom, "the Red Land," to tribute, and the prediction of Isaac was fulfilled. Later,

Solomon held Edom not only by garrisons, but by the stronger ties of a great commercial interest uniting African and Asiatic trade through Palestine. After his death, in the days of Joram, Edom revolted, and in the time of Christ, Herod the Great, a ruler of the Jews, was a son of Antipater, a princely Edomite, who, as the ally of the Romans, had helped to abase the conquerors of the sons of Esau.

J. J. INGALLS AND THE NEGRO.

CHARLES ALEXANDER.

THE late Senator J. J. Ingalls, unique in personality, possessing a rare gift for forcible expression, a man who said things in a different way from any one else, a cynic and of many peculiar impulses, and possessing an acute but unbalanced mind, will long be remembered by all who have either read after him or have heard his eloquent public speeches. As a recent writer has said of him:

"His hatred of humbug and cant, except when it was his own humbug and his own cant, was so fervid, and his powers of verbal excoriation were so remarkable, that his tongue kept him in hot water during much of his variegated career." Mr. Ingalls was remarkably witty at times, and he was never in a happier element than

when dealing with the Negro question. Some years ago, in a criticism of the Negro, he related the following amusing story: "Suppose you make the Negro a judge. Can he protect himself? Can he attain by that process the real powers of the judiciary? A Negro was elected judge in a certain magistrate's court in the South. They were trying a case before him. The lawyers had argued it and had taken their seats. It was time for him to charge the jury. He sat and looked around the room. The lawyer sitting near him said to him: 'It is time to charge the jury.' He arose with the utmost gravity, and turning to the jury said to them: 'Well, gemmen of de jury, dis is a small case; I'll jes' charge you \$1.50 each.'"

HAGAR'S DAUGHTER.*

A Story of Southern Caste Prejudice.

SARAH A. ALLEN.

CHAPTER IV.

THE morning sun poured its golden light upon the picturesque old house standing in its own grounds in one of the suburban towns adjacent to Baltimore—the Baltimore of 1858 or 1860.

The old house seemed to command one to render homage to its beauty and stateliness. It was a sturdy brick building flanked with offices and having outbuildings touching the very edge of the deep, mysterious woods where the trees waved their beckoning arms in every soft breeze that came to revel in their rich foliage. This was Enson Hall. The Hall was reached through a long dim stretch of these woods—locusts and beeches—from ten to twelve acres in extent; its mellow, red-brick walls framed by a background of beech-trees reminded one of English residences with their immense extent of private grounds. In the rear of the mansion was the garden, with its huge conservatories gay with shrubs and flowers. Piazzas and porticoes promised delightful retreats for sultry weather. The interior of the house was in the style that came in after the Revolution. An immense hall with outer door standing invitingly open gave greeting to the guest. The stairs wound from the lower floor to

the rooms above. The grand stairway was richly embellished with carving, and overhead a graceful arch added much to the impressive beauty which met the stranger's first view. The rooms, spacious and designed for entertaining largely, had panelled wainscotting and carved chimney-pieces.

Ellis Enson, the master of the Hall, was a well-made man, verging on forty. "Born with a silver spoon in his mouth," for the vast estate and all invested money was absolutely at his disposal, he was the envy of the men of his class and the despair of the ladies. He was extremely good-looking, slight, elegant, with wavy dark hair, and an air of distinction. Since his father's death he had lived at the Hall, surrounded by his slaves in lonely meditation, fancy free. This handsome recluse had earned the reputation of being morose, so little had he mixed with society, so cold had been his politeness to the fair sex. His farms, his lonely rides, his favorite books, had sufficed for him. He was a good manager, and what was more wonderful, considering his Southern temperament, a thorough man of business. His crops, his poultry, his dairy products, were of the very first quality. Sure it was that his plantation was a paying

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investment. Meanwhile the great house, with all its beautiful rooms and fine furniture, remained closed to the public, and was the despair of managing mammas with many daughters to provide with eligible husbands. Enson was second to none as a "catch," but he was utterly indifferent to women.

Just about this time when to quarry the master of Enson Hall seemed a hopeless task, Hagar Sargeant came home from a four years' sojourn at the North in a young ladies' seminary.

The Sargeant estate was the one next adjoining Enson Hall; not so large and imposing, but a valuable patrimony that had descended in a long line of Sargeants and was well preserved. For many years before Hagar's birth the estate had been rented because of financial misfortunes, and they had lived in St. Louis, where Mr. Sargeant had engaged in trade so successfully that when Hagar was six years old they were enabled to return to their ancestral home and resume a life of luxurious leisure. Since that time Mr. Sargeant had died. On a trip to St. Louis, where he had gone to settle his business affairs, he contracted cholera, then ravaging many large cities of the Southwest, and had finally succumbed to the scourge. Hagar, their only child, then became her mother's sole joy and inspiration. Determined to cultivate her daughter's rare intellectual gifts, she had sent her North to school when every throb of her heart demanded her

presence at home. She had developed into a beautiful girl, the admiration and delight of the neighborhood to which she returned, almost a stranger after her long absence.

A golden May morning poured its light through the open window of the Sargeant breakfast-room. A pleasanter room could scarcely be found, though the furniture was not of latest fashion, and the carpet slightly faded. There was a bay window that opened on the terrace, below which was a garden; there was a table in the recess spread with dainty china and silver, and the remains of breakfast; honeysuckles played hide-and-seek at the open window. Aunt Henny, a coal-black Negress of kindly face, brought in the little brass-bound oaken tub filled with hot water and soap, and the linen towels. Hagar stood at the window contemplating the scene before her. It was her duty to wash the heirlooms of colonial china and silver. From their bath they were dried only by her dainty fingers, and carefully replaced in the corner cupboard. Not for the world would she have dropped one of these treasures. Her care for them, and the placing of every one in its proper niche, was wonderful to behold. Not the royal jewels of Victoria were ever more carefully guarded than these family heirlooms.

This morning Hagar was filled with a delicious excitement, caused by she knew not what. The china and silver were an anxiety unusual to her. She felt a physical exhilaration, inspired, no doubt, by the delicious

weather. She always lamented at this season of the year the lost privileges of the house of Sargeant, when their right of way led directly from the house to the shining waters of the bay. There was a path that led to the water still, but it was across the land of their neighbor Enson. Sometimes Hagar would trespass; would cross the parklike stretch of pasture, bordered by the woodland through which it ran, and sit on the edge of the remnant of a wharf, by which ran a small, rapid river, an arm of Chesapeake Bay, chafing among wet stones and leaping gaily over rocky barriers. There she would dream of life before the Revolution, and in these dreams participate in the joys of the colonial dames. She longed to mix and mingle with the gay world; she had a feeling that her own talents, if developed, would end in something far different from the calm routine, the housekeeping and churchgoing which stretched before her. Sometimes softer thoughts possessed her, and she speculated about love and lovers. This peaceful life was too tranquil and uneventful. Oh, for a break in the humdrum recurrel of the same events day after day.

She had never met Ellis Enson. He was away a great part of the time before she left home for school, and since she had returned. If she remembered him at all, it was with the thought of a girl just past her eighteenth birthday for a man forty.

This morning Hagar washed the silver with the sleeves of her morning robe turned up to the shoulder, giving a view of rosy, dimpled arms. "A

fairer vision was never seen" thought the man who paused a moment at the open window to gaze again upon the pretty, homelike scene. As Hagar turned from replacing the last of the china, she was startled out of her usual gay indifference at the sight of a handsome pair of dark eyes regarding her intently from the open window. A quick wonder flashed in the eyes that met hers; the color deepened in his face as he saw he was observed. The girl's beauty startled him so, that for a moment he lost the self-control that convention dictates. Then he bared his head in courteous acknowledgment of youth and beauty, with an apology for his seeming intrusion.

"I beg pardon," Enson said in his soft, musical tones; "is Mrs. Sargeant at home? I did not know she had company."

"I am not company; I am Hagar. Yes, mamma is at home; if you will come in, I will take you to her."

He turned and entered the hall door and followed her through the dark, cool hall to the small morning-room, where Mrs. Sargeant spent her mornings in semi-invalid fashion. Then a proper introduction followed, and Ellis Enson and Hagar Sargeant were duly acquainted.

At forty Enson still retained his faith in womanhood, although he had been so persistently pursued by all the women of the vicinity. He believed there were women in the world capable of loving a man for himself alone without a thought of worldly advantage, only he had not been fortunate enough to meet them.

He had a very poor opinion of himself. Adulation had not made him vain. His face indicated strong passions and much pride; but it was pride of caste, not self. There was great tenderness of the eye and lip, and signs of a sensitive nature that could not bear disgrace or downfall that might touch his ancient name. After he left the Sargeant home Hagar's face haunted him; the pure, creamy skin, the curved crimson lips ready to smile,—lips sweet and firm,—the broad, low brow, and great, lustrous, long-lashed eyes of brilliant black—soft as velvet, and full of light with the earnest, cloudless gaze of childhood; and there was heart and soul and mind in this countenance of a mere girl. Such beauty as this was a perpetual delight to feast the eyes and charm the senses—aye, to witch a man's heart from him; for here there was not only the glory of form and tints, but more besides,—heart that could throb, soul that could aspire, mind that could think. She was not shy and self-conscious as young girls so often are; she seemed quite at her ease, as one who has no thought of self. He was conscious of his own enthrallment. He knew that he had set his feet in the perilous path of love at a late day, but knowing this, he none the less went forward to his fate.

After that the young girl and the man met frequently. She did not realize when the time came that she had grown to look for his coming. There were walks and drives and

accidental meetings in the woods. The sun was brighter and the songs of the birds sweeter that summer than ever before.

Ellis fell to day-dreaming, and the dreams were tinged with gold, bringing a flush to his face and a thrill to his heart. Still he would have denied, if accused, that this was love at first sight—bah! That was a well-exploded theory. And yet if it was not love that had suddenly come into his being for this slender, dark-eyed girl, what was it? A change had come into Ellis Enson's life. The greatest changes, too, are always unexpected.

It was a sultry day; there was absolutely no chance to catch a refreshing breeze within four walls. It was one of the rare occasions when Mrs. Sargeant felt obliged to make a business call alone. From the fields came the sound of voices singing; the voices of slaves. Aunt Henny's good-natured laugh occasionally broke the stillness.

"Now I shall have a nice quiet afternoon," thought Hagar, as she left the house for the shadow of the trees. Under the strong, straight branches of a beech she tied three old shawls, hammock-like, one under another, for strength and safety. It was not very far from the ground. If it should come down, she might be bruised slightly, but not killed. She crawled cautiously into her nest; she had let down the long braids of her hair, and as she lolled back in her retreat, they fell over the sides of the hammock and swept the top of

the long, soft grass. Lying there, with nothing in sight but the leafy branches of the trees high above her head, through which gleams of the deep blue sky came softly, she felt as if she had left the world, and was floating, Ariel-like, in midair.

After an hour of tranquility, footsteps were audible on the soft grass. There was a momentary pause, then someone came to a standstill beside her fairy couch.

"Back so soon, mamma? I wish you could come up here with me; it is just heavenly."

"Then I suppose you must be one of the heavenly inhabitants, an angel, but I never can pay compliments as I ought," said a voice.

"Mr. Enson!" Hagar was conscious of a distinct quickening of heart-action and a rush of crimson to her cheeks; with a pretty, hurried movement she rose to a sitting posture in her hammock; "I really am ashamed of myself. I thought you were mamma."

"Yes," he answered, smiling at her dainty confusion.

"Mr. Enson," she said again, this time gravely, "politeness demands that I receive you properly, but decency forbids I should do it unless you will kindly turn your back to me while I step to earth once more."

The man was inwardly shaking with laughter at the grave importance with which she viewed the business in hand, but not for worlds would he have had her conscious of his mirth.

"I can help you out all right," he said.

"No, I am too heavy. I think I will stay here until you go."

"Oh — but — say now, Miss Hagar, that is hard to drive me away when I have just come; and such an afternoon, too, hot enough to kill a darkey. Do let me help you down."

"No; I can get out myself if I must. Please turn your back."

Thus entreated, he turned his back and commenced an exhaustive study of the landscape. Hagar arose; the hammock turned up, and Ellis was just in time to receive her in his arms as she fell.

"Hagar — my darling — you are not hurt?" he asks anxiously, still holding her in a close embrace.

"No; of course not. It is so good of you to be by to care for me so nicely," she said in some confusion.

"Hagar — my darling," he said again, with a desperate resolve to let her know the state of his feelings, "will you marry me?" She trembled as his lips pressed passionate kisses on hers. The veil was drawn away. She understood — this was the realization of the dreams that had come to her dimly all the tender spring-time. Never in all her young life had she felt so happy, so strangely happy. A soft flush mounted to cheek and brow under his caresses.

"I don't understand," murmured the girl, trembling with excitement.

"My darling, I think I have said it more plainly than most men do. Hagar, I think you must know it; I have made no secret of my love for

you. Have you not understood me all the days of the spring and summer?"

"Are you quite sure that you love me? You are so old and wise, and I so ignorant to be the wife of so grand a man as you."

She glanced up fleetingly, and flushed more deeply under the look she met. He folded her closer still in his arms. His next words were whispered:

"My love! lift your eyes to mine, and say you love me."

Hagar had not dreamed that such passion as this existed in the world. It seemed to take the breath of her inner life and leave her powerless, with no separate existence, no distinct mental utterance.

Gently Ellis drew back the bright head against him, and bent over the sweet lips that half sought his kiss; and so for one long moment he knew a lifetime of happiness. Then he released her.

"Heaven helping me, you shall be so loved and shielded that sorrow shall never touch you. You shall never repent trusting your young life to me. May I speak to your mother tonight?"

"Yes," she whispered.

And so they were betrothed. Ellis felt and meant all that he said under the stress of the emotion of the moment; but who calculates the effect of time and cruel circumstance? Mrs. Sargeant was more than pleased at the turn of events. Soon Ellis was taking the bulk of the business of managing her estates upon his own

strong shoulders. These two seemed favored children of the gods all that long, happy summer. She was his, and he was hers.

The days glided by like a dream, and soon brought the early fall which was fixed for the wedding festivities. All was sunshine. The wedding day was set for October. On the morning of the day before, Hagar entered her mother's room as was her usual custom, to give her a loving morning greeting, and found nothing but the cold, unresponsive body, from which the spirit had fled. Then followed days that were a nightmare to Hagar, but under Ellis' protecting care the storm of grief spent itself and settled into quiet sadness. There was no one at the Sargeant home but the bereaved girl and her servants. At the end of a month Ellis put the case plainly before her, and she yielded to his persuasions to have the marriage solemnized at once, so that he might assume his place as her rightful protector. A month later than the time originally set there was a quiet wedding, very different from the gay celebration originally planned by a loving mother, and the young mistress took her place in the stately rooms of Enson Hall. When a twelve-month had passed there was a little queen born — the heiress of the hall. Ellis' happiness was complete.

CHAPTER V.

IT was past the breakfast hour in the Hall kitchen, but Marthy still lingered. It was cold outside; snow

had fallen the night before; the clouds were dull and threatening. The raw northern blasts cut like bits of ice; the change was very sudden from the pleasant coolness of autumn. The kitchen was an inviting place; the blaze shot up gleefully from between the logs, played hide-and-seek in dark corners and sported merrily across the faces of the pickaninnies sprawling on the floor and constantly under Aunt Henny's feet.

Aunt Henny now reigned supreme in the culinary department of the Hall. Her head was held a little higher, if possible, in honor of the new dignity that had come to the family from the union of the houses of Enson and Sargeant.

"'Twarn't my 'sires fer a weddin' so close to a fun'ral, but Lor', chile, dars a diffurunce in doin' things, an' it 'pears dis weddin's comin' out all right. Dem two is a sight fer sore eyes, an' as fer de baby" — Aunt Henny rolled up her eyes in silent ecstasy.

"Look hyar, mammy," said Marthy, Mrs. Enson's maid and Aunt Henny's daughter, "why don' you see Unc' Demus? He'd guv you a charm fer Miss Hagar to wear; she needn't know nuthin' 'bout it."

"Sho, honey, wha' you take me fo'? I done went down to Demus soon as dat weddin' wus brung up."

"Wha' he say, mammy?"

"Let me 'lone now tell I tells you." Aunt Henny was singeing pin-feathers from a pile of birds on the floor in front of the fire. She dropped her task to give emphasis to her

words. "I carried him Miss Hagar's pocket-hankercher and he guv me a bag made outen de skin ob a rattle-snake, an' he put in it a rabbit's foot an' er sarpint's toof, an' er squorer-pin's tail wid a leetle dust outen de graveyard an' he sewed up de bag. Den he tied all dat up in de hankercher an' tell me solemn: 'Long as yer mistis keep dis 'bout her, trouble'll neber stay so long dat joy won't conquer him in de end.' So, honey, I done put dat charm in Misse Hagar draw 'long wid her tickler fixins an' I wants yer, Marthy, to take keer ob it," she concluded, with a grave shake of her turbanned head. Marthy was duly impressed, and stood looking at her mother with awe in every feature of her little brown face.

"'Deed an' I will, mammy."

"My young Miss will be all right ef dat St. Clair Enson keeps 'way from hyar," continued the woman reflectively.

"Who's St. Clar Enson?" asked Marthy.

"Nemmin' 'bout him. Sometime I'll tell you when you gits older. All you got ter do now is ter take mighty good keer o' your mistis and de baby," replied her mother, with a knowing wag of her head. "Fling anudder chunk on dat fire!" she called to one of the boys playing on the floor. "Gittin' mighty cole fer dis time ob year, de a'r smell pow'ful lack mo' snow."

A shadow fell across the doorsill shutting out the light for a moment, that came through the half-open

doorway. Marthy gave a shriek that ended in a giggle as a young Negro, tall, black, smiling, sauntered into the kitchen; it was Isaac. Aunt Henny threw her arms high above her head in unbounded astonishment.

"En de name ob de Lawd! Isaac! What's gwine ter happen ter dis fambly now, Ike, dat you's come sneakin' home?"

Isaac grinned. "Isn't you pow'rful glad ter see me, Aunt Henny? I is ter see you an' Marthy. Marfy's a mighty likely lookin' gal, I 'low." He gave a sly roll of his eye in the direction where the girl stood regarding the athletic young Negro with undisguised admiration.

"None o' dat," sputtered Aunt Henny. "Don' you go tryin' ter fool wid dat gal, you lim' ob de debbil. Take yo'sef right off! What yer doin' hyar, enyhow? Dis ain't no place fer you."

"My marse tell'd me ter come," replied Isaac, not at all ruffled by his reception. "I ain't gwine ter go right off; ain't tell'd none o' de folks howdy yit."

"*Your marse tell'd you ter come!* What fer he tell'd yer to come?" stormed Aunt Henny, with a derisive snort. "Dat's what I want ter know. *My marse'll have somethin' ter say* I reckon, ef *yer marse did* tell'd yer ter come. An' I b'lieve you's a liar, 'deed I do. I don' b'lieve yer marser knows whar you is at, dis blessid minnit."

Isaac chuckled. "I'se come home ter see de new mistis an' de leetle baby; I cert'n'y hopes dey is well.

Marse St. Clar'll be hyar hissself bimeby."

Aunt Henny stood a moment silently regarding the boy. Fear, amazement and curiosity were blended in her honest face. Plainly, she was puzzled. "De debbil turn' sain'," she muttered to herself, with a long look at the unconscious Isaac, who sat toasting his cold bare toes before the roaring fire. "Dis house got mo' peace in it, an' Marse Ellis happier den he been sence his mar, ol' Missee Enson, died; but," and she shook her turbanned head ominously, "'tain't fer long. I ain't fergit nuffin'; I isn't lived nex' dis Enson Hall so many years fer nuffin."

"I'se walk'd a long way slippin' officers"—began Isaac.

"Um!" grunted Aunt Henny, with the look of alarm still in her eyes, "officers! dat's what's de matter."

"Dey'll hab ter see Marse St. Clar, tain't me. He sol' me. I runned 'way. I come home, dat's all. Kain't I hab suthin' to eat?"

"Ef 'tain't one it's t'odder. Befo' God, I 'lieve you an' yo' marse bof onhuman. Been sol'! runned 'way! hump!" again grunted Aunt Henny.

Meanwhile Marthy had made coffee and baked a corncake in the hot ashes. Isaac sniffed the aroma of the fragrant coffee hungrily. There was chicken and rice, too, he noticed as she placed food on the end of a table and motioned him to help himself. Isaac needed no pressing, and in a moment was eating ravenously.

"Tell you de troof, Aunt Henny," he said at last, as he waited for a fourth help, "Marse St. Clar git hard up de oder night in a little play comin' up de bay, an' he sell me to a gempleman fer sixteen hundred dollars. But, Lor', dat don' hol' Isaac, chile, while he's got legs."

"Dat's jes' what I thought. No use yer lyin' ter me, Isaac, yer Aunt Henny *was born wif a veil*. I knows a heap o' things by seein' 'em fo' dey happens. I don' tell all I sees, but I keeps up a steadyin' 'bout it."

"Dar's no mon can keep me, I don' keer how much Marse St. Clar sells me; he's my onlies' marser," continued Isaac, as he kept on devouring food a little more slowly than at first.

"Lawd sakes, honey; you's de mos' pow'rfulles' eater I'se seed fer many a day. Don' reckon you's had a good meal sence yer was home five years ago. Dog my cats ef I don' hope Marse Ellis will jes' make yer trot."

"He kin sen' me back, but I isn't gwine stay wid 'em," replied Isaac, with his mouth full of food.

"You cain't he'p yo'se'f."

"I kin walk," persisted Isaac doggedly.

"Put you in de caboose an' give yer hundred lashes," Aunt Henny called back, as she waddled out of the kitchen to find her master.

"Don' keer fer dat, nudder."

Isaac improved the time between the going and coming of Aunt Henny by making fierce love to Marthy, who was willing to meet him more than half way.

The breakfast-room was redolent with the scent of flowers, freshly cut

from the greenhouses; the waxed floor gleamed like polished glass beneath the fur rugs scattered over it, and the table, with its service for two, was drawn in front of the cheerful fire that crackled and sparkled in the open fireplace. All the luxuries that wealth could give were gathered about the young matron. It was a happy household; the hurry and rush of warlike preparations had not reached its members, and the sting of slavery, with its demoralizing brutality, was unknown on these plantations so recently joined. Happiness was everywhere, from the master in his carriage to the slave singing in the fields at his humble task. Breakfast was over, and as Ellis glanced over the top of his morning paper at his wife and baby, he felt a thrill of intense pride and love.

As compared with her girlhood, Hagar's married life had been one round of excitement. Washington and many other large cities had been visited on their brief honeymoon. They were royally entertained by all the friends and relatives of both families, and the beautiful bride had been the belle of every assembly. Ellis was wrapped up in her; intimate acquaintance but deepened his love. Her nature was pure, spiritual, and open as the day. Gowned in spotless white, her slender form lost in a large armchair, she sat opposite him, dandling the baby in her arms. She looked across at him and smiled.

"Well, pet," he smiled back at her, "going to ride?"

She shook her head and set every little curl in motion.

"I won't go out today, it is so cold; we are so comfortable here before the fire, baby and I."

"What a lazy little woman it is," he laughed, rising from his seat and going over to stand behind her chair, stroke the bright hair, and clasp mother and child in his arms. Hagar rested her head against him, and held the infant at arm's length for his admiration.

"Isn't she a darling? See, Ellis, she knows you," as the child cooed and laughed and gurgled at them both, in a vain effort to clinch something in her little red fists.

"This little beggar has spoiled our honeymoon with a vengeance," he replied with a laugh. "I cannot realize that it is indeed over, and we have settled down to the humdrum life of old married folk."

"Can anything ever spoil that and its memories?" she asked, with a sweet upward look into his face. "Indeed, I often wonder if I am too happy; is it right for any human being to be so favored in life as I have been."

"Gather your roses while you may, there will be dark clouds enough in life, heaven knows. No gloomy thoughts, Mignon; let us be happy in the present." He kissed the lips raised so temptingly for his caress, and then one for the child. He thought humbly of his own career beside the spotless creature he had won for life. While not given to excesses, yet there were things in the past that he regretted. Since the birth of their child, the days had been full of emotion for these two

people, who were, perhaps, endowed with over-sensitive natures given to making too much of the commonplace happenings of life. Now, as he watched the head of the child resting against the mother's breast, he ran the gamut of human feelings in his sensations. Love and thanksgiving for these unspeakable gifts of God — his wife and child — swept the inmost recesses of his heart.

"Please, Marse Ellis!" cried Aunt Henny's voice from the doorway, "please, sah, Marse St. Clair's Isaac done jes' dis minnit come home. What's I gwine ter do wid him?"

"What, Henny!" Ellis cried in astonishment; "St. Clair's Isaac? Where's his master?"

"Dunno, Marse Ellis, but dar's allers truble, sho, when dat lim' o' Satan turns up; 'deed dar is."

Ellis left the room hurriedly, followed by Aunt Henny. Hagar sat there, fondling the child, a perfect picture of sweet womanhood. She had matured wonderfully in the few months of married life; her girlish manner had dropped from her like a garment. Eve's perfect daughter, she accomplished her destiny in sweet content. Presently the door opened, and her husband stood beside her chair again; his face wore a troubled look.

"What is it?" she asked, with a sweeping upward glance that noted every change of his countenance.

"St. Clair's Isaac."

"Well, and is he so serious a matter that you must look so grave?"

"My dear, the slaves all look upon him as a bird of evil omen; for my-

self, I look upon it as mere ignorant superstition, but still I have a feeling of uneasiness. They have neither of them been at the Hall for five years. Isaac says his master is coming — that he expected to find him here. What brings them is the puzzler."

"News of your marriage, Ellis; a natural desire to see his new relative. I see nothing strange in that, dear."

"He can't feel very happy about it, according to the terms of the will; probably he has been counting on my not marrying, and now, being disappointed, comes for me to pay his debts, or perform some impossible favor."

"Why impossible?"

"St. Clair is an unsavory fellow, and his desires are not likely to appeal to a man of honor," replied Ellis, with a short, bitter laugh.

"So bad as that?" said his wife regretfully; it was the first shadow since the beginning of their honeymoon. She continued: "Promise me, Ellis, to bear with him kindly and grant him anything in reason, in memory of our happiness."

In the kitchen Aunt Henny, with little braids of hair sticking out from under her turban, talked to Marthy.

"Ef Marse Ellis listen to me, he gwine ter make dat Isaac quit dese diggin's."

"Law, mammy," laughed Marthy, showing her tiny white teeth and tossing her head, "you don' want ter drive de po' boy 'way from whar he was born, does yer?" Marthy was a born coquette, and Isaac was very gallant to her.

"Dat all I gwine ter say. Nobody knows dat Marse St. Clair an' his Isaac better'n I does. I done part raise 'em bof. I reckon my ha'r'd all turn plum' white ef dem two hadn't done lef' dese parts."

"How you come to raise 'em, mammy, an' what made 'em try ter turn yo' ha'r plum' white?"

"Dev'ment, honey, pur' dev'ment! It 'pears lack 'twas only yisterday dat I was a gal wurkin' right yere in dis same ol' kitchen. Marse Sargeant he lose heap money, an' all ob dem move ter St. Louis ter 'trench an' git rich ergin; Marse Enson he want me fer ol' Miss, an' so Marse Sargeant done leave me hyar at Enson Hall. While I was hyar bof ob dem imps was born, but Marse St. Clair he good bit older dan Isaac. Many's de time he run me all ober dis plantation when he no bigger'n dat Thomus Jefferson, 'cause I wouldn't give dat Isaac fus' help from de chickuns jes' roasted fer dinner befo' de fambly done seed nary leg ob 'em. Chase me, chile, wid a pissle pinted plum' at me."

"Lordy! wha' you reckon he do ef he come back hyar now?"

"I don' reckon on nuffin but dev'ment, jes' same as he done time an' time agin when he were a boy — jes' dev'ment."

"Mammy, you say oder day when Misse Hagar git merried to Marse Ellis: 'Now dat St. Clair'll stan' no chance ob gittin' de property'; what you mean by dat?"

"Didn't mean nuffin," snapped her mother, with a suspicious look at her.

"G' 'long 'bout yo' bisness; you's gittin' mighty pert sence you git to be Miss Hagar's maid; you's axin' too many questions."

In a day or so the family settled down to Isaac's presence as a matter of course. Aunt Henny's predictions about the weather were verified, and the week was unpleasant. The wind blew the bare branches of the trees against the veranda posts and roared down the wide fireplaces; snowflakes were in the air. Hagar and Ellis had just come in from a canter over the country roads; she went immediately to her room to dress for dinner, but Ellis tarried a moment in the inviting room which seemed to command his admiration. The luxuries addressed themselves to his physical sense, and he was conscious of complete satisfaction in the knowledge that his wealth could procure a fitting setting for the gem he had won. Other thoughts, too, crept in, aroused by the talk of a friend where they had called on the way home. He had not thought of war, and was not interested in politics; still, if it were true that complications were arising that demanded a settlement by a trial of arms, he was ready. "Perhaps we are too happy for it to last," he muttered; "but, come what will, I have been blessed." His gaze followed Marthy's movements mechanically, as she lighted the wax candles and let fall the heavy curtains, shutting the gloom outside in the gathering darkness. He was aroused from the deep revery into which he had fallen by the sound of wheels on the carriage drive. In a moment, before

he could cross the room, the door opened and St. Clair Enson entered, followed by the slave-trader, Walker.

"St. Clair! Is it possible!" he cried, striding forward to grasp his brother's hand. "Is it really you? Welcome home!" They shook hands warmly, and then Ellis threw his arm about St. Clair's shoulders, and for a moment the two men gazed in the depths of each other's eyes with emotion too deep for words. The younger man *did* feel for an instant a wave of fraternal love for this elder brother against whom he meditated a fell deed.

"Why, Ellis, I do believe you're glad to see me. You're ready to kill the fatted calf to feast the prodigal," St. Clair said, as they fell apart. "My friend, Mr. Walker — Walker, my brother."

"Glad to see you and welcome you to Enson Hall," said Ellis in cordial greeting, his hospitable nature overcoming his repugnance for this man of unsavory reputation.

"Thanky, thanky," said Walker, as he awkwardly accepted the armchair Ellis offered him, and drew near the blazing fire.

"Just in time for dinner; you will dine with us, Mr. Walker." Walker nodded assent.

"Well, Ellis, how's the world using you? You're married, lucky dog. Got your letter while I was at the nominating convention; it must have followed me about for more than a month. Thought I'd come up and make the acquaintance of my new sister and niece," remarked St. Clair, with careless ease.

"Yes," replied Ellis. Somehow his brother's nonchalant air and careless words jarred upon his ear. "You are always welcome to come when you like and stay as long as you please. This is your home."

"Home with a difference," replied St. Clair, as an evil smile for an instant marred his perfect features.

"He won't stand much show of gittin' eny of this prop'ty now you's got a missus, Mr. Enson," ventured Walker, with a grin. "He's been mighty anxious to meet your missus. Most fellers isn't so oneasy about a sister-in-law, but I reckon this one is different, being report says she's a high-stepper," said Walker, as he grinned at Ellis and cleared his mouth by spitting foul tobacco juice on the polished hearth. Ellis bowed coldly in acknowledgment of his words.

"Mrs. Enson will be down presently. This certainly is a joyful surprise," he said, turning to St. Clair. "Why didn't you send word, and the carriage would have met you at the station?"

"Oh, we came out all right in Walker's trap."

"I'll have it put up." Ellis rose as he spoke.

"No, no; my man will drive me back to the city shortly," Walker broke in.

"I hope you are doing well, St. Clair; where are you from now?"

"Just from Charleston, where I have made a place for myself at last. Politics," he added significantly.

"Ah!"

"Great doin's down to Charleston; great doin's," Walker broke in again.

"No doubt of it; how do you think this matter will end?"

"It's goin' to be the greatest time the world ever saw, Mr. Enson. When we git a-goin' thar'll be no holdin' us. The whole South, sah, is full of sodjers, er-gittin' ready to whup the Yanks t'uther side of nex' week. That's how it's goin' to end."

"Then it will really be war?"

"The greatest one the worl' ever seen, sah, unless the Yanks git on their knees and asks our pardon, and gives up this govinment to their natural rulers. Why, man, ain't yer heard? You's a patriot, ain't you? Yer a son of the sunny South, ain't yer?"

Ellis smiled at his enthusiasm, although filled with disgust for the man.

"When one has his family to think of, there are times when he forgets the world and thinks of nothing but his home. Be that as it may, I am no recreant son of the South. I stand by her with all I possess. I can imagine nothing that would turn me a traitor to my section."

"Spoken like a man. That's the talk, eh, Enson?" he said, appealing to St. Clair, who nodded in approval. "Do all you can, I say, for the Confederate States of America, from givin' 'em yer money down to helpin' 'em cuss."

"When the time comes I shall not be found wanting. By the way, St. Clair, your boy Isaac is here. Came on us suddenly the other day."

"Ha, ha, ha! the little black rascal. Didn't I tell you he'd do Johnson out of that money? He's the very devil, that boy."

"Like master, like man," replied St. Clair, with a shrug of his handsome shoulders.

"What is it?" asked Ellis sternly; "no cheating or swindling, is there?"

"He's a runaway. I sold him to a gentleman about a week ago," was St. Clair's careless answer.

"What is the man's name, and where is he to be found? he must be reimbursed or Isaac returned to him," said Ellis, looking sternly at his brother. "Enson Hall is no party to fraudulent dealings."

"I'm glad to hear you say that, Mr. Enson; I'm up here lookin' for a piece of property belonging to me, and said to be stopping on this very plantation."

"Impossible, sir; all our slaves have been here from childhood, or have grown old with us. You have been misinformed."

"I reckon not. As I was tellin' your brother here, it's a mighty on-pleasant job I've got before me, but I must do my dooty." Walker put on a sardonic smile, and continued:

"I see, sah, that you don' understand me. Let me explain further: Fourteen years ago I bought a slave child from a man in St. Louis, and not being able to find a ready sale for her on account of her white complexion, I lent her to a Mr. Sargeant. I understand that you have her in your employ. I've come to get her." Here the slave-trader took out his large sheepskin pocketbook, and took from it a paper which he handed to Ellis.

Ellis gazed at Walker in bewilderment; he took the paper in his hand

and mechanically glanced at it. "Still your meaning is not clear to me, Mr. Walker. I tell you we have no slave of yours on this plantation," but his face had grown white, and large drops of perspiration stood on his forehead.

"Well, sah, I'll explain a leetle more. Mr. and Mrs. Sargeant lived a number of years in St. Louis; they took a female child from me to bring up — a *nigger* — and they passed her off on the commoonity here as their own, and you have *married* her. Is my meaning clear now, sah?"

"Good God!" exclaimed Ellis, as he fell back against the wainscoting, "then this paper, if it means anything, must mean my wife."

"I can't help who it means or what it means," replied Walker, "this yer's the bill of sale, an' there's an officer outside there in the cart to git me my nigger."

"This paper proves nothing. You'll take no property from this house without proper authority," replied Ellis with ominous calm. Walker lost his temper, apparently.

"I hold you in my hand, sah!" he stormed; "you are a brave man to try to face me down with stolen property."

Ellis rose slowly to his feet. Pale, teeth set, lips half parted, eyes flashing lightning — furious, terrible, superb in his wrath. His eyes were fixed on Walker, who, frightened at his desperate look, rose to his feet also, with his hand on his pistol. "You would murder me," he gasped.

Ellis laughed a strange, discordant laugh.

"There is, there must be some

mistake here. My wife was the daughter of Mr. Sargeant. There is not a drop of Negro blood in her veins; I doubt, sir, if you have ever seen her. And, Mr. Walker, if you do not prove the charges you have this day insulted me by making, your life shall pay the penalty."

"Well, sah, fetch her in the room here; I reckon she'll know me. She warn't so leetle as to fergit me altogether."

Just at this moment Hagar opened the door, pausing on the threshold, a fair vision in purest white; seeing her husband's visitors, she hesitated. Ellis stepped quickly to her side and took her hand.

"My dear, are you acquainted

with this gentleman? Do you remember ever seeing him before?"

She looked a moment, hesitated, and then said: "I think not."

Walker stepped to the mantel where the wax-light would fall full upon his face, and said:

"Why, Hagar, have you forgotten me? It's only about fourteen years ago that I bought you, a leetle shaver, from Rose Valley, and lent you to Mrs. Sargeant, ha, ha, ha!"

Hagar put her hand to her head in a dazed way as she heard the coarse laugh of the rough, brutal slave-trader. She looked at Ellis, put out her hand to him in a blind way, and with a heartrending shriek fell fainting to the floor.

(To be continued.)

DECORATIONS FOR THE HOME.

J. R. BARREAU.

Reception and Living Rooms.

WHATEVER one attempts with the reception and living or sitting rooms of the home, must be done with restriction as regards individual preferences of the family. The reception-room, while avoiding that stiffness which gives it the appearance of being used only on very special occasions, should have a certain stateliness and dignity; it should be the dressed-up room of the house, for it is the company room. Although everything in this room must be of the best in the house, real comfort here cannot be thought of; no lounging is allowed, the designers of parlor furniture no doubt having the idea in mind that guests may make their

calls too prolonged if chairs and sofas are too restful and inviting. The individual preferences of the family must necessarily be excluded from the reception-room; for while the father may have a preference for large chairs that are comfortable in which to loll, and where he can spend his evenings reading the newspaper and his Sunday afternoons smoking his cigar, this must necessarily be confined to the library or sitting-room, which will most naturally adapt itself to certain requirements of the whole family.

For the walls of the reception-room, and in pleasing contrast with the hall described in a previous issue,

is one of those new and very popular wall papers,—a green moire; these goods are among the many fine things brought out for this season's trade at a moderate cost. They make an excellent groundwork for gold picture frames. A pleasing harmony between the walls and floor would be a carpet of green groundwork a few tones darker than the walls, and of a floral pattern shading from pink to rose; ivory-white woodwork will look well in most instances for the reception-room, and with this is in good taste. For the doors, hangings of a shade of rose will look well; if there is a wide doorway leading from this room, and if high enough to permit, a piece of grill work, as shown in the illustration, will break up the monotony of having all the doors alike. Much depends upon the hangings for the windows, which can be the making or marring of a room. The furnishings of a room never appear complete without draperies at the windows; it

is the one thing which adds the finishing touch. There is a tendency, especially in city homes, of overcrowding the windows on the interior with several sets of lace and heavy curtains, while on the outside the appearance of the many windows, all hung with shades of a uniform color, cannot be very attractive. The lace curtains so often seen in the city blocks, hung against the window pane without fullness, and which serve to screen the interior from view of the outside world, can be considered hardly otherwise than monotonous. There are many possibilities in the arrangement of windows by which much can be added to the outside appearance of a house. Many styles of white lace curtains are admirably suited for a reception-room without other overhangings; for library or sitting-room some heavy curtains of a suitable color will add a warmth of character to the furnishings not to be obtained by the use of lace curtains.

HOLY WEEK IN MANILA.

T. G. STEWARD, CHAPLAIN U. S. A.

MY memory fails to furnish me with anything with which I can compare the scenes and events of Holy Week in Manila. Those of your readers who have lived in the Spanish towns of the Southwest, or of Mexico, will probably be able to picture in their minds the scenes I shall describe; but I doubt if the majority of your readers will be so successful.

We must first think of Manila as

both an old and a new city; the new city appearing old to us. The old city lies south of the Pasig River, and is enclosed by walls and moats, and can be entered only over bridges and through gates. It is called the Walled City, or Intramuros, or Manila. This city, according to a census recently made by the American Board of Health here, contains 458 buildings, 1,204 large rooms and 155 small rooms, the population

being as follows: 3,976 men; 1,341 women; 128 aged persons; 783 children; 811 Chinese; a total of 7,039; while the totals of old and new Manila together are as follows: buildings, 20,709; men, 61,945; women, 43,056; children, 29,933; Chinese, 30,852. It will be seen from the above figures that the Manila of two hundred and fifty years ago is a small affair compared with the Manila of the present.

The suburbs around old Manila, mostly lying to the north of the Pasig, comprise eleven districts, although a stranger would not readily discover the lines of separation between many of the districts. The suburbs lying north of the Pasig are now the city proper in the business sense; and Manila itself is reduced to the status of an antiquated suburb except in the affairs of government and religion.

The religious observances which I shall describe took place within the two districts known as Quiapo and San Sebastian, in each of which there is a church bearing the same name as the district within which it stands. The Quiapo Church is a large stone and brick building, with a broad plaza in front, built many years ago; the San Sebastian Church is a mammoth steel building of recent construction. The distance between the two churches is about three-fourths of a mile, and the population of the two districts is a little over ten thousand.

My home during Holy Week was at No. 45 Calle San Sebastian, the direct thoroughfare between these

two great churches, a circumstance which turned out very fortunately, for it was precisely in this neighborhood that the religious fervor of the city found its most elaborate expression. The street just above No. 45 as it nears San Sebastian Church opens into a wide plaza, very favorable for the collection of a large crowd of spectators. Hence it turned out that when the processions came, I had a good view not only of them, but also of the crowds that came to witness them.

The whole island, so far as I could learn, had been preparing itself for this climax of devotion during the entire period of Lent, or the Cuaresima, as it is called here. In all the humbler dwellings in the outskirts of the city, and in the cabins of the peasantry, the Tagalog poem of the Passion had been sung, or rather wilingly chanted, almost continuously. Go where you would, you could hear the story of the sufferings of Christ floating out in sad tones on the evening air, and the simple-hearted native if asked would say: "It is the Passion"; and if asked why it was sung, would answer: "It is Cuaresima." With such preparation when Holy Week was ushered in by its Palm Sunday, or *Dominde Ramos*, the people had brought all the events of the Savior's last days on earth right here to Manila, and were living in the midst of them. The services in the churches were impressive and grand, but it was on Monday that one could see the beginning of the real week of devotion.

On Monday evening came the first

great religious procession I had ever seen. In it was borne aloft on a float carried by perhaps one hundred men, the wonderful black image of Jesus Carrying His Cross. This was the great feature of the procession, as it was also of the greater procession of Thursday night. This image is kept in the Quiapo Church, and is said to be over two centuries old. To have a part in carrying it is considered a great honor. During the days it was exposed, thousands kissed its feet. In the processions were images of saints, both male and female, but nothing equaled in glory the black Savior. The processions were over a mile in length, filling up the entire street, and the people prayed aloud as they marched. There was no hilarity; it was altogether a solemn convocation. On Monday night two brass bands and an orchestra played sacred music as the procession moved along to slow time; and on Thursday night there were three bands and an orchestra. Everyone in the procession not otherwise engaged, carried a lighted candle, and many of the houses along the street were illuminated.

On Thursday and Friday all business stopped, and the people gave themselves up to religion. Of the three thousand public vehicles running ordinarily in the city, not one was on the streets. People seemed even to cease to talk or to laugh. Almost absolute stillness prevailed, except as one could hear the sounds of devotion. On Friday morning in

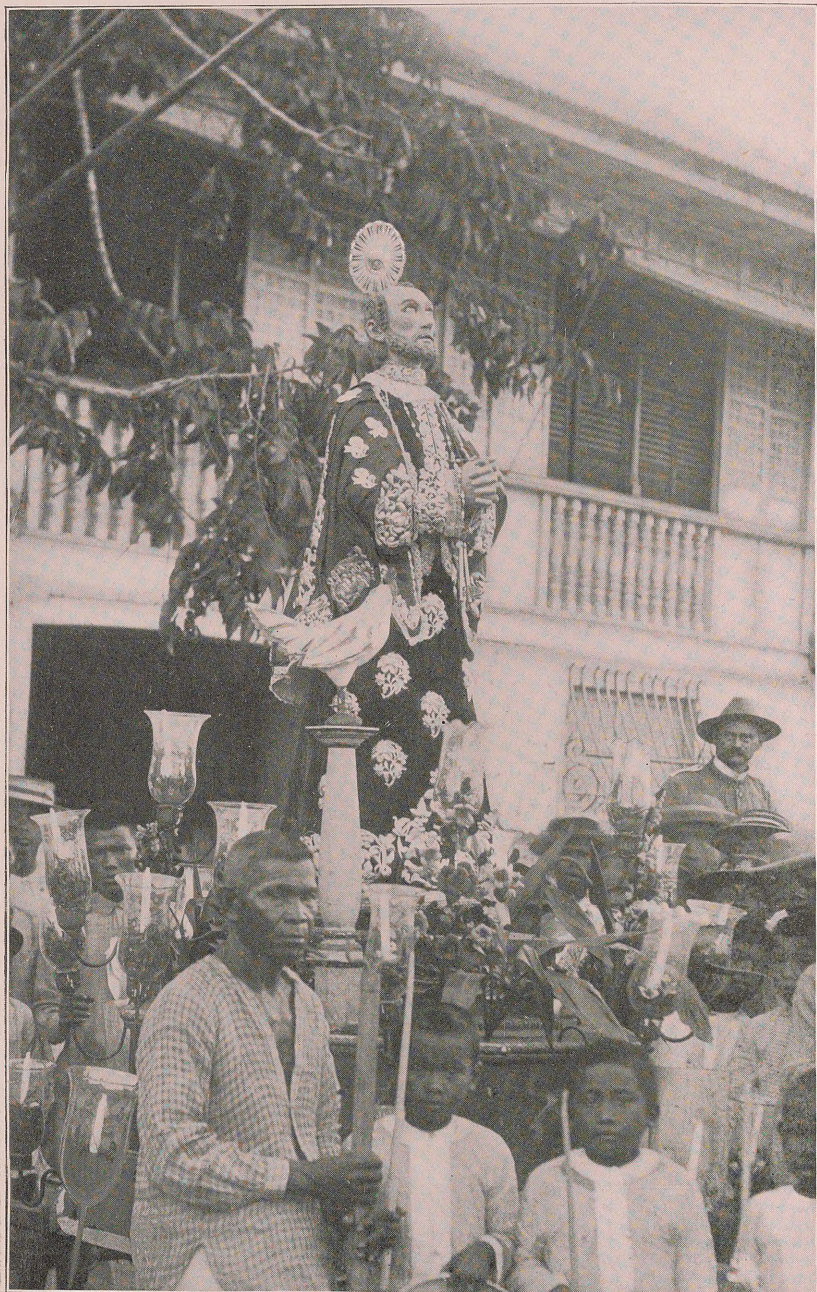
Quiapo Church the scene of the Crucifixion was reproduced. A life-size image of Christ was suspended upon the cross before a huge black veil which obscured all the altar of the church. In the meantime the people were continuing their devotions in groups in different parts of the church. In another church in the evening the ceremony of taking the body down from the cross and laying it in the sepulchre was observed. This I did not see, so cannot attempt to describe it.

Of the people during the two days of absolute suspension, Thursday and Friday, I must say I never saw so orderly and apparently so devout a multitude before. They were immaculately clean, and tastefully dressed, and their bearing was ideal. The week ended with a grand pontifical mass at the great cathedral, for which I was just too late. The archbishop presided, and the service was gorgeous. The building itself is a grand conception.

Thus ended Holy Week; and on Easter Sunday afternoon I saw hundreds, if not thousands, of these same devout people rushing off to their cock-fights; and I doubt not that some of the men who fought so hard for the privilege of helping to carry the image of the black Savior, were seen on Easter Sunday afternoon, or even earlier on that day, each hugging his pet rooster under his arm, and hurrying to the cock-pit to bet on him the last peso.



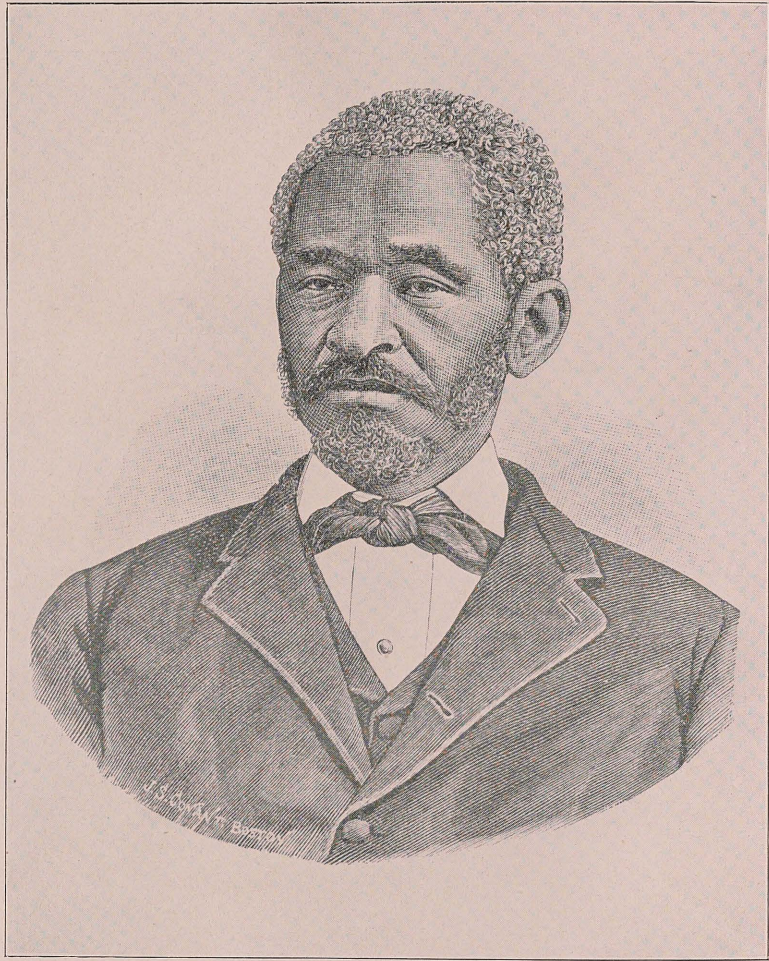
HOLY WEEK IN MANILA.— THE IMAGE OF THE VIRGIN.



HOLY WEEK IN MANILA. — THE IMAGE OF ST. PETER.

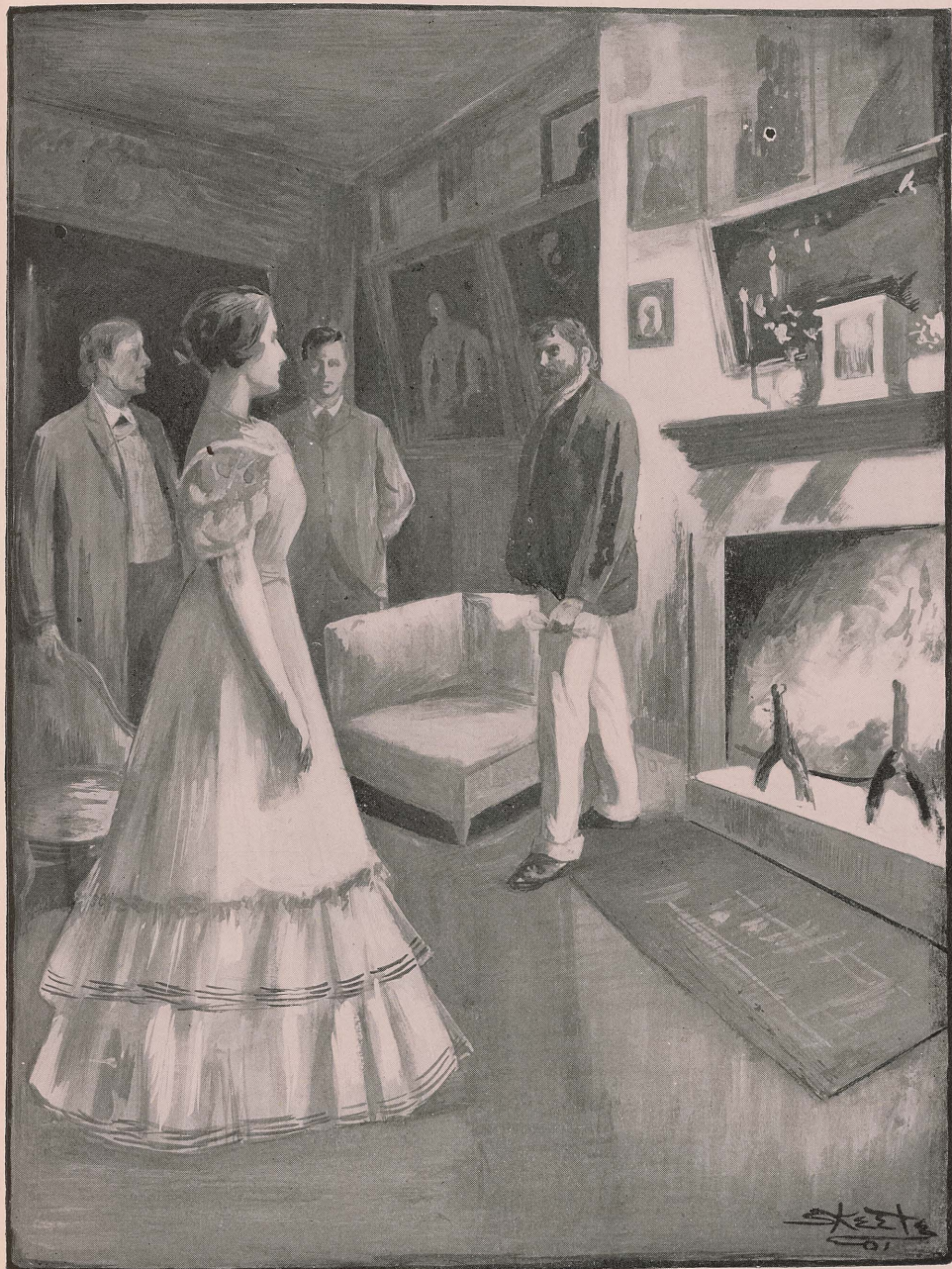


THEOPHILUS G. STEWARD, D.D.,
Chaplain United States Army.
Author of the forthcoming book, "The Story of the American Negro."



yours for the rights of
many
Lewis Hayden

(See page 473.)

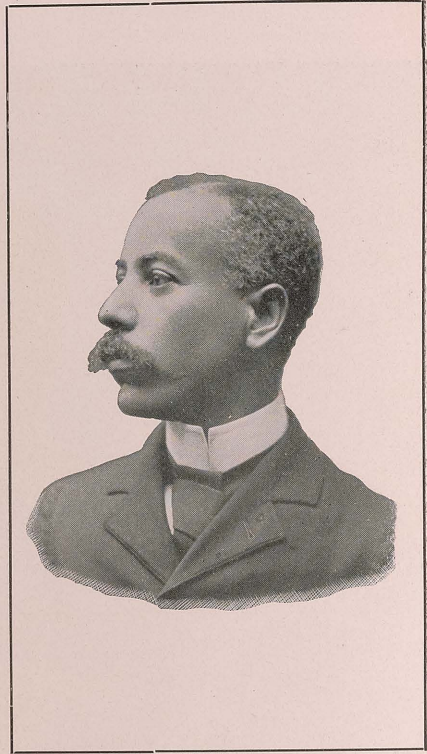


“MY DEAR, ARE YOU ACQUAINTED WITH THIS GENTLEMAN?”

(See *Hagar's Daughter*, page 445.)



WILLIAM PATTERSON,
New York, N. Y. (See page 472.)



JOHN RILEY DUNGEE, LL.B.,
Roanoke, Va. (See page 472.)



THE RECEPTION AND LIVING ROOMS. (See page 445.)

CETAWAJO, KING OF ZULULAND.

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

ZULULAND and the Zulus are a puzzle to the British Empire, and in order that you may have a clear idea of the relation of these two peoples, I must quote a little ancient history to make you familiar with that part that touches the reign of Cetawajo.

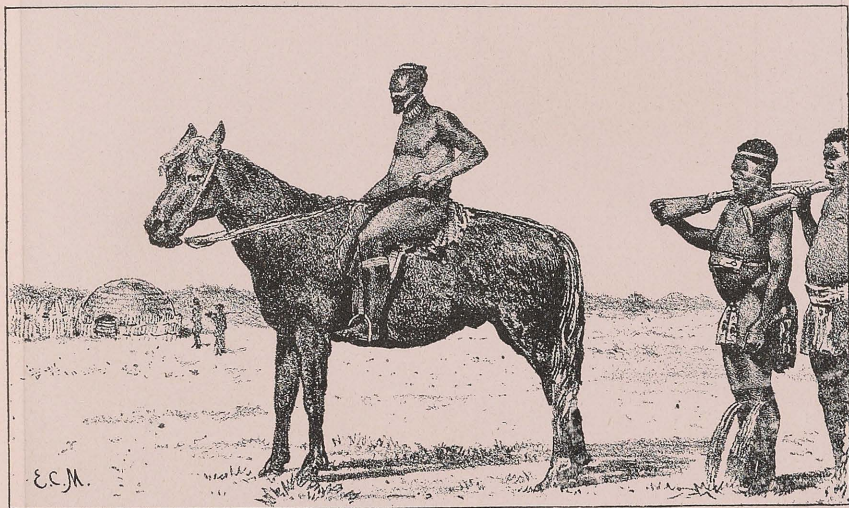
The first great Zulu king was Chaka, Cetawajo's



PANDA.

His invincible armies had swept the country for hundreds of miles, and slaughtered more than a million human beings, and had built up the great Zulu kingdom, that had placed all of Southern Africa in a state of great unrest.

The blood of men, women and children ran like water in his wake;



CHAKA'S MORNING RIDE.

great-uncle, who was probably one of the greatest organizers of modern times, or since the days of the Pharaohs. He was elected Great Chief about 1813, and governed until 1828. He it was who had made the name of the Zulu a fear and dread in all of South Africa.

and while ruling with an iron hand, his methods of warfare were very peculiar, but at the same time very effective. When planning for battle he would take all of the able-bodied men, and by forcing them to join the army, he would be strong enough to conquer all other tribes.



MME. PLATO AS CECILIA, IN THE OPERA "IL GUARANY."

(See page 472.)



MR. THEODORE DRURY AS PERY, IN THE OPERA "IL GUARANY."

(See page 472.)

If after once entering active service a man showed the least backwardness in facing and fighting the enemy, he was immediately executed as soon as the fighting ceased. If a regiment

dren be beaten until their brains oozed out, and the men all received the same treatment.

His men never showed the white feather. After these salutary lessons



ZULU WARRIOR.

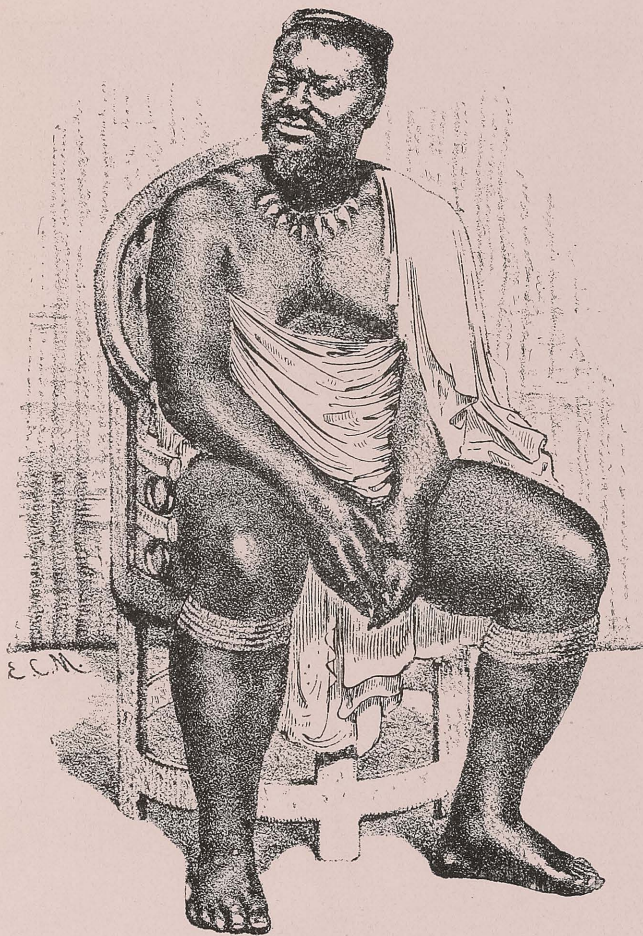
lost a battle, or failed to carry out the plan as outlined, they were all executed. It made no difference whether it was their fault or no. The king would order that their wives and chil-

his men were cut to pieces a number of times on the battlefield, but they never again ran away. He, like Nero, had his own mother killed, and he also executed nearly all of the women

of his household because they did not show sufficient signs of sorrow for the shedding of royal blood.

Chaka suffered the fate he had meted out to so many, as they stabbed him in his bed and then watched him

not live long, though you have killed me. I hear now the sound of the feet of a great white nation, and your land will be given to them." Thus speaking he fell back and died. His prophecy is fast coming true.



CETAWAJO, KING OF ZULULAND.

die. When he was dying he rallied, and looking at them all, uttered these words, that are now known to every Zulu, and dreaded wherever heard: "What! do you stab me, my brothers? Dogs of mine own house whom I have fed. You hope to be kings. You will

One of the brothers murdered the other in order to get full possession of the throne. This brother was constantly hounded by Chaka's dying words, and later fell upon six hundred white emigrants and killed them all. Diagoan had murdered Umhalgon.

Then Panda drove him out of Zululand, and he was murdered about 1840. Panda then became king of Zululand, and reigned in peace, killing only enough each year to keep them in fear of him.

“When two young cocks quarrel, the best thing to do is to fight it out.” They then collected all their forces, each brother with his part of the nation.

Panda secretly favored his son



LIEUT. HORACE F. WHEATON, U. S. V.

(See page 471.)

He had two sons, Umbelazi and Cetawajo. Umbelazi was the oldest, and the old man's favorite. Before Panda's death they began to quarrel about the succession. When they spoke of it to Panda he simply said:

Umbelazi, and sent one of his regiments of old warriors to help him. The fight took place on the banks of the Tugela. It was a bloody battle, as the two sons met and their armies nearly annihilated each other. Panda's

forces then lent a hand, and drove back Cetawajo's men for a while, but he rushed to the front, cheered his men in person, and finally drove the entire opposing army into the river. Many thousands died, and Umbelazi

you know he is dead?" said Cetawajo. "Because I slew him with my own hand." "Dog!" said the king, "you have dared to raise your hand against a prince of the royal blood; lead him away and execute him."



MISS SENORA V. SELDON, CHICAGO, ILL.

(See page 472.)

himself died of a broken heart on the field, after the battle.

One of Cetawajo's men presented himself to the king and said: "O prince, how canst thou sleep in peace, for Umbelazi is dead." "How do

Cetawajo then began to reign until the outbreak of the last Zulu war. About this time there appeared in Zululand one John Dum. Known as a white Zulu chief, he fought for Umbelazi, and after his defeat went

over to Cetawajo. He was his main man, and was also appointed British agent and general surveyor of fire-arms, to the Zulu nation, by Sir Garnett Wolsely. Sixteen years after Cetawajo reaped the fruits of his labors at the battle of the Tugela. He was nominated and installed by the British government in 1861, his

Mr. Shepstone sat quietly in the midst of this howling mob, expecting every moment to be killed, but showing no outward signs of fear. He waited until he obtained a chance to speak. Rising he said: "I know you mean to kill me; it is an easy thing to do. But I tell you, Zulus, that for every drop of my blood that



JAMES HUGO JOHNSTON, PH.D., PETERSBURG, VA.

(See page 471.)

father having died a natural death, and the only Zulu king to thus die.

Mr. Shepstone was chosen to perform this mission, and nearly lost his life thereby. His servants were ignorant of the Zulu customs on this occasion, and a breach of etiquette caused him to be surrounded by a howling mob, all anxious to put him to death.

falls to the ground, a hundred men will come up out of the sea yonder, from the country of which Natal is one of the cattle kraals, and will utterly avenge me." All eyes were at once turned toward the sea, so great had been the weight of his words, and instantly the words of Chaka came to them: "I hear the



MISS EMILY WILLIAMS,
Secy. C. W. B. C., Chicago, Ill. (See page 468.)



MRS. GEORGIA DE BAPTIST-FAULKNER,
Vice-Pres. C. W. B. C., Chicago, Ill. (See page 467.)

tread of the feet of a great white nation." He had saved his life by his eloquence. Cetawajo said: "Somp- sen is a great man; no other man could have come through it alive." (Somp- sen is the nearest they can pronounce Shepstone.)

After the restoration Cetawajo wanted to fight. It is a Zulu tradition that no Zulu is a king until he has dipped his spears in the blood of other tribes. Cetawajo therefore sought every pretext to fight some- one. He hated the Boers, and he begged Mr. Shepstone to give him permission to fight the Swazis, if not the Boers; and if England had then listened to him, how different would have been South Africa today.

He said: "I am a king who sits in a heap; I will not be a real king until I have dipped my spears and washed my assegans." He grew sullen and morose, and said: "I will

be a king! I will fight the British." In 1877 Lord Chelmsford found the situation so alarming that he asked for reinforcements. These were sent, and in 1878 the British had ten thousand troops.

Cetawajo had forty thousand men, and indignantly rejected the British ultimatum to disband his army or allow a British resident to remain permanently in his country.

On Jan. 29, 1879, the British army was completely annihilated by twenty thousand Zulus under Cetawajo. At Isandula this caused great consterna- tion. English reinforcements were hurried from Mauritius, India, and St. Helena. The government voted one and one-half million pounds sterling for the Zulu war, and sent seven thousand fresh troops from Eng- land in February and March. The Zulus were, however, on the aggres- sive.



MISS ETTA M. MOORE,
Chairman Membership Committee, C. W. B. C.,
Chicago, Ill. (See page 468.)



MRS. MAMIE WALKER,
Chairman Advisory Board, C. W. B. C.,
Chicago, Ill. (See page 468.)



MISS CORA NAPIER,
Treasurer C. W. B. C.,
Chicago, Ill. (See page 467.)



MISS MATTIE J. JOHNSON,
Chairman Social Committee, C. W. B. C.,
Chicago, Ill. (See page 468.)

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Generals Wood and Pearsons were besieged at Ekome by thirty-five thousand Zulus. With twelve hundred men Lord Chelmsford defeated Cetawajo at Gingelova, April 4, 1879, and relieved Generals Wood and Pearson. Cetawajo then sued for peace, but Lord Chelmsford rejected his overtures, and demanded the disbandment of the Zulu army and a British resident in Zululand.

On July 4 Lord Chelmsford with five thousand men dispersed Ceta-

wajo's army of twenty thousand men at Ulandi.

Cetawajo now became a fugitive. He was, however, captured by British cavalry on Aug. 8, 1879. All of his other chiefs surrendered, and Chaka's words had come to pass. Cetawajo was brought to England and visited Queen Victoria at Osborne, Aug. 14, 1882. Another war then broke out in Zululand, and Mr. Gladstone's ministry restored Cetawajo to his throne.

CHICAGO NOTES.

ALBRETA MOORE SMITH.

We are constantly in receipt of letters from women residing in various sections of the country asking for information concerning the organization of business clubs in their respective cities. All inquiries will be cheerfully answered if future communications are sent to our Chicago address, 2807 Wabash Avenue.

HAVING watched and studied the true conditions of many colored women working in the business portion of the city for the past two years, and having faced some of the obstacles which confront those aspiring to labor in this field, it became apparent to us that something should be done to remedy existing evils.

Believing that the needed reform could better be accomplished by a unification of experienced colored women who are daily engaged in business avocations, April 21, 1900, we accordingly invited several young women to meet together at a given address, for the purpose of formulating plans by which this objective point could be effected.

After much deliberation and dis-

cussion all necessary details for organization were completed, and the name "Colored Women's Business Club" was chosen.

One of the objects of the organization as set forth in the By-Laws has ever been, "to assist our women in finding the employment for which they are best qualified, and to help those seeking to help themselves." By strict adherence to this rule six lucrative clerical positions and a dozen or more domestic places have been filled. The demands made upon the Employment Department for well-trained domestics are greater than it can supply, for skilled colored artisans in this work are almost unobtainable.

If more colored girls, forced to

earn a livelihood, would educate themselves thoroughly in domestic science, salaries far in excess of those paid many clerks could easily be demanded.

Up to the present time work secured women in this department has been gratis. Finance has ever been a second consideration, for the club was not organized for mercenary purposes, but for the good of all who choose to co-operate.

There is a growing demand for the work of competent women in all professions and trades, and if Negro women will only qualify themselves efficiently, there is every reason to believe that racial prejudice in the professional and commercial world to a large extent, will soon be overcome.

If the Colored Women's Business Club of Chicago does nothing more than arouse public sentiment in its favor, it will greatly strengthen the cause and force open many doors hitherto closed to Negro women.

The work of the organization is classified under three heads; namely, professional, commercial and industrial, yet all working for the mutual interest of employee and employer.

While no special effort has been made to secure a large membership, all women who are heartily in accord with the movement are most cordially invited to join. Experience has wisely taught us, that fifty or more names enrolled upon a membership book cannot accomplish as much good as a dozen energetic, active members.

Twenty-five stenographers, book-keepers, clerks, trained nurses, doctors, milliners, seamstresses and "leisure" women, representing the various professions and trades, compose the club membership.

The officers of the organization are all graduates of some commercial school or college. This degree of efficiency was desired by the members, in order that a correct and impartial verdict might be passed upon the capabilities of all applicants for positions.

Leisure women as well as active women should deem a practical knowledge of business necessary to their well-being, and the best way to accomplish this means is by organization — called together occasionally for consultation, and receiving such inspiration as only those so qualified can give one another.

As a race, the doors of the commercial and industrial world are closed almost entirely against us, regardless of ability; only a few individuals occasionally overcome all obstacles and enter the business arena — therefore one of the club's main objects is to force down all barriers possible, winning over to the side of justice many men and women of the predominant race who are prejudiced against the Negro's future progress.

This organization is also endeavoring to raise the standard of domesticity to its proper level, by inculcating into the minds of all women with whom they come in contact, and over whom they have influence,

the advantages to be gained by good honest work, regardless of its character.

Invaluable assistance has been given the club by some of the foremost white club women of the country — several of whom are in constant communication with the officers.

A most regrettable feature of the club's history is the opposition which several misguided persons of the race have weakly made against the consummation of its cherished plans. Opposition has ever followed the footsteps of all good institutions. While seemingly retarding, it has greatly accelerated the business movement among colored women in the city of Chicago.

Chicago abounds with colored women's clubs, but none except the Colored Women's Business Club has for an object the amelioration of our women in the business world. Many of these diversified organizations, whose work seemingly is theoretical, could make it practical by encouraging such a useful movement. We do not mean to say that these clubs should be submerged, or lose their own identity in the organization of business clubs, but that all should be united indissolubly in any work whose purpose is the general advancement of the race.

While the cherished hope of the club — the establishment of a working woman's home — has been seriously crippled by a lack of funds, all work has been purely practical, as investigations will verify. Special attention and study is now being given to a better knowledge of the business

world and its many phases generally. Financial aid also has been given several worthy colored institutions. As a majority of the members lead the strenuous life, the proper time and attention necessary for charity work cannot be given.

One of the most interesting features of the organization is its social nights, at which time dull care takes flight, and joy and mirth reigns supreme. An appropriate address, followed by a spirited discussion, music and refreshments, is the general order of the programme.

The president and organizer of the Colored Women's Business Club is the Chicago correspondent of THE COLORED AMERICAN MAGAZINE.

In the person of Mrs. Georgia de Baptist-Faulkner, wife of one of the leading colored physicians of the city, and vice-president of the club, is one of the best exemplifications of noble Christian womanhood. Conscientious in all things and at all times, much effective work has been done by the club through her efforts. She is a musician of exceptional ability, and a woman of rare intelligence.

One of the staunchest and truest friends of the business woman's movement among colored women is the club's treasurer, Miss Cora Napier.

Coming to Chicago several years ago from her home, the beautiful twin city of St. Paul, full of energy and life, she is the very embodiment of the many excellent business qualities which characterize all native-born Minnesotians.

Miss Napier is a relative of the

late Hon. John M. Langston; a stenographer of marked ability, and her excellency in this profession has gained for her a lucrative position in the office of one of Chicago's foremost specialists.

While the work of the membership committee is not arduous, its responsibilities are many, its motto being: "Justice to all, and favoritism to none." For chairman of this committee, a woman unbiased and impartial should always be chosen.

For this unenviable position Miss Etta M. Moore was elected, supported by an efficient corps of co-laborers. She is one of the few indigenious Chicagoans to be met with in one's travels to the great metropolis. This uncommon honor, together with a large acquaintance among many people of the professional, commercial and social world, was thought by many of the members to pre-eminently fit her for the position.

After graduating from the Chicago high school she entered the millinery department of the Armour Institute of Technology, where, after a thorough course of training, she graduated with meritorious mention. She is one of the three well-established colored milliners of the city.

The legal business of the club is under the supervision of Miss Emily Williams, its efficient and esteemed secretary, who is a graduate of the Indianapolis Business College, and a stenographer of good repute.

As a business woman her career is worthy of emulation; she bears testimony to the fact that "stick-to-it-

iveness," combined with womanliness, will win its own reward.

The Advisory Board was exceedingly fortunate in securing for its chairman Mrs. Mamie Walker, wife of the late Dr. J. C. Walker of Memphis, Tenn. The duties of this Board are numerous and arduous, and should be presided over by a woman of tact and good executive ability. Mrs. Walker's election to this important position plainly signifies the fact that these qualities abound within her.

Miss Mattie Johnson, chairman of the Social Committee, is the only colored saleswoman employed in this capacity in a large department store in the United States. Her success in the business world has been so unparalleled for a Negro woman, that we take great pleasure in giving a brief synopsis of the same, with the hope that other ambitious girls of the race will emulate her example.

Coming to Chicago a perfect stranger, she decided to secure employment in one of the large stores where Negroes were always engaged as menials. Unintroduced and unattended, she sought an interview with the manager of the great Siegel, Cooper & Co. establishment. Amazed at her strict business manner, he unwillingly yielded five minutes of his time to her. At the expiration of this time, when he would have detained her, she was gone, only to return again within a few days. Earnestly she pushed her claim, and so persistent was she in her endeavors that she was given a six-weeks' trial

in the Hazel Pure Food Department. After the prescribed length of time she was discharged, but again resumed her attacks upon the manager. When heartily discouraged she wrote him a polite note, stating that "she would not worry him longer." He immediately sent for her and installed her in her old position.

Utterly oblivious to the predictions of the pessimist as to the future of Afro-Americans in this country, the wonderful progress being made by the women should be a source of great pride to the men.

The Business Club wisely urges all our women to open business enterprises in keeping with their means, which, if managed honestly and economically, will fully compensate them for their efforts.

The twenty-first of this month the Colored Women's Business Club (the only incorporated organization of its kind among our women in the United States) will be one year old; Chicago can proudly lay claim to the title of "mother."

Whether any real benefits have been accrued mankind as yet by its

existence we do not know; suffice to say, it is fulfilling our long-anticipated plans, which are to further the movement of bringing together for mutual interest, competent colored business women.

Auxiliaries have been organized in the states of New York, Connecticut and the southern parts of Illinois. This week a sister from the South writes: "Kindly send me your By-Laws; if it is a good thing for the colored women of New York and Chicago, it ought to be a good movement for we women of the South, who greatly need some incentive for real business activity."

May the time be not far distant when business clubs will flourish in every hamlet, village and city of these United States.

Upon the urgent demands of the editor we have hesitatingly submitted this brief review of the endeavors of a small band of women, who are pledged together for the higher development of the educational, professional and commercial conditions of Negro women here and elsewhere.

UNWRITTEN HISTORY.

JOHN RILEY DUNGEE.

MINE is the humble duty and endeavor to relate
A point of information that the hist'ries don't narrate.
Of our country's cause and conflicts, and the progress she has made
They tell us, but are silent on the part the Negro played.

We weren't at the discovery of this delightful land,
But throughout its development is seen our humble hand.
We felled the forests, hewed the way for emigration's tide;
We reaped the grain and hoed the fields of cane and cotton wide.

We led the first resistance against the despot's sway,
 When from our land he sought to take her liberties away.
 We fought throughout the conflict with unselfish resolution,
 And, vict'ry won, our suffrage helped to frame the Constitution.

'Twas not our fault our valor and devotion were forgotten;
 'Twas not our choice that we were made the victims of King Cotton;
 Unwillingly we were the cause, unfortunate, that rent
 The Union we would willingly have suffered to cement.

Though our consent was not required, yet do we claim the merit
 Of multiplying hoards of wealth for others to inherit.
 Were half the country's lands and goods converted into gold,
 'Twould not exceed the revenue for which our labor sold.

Our constant care and faithfulness were levied to provide
 Comfort and ease for those by whom our freedom was denied.
 We tended them in infancy, in sickness and in age,
 No want of theirs, nor whim, that failed our service to engage.

And when dread palpitation shook the nation's troubled heart,
 'Twas our peculiar destiny to play a triple part.
 While thousands fought their chains to break, some wrought to weld
 them faster;
 Others remained the home on guard — to aid and succor master.

With internecine clouds o'erblown, and peace again returned,—
 And amity and happiness with our assistance earned,
 Our service and our sacrifice we've failed not to devote,
 Our country's cause to honor and her glory to promote.

Then wherefore do our virtues all escape the public eye?
 Wherefore our imperfections do they seek to magnify?
 How can our land, our native land, her treachery excuse?
 The merit of our loyalty, how long will she refuse?

Of all the blood her freedom cost the Negro shed the first;
 Of all whom freedom ought to bless the Negro fares the worst.
 She never can repair the loss of what she took away;
 The debt of gratitude she owes she never can repay.

The hist'ries we peruse in vain in quest of what I've stated,
 Yet justice will admit my claim is not exaggerated.
 In peace, in war, in church and state, in letters and in art,—
 In every worthy work and way the Negro plays his part.

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.]

LIEUT. HORACE F. WHEATON was one of four young men of Company L, 6th Mass. Infantry, U. S. V., who were appointed as commissioned officers in the Volunteer Army. His appointment dates from Sept. 9, 1899. He was assigned to the 49th Infantry, U. S. V., organized at Jefferson Barracks, Mo., near St. Louis. Lieutenant Wheaton is a product of Ohio, being born at Cleveland, Jan. 17, 1870, removing to Boston, Mass., in his early youth. At the time of appointment he was a member of the Freshman Class at Tufts Medical College.

Lieutenant Wheaton enlisted in Company L, 6th Infantry, M. V. M., May 29, 1894, serving three years.

At the call for volunteers in 1898 he again enlisted in Company L, 6th Infantry, M. V. M., May 2, 1898.

This company has the distinction of being the first colored company mustered in the United States Volunteers, which occurred May 13, 1898, and this regiment participated in General Miles' expedition to Porto Rico.

Lieutenant Wheaton was there assigned to the Hospital Corps and appointed Acting Hospital Steward in charge of No. 3 Hospital, where he made an excellent record. He was discharged with his regiment at Boston, Mass., Jan. 21, 1898.

The 49th Regiment has been in

the Philippines over a year, and have seen some hard campaigning.

JAMES HUGO JOHNSTON, Ph.D., president of the Virginia Normal and Collegiate Institute of Petersburg, Va., stands among the foremost educators of our race. Since entering upon the instructors' field, he has led the army of intelligence against that of ignorance, vanquishing the foe upon every hand.

His untiring zeal, as well as his perfect system in all matters connected with his institution, is shown by the clocklike movement of all daily affairs, from rising to retiring. Mr. Johnston served the Baker Grammar School of Richmond, Va., as its efficient principal before being appointed to the more responsible position of president of the State Institute. He has held high positions in the Masons and other organizations of its kind.

BOSTON has organized a Literary and Historical Association, with the Hon. Archibald Grimkie as president, Atty. Edgar P. Benjamin as vice-president, Mr. Chas. Stewart, son of Chaplain Stewart of the United States Army, now in the Philippines, as Chairman of the Executive Committee.

Such a move is along the right direction, and we wish them much success.

WILLIAM PATTERSON has been continuously in service of Wagner Palace Car Company since Nov. 1, 1866,—thirty-five years,—and it is undoubtedly the best record of any porter in this country. His is popularly called Billy Patterson, known by name to nearly every railroad man and old traveler in the country. By his gentlemanly deportment and strict attention to business he has always been held in the highest esteem by all officers. He has never had an adverse report from any resource. Nov. 1, 1891, he was presented with \$500 in gold by the company, at the expiration of twenty-five years valuable and superior service. He is fifty-one years of age; claims to be too tough to be injured in a railroad accident, having been in several bad ones. In one he cut out and saved fourteen lives. Directly and indirectly he claims to have saved eighteen or twenty lives since being in the service. Mr. Patterson reckons he has traveled over eight millions of miles across the continent to California, with special parties or in charge of private cars.

MISS MARY A. RECTOR, formerly of Manassas, Va., but now of New York City, is deserving of much praise for the progress she has made since her debut before the footlights. Her first appearance before the public was with "Black Patti" in the West and on the Pacific Coast, where she gave ample satisfaction to the extraordinary large audiences who had assembled to be entertained with song and music.

She is now with Walker & Williams, with whom she will soon appear in Boston, and it is hoped that her voice and easy grace will be even more charming than it was enchanting during her long tour in the West.

WE are pleased to note that Drury Grand Opera Company of New York is to produce (in English) the Opera of "Il Guarany." The opera is dedicated to His Majesty Dom Pedro II., Emperor of Brazil, and was first produced at La Scala, Milan, in 1870. The story deals with the war between the Portuguese and the Indians, and the scene is laid in Brazil, near Rio de Janeiro.

JOHN RILEY DUNGEE, LL.B., author of the poem "Unwritten History," which appears elsewhere in this number, is a resident of Roanoke, Va., where he fills the position of principal in the public schools.

Professor Dungee is intensely a race man, a firm believer in the possibilities of the Negro, and an ardent supporter of Negro enterprises.

MISS SENORA V. SELDON is one of Chicago's most popular and talented young singers, and a soprano of favorable mention. Being one of the few young women who were born and bred in Chicago, she is well known by people in all walks of life, and a general favorite.

She has sung in all the leading roles in light operas produced in Chicago by home talent, among them being Pirates of Penzance, Mikado, Cantata of Queen Esther, etc.

FAMOUS MEN OF THE NEGRO RACE.

PAULINE E. HOPKINS.

LEWIS HAYDEN.

THE life of Lewis Hayden is not the record of one great as a scholar, nor of one gifted with eloquent speech fitting him to grace a public platform as an orator, but of one who did well the work that the Lord provided for his hand. To this work he consecrated all that he had, and all that the future might give him, thereby fulfilling the law — Love one another.

He was endowed with a great mind although lacking the training of cultivation. But what of that? We have lived to prove the truth of the aphorism: Great minds are not made in schools. Numbers of men have studied professions, and only two or three out of a dozen have become great in their chosen calling; this is easily explained — they had not the necessary genius. We are all endowed with certain gifts at birth, and these gifts should be cultivated. Many fail in life because of covetousness,—Robert Elliott was a great orator, and they feel that they may become the same, not seeming to realize the fact that they do not possess the necessary qualifications to produce such a man as Elliott. This was never the case with Lewis Hayden; he coveted no man's genius, but did the best that he could with his own special gifts, and at his death

held the respect of all persons — white and black — from the governor down to the lowliest citizen of the grand old commonwealth of Massachusetts.

Mr. Hayden was born in Kentucky, but the date is lost in the dark annals of slavery. He escaped with his wife, Harriet, when quite a young man. It was the usual thrilling story of hiding in barns, swamps and forests by day, and travelling by night ever toward the North Star, then the beacon-light in the travail that preceded the birth of liberty.

From our knowledge of Mr. Hayden's character we feel assured that his master must have held him as a very valuable possession. He was a noble specimen of the Negro, finely featured, tall and of splendid muscular development. He was probably absolutely necessary to the success of his master's business interests. But the vigorous body held a bright, shrewd mind — a mind strong to think and reason. One fine morning Lewis and his wife were missing from their usual haunts; by night travel, through watching and fasting, and by the divine aid of Providence their escape was accomplished.

The fugitives reached Oberlin, Ohio, pursued by their master and his friends, after many hairbreadth

escapes, and from that city they went to Canada by way of Detroit, Mich.

The adventures of this worthy couple would fill a large pamphlet. Often their pursuers seemed right upon them, but the danger would pass, and friendly hands would succor them in the hour of dire distress. Among these friends Mr. Hayden esteemed very highly Calvin Fairbanks and Delia Webster, both white, who were stripped of their property and finally imprisoned in the Maryland State Prison for helping fugitive slaves. When these misfortunes came upon these good people, Mr. Hayden was in a position to liquidate, in part, the heavy debt of gratitude which he owed this man and woman. Through his efforts friends were induced to interest themselves in the prisoners, and they were finally released.

After settling in Boston Mr. Hayden engaged in the business of tailoring, having a store on Cambridge street, just above North Anderson street (then known as Bridge street).

Mr. Hayden's influence grew, and in the latter part of the 60's he was chosen a member of the Massachusetts Legislature from old Ward Six. At the close of his political career he was appointed to a position in the office of the Secretary of State, where he served until his death, April 8, 1889.

The funeral exercises of Lewis Hayden were attended by the governor and council, and the department of the Secretary of State was closed, all the employees joining with

the colored population in mourning the loss of this man to the world.

Lewis Hayden's greatness came from his love of his race and the sacrifices he made of money, of time and of physical comfort for the redemption of a people from chattel bondage. His life was passed amid scenes of moral agitation which convulsed the mightiest republic the world has ever known, when Christ's words were fulfilled literally: I came not to send peace but a sword on earth. At that time pro-slavery men of the North were constantly sending forth poisonous vapors whose noxious fumes stifled the heart and conscience of the nation. The writings of President Lord of Dartmouth College on slavery and the abolitionists were fearful, says Pillsbury. In the light of "The Golden Rule," of Confucius, and of the Sermon on the Mount, centuries after, they were infamous. Amid the blazing terrors of Fort Wagner and Port Hudson, the torments of Andersonville and Libby prisons, they are truly diabolical. Andover Latin Academy and Lane Theological Seminary had driven away large numbers of their high-minded students by downright pro-slavery intolerance. Canaan (New Hampshire) Academy had been broken up for the unpardonable sin of admitting a few colored pupils on equal terms with the white, by vote of the people in legal town meeting assembled. A committee was appointed for the business, and, as officially reported in the New Hampshire *Patriot*, the edifice was lifted from



its foundations, and by three hundred men and a hundred yoke of oxen was hauled out of town. Well does Senator Wilson in his history, ask in his account of it: "Could the fanaticism of slavery go farther than that?"

In all of these wonderful events which were then happening we find Lewis Hayden bearing a prominent part. His house sheltered the fugitives in many a dark hour. At the time that William and Ellen Crafts escaped by the Underground Railroad, Hayden's home was their secure retreat. There they were absolutely safe. It is told that at any time one entering the house in the evening would have found the table surrounded by men engaged in earnest study, one hand holding the spelling-book, or writing in the copybook, the other resting upon pistol or knife ready to seize them, if necessary, and sell life dearly. The outer door leading into the house was always securely fastened by a bolt and chain. One night a man in slouch hat and long black cloak knocked for admission; Mrs. Hayden answered the call, and for a few moments a wordy warfare ensued; the gentleman then revealed his identity in the words: "Why, Mrs. Hayden, don't you know me?" It was Wendell Phillips.

It was surmised among the authorities that in this house William and Ellen Crafts would be found. The marshal of the city was approached for aid in taking the fugitives from the building.

"So you think they are in Hayden's house, do you? Well, I know Hay-

den, and no money will induce me to try to make an arrest from his place."

It was a wise conclusion, for in the basement of that residence stood a keg of powder ready to be ignited.

"Before a fugitive slave shall be taken from under my roof, we will all go together, pursuers and pursued. I do not value life myself, and would count such a death glorious!" said the sturdy patriot.

In the case of the slave Shadrach, Mr. Hayden and Mr. John J. Smith worked together to effect his safe arrival in Canada. His master was in Boston searching for him and accidentally met him. Shadrach was arrested, but with Hayden's help got away and hid himself at Mr. Gardner's, who lived then near the corner of Hampshire and Prospect streets, Cambridge, Mass. Miss Eliza Gardner tells an interesting story of the affair. She says: "We were busily engaged in household duties when Shadrach, who had slept there the night before, rushed in from the street and cried out in an excited tone of voice: 'They had me, ma'am, they had me! See! look! there they go now!'"

Sure enough; we rushed to the window and saw across the street a typical swarthy Southerner in a slouch hat well pulled down over his eyes, and a large cloak. He was watching the house next to ours, doubtless thinking Shadrach was there. You can imagine how frightened we all felt, for my father was away, no one but women in the house. Just then we saw on the opposite side of the

street the well-known form of Mr. Hayden. Apparently he was not looking toward our house, but traveling from it as fast as possible. Presently far up the street on the other side we espied Mr. John J. Smith. Then we knew we were safe. These friends stayed in Cambridge all day in the vicinity of the house, but not near enough to awaken suspicion. After nightfall Shadrach was smuggled out of the house by the back way, and Mr. Hayden and Mr. Smith drove with him all night, never leaving him until he was in St. Albans, Vt., en route for Canada.

One point alone in Lewis Hayden's history would ennoble him and endear him to posterity,—his connection with John Brown!

The blow John Brown struck at Harper's Ferry was like the first shot fired at Lexington, which was "heard around the world." "Slavery is sin! Come all true men, help pull it down." Thus spoke John Brown.

In this wonderful happening Lewis Hayden played a conspicuous part. What were the plans and purposes of the noble old man is not precisely known, and never will be; but whatever they were, they were a long time maturing. Very nearly all, we may say all, the funds used in that memorable attempt, were raised in Boston. It was in Lewis Hayden's care, and was sewed all about the edges of the carpet in the back parlor of the Hayden house, so well known to many of us, North as well as South. John Brown himself stopped there with Hayden for weeks, just before he left Boston or the last time.

The whole movement, though premature in its commencement, struck a sounding blow on the fetters of the slaves throughout the South, and caused the master to tremble for his own safety, as well as for the safety of the institution.

In such movements as this Mr. Hayden spent much money. He might have been wealthy, for he possessed the faculty of making money, but he scattered it broadcast to help those poorer than himself. When it at last became known that the Hayden property was involved, rich philanthropists made up a purse and redeemed the property.

At the time of Mrs. Hayden's death there was some dissatisfaction felt by warm personal friends with the way in which the estate was left. We are informed that such was the understanding at the time the estate was redeemed. Harvard College is very rich, it is true, but it does not seem out of place that the name of Hayden, rich in the lore that gives life to the history of romantic old Boston, should live again in the Hayden scholarship within the walls of Harvard.

The deeds of men of a past generation are the beacon lights along the shore for the youth of today. We do not rehearse deeds of riot or bloodshed from a desire to fire anew the public mind, but because our traditions and history must be kept alive if we hope ever to become a people worthy to be named with others. We must pause sometimes in the busy whirl of daily life and think of the past, and from an intel-

ligent comprehension of these facts read the present signs of the times.

We do not desire to abuse the whites of this country, thinking by so doing to cover up our own shortcomings, but we feel that the truth must be told though the heavens fall. It is an unfortunate fact that the Negro is a great imitator. It seems to us, then, that the only solution of this problem lies in the *uplifting of the moral life of our white population, first of all*. When the Negro no longer sees vice applauded and virtue degraded, the thief a capitalist, and the honest man a pauper, then the efforts that are being put forth to enlighten the dense ignorance of large masses of Negroes, will bear fruit.

These old fathers, like Lewis Hayden, thought the question of the rights of the black man settled when slavery was abolished. But again we have the same old question in a new dress,—the depravity of the Negro; and with this for a shield, every right, human and divine, is to be taken from us. The question then was: Has the Negro a right to resist his master? We settled that in the Civil War. The question now is: Has the Negro a right to citizenship? This last question cannot be settled by strife. Carrie E. Busby, the young colored woman of St. Joseph, Mich., who has started on a lecture tour, in which she will publicly urge all Negroes to rise in arms against the whites, says: "We love peace, but if we can't get it without war, then I say to arms!"

We are non-resistants. We are not

with her in her movement. Not because we do not believe in war, but because war means extermination, and that is not what we are here for. We are in this fight to stay, and we can only come out victorious by using methods that are proof against failure.

There is nothing stronger than human prejudice, nothing more dangerous than public opinion. We must convert the prejudiced and change public opinion.

They have put wickedness into the statute-book, and its destruction is just as certain as if they had put gunpowder under the capitol. That is our faith. That it is which turns our eyes from ten thousand newspapers, from thousands of pulpits, from millions of Republicans and Democrats, from the government, from the army, from the navy, from all that we are accustomed to deem great and potent,—turns it back to the first murmured protest that is heard against bad laws. We recognize in it the great future, the first rumbling of that volcano destined to overthrow these mighty preparations, and bury all this laughing prosperity which now rests so secure on its side.

Each man holds his property and his life dependent on a constant agitation like that which originated in the anti-slavery cause. Eternal vigilance is the price of liberty; power is ever stealing from the many to the few. Only by unintermitted agitation can a people be kept sufficiently awake to principle not to let liberty be smothered in material prosperity.

EDITORIAL AND PUBLISHERS' ANNOUNCEMENTS.

WITH this issue ends the first year of our magazine's life. That it has filled a long-felt need of the race has been fully proven by the hearty reception it has received wherever shown. It has been a year of progress; but with the continued support of the race, the new year shall be made to show a much larger success in every way.

We feel truly thankful to the many thousands of our subscribers, as well as to our large and constantly increasing list of agents, who are assisting us in introducing the magazine.

We shall make a special effort during the coming year to keep in closest touch with our people in all sections of the country, and thus afford our readers the latest news of the doings and achievements of the race in all sections.

Owing to our largely increased circulation we find it necessary to change from our present manner of using hand-set type for the magazine, to the latest and most approved machine work. We have made arrangements, beginning with the May issue, to have our entire magazine set up by the linotype machine, which will give us an absolutely new dress of type for each issue. It will insure a most attractive and readable page, and at the same time give our readers at least fifty per cent more reading matter in the same number of pages. This, we feel sure, will be greatly appreciated. We have also arranged

for a most beautiful and appropriate new cover, beginning with May, which will place our magazine even higher yet among strictly first-class publications.

IT is imperative that all agents who desire that their portrait and biography appear in our May (anniversary) number, send us by or before April 10, a copy of their photograph, together with a brief biographical sketch of their life. This is the *last appeal*, as all forms for the May issue will close on April 12. We desire to make this write-up of our publishing house a most comprehensive one, and urge all agents to assist us by responding promptly.

WOULD call special attention to the new books announced in the front part of this issue, as an evidence of the rapid progress being made by our company in high-class publishing. These are all "Race" books, and deserve a most extended sale. We desire agents in every town and city to handle them, and shall have sample prospectuses ready at an early date. Write for full particulars.

OUR premium watch offer is still very popular, and best of all, the watches are in every case giving full satisfaction. Following is a letter just received from St. Paul, Minn.:

Dear Sirs: Your premium watch was received with the greatest of enthusiasm, and it was perfectly sat-

isfactory. Allow me to inform you that I am very grateful to you for your trouble.

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OUR lady friends and patrons will be glad to know that we are just completing arrangements with Mrs. L. Rumford of New York City, to take charge of a department devoted exclusively to dressmaking and millinery. We shall make a full announcement regarding same in our next issue.

THE following extract is from a letter recently written by a prominent educator of Virginia: "There remains no money for the Negro schools except that yielded by Negro taxation. For the present, at least, they and the state must do the best that can be done with that."

If it is true that in some districts of the South the white and black people are about equal in numbers, and if it is true that the proportion of taxes paid by the Negro is in no way commensurate with their numbers, then, viewing the matter as a mere mathematical proposition, the statement could pass as right and remain without further comment.

But the above statement involves a greater principle than the mere matter of dollars and cents. It cannot be regarded as a mere economic question. There was a time when the final disposition of the Negro could be figured up on a purely commercial basis; but that time is not now.

It is of no practical avail at this late day to say that the Negro was too soon mustered into citizenship; that he should have been educated up to that high privilege slowly and only by real merit. There is now but one way open, and that is to meet the question fairly and squarely as it today confronts the American people;

not as an imaginary principle of what it might have been, but on the insuperable basis of what it really is.

With the entire white race of America lies the duty to help the Negro elevate himself to the moral and educational standards of the country. It is they who should take the initiative. It is they who should seek to cultivate his character to its very highest possibilities, by every means in their power.

But this duty does not belong to any one state or group of states. It is clearly the duty of all of the people of all the states. It would seem disproportionate, indeed, were a great part of this national duty borne by Virginia, or any state in which the Negro resides in large numbers.

The whole matter resolves itself into this: That the Negro question is a question for the people of America. That their education and elevation to good citizenship is the specific duty of no particular state or section, but it is the joint duty of the Union.

If the money, or a small portion of the money expended on the army and navy, should be given to found and operate government schools in different districts of the South, thus taking the uneven burden off these several communities, the solution of the question might be easily foreseen.

The government has founded a system of Indian education. Why not a system of Negro education? Several such institutions as Tuskegee, for instance, amply endowed and furnished with good and sufficient instructors, would in a single decade, raise the race fifty per cent.

Let there be founded a National Commission of Negro Education. Let the system be practical and efficient, and let the funds be *drawn from the National Treasury*. We would thus be placing the burden of Negro education in the South, where it rightly belongs — on the whole people.

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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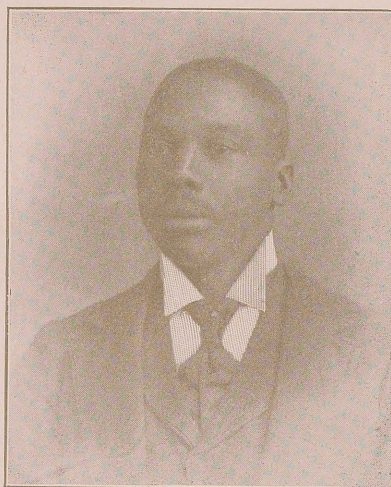
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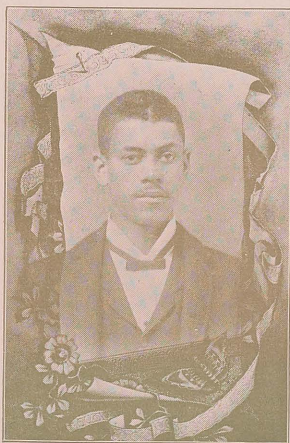
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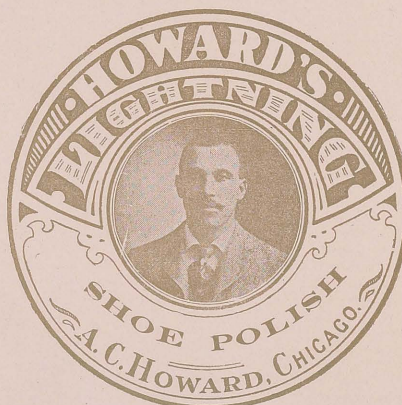
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