GRAND MIDWINTER NUMBER.

THE

COLORED AMERICAN MAGAZINE

15 CENTS A NUMBER     FEBRUARY, 1902.     $1.50 A YEAR.

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

MISS HATTIE E. DABNEY,
RICHMOND, VA.

PUBLISHED BY

THE COLORED CO-OPERATIVE PUBLISHING COMPANY
5 PARK SQUARE BOSTON MASS.

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Becoming more fragrant with memory’s dew,  
When hearing the lov’d name of home.

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The innocent sports of our hearts that e’er bound us  
To memories now ivied with years,  
The smile of that mother, so lovingly tender,  
Her musical voice we ever remember—  
The memory we sprinkle with tears.

‘Ah! yes, on the tide of the out-flowing years  
Drift pleasures of youth, which our fancy endears,  
On swells of this life’s ocean foam;  
And thoughts’ heavy storms are no longer before us,  
For rainbows of love strew brilliantly o’er us,  
Those visions, enchanting, of home.

And flowers may bloom in the land where we dwell,  
And, living forever, in fragrance excel  
All others that e’er meet the eye,  
And music’s fond echoes may soothe us to rest,  
When warbled from birds in their leaf-cover’d nests,  
And well from the heart a deep sigh.

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Will cling to them fondly—grow green to the last  
I care not the distance we roam;  
And perfume of flowers and birds music gather’d  
But speak of the joys from which we are sever’d;  
The sigh—to return to our home.
TWO YEARS IN LUZON.

II. EXAMINING SCHOOLS, ETC.

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

Although I passed the time from January to November, 1900, principally in Manila, in February I went out in the field, leaving Manila on the Omaha, the same boat that conveyed me from the Newport to the wharf on my arrival in Manila; Captain Casey was still master and had on board his little Chinese wife from Hong-Kong. My destination was Subig, a little village situated at the head of Subig Bay, where four of our companies (25th Infantry) were then stationed under command of Captain H. A. Leonhaueser.

I arrived here just in time to meet General Bell, who had come down through the province from the north, having with him both cavalry and infantry troops, and who was met here in Subig by Colonel Wilder with his Macabebe scouts. It was decided that Captain Leonhaueser should take two companies and proceed by water to San Antonio on the west coast, and from that point spread out and occupy the towns of Castillejos and San Marcelino; and also furnish support to the Signal Corps men, who were putting up a line from Subig to Iba, connecting at that point with the line from Dagupan and thus connecting the province with Manila.

I left Subig with Captain Leonhaueser on the gunboat Nashville, and landed with the troops about six miles below San Antonio, passing the night on the beach. The main body of the troops under command of Captain Leonhaueser marched up to the town, leaving a guard of about fifty men with the stores and telegraph materials at the landing. Lieutenants Stanford, of the Signal Corps, and Parker, of the 25th Infantry, remained in charge of the property and of the guard, and with them I passed the night, making for myself a fortification of bales of hay.

The night, however, dragged itself wearily over without attack, and the next day I marched the six miles with the guard to the town, arriving there in poor condition physically, in fact, sick.

As I did not improve, Captain Leonhaueser thought it better for me to make my way overland, dangerous as it then was, to Subig; as there were no accommodations whatever for a sick man on the field. Accordingly the next morning about 3 o'clock, I started out with a pack train to make a journey of eight or nine miles to Castillejos. Arriving there on Washington's birthday, I met Captain O'Neil in command, and the next morning, in company with a squad of the 4th Cavalry, I went over the ground where Lieutenant Schenck met his death January 29th; and where Sergeant Singleton and Sergeant Lightfoot, since killed (both of the 25th Infantry), were severely wounded; and through that dangerous pass over the mountains where several severe fights have taken place, the gunboats in the harbor meanwhile hurling shells in the hills; and finally arrived in Subig, having made about fifteen miles overland from San Antonio.

From Subig, I returned to Manila, by way of Olongapo, to which place I was carried by the little gunboat that was doing guard duty at Subig, and from there to Cavite by the Nashville, arriving in Cavite Sunday afternoon in time to catch the ferry-boat that carries to
Manila the hordes of chicken fighters who pass their Sundays in Cavite.

A little later, I made another trip up the coast on the Churruca, stopping at the towns of Subig, San Felipe, Iba, and Santa Cruz, and returning to Manila. In November, however, I left Manila for good to take my place on the line, making the trip on the Omaha and experiencing very bad weather for about eighteen hours. We had as passengers, Captain Albright and his wife, Lieutenant Straat and his wife, one newspaper man, and one or two other individuals. The crew had advanced considerably since I first saw the boat, and now presented a decidedly marine appearance, with its uniformed quartermasters and its boatswain. But the busiest one on board was the monkey. His first work was to seize the ship’s manifest just as it had been completed, thus compelling the kind-hearted clerk to duplicate his labor in the preparation of another. The face of the clerk at this time furnished an excellent study. I had bought a new hat, and, for the first time in my life, had purchased a new ornamental hat cord at Manila prices, paying for it two dollars in Uncle Sam’s good money.

The monkey did not approve of any such vanities; he partially unlined my hat, destroyed the cord, and committed other depredations upon it, too numerous to mention, thereby provoking my disregard for him and all of his kind. But a man without a hat is worse off than a man without a country; so I was obliged to accept my hat as the monkey had unmade it, and wear it with the best grace possible. I am wearing my old hat now, and keeping the monkey-made hat for a relic. A plague on all monkeys say I.

Stopping in the offing at San Felipe, we were able to deliver the mail to a native boat which had come out in the surf for it, but owing to the violent sea, could not discharge any cargo. Making our way northward, with head to the sea, we found it impossible to put in at Iba, and so continued to fight the waves all night with the intention of reaching Santa
Cruz sometime the next day, where we were sure of a good harbor, in which undertaking we were successful.

Discharging what cargo we had for this place, we headed southward again, the storm by this time having subsided, and ran in to Masinloc for the purpose of landing Captain Albright and wife, making our way subsequently to Iba whither we arrived on Sunday afternoon, November 18th, 1900.

Iba is the cabacera, or capital town, of the province of Zambales, the province containing altogether twenty-one pueblos or townships. Within the pueblo organization there are subdivisions known as barrios, each with its distinctive head, or representative, who occupies a seat in the municipal council. The entire population of the province amounts probably at this time to about seventy-five thousand souls.

Formerly it had been nearly one hundred thousand, but there is reason to believe it has fallen off during these troublous times. The inhabitants, outside of the towns of Subig and Castillejos, are principally Ilocanos, having emigrated into this region from Ilocos Norte, over fifty years ago. In Subig and Castillejos the people are principally Tagalogs. In all the towns also, there are to be found some of the original inhabitants, known as Zambolecas. Also in the mountains, are Igorrotes and Aetas, or Negritos, who have long lived undisturbed in proximity to their neighbors, and who subsist today by hunting, trapping and gardening.

On Monday, November 19th, I visited John Jones, a very sick soldier, from Talledega, Ala. He was very weak and it pained him to talk; he gave me to understand, however, that he had been a member of the Congregational church in his home, and that he was firmly founded in the Christian faith. He died soon after I visited him, and was subsequently buried by me in the cemetery here.

The commanding officer, on my reporting for duty at Iba, immediately placed me in charge of the schools along the line, making me superintendent of them under his official and personal direction. The work marked out for me to do was so thoroughly in accord with my feelings that I entered upon it with more than ordinary zeal, and the experiences I met were so varied, novel and interesting, that I shall detail them for the reader's benefit.

Wednesday, November 21, I called upon the president of the town, on the teachers who were carrying on private schools, and on the ex-governor of the province, Don Vicinte Camara, and arranged for a meeting to be held at the president's house the next day at ten o'clock. When the hour arrived, the meeting assembled, and I delivered them an address which I had prepared and committed to writing, as I could not yet trust myself to speak ex-tempore in Spanish on important matters.

In my address I set forth the general advantages of education, and also the importance of learning the English language, emphasizing the liberal intentions of the government, and also mentioning...
the fact that I had recently seen that the Paris Exposition had decided that America led all the nations in its school-books and methods of primary instruction. It was my good fortune afterward to hear this fact quoted and urged by native orators.

The day following my address, Senor Camara reported to me that arrangements had been made to open schools, one for boys and one for girls, on the first day of the coming month; that a building had been rented for the boys' school at $6 per month; and that the teacher of the girls' school would take the school in her own house, for which no rent would be charged; and that the salaries of the teachers would be twelve dollars monthly for the man and ten dollars for the woman.

I immediately forwarded this information to the Superintendent of Public Instruction at Manila, remarking that "the salaries provided for the teachers are ridiculously small," and that I should "labor to have this pay increased as conditions improve." The reader must remember that all the figures here, refer to Mexican dollars, whose value is just one-half that of American dollars.

On December 1st, Saturday, the boys' school opened with thirty-one names enrolled; and on the 3rd, I left Iba for Botolen, crossing on the way the long bamboo bridge, a picture of which accompanies this article. I travelled in company with a lieutenant who was on his way down to the lower end of the line, taking twenty-one horses, and having with him a mounted detachment of thirty men. I arrived in Botolen about 9.30 A. M. and found school in operation, the boys' school taught by Jose Orosco, a graduate of the Normal School in Manila; and the girls' school by Sra Agapita Empeño. I announced my intention of visiting the schools the next day. The teachers here each received twelve dollars a month.

Visiting the boys' school I found the teacher busily engaged in smoking cigarettes. The school was graded in three sections, the teaching being very stereotyped, everything being committed to memory. The writing of the pupils was noticeable for its symmetry; and the respect shown the teacher was very marked. At my request, four or five little boys sang two religious songs in Spanish and a barber's song in Tagalog. The teacher then told me there were some boys in the school who could sing...
American, and asked if I would like to hear them. Of course, I said yes. Three boys then came out on the floor, all barefoot, with their shirts outside of their trousers, and none over eight years of age. Two stepped off about four feet from the leader and stood facing him. A moment later the leader, putting out his foot, began to clap his hands and sing:

"Hello' Ma Honey' Hello ma Baby' Hello my Bag Time Gal,'"

while the other little shirttailsters struck up a minstrel dance to "beat the band.

Well! well! The surprise was complete. These same little boys had just sung elevating music, almost startlingly refined, that they had learned from the Spanish, and here was their idea of American music and song!

In Manila I saw a well-educated Spanish lady march and sing "A Hot Time, etc.," believing it to be our national air.

In the afternoon I visited the girls school, finding the girls all well-dressed, and well instructed in the service and ceremonies of the church, reciting the mysteries, prayers, and catechism, with precision; little tots rolling off Latin prayers with parrot-like fluency, and pronouncing such long words as bienaventura-

The school building occupied by the girls is shown in the illustration. Before leaving Botolen the teacher of the girls asked my permission for her to play panguingue, on the days of vacation, feast days, and Sundays. Panguingue is a method of gambling of which I have no knowledge.

On Sunday I held service with the garrison here, which consisted of Company F, the men generally assembling. After the service several men met me in private conference and the following Methodists spoke out for the Master: Samuel Whilbee, Lewis A. Ellison, Robert F. Coates and Aaron Yelverton. While in Botolen I was entertained by Lieutenant Straat, 25th Infantry, and his wife. The non-commissioned officers and men of the company also, did all they could for me.

We left Botolen early Monday morning, December 10, 1900, with a detachment of eight men, under charge of Corporal Burton 25th Infantry, with my own special man, Private Keen, of H Company, and with my photographer, R. M. Adkins (Tommy Atkins), of the Hospital Corps. We were bound for the next town, called Cabangan, distant from Botolen eight or nine miles, perhaps more, the place where Sergeant Lightfoot and Corporal Ward, both of the 25th Infantry, were killed. I visited both boys and girls' schools the next day, made some examinations, and left by wagon for San Felipe.

Here, I was quartered in a house vacated by a Filipino family and took my meals at the officers' mess. At five o'clock on the day of my arrival I received in my quarters, the president and the four school teachers of the town, and others, with whom I held a brief conference. They listened most attentively to what I had to say. The evening of the next day, December 13th, I held services with the troops, and at the close some men came up to me to ask if services could
be held the next night. One man, who said his father was a minister, seemed particularly interested. I heard Frank Williams, formerly of Georgetown, Ky., say after the meeting: "I can say I have taken up no bad habits since I have been here; my father and mother are both dead, but I have taken their advice." I visited the four schools and found them well attended and in good condition for this country, all organized on one general plan of three sections or grades. The good order of the scholars was especially noticeable. In one case the teacher had been absent with me, for nearly two hours, and yet when he returned, all the pupils were found in their places and the order perfect. In the San Felipe schools I did not find a single Tagalog or Zamboales pupil or teacher. All were Ilocanos.

The drive from San Felipe to San Narciso was a short one over good roads and was made promptly in the evening after finishing my visits. In visiting the schools of San Narciso, the largest town in the southern part of the province, and the second largest of the entire province, I found a large English Bible, translated from the Vulgate, and published by Potter, 617 Sanson Street, Philadelphia.

It was in the possession of the teacher, who was able to read it to a limited extent. The president of San Narciso and his family were very agreeable and very intelligent people, and were greatly interested in the subject of religion. Fortunately I had with me a Prayer Book of the Protestant Episcopal Church, in Spanish, by means of which I was able to answer many of the questions put to me in respect to the doctrine of Protestantism. The president's wife especially asked if a Christian, dying, could pray directly to God and could commend his soul to Him, without the protection of some saint, or of the Virgin.

For answer I read the account of the thief dying on the cross, and of the martyr Stephen. I then assured her that she could go directly to God in prayer for herself or for her friends. The whole family appeared to derive great comfort from this thought, showing how, to some extent, their religion had stood in the way of their sincere and intense piety.

I held service here with the soldiers Sunday morning, December 16th, which was well attended, many Filipinos listening with apparent interest to the singing and to the sermon.

Leaving San Narciso, Monday morning, 17th, at about nine o'clock, I arrived in San Antonio, the point where I had left the command in February, after my march with Captain Leonhaueser, at eleven o'clock. Here I found the best school I had yet seen. The president and the secretary of the town accompanied me in my visits to the schools, andevinced deep interest in the education of the children. At night I held an interesting service with the soldiers, and the next morning, December 19th, left for San Marcelino, accompanied by a fine, mounted detail. The schools here were having vacation, the children all being engaged in harvesting rice. I met here a well-educated and liberal-minded young Filipino priest. December 20th I proceeded from San Marcelina to Castille-

DOMINGO AND HIS FAMILY OF BOTOLEN.

TYPICAL RESIDENTS.
jos, the last point on the line, journeying southward. Here I was quartered in the house of Florentino de Perio, and received a visit from all the principal men of the town to whom I made my first extempore speech in Spanish. The following flattering letters will show how my visit and address in that town were received. Castillejos is inhabited principally by Tagalogs.

(From the President.)

"My respected Pastor: I do not possess the necessary ability to express in the highest manner my impressions and opinion about the meeting which you and I and the other held at the house of Senor F. de Perio, and of the institute which you spoke of establishing at the capital of the province. Overcoming this inconvenient feeling and in reply to your kind letter of the 24th of last month, I will say that the said meeting for all who were present at it was as pleasing, not only because it happened by reason of your arrival, as because the interpretation given by you of the humanitarian proposals of the government which is to foment progress in these islands has caused us surprise."

(From a Townsman.)

"On the 17th day of December last, when least expected by this honored community, there arrived in this pueblo the senor inspector and minister, T. G. Steward, having been received by the principality which in proper time rendered to him the due respect of the pueblo. His mission was to inspect the children's school, from which work he came away highly satisfied, as he gave us to understand by saying that the master maintained a course worthy of honorable mention in respect to the trust committed to him.

Afterward the honored minister accompanied by Senors Nicholas Villafler, Josi de Castro, Josi del Fierro, Juan Gallardo, Patricio Santiago, Fabian Villoria, Tedorico de la Paz, Gandencio, Lacteica, and Simeon Moreno, passed to the house of Senor Florentino de Perio, where, with that animation which characterizes the minister mentioned, he pronounced an eloquent discourse, which delighted the enthusiastic hearers, in which he unfolded the humanitarian intention of the American government to employ all necessary means to develop with that rapidity which the case requires, the desired progress that the Philippines should already have; considering the number of centuries during which the flag of Spain has floated over them; and which they would enjoy had there not been always an egoistic element opposed to the humanitarian tendency of the Spanish laws; and this element has pressed its opposition to the extreme, bringing about the miseries we see on this unfortunate soil.

The pueblo of Castillejos, always the friend of progress, received with enthusiasm the eloquent discourse of the honored pastor, who, notwithstanding the fact that he spoke in Spanish, a language not native to the orator, was able to gain the applause of his auditors."

My work finished on this end of the line, I retraced my course to Iba, stopping one night in Cabangan on my way. The ride from San Felipe to Cabangan was made on a four-mule team, with animals untrained and badly matched, and a driver unskilled and not entirely sober, and with some gentlemen in the party who tried to multiply themselves into a Wagner chorus, using pistol shots for the anvils parts.

Descending a long hill, the brake became useless, the leaders swung out of the road doubling as nearly as they could with their heads to the rear, thus throwing the wagon and the lives of its occupants in imminent peril. Fortunately the team was stopped before a catastrophe occurred. The noise on the road had preceded us and caused the garrison at Cabangan to turn out to repel attack. Arriving at Iba on the afternoon of December 23rd, well-worn and tired, I had hoped for a good night's rest, that I might be fitted to hold service on Sunday; but such was not to be my lot.
In closing this series of articles on the "Smoky City," I wish to record the fact that my aim has been to paint the progress of the various persons described in such a way as to inspire other young men and women, who are struggling to make their lives successful.

In so far as I have accomplished that end, I feel that the articles have been a success.

In traveling over life's rugged road, each moment and each hour brings us to an experience we have never had before. Each time we take a step it must be forward; we can never go back to the place from whence we started. "Forward" is the command of time—and forward we must go throughout all eternity.

Yet no man can tell us precisely how to direct our steps, but we can find something in the life of every successful man, which adds to our knowledge of men and conditions around us, and this will help us on our journey; help us to choose wisely; help us to choose the better paths.

Then whatever our lot may be, let us strive to make the most of our opportunities. Be not actuated by selfish motives. Let our aims and ambitions be high, our minds broad, and cultivate the very best that is within us. He who strives hardest to better conditions around him, is himself lifted the highest for.

When we on life's sea embark,
Each worthy deed here below
Leaves behind its golden mark,
Pointing upward evermore.
The statement that Pittsburg ranks first among industrial centres would be doubted by no one, but the world at large has not yet come to regard her as a city of culture. Yet it would hardly be possible for a city so thrifty along all practical lines to be altogether deaf to the cause of education.

That same spirit which has made Pittsburg king over iron and steel has entered her public school system and lifted it to a plain of which its citizens may well be justly proud.

The fathers, many of whom had a limited education themselves, have seen to it that their sons and daughters be equipped with the best educational advantages that their means could give them.

There is a picture which is carefully preserved in the Central High School of Pittsburg, which marks the beginning of that institution. It is by no means what we would today consider a fine piece of architecture. It is only a few rough logs thrown upon each other, and filled in between with red mud. It might easily be counted in the class with the famous "Uncle Tom's Cabin."

I need hardly record that it is not the building itself that remains dear to all Pittsburg, but because it is the building in which the fathers of another century sowed the seeds of honest efforts, which we are reaping so abundantly today.

Thus the public school system is as old as the town and city. Pittsburg has
grown fast, but steadily; fast enough to keep pace with its growing population, steady enough to found its progress upon a rock. Its unparalleled industries have brought all races within its border, yet in all things essential to general success, each man has figured according to his ability; the German, the Hungarian, the Negro, alike, have been important factors in its progress. But the last of these to have full rights of citizenship was the Negro.

Away back in the "sixties," while the colored people were paying taxes to support the public schools, their children were denied the right to attend those schools. The first colored school supported by the city was presided over by Professor Samuel Neale. About this time, however, the education of the Negro began to take on a serious aspect.

When the subject was broached, to admit colored pupils into the public schools, the directors said there was no more room. "But," argued the colored men, "if you cannot get room, put another story on top of your present buildings." There was, of course, strong opposition to this arrangement; but it finally became a part of history; and the Negro youth has ever since been permitted to enter all the public schools of Pittsburg on the same terms as all other races.

There are many people, I am sorry to say, who would argue against mixed schools, even at the north. Of the south I am not writing at this time. But mixed
schools in any location have many advantages.

The Negro, as a race, needs to come into close contact with a race whose advantages have been greater than theirs; and there is no medium through which contact can possibly produce better effects than that of the mixed schools.

When children are brought together in the class-room, where they study the same lessons, struggle through the same problems, help to "whip" the same boys, and enjoy the same demerits, there is a friendly relation created between them that years will not erase.

And more, the mind of the Negro youth becomes broader than it could possibly be otherwise. He, too, learns to regard the white pupil as his friend and brother.

And again, the teachers in the mixed schools are always the best that the com-
munity can afford, while the professors of the High Schools have degrees from some reputable college. Hence the colored student coming in contact with these masters of learning, however dumb he may be by nature, will absorb some learning if in no other ways than by con­tact.

In Pittsburg all of the supplies given to the white pupils are also given to the colored. All that is required of the youth is that he come and accept the advantages offered him.

His books and tuition are free, both in the ward and high schools. All of the school buildings are erected at a great cost, and fitted with modern conveniences. Furthermore, when it is known that graduates of the Pittsburg high school are admitted to any college, and in many to the sophomore year, one must admit that the schools of that city are fully equal to any others in the country.

There is also ample opportunity for the colored youth to get all the honor due him. In the class of '89, Walter E. Bil­lows, now attorney-at law, was elected class orator; in 1893, W. H. Stanton, one of our leading lawyers, carried off first honors, and in '99, James Wiley was given the honor of making the class will.

Robert Jackson was born near Win­chester, Va., in 1846. A few years prior to the great civil war, he was brought to Pittsburg by his father, who had bought...
himself and family for the sum of two thousand dollars.

After securing a common school edu­

cation, he established a grocery store on Wylie avenue, which he conducted for fourteen years, employing sometimes as high as seven clerks. Later, realizing a need for a better education, he took a course at Avery College, an institution which will always occupy a prominent place in the history of the colored people of Pittsburg.

In 1875 Mr. Jackson was married to Miss Cornelia A. Mole, who has been a most devoted wife and mother.

After the death of his father, Mr. Jack­

son went into the contracting business, where he soon demonstrated his ability to manage large concerns.

When the horse-cars were taken off Smithfield and Carson streets and traction cars put on, Mr. Jackson had the entire contract for grading and paving the two streets, which are now two of Pittsburg's greatest thoroughfares. He also had the contract for hauling for the Traction companies, sometimes removing dynamos weighing fourteen thousand pounds. So well did he do his work, that the slight­
est breakage from carelessness or other­

wise never occurred.

Having become established as a con­
tractor, he was induced by the firm of Booth & Flinn to move his business to the East End, where new streets were constantly being built. The change was finally effected and everything went smoothly, and Mr. Jackson was prospering until politics began to figure conspicuously in business, then, through a political "pull," Booth & Flinn got all the street contracting. Mr. Jackson was not the man, however, to weaken before obstacles. He soon engaged in the garbage business, which he conducted success­

fully for about five years. Then politics again interfered, passing an ordinance which gave to Booth & Flinn the garbage contract amounting to eighty-two thou­
sand dollars a year.

In 1896 he opened a bicycle store in the East End, where he has numbered among his customers some of the best people of the city. His business in this line has been steadily on the increase, the last season having been the best in the history of its existence.

Mr. Jackson is a member of the East End board of trade, a substantial business organization composed of the leading men of affairs of the city of Pittsburg.

A few years ago when the typhoid fever was raging in Pittsburg, Mr. Jack­

son, knowing that the greater number of cases were caused by the use of im­
pure water, introduced a bill before the board, to place filters in all the public schools. On the night the resolutions were offered by Mr. Jackson, the members listened with great interest. The speaker dwelt at length on the necessity of checking the typhoid epidemic. There was not one present who did not feel the force of his words; but when he con­
cluded an almost painful silence fell over the room. The fact was, so important resolutions had never been presented by a colored man before a body of white men in the city of Pittsburg.

That inherent prejudice, so characteris­
tic of the American people, loomed up in all its blackness; but it was only for a moment, then the tide changed, and the matter was discussed at length.

The next day every newspaper in the city sought the author of the resolutions and heralded his name broadcast. The resolutions were finally passed unani­

mously. As a result all the schools have filtered water.

Mr. Jackson has ever since figured conspicuously in the board in introduc­

ing resolutions and agitating causes that tend to benefit the community.

Besides his bicycle business, he is en­

gaged in a number of other business enter­
prises, all of which have proved suc­

cessful.

He is one of the members of the board of directors of the Avery College, and was
elected treasurer of the Avery fund, which amounts to two hundred thousand dollars; but on account of other important duties in connection with his business, he resigned the position. He is also a trustee of the Wylie Avenue A. M. E. church, and chairman of the building committee. He takes an active part in politics in the 20th ward, and has been the means of placing a number of young colored men into important positions.

In spite of the disadvantages under which Mr. Jackson has labored, he has acquired a considerable amount of real estate. He resides in a very pleasant home in Shadyside, one of the most beautiful residential parts of the city, and he spares no pains to make his home attractive and pleasant.

His eldest daughter, Miss Hadesa, is a young woman of business ability. She has mastered the art of manicuring and hair dressing, and has a lucrative practice among the wealthy white ladies of the East End. She is of a very independent nature, but possessing a sweet, winning disposition, which gives her an enviable place among all who know her.

Mary Villa, the younger sister, who is being educated in the 20th ward schools, is unusually intelligent for one so young, very attractive, has a rare fondness for reading, and is a member of the Narcissus Musical and Literary Club.

William, the eldest son, is a young man of well-regulated habits, and is at present a student in the medical department of the Western University of Pennsylvania.

Ralph, the champion bicycle rider, is preparing himself in the Pittsburg High School for the study of dentistry.

Robert, Jr., who is now ten years of age, is an exceptionally bright boy, and some day, perhaps, will occupy as prominent a place among men of affairs as Robert Jackson, Sr.

In the professions, as well as in all other vocations of life, the man who adheres most strictly to the golden rules underlying success, is the one who attains the highest point in his profession. Energy, close application and perseverance, will, eventually, tell in the career of anyone, whatever may be his calling, and without which no man can hope to succeed.

Dr. J. B. Shepard is the type of man who usually succeeds in whatever field his lot is cast. He was born in Philadelphia, March 17, 1869, and was educated in the School for Colored Youths, graduating in 1884.

He taught school four years, and, in 1888, secured a position in the United States Bureau of Pensions. In 1891 he entered the medical department of Howard University, graduating in the class of '94.

Leaving the University, Dr. Shepard entered Freedman's Hospital, that institution where so many physicians of the colored race have gained their first practical experience. He was not there long before he was made assistant surgeon.

In 1896 Dr. Shepard came to Pittsburg and opened his present office. He has risen steadily, and is today one of the most successful physicians in the Smoky City.

In 1897 he was married to Miss Cora V. Smith, a highly accomplished young lady of Washington city, who has proved herself an invaluable companion. All the time she can get from her household duties is spent in the doctor's office, rendering most efficient service.

Dr. Shepard's patience, exactness, and painstaking care, make him a man well-fitted for his chosen profession.

William H. Jones, one of Pittsburg's prominent business men, was born April 18, 1858, at Frederick, Md. In 1885 he came to Pittsburg and sought employment at the Anderson Hotel, where he remained several years. Having acquired a good knowledge in that line, he became manager of Banker's cafe, and so well did he master his duties here that Bank-
er's soon became one of the leading cafes of the city at that time.

But Mr. Jones soon came to the conclusion that he might as well do business for himself, and as a result there was established on Wylie avenue a firm known as Jones & Taylor, dealing principally in tobacco and cigars.

A few months after the business had been established, Mr. Jones bought out his partner's interest, paying cash for the same. His business grew steadily, and a few years ago, he moved into his present quarters, opening with a stock amounting to many thousands of dollars. Here he conducts one of the finest cigar stores in Pittsburg.

Success, however, did not come to him at once. In fact it never comes to anyone in that manner. We must labor hard and long, thus proving ourselves worthy of it, before we can lay any claim upon it.

It was through Mr. Jones's keen business insight and his untiring effort that he became a successful business man. One has only to converse with him for a few moments to conclude that he is the kind of a man who usually succeeds at whatever he undertakes.

In the rear of his store are very handsome tonsorial parlors, where men are kept busy waiting on the many customers.

Mr. Jones has great faith in the ultimate success, in a broad way, of the Negro race, and is a willing contributor to whatever cause will lift them to better conditions. His congenial manner and cheerful disposition have won him many friends among all classes.

The fact that young colored men are rapidly winning their way through the best schools, is a most hopeful sign of real progress of our race. In conversation with one of Pittsburg's leading business men a few years ago, I asked him why it is that our best firms do not employ more colored help than they do. His answer was, "I think you will find that it is more a question of ability than it is a question of color.'"

It has since been my privilege to see his statement verified in more than one instance, and the fact is, that while it is largely a question of color, it is, in a greater sense, a question of ability. As proof of this fact, the majority of young colored men in Pittsburg, who have prepared themselves along special lines, are employed, many of them at good salaries, in the special work for which they were fitted.

The world today does not choose second-rate men to do its best work. It wants competent men. Hence when a young colored man becomes master in any special line, it matters not what it is, he has broken the last barrier that tends to keep him down, and has, in a sense, advanced the whole colored race.

As has been indicated, it matters but little what our special line may be; there is room at the top, as Boniker found in science, as Dunbar found in literature, as Strickner found in law, and Tanner in art.

Yet of all professions, perhaps there are none which have contributed more to the advancement of modern civilization than that of civil engineering. The engineer has built our mills and factories, has covered the earth with a great network of railroads, and connected continents by means of cables, and monstrous steamers. He is truly the "soldier of fortune."

Thus it is with pleasure that we can mention among the graduates in civil engineering in the class of 1902 of the Western University of Pennsylvania one young gentleman of color, Mr. James Wiley.

Mr. Wiley was born in Allegheny in 1881. At the age of fourteen years he entered the Pittsburg Central High School, graduating in the class of '99, at which time he was honored with a place on the programme on "Class Day."

In the fall of '99 he entered the civil
engineering department of the University. Throughout his school career he has shown ability in mathematics and natural science. The ease with which he masters the difficult problems in science, demonstrates his ability as an engineer, and we hope that, as he has held so prominent a place with his fellow-student, he will also hold a prominent place among his colleagues in the engineering profession.

I know of no other young man who has understood more clearly and grasped more firmly the secret of success than has Mr. I. A. Jennings, of the well-known firm of Jennings & Brown, our colored druggists.

In counting the rounds on the ladder of success over which one has traveled, we do not always start at the beginning. Many men are successful because they are born at the top; others, because, born at the bottom, they climbed to the top.

Mr. I. A. Jennings was born in Virginia, in what is sometimes termed the back-woods. In early life he longed for advantages that could not be had among his native surroundings. But by close economy he managed to save enough money to pay his way through three years at Shaw University, where he laid the foundation for the liberal education which he afterwards acquired.

In 1890 he entered Lincoln University, completing his course in 1893. Having acquired a broad foundation, his next step was to get something on which he could rely for a livelihood. In 1897 he graduated with the class in the Philadelphia College of Pharmacy. After working with some of the leading firms in Philadelphia he came to Pittsburg, and with Mr. Edward C. Brown, he opened a drug store on Wylie avenue, where they have conducted a thriving business ever since.

Coming to Pittsburg with ambition, and a thorough knowledge of his profession, polished by years of training and contact with learned men, it did not take Dr. Jennings long to win many friends, both from a business and social standpoint. Today he is one of our most respected citizens.

Thomas J. Spriggs was born at Mt. Jackson, Va., Sept. 5th, 1862. At an early age he was sent to the district schools.

In 1885, seeking greater opportunities, he came to Pittsburg and sought employment in the hotels, where he laid the foundation in the line in which he has since distinguished himself. Entering the Monongahela Hotel as an ordinary waiter, it was not long before he won his way to the position of head waiter, where he remained five years.

In order to keep pace with the progress of the time, he realized that he needed a better education. A few years later he entered the Western Theological Seminary in Allegheny, Pa., where he studied for years. His aim was not to become a preacher, but to be more useful in Christian work, and for years he has rendered efficient service along that line.

After he left school he became head waiter for W. R. Kuhn & Co., where he formed a lasting acquaintance with the leading people of Pittsburg. He afterwards became head waiter for Kennedy & Suther, and when that firm was sold out to James B. Youngson, Mr. Spriggs remained in his position, where he is employed today.

J. B. Youngson is one of the leading caterers, and Mr. Spriggs is the manager of the catering department. In the fall of 1900 the most elaborate banquet ever served in Pittsburg was served by Mr. Spriggs. There were present about sixteen hundred guests, employing nearly four hundred men.

In the catering business he has no superiors, which fact makes him welcome in the homes of the wealthiest families.

Mr. Spriggs was for a long time trustee of Wylie Avenue A. M. E. church.
and is now a trustee of the Euclid Avenue A. M. E. church. He is most polished in his manners, and has won the respect of all who know him. He owns real estate both in Virginia and Pittsburg.

Associated with and ranking among the first Negroes in Western Pennsylvania who through pegging and perseverance have won for themselves and their race noteworthy distinction and reputation, the name of Philip Louille Pryor stands out peculiarly prominent. Born twenty-seven years ago in Washington, D. C., of humble parentage he migrated with his family to Pittsburg about sixteen years ago, where his father, a Baptist minister, took charge of the Ebenezer Baptist church.

Young Pryor began at once the continuance of his interrupted studies occasioned by their leaving Washington, at the Morehead Public school. He proved an excellent scholar and was the pride of each succeeding teacher to whom he was assigned.

In school he soon developed an extraordinary talent for drawing and until recently his work has been an object of admiration even to the latter day scholars attending Morehead school.

Adverse circumstances, however, soon brought to an abrupt close the bright future of the school career of so promising a youth and almost in the zenith of his ambition Young Pryor found himself struggling and elbowing with the busy whirl of the commercial world assisting in the support of a large family with which his lot was cast.

But genius knows no dying: and though blighted for a while, will eventually rise and assert itself.

Love for books and a natural studious disposition soon made for him the outlet his fertile mind craved, and before long a new genius in a new field began to thrill by his masterly work the hearts of Western Pennsylvania.

At a time when Paul Lawrence Dunbar was being lionized in the East and his work being so widely and favorably commented upon, there fell in the hands of Mr. J. Welfred Holmes, then editor of the Wasp, a Pittsburg Race paper, a poem, yes, the first poem by one Philip Louille Pryor.

The title—"The Unknown Land"—seemed to presage for the young man his future, for certainly to him at that time his progress and success was a matter of absolute conjecture and apparently devoid of any semblance or hope. But he pegged away.

Soon the good people of Pittsburg began to appreciate his ambition, then his work and then his worth, and today Mr. Pryor at home and abroad is accredited to have written some work that is the equal of that written by his many eminent contemporaries.

"How sweet the moonlight sleeps upon this bank.
Here we will sit, and let the sounds of music
Creep in our ears; soft stillness, and the night,
Become the touches of sweet harmony.
Sit, Jessica: look, how the floor of heaven
Is thick inlaid with patterns of bright gold;
There's not the smallest orb which thou beholdest
But in his motion like an angel sings
Still quiring to the young-eyed cherubim:
Such harmony is in immortal souls."

Thus are the many lasting tributes to music by the world's greatest poet.

Music, whether it comes from the soft strains of the orchestra, from the human voice, from the humming of bees, from the songs of birds, or from the wail of the forest, has in it the sweetness of heaven. All nations, tongues and kindred, alike, bow to its soothing influence.

Though there may be many who have never heard Sousa's or Gilmore's band; many to whom the name of Wagner
would sound strange, yet, who is it who has not heard the sweetest music, somewhere, sometime. Perhaps it was many years ago, in the old orchard, or in the “forest primeval” when the wild flowers were all in bloom, and when the weeping willows waved their green branches in the pure breeze of the morning, charmed by the humming of bees, mingled with the songs of birds. Where the robin calls out in a clear musical voice to his mate playing in the distant trees, and when, like lightning, they meet, and fly away to join other members of the feathery kingdom.

Who is it who has not witnessed, and felt happy in such a scene?

The world then had not turned its hard, sad face upon us. We stood there, in thought and deed as pure as the morning. There is something in music that calls back fond remembrances of the past. Something that appeals to the best that is in us. And the soul to whom gentleness, kindness and love are strangers, when brought under the influence of music, longs for the something, or somebody, to love, longs to do a deed of kindness.

The spirit which has been crushed so long by contact with the rough, hard cruel side of life longs to make amends to the all loving Spirit, who made the world so beautiful and breathed into man eternal life.

Music has other objects than simply to please. It is ennobling; it points us heavenward.

The greatest musician, like the poet, leads us unto realms of thoughts which otherwise it would be impossible for us to attain.

We are glad to find here and there young men and women of the negro race struggling to win for themselves places of prominence in the musical progress of the world.

It is therefore with especial delight that we present sketches of two young ladies of the Smoky City who have done creditable work along musical lines.

Miss Blanch A. Hill, one of Pittsburg’s leading pianists of color, is a native Pittsburger.

At the early age of eight years she showed ability as a born musician, at which time she appeared playing the primo score of a piano duet with her brother. Since then she has lost no opportunity to learn more about music; and has studied under the best musician Pittsburg could afford; among whom are such names as Prof. R. H. Rhoback, H. W. Veter, Peter Worthington and her present teacher, Prof. Adolph Carpe, who was formerly a teacher in the Boston Conservatory of Music, and at Liepsie, Germany. Mr. Carpe was a pupil of Liszt and Rubenstein. Hence the Liszt and Rubenstein traditions come direct to Miss Hill through Mr. Carpe.

It might be added that Miss Hill’s mother possessed a remarkably sweet soprano voice, and was one of the leading singers of her day. She traveled and sung with one of the great vocalists whose portrait appeared in a recent number of the Colored American Magazine.

When Jos. H. Douglass, the famous violinist, appeared at Carnegie Music Hall, Allegheny, Pa., Miss Hill was chosen as his accompanist; and so well did she acquit herself that Mr. Douglass remarked that no other accompanist had ever performed the part so well.

Miss Hill is well known, in musical circles, by both races.

The colored girl in America, surrounded by so many disadvantages, who has the ambition to push her way to success, whatever may be her calling, deserves all the praise we can give her; for, indeed there is not too much respect shown her by her own race. Yet, delicate as may be her condition, she alone can lift herself to the level with her white sister. She holds her destiny in her own hands. She can be helped, of course, in many ways, but she alone must put forth
the effort to rise, or all other powers are in vain.

The Negro race is known to have many talented musicians, and the success achieved along that line alone will add much to placing the race upon a higher plane of civilization.

We are glad to give here a sketch of Miss Ida May Coffee, one of Pittsburg's best pianists. She is a native of Lock Haven, Pa. At an early age she was sent to the Convent of the Sisters of the Blessed Sacrament, in Philadelphia. Her aim had always been to become a fine musician; and her highest ideals have been realized in that line. Eight years in the Convent, she directed her attention mainly to music and literature, studying under the best teachers.

Some of her instructors had been students under Faust's son and Rubenstein. After completing her course at Philadelphia she came to Pittsburg where she has since made her home with her uncle. She has had quite a number of pupils among both races, but is still pursuing her studies in music.

It might be added that Miss Coffee has played before the Duchess of Edenburg, and before Cardinal Lata, who will succeed Pope Leo XIII.

BOOK OF EVENTS.

WILLARD WARNER.

And there arose out of the Black Belt a mighty leader who had done great deeds for the children of Ham.

He went about teaching industrial education which did mightily please their former task masters.

For they said Lo, the children of Ham are mighty with the hoe and the ax.

They rise up early in the morning to hew wood and draw water. Their going out and their coming in is like unto their fathers, who did hoe corn from the rising of the sun till the going down of the same.

They did pick cotton and vigorously cultivate the sugar-cane.

The fires in our kitchens are to be tended by the children of Ham.

Our houses are to be kept clean by the daughters of Ham.

Therefore, we do respect this leader of his race, who doth teach them skill and the way of peace and contentment.

He teaches them to be content with their lot, so that forever we shall have skilled workmen and faithful servants in the Black Belt.

And there came a time when a great concourse of people gathered together to show the mighty deeds which had been performed.

And they sent messengers to the leader of the children of Ham, saying,

Come up out of the Black Belt and tell our people what you are doing and how to solve the great problem which doth sorely vex us.
And he came and talked in a manner which did greatly please
the former task masters.
For they said, this man doth know whereof he speaks.
He tells the children of Ham to cast down their buckets where
they are.
Therefore, we are mightily pleased and will help him in his
work.
So the leader of the children of Ham grew and waxed mighty
in strength and influence both in the land of the Black Belt and
the land possessed by a people rich in gold and stocks and bonds.
And there came a time when a great calamity came upon the
land; Czolgosz, the son of Czolgosz, slew, with his hand, the head
of the nation, and Theodore, the mighty hunter, reigned in his
stead.
And it came to pass when Theodore, the valiant hunter, made
ready to shake his plum tree, he called the leader of the children of
Ham.
And said unto him, “Give me, I pray thee, of thy knowledge and
experience in the Black Belt so that my plums may be gathered by
good and wise men.”
So Theodore, the mighty hunter, did all these things, and further
did he offer of his table meat to eat.
And a great cry arose in the land.
The mighty hand of prejudice did obscure all the good work of
this son of Ham, so that he did greatly fear for his life.
And it came to pass that so great was the anger in the land that
no more until this day do the children of Ham sit at meat with
other people, for it is an abomination unto them.

EPHRAIM BROWN: THE THIRTEENTH MAN.

CHARLES J. BAKER.

Old Ephraim Brown’s fame as a rattling and “soul firing” preacher had
gone the rounds of a great many plantations, even beyond the bounds of his
little village.

He had a charge of his own, which paid sufficiently to keep him furnished
with coffee, sugar and tobacco; each article being very necessary to his com-
fort. But regardless of his own charge with its responsibilities and arduous
duties, whenever there was a “big meet-in” at any of the neighboring churches

“Farder Efum” had to be present or that meeting was considered a failure.
It mattered not how long and loud the parson preached, without Ephraim sit-
ing in the pulpit, he would hardly get an Amen, much less get up a shout. But
Ephraim’s difficulty was in trying to keep them from shouting too much.

The other preachers or “Zorters,” as they were commonly called, were so de-
pendent upon Ephraim that they dared not be jealous of him, as they could not
get up a revival without his aid.
Ephraim had become so accustomed to the people's praise and deference that he never showed the least sign of being affected thereby.

Fashionable in those parts were the little two-wheeled concerns called "jumpers." But "twan't no use o' Far-der Efum ridin' in one o' dem tings," said one sister, and she was right, for the people whenever he went around, would just "load 'im down" with chickens, eggs, homemade butter and other provisions of the season, necessitating his traveling in a "jersey" wagon. You could hear the sisters say: "Well dis is Farder Efum day, I mus get ready to 'ceive 'im. He sho mus' hab a sho'l der o' my shote jes done kill," while others would be catching chickens, preparing chitlins, measuring rice or peas or counting potatoes and turnips.

These marks of esteem and reverence had the effect of drawing our subject nearer his maker and of making him more unselfish and anxious to help his benighted people. He did practically nothing without first praying for guidance and success.

Ephraim did not have the advantage of an education, for in his younger days it was a crime for a slave to learn or be taught, yet he learned to read and write, just the least bit—enough to read his Bible and sign marriage certificates.

But he knew his bible almost "by heart." His understanding of the Bible and his ability to grasp its teachings were indeed marvelous and his earnestness and common sense fully made up for his lack of acquired knowledge. Of course Grammar was not in his course, but, no one—even a learned man—had time to notice his grammatical errors, so forcible and intensely interesting was his manner of preaching.

He had lived through, as well as out-lived slavery, and now that the vexed "Negro Problem" was almost running wild with both races in the South and was attracting much attention in the North, every Negro in this section, and too, a good many whites looked to Ephraim for advice, which he always gave in a diplomatic, uppretending and unoffending way.

His most effective public service was done on this wise:

His little village in the rise growing region of South Carolina, was terribly stirred up because of the presence of five Yankees whose purpose was to establish there a school or schools for the purpose of educating the newly emancipated Negroes and their children. The Southerners were bitterly opposed to this plan, and at a popular meeting they selected seven of the most prominent men of their ranks to confer with the Yankees and order them to desist and withdraw. Both sides were determined, anxious, and, no doubt, equally conscientious.

"Our Niggers," said one of the Southern gentlemen—a farmer—"haint got no use for this techin'; give 'im a hoe or a mule an' plow an' let 'im work like he's use to." Said another, "we don't want you Yankees to come down here telling us what to do with our "Niggers." You stole them from us already, now you want to make us put them on a level or equality with us. Well, we are not going to stand any such d——d foolishness; you all had better go back North and let us have our own way with the 'Niggers!'"

"But," suggested one of the Yankees, "You don't seem to appreciate the fact that the Negro's ignorance will affect you as well as himself. Give him an education or rather an elementary training and he will be of more service to you than he will ever be, if kept in ignorance. We don't mean to tell you what you should do with the Negro, but want to help you do something for him."

"No, darn him," said the county squire, "this teachin' the 'Nigger' won't help him nor us a cursed bit. 'Twill simply make him foolish and anxious to get into politics, hindering our sons from
getting easy jobs in keepin' with their raisin'. Keep the black fools in their places on the farm and in the woods."

One of the northerners was just about to reply when one of the Southern gentlemen spied Ephraim, passing by at a distance, and called him, biddin' him to join them in their open air conference. He readily obeyed, making all necessary and profuse obeisance as he approached. Placin' his hat upon the ground and his hands behind his back he stood as if awaiting orders.

The men who called, addressed him thus: "'Eph,' here are some Yankee gentlemen who want to come down here and open schools to teach you 'niggers' how to read and write and matters of foolishness that won' t do you a cursed bit of good you know. Now you're a sensible old darkey, you know just what you all need. You are as good a preacher as we have in these parts and you aren't educated. Just tell these gentlemen what you think of the whole scheme and just what you think to be the best thing for them to do for you people."

"Yes, Ephraim," added the Yankee, "give us your candid opinion; I learn that you are a leader among your people and I believe your decision will be better than any we can reach. Speak out plainly without fear; we are twelve gentlemen and you are the thirteenth."

But Ephraim seemed not to have an opinion of his own, nor was he able, of himself, to reach a decision, but, at the close of the last speaker's remarks he (Ephraim) gazed into the heavens, raised both hands above his head, sayin': "De Lawd is in his holy temple, gemmens les pray."

The next minute he was kneelin' beside his hat and the other men, as if dazed and fully expectant, fell upon their knees while Ephraim prayed in this strain: "Holy Marster on high, we de 'umble sarvints done fall down on we knees, an' marster as you passin' by, 'hol' we pray. Yes, Marster 'Etopya' done stretched out hu han' to De an' you done gin us our freedom; now we's stretchin' out ag'in beggin' fo' larnin'. You done say so long time ago dat wharsombeber two or t'ree gadder to gadder in thy name, techin' an 'greein' on some good thing dar you is to bless, the needy one we's done bowed, we's techin' do we ain't 'greein' on one good t'ing. We can't 'gree less'n you comes dis way an' help us long. We needs dy council an' 'sistance in settlin' o' dis monstrus 'portant matter."

"You knows w'ats good fo' we po colud people, ignorant as we is, jest out o' slabry. We don' no wat's bes' fo us, but we knows dat you does. D'rest dese wite gemmens in dere 'libration 'bout larnin' we colud folks. You knows we needs to be larnt of any uder body do. We's too sinful to 'gree on dis matter, as you knows, but we's all ready to 'gree wid you. Take our sinful haats den an' 'lighten' em an' bring 'bout som' so 't o' 'greement. Marster, I done feel dy good sperit in dis od' haat o' mine, let 'im come long side o' dese yer gemmen's haats an' rouse dem to a feber heat 'bout doin' yo' will. 'Cause dem to 'gree on dis 'portant kestchun, sho' dem wa' t you wants dem to do fo' we po' colud folks; tell dem to larn Marster an' ef you sa' so we's gwine ter. Jes' speak de wud now an' we yo' sarvints is ready to 'ceed an' will be 'bejunt to dy will. Yes we's ready an' we wants you to stan' close by as we 'librate on dis matter. Dy blessin' now an' evah m o, a-m-e-n."

Ephraim's prayer, direct, pure and simple, may have been anything else than eloquent, but his earnestness and direct way of approaching his maker seemed to have had more than the desired effect upon his companions, for out of the twelve, five were not professing Christians; but this prayer revealing the worshipper's faith and extreme confidence in the one alwise, seemed to sting and arouse them as nothing else had ever
done. So moved were they all that the conference had to be adjourned until the next morning. When they met the next morning (in a house) Ephraim conducted devotions before business was resumed. These five made a surrender of their hearts and determined to lead better lives in the future. Then followed several prayers of thanksgiving.

The business transaction was very brief, but effective. It was unanimously decided to establish a school there for Negro children. These men formed the Trustee Board with Ephraim Brown, the thirteenth man, chairman of the board.

'TIS USELESS TO REGRET.

ROSCE CONKLING WOSSOM.

We've done the best we could, my dear, There's nothing to regret; We've taught our children many truths On which our hearts were set; And if against our old-time ways They foolishly protest, We never need regret, my dear, That we have done our best.

There's many a plan that's come to naught; There's many a light gone out; And disappointments, griefs and cares, Have hedged us round about, And many a sad mistake we've made Throughout our lives, and yet We've done the very best we could, 'Tis useless to regret.

For out of evil good has come And out of darkness light; And all wrong-doings in the world Will some day be set right. And tho' we have not reached the height Attained by others, yet We've done the best we could, my dear, 'Tis useless to regret.

We've tried to live like honest folks, To do our duty well: 'Gainst evil things to take our stand, In goodness to excel; So judge yourself not harshly, dear, Nor at misfortune fret; We've done the best we could, and so 'Tis useless to regret.
HAGAR'S DAUGHTER.*

A Story of Southern Caste Prejudice.

SARAH A. ALLEN.

SYNOPSIS OF CHAPTERS I. TO XXX.

December, 1880, the rebellious political spirit of the country leaped all barriers and culminated in treason. Closely associated with the Confederate leaders, was St. Clair Enson, son of an aristocratic Maryland family, who hoped, by rendering valuable aid to the founders of the new government, to re-establish himself socially and financially. While in Charleston, S. C., attending the convention preliminary to the formation of the new government, he received a letter announcing the birth of his brother's heir. This enraged Enson who saw in it the loss of his patrimony. He fell in with a notorious slave-trader named Walker, who accompanied him on his homeward trip on the steamer "Plander." Walker offers to show him a way out of his difficulties for ten thousand dollars.

St. Clair Enson's brother Ellis had married Miss Hagar Sergeant, a beauty and an heiress. A daughter was born. Soon after this St. Clair arrives at Enson Hall accompanied by Walker. He claims that Enson has a slave of his on the plantation. Enson denies the charge.

Walker explains that, being childless, Mr. and Mrs. Sergeant, while living at St. Louis, took an octoroon slave from him to bring up. He declares that Hagar is that child, and produces papers to prove his claim. Hagar recognizes the man, and faints at sight of him.

Ellis buys Hagar and the child of Walker. Unable to bear the disgrace of having married a Negro, decided to leave home, but today Hope had smiled her April

CHAPTER XXXI.

By the middle of September Washington awoke from the stagnation incident to the summer vacation, and was ready to begin the business of another working year. The departments were re-opened and hundreds of stragglers returned to work in the great government hives, all eager for the excitement of the great murder trial.

Sunday, the day before the opening of the trial, Cuthbert Sumner sat in his cell looking pale and careworn but still preserving his outward composure though racked by inward torture. Jewel's ab}-

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from a blow when he met the gaze of Aurelia Madison who stood staring at him with a glance in which curiosity, fear and love were mingled. She stood in the center of the gloomy cell like a statue, her dazzling beauty as marvellous as ever, the red-gold hair still shining in sunny radiance, the velvet eyes resting upon the man before her with a hidden caress in their liquid depths. Sumner shuddered as he gazed and remembered the dead girl's story. When alone with this woman, she had always possessed an irresistible attraction for him, and in spite of the past the old sensation returned in full force at this unexpected encounter, mingled with fear and repulsion. She broke the spell which held them silent.

"Bert! my Bert!" She stretched out her hand to him, but he made no move to take it. The blood flushed her cheek. "Why will you not take my hand?"

She moved a step nearer to him; but he rose to his feet and drew back.

With a passionate cry she fell on her knees before him, seized his hand and covered it with kisses.

"Do not repulse me. See me at your feet. Bert! let me save you. Do not spurn me, I beseech you."

"Save me? Miss Madison, you jest," replied Sumner in a voice made quiet by a strong effort.

"I do not jest. I can and will save you. Your perjured lips to name her whom you have so tricked, deceived and abused. A bad promise is better broken than kept, and my wife, formerly Miss Jewel Bowen, felt the truth of the old adage when she consented to marry me in this very cell."

He could not repress the note of triumph in his voice as he uttered the words, but he was not prepared for what followed.

"No!" she cried out, with a passion terrible to see. "You have not dared—to dare—"

"Stop!" said Sumner sternly. "I warn you; do not try me too far. You will act wisely if you drop this whole matter and leave Washington and the society where you have queened it so long under false pretenses, for solitude and seclusion where you may escape the scorn of the world."

"What do you mean?" she demanded, her features pale to the very lips. She stood at bay, but in her face it could be seen that she measured his strength struggling with a new and horrible dread.

"God forbid that I should make you a social outcast!" he replied. "Need I speak plainer?"

Aurelia listened to him with the watch-
fulness of a tiger, who sees the hunter approaching; her strong, active brain was on the alert, but now her savage nature broke forth; she laughed aloud ferociously and then began a tirade of abuse that would have honored the slums.

Weary of the whole proceeding, disgusted with himself and the infatuation that had once enthralled him, he said at last, in desperation:

"Let us end this scene and all relations that have ever existed,—if you were as pure as snow, and I loved you as my other self, I would never wed with one of colored blood, an octaroon!"

Wordless, with corpse-like face and gleaming eyes she faced him unflinchingly.

"If I had a knife in my hand, and could stab you to the heart, I would do it!"

"I know you would!"

"But such weapons as I possess I will use. I will not fly—I will brave you to the last! If the world is to condemn me as the descendant of a race that I abhor, it shall never condemn me as a coward!"

Terrible though her sins might be—terrible her nature, she was but another type of the products of the accursed system of slavery—a victim of "man's inhumanity to man" that has made "countless millions mourn." There was something, too, that compelled admiration in this resolute standing to her guns with the determination to face the worst that fate might have in store for her. Something of all this Sumner felt, but beyond a certain point his New England philanthropy could not reach.

He bowed his head at her words and said,—"As you will, I have warned you!"

She stood at the full of her splendid stature, her eyes gleaming, her ashen lips firmly set, then she turned from him and gave the signal that brought the warden to let her out. Silently, without a backward look, she passed from the cell, and the prisoner was once more left in solitude.

At nine o'clock that same night, Chief Henson stood near a gas-lamp on the platform of the Baltimore & Ohio railroad station, glancing through a few lines from his colored agent, placed in his hands by plucky little Venus Johnson that very morning. The latter had gone on to the Bowen mansion to prepare the mistress for an unexpected arrival.

Chief Henson was particularly pleased with the ability shown by his colored detectives. Smith, the male agent, was a civil war veteran who had left a leg at Honey Hill, and on that account a grateful government had detailed him for duty on Chief Henson's staff of the secret service, and he had helped his chief out of many a difficult position, for which Mr. Henson was not slow nor meagre in his acknowledgments.

Five minutes after the train was in, Chief Henson saw Smith advancing toward him, accompanied by two females, closely veiled.

From out the swarming crowd the great detective stepped and motioned the man to follow with one of the females while he himself led the way with the other to the Bowen carriage outside the depot on the Avenue. Having placed the women in the carriage, and given the coachman his directions he and Smith entered a herdic and were driven rapidly to his office where they remained talking until the first hours of the morning.

Meanwhile Venus had resumed her duties as suddenly as she dropped them. The servants wondered among themselves, but not a comment was made. The news that the faithful girl brought seemed to restore Mrs. Bowen's lost vitality; she insisted on rising and being dressed, and received Jewel in her arms at the great entrance doors.

Supper was served in Mrs. Bowen's private parlor. Anyone who had entered the room would have been surprised at the kind solicitude and graciousness shown old Aunt Henny who was an honored guest. Mrs. Bowen's attention was
evenly divided between her step-daughter and the old Negress. Venus waited on the company and for the time all thoughts of caste were forgotten while the representatives of two races met on the ground of mutual interest and regard.

Again and again Venus was called upon to repeat the story of her adventures.

"Yes, Mis' Bowen," she said for the twentieth time, "when I peeked in through that window and saw Miss Jewel an' gran sitting there talkin', I was plum crazy for a minute. Then I climb down as fas' as any squirrel an' I made tracks fer Mr. Smith, an' I told him what I'd seen. He says to me, says he, 'now, Venus, how in time 'm I goin' to get you into that house? We can't break the windows an' git in because they're ironed. 'Clar,' says he, 'I don' t know where I' m at.' Well, you know Mis' Bowen, I ain' t a bit slow, no' m, if I do say it, an' I jus' thought hard for a minute, an' then it struck me! Says I to him, 'git a move on dad there. You and me together mus' tote him to the house. When we git there you knock up the ol' woman an' make her let you put dad in; keep up all the fuss you can,' an' in the kick-up why I'll sneak in and hide. You be waitin' by the front door, an' I' ll have 'm out in a jiffy.' 'Good!' says he, 'two heads is better'n one if t'other is a sheep's head.' 'Much 'bliged for callin' me a fool,' says I. 'Welcome,' says he, 'but I take off my hat to you, young lady, I does, an' I' m goin' to give the chief a pointer to git you on the staff,' says he. 'Here's something to help the cause along,' an' he gave me a big bunch of keys an' a dark lantern. 'Try the keys on the big front door,' he says.

Well, everything worked preticularly fine, Mis' Bowen. Dad was so drunk he couldn't stand, an' he didn't know whether he was afoot or ridin'. I slipped in all right, got my lady an' gran, an' got away as slick as grease.

"Dad ain't shown his head since; Mr. Henson's lookin' fer him, but I know he'll keep shy. I reckon he don't want to see ol' Ginral Benson fer one right smart spell. He's skeered all right—skeered to pieces."

Aunt Henny said nothing; but once in a while she would nod her turbaned head in seeming perplexity, as she furtively watched every movement made by Mrs. Bowen. For her part, Mrs. Bowen seemed uneasy under the old woman's persistent regard.

CHAPTER XXXII.

At last the eagerly looked for day of the Bradford murder trial came. Society had been on the qui vive ever since Sumner's arrest, and in the twenty-four hours preceding the opening of the trial, public interest had gone up to almost unparalleled intensity of excitement, which the facts already known of the case increased as the time for the crisis approached. Among these facts was the one of the disappearance of the principal witness for the defense. Extraordinary disclosures were anticipated, and the wildest rumors were afloat, some of which contained a few grains of the truth.

The police told off for duty at the court had their work cut out for them, for crowds began to gather long before the opening hour, some to get in—some to see the notables in society, and the government swells arrive in quick succession. Before ten the room was crowded in every available place, and further admission was refused except to those engaged in the case.

Will Badger and Carroll West made their way slowly to their places among a nest of their set, including Mrs. Brewer and Mrs. Vanderpool and other friends of Sumner. Badger and West expected to be called by the defense. The entrance of General Benson and Major Madison caused a flutter as they took their places in the space reserved for witnesses by the prosecution. Aurelia's tall, graceful form in a handsome dark
gown followed the men. She received the various salutes which came to her from all parts of the crowded room with her usual polished elegance, but the fashionable world was puzzled; there was that in her appearance which suggested tragedy.

"Good heaven!" thought Carroll West, "I wonder if there can be any truth in the rumor I have just heard! How exquisite she looks, and pale—yes, and anxious too. I wonder if she cares for Sumner. I wonder what it all means anyhow. Heaven help her safely through this ordeal."

And she had need of all the sympathy that his kind heart could bestow, for the close of the trial would see her homeless, friendless, moneyless, under the ban of a terrible caste prejudice, doubly galling to one who, like herself, had no moral training with which to stem the current of adverse circumstances that had effectually wrecked her young life.

But all society missed its queen, Jewel Bowen, about whom the wildest reports were circulated, but no one knew the truth concerning her trip out of town. Jewel had an interview with her husband early in the morning, and it was decided that Mrs. Bowen and she would not enter the court room until the day when Aunt Henny was to give her testimony. Sure now of Cuthbert's acquittal the ladies were content to wait patiently the law's course.

General Benson was ignorant, as yet, of his prisoner's escape. Isaac had disappeared and Ma'am Griffin did not dare send him word. So in ignorance of the true state of affairs, he was his own imperious self.

Presently counsel were in their places. The Attorney General and a distinguished advocate for the government; and for the defence, ex-Governor Lowe, of Massachusetts, brilliant in criminal cases, had associated with him the Bowen family lawyer, Mr. Cameron, and—mightiest of all in interest of the accused, was the guidance and keen incisive intelligence of the sleuth hound E. Henson, Chief of the Secret Service Division.

Just after ten the buzz of talk suddenly ceased, hushed by the indescribable settling of a crowd long in expectancy, as the officials took their seats. The hush became breathless as the spectators waited the appearance of the one man for whom they had all gathered here that day—the prisoner. A buzz of admiration passed through the crowd as the accused passed to his seat. Erect, easy, dignified, Sumner took his place with the same grace that had marked his entrance into the crowded halls of pleasure. He met the steady stare of those thousand eyes cooly, steadily.

"How splendidly he bears himself!" whispered one to another. He had made a distinctly good impression.

Now came the necessary formalities. The jury to be called a mysterious algebraic proceeding to the uninitiated, where the value of the x is evolved to the amazement of the onlooker. The twelve men good and true were selected in this instance with very little trouble for a case so widely known and discussed. They were unchallenged and so, presently, were duly sworn; then the official question was put:

"How say you, prisoner at the bar—guilty or not guilty?"

The answer came in clear tones, low and steadily:

"Not guilty!"

The Attorney-General arose and began the trial with a recapitulation of the circumstances attending the murder of Elise Bradford, and the evidence adduced at the inquest. "And," said the learned counsel, "there can be little doubt that the secret of the crime lies in the victim's past. Clever detectives are of that opinion, and they argue logically enough that the fear of exposure of a guilty secret has been once more the motive of a terrible tragedy. The prisoner admits that he had been particularly attracted by the murdered girl at onetime. It is known that they
were alone together all that fatal Sunday afternoon in the deserted Treasury Building. He alone had exclusive opportunity to commit the crime. He admits that he gave her a glass of wine from the store kept for the chief's private use, but tells us that he left the victim in her usual health at eight that night, she refusing his escort home on a plea of wanting to pack up her belongings as she did not intend to return to work the next week having resigned her position. All this story will be proved a tissue of falsehoods unless the prisoner has the power to prove who did administer poison to the dead woman—if he did not do it himself—after he left the office on that fatal night.

The learned counsel weighed strongly all these stubborn facts, in an eloquent speech, which told with the audience. The case looked black for the accused. But the brilliant ex-governor smiled serenely as he glanced over the sea of faces. The trial dragged itself along with varying interest through two days. On the third day Aurelia Madison was called to prove the prisoner’s gallantry and fickleness. She did not glance at the prisoner as she passed to the witness box, impassive and lovely, but gave her evidence in a clear, concise manner that carried conviction with it. When she had finished, the tide of public opinion was strengthened against the prisoner. Like a whitened sepulchre, full of hatred, she attempted to swear away the life of an innocent man to gratify her wish for revenge. By her testimony society learned for the first time the secret of the broken engagement between the accused and Jewel Bowen. Her story caused a sensation.

“Heavens! It looks strange!” whispered Mrs. Vanderpool to her neighbor Mrs. Brewer. But the end was not yet. As the witness turned to leave the stand, Governor Lowe said blandly:

“Miss Aurelia Madison is your daughter?”

“Yes.”

“Are you Major Madison’s daughter?”

“Yes.”

“Is your father?”

“Yes; so I am told,” this last haughtily.

“Describe your mother as you remember her.”

“I do not remember my mother—I never saw her. I know nothing of her.”

“Where were you born?”

“In Jackson, Mississippi, I am told.”

“How much money were you to receive the day Mr. Sumner married you and General Benson married Miss Jewel Bowen?”

“I don’t understand your meaning.”

“Weren’t you to have a million given you the day you married Mr. Sumner? Yes or no.”

“My dowry was a million dollars, if that is what you mean.”

“Call it what you like, young lady; that was your share of the boodle with the man thrown in. That is all.”

A buzz of excitement went over the crowded room. The prosecution looked at each other in blank amazement. Major Madison moved about uneasily in his seat. He was the next one called.

He knew very little of the prisoner. He was abroad at the time the engagement was made between the accused and Miss Madison, and could add little to the testimony already given. Knew Mr. Sumner as a visitor at houses where they were mutually acquainted, and had invited him to card parties in his own home. Again the brilliant advocate asked but few questions.

“Miss Aurelia Madison is your daughter?”

“Yes.”

“Born in Mississippi?” The Major nodded.

“Who was her mother?”

“My wife.”

“The servant—slave or what might you call her—that stood to you in that relation? Is it not so?” blandly insinuated the questioner.

“We object,” interposed the Attorney-
General hurriedly to the evident relief of the enraged witness.

"Your objection is sustained," returned the judge.

Not at all disconcerted, Governor Lowe bowed pleasantly to judge, jury, lawyers and witnesses, in token of submission.

"Well, Major, did you ever know a man by the name of Walker? Or, weren't you known by that name once yourself?"

"Yes, I took that name when I was in money difficulties and hiding from my creditors."

"The man I mean was a slave-trader, notorious all over the South, who was one of the band of conspirators that murdered President Lincoln. Did you ever meet him?"

"I never have," replied the witness visibly disturbed.

"Business good, Major? How are the Arrow-Head gold mine securities turning out?"

"As well as I can expect."

"But not so well as you could wish; meantime you run a faro bank with your daughter as the snare and incidentally black mail and bunco a rich family to repair your shattered fortunes. That is all, major."

The excitement increased momentarily among the spectators. It was easy to perceive that Governor Lowe was but reserving his forces. The last witness called by the prosecution was General Benson, and nothing was elicited from him but the fact that the murdered woman had worked in his department for five years, was competent and faithful. He had no knowledge of her family nor connections outside the office. He had noticed that Mr. Sumner was somewhat partial to the good-looking stenographer, but he attached no importance to that fact, he had been young once himself. The audience was captivated by his winning manners and genial smiles. Governor Lowe took all his rights in the cross-examination.

"You gave your name as Charles Benson, General? Ever known to the public by any other name?"

For a moment the General was nonplussed.

"Sir!" with freezing haughtiness, "I do not understand you."

"My question was a plain one; but I will put it in another form—Weren't you originally known as St. Clair Enson? Isn't that the only name you have a right to wear?"

Sensation in the court room.

"We object," from the Attorney-General.

"Your objection is sustained," from the judge.

Governor Lowe was in no wise disconcerted. Again he bowed to the judge, then faced the witness still bland and smiling.

"How old was Miss Bradford when she entered your employ?"

"Eighteen, I believe."

"Awhile back you said you thought nothing of Mr. Sumner's attentions to the good-looking stenographer because you were young once yourself. I hear you are still very partial to the ladies, age has not deadened your sensibilities to their infinite charms. Did you not also offer attention to your good-looking stenographer? Did not your attentions become so warm that for various pressing reasons you promised Miss Bradford marriage?"

"Your questions are an outrage, sir!"

"Plain yes or no, that is all I want."

"Most emphatically No!" thundered the witness, livid with rage. Again Governor Lowe bowed.

"Just one question more. Where were you on the night of the murder, in New York or Washington?"

"I was in New York."

The silence in the room was intense. One sensational question had followed another so rapidly that the vast throng of people found no expression for their wonderment save in silence. What was this man showing?
"Thank you, General, that is all."

That closed the prosecution.

"By Jove! more lies under this than we can see," whispered West to Badger.

Still the testimony of the state was clear on all essential points strengthened by numberless details pointing toward the guilt of the prisoner. So the third day ended, and the public felt repaid for their interest; it bade fair to go down in history as an extraordinary criminal incident.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

Thursday there was a settling down for a fresh start, an intense expectancy throughout the court. All felt that they were nearing a crisis. There were many new faces seen amid the throng and among them were the well-known features of Mrs. Bowen and Jewel, both closely shrouded in their sombre mourning robes.

Speculation was rife as to the line of the defense. What were they to hear now? What was, what could be the defense that could overpower the weight of evidence already given which seemed to make a fatal verdict a foregone conclusion? And yet, somehow, from the highest to the lowest of that hushed, excited wrong, there was a curious, subtle feeling that some such resistless power lay in that reserved defence now about to be launched.

Perhaps the wish was "father to the thought." The calm confidence and lack of anxiety on the part of the defense hinted of powerful resources.

One lawyer remarked to another, "It looks as if he had a reserve force that will absolutely reverse the battle."

The prisoner sat with folded arms, cool, motionless as a statue, outwardly, but within, the man's blood was on fire.

Now Governor Lowe, with courtly manner and in sonorous tones, took up his part in the drama, beginning with the prisoner's alleged reckless youth as brought out in Miss Madison's testimony, mainly. He admitted that his client had been wild but not to the point of profligacy. He spoke tenderly of the absent, aged father—a helpless invalid—and his indulgence of an only child—motherless, too, from birth—proud, passionate, high-spirited, indulged, uncontrolled personally and in the expenditure of money, and that at this most dangerous period of a lad's life, the young man had met Miss Madison and succumbed to her fascinations, whom he intended to show was but a beautiful adventuress.

"The court," he said, "has been prejudiced against my client more by this woman's evidence than by any other testimony introduced for the government, added to that the sympathy of the whole audience has been aroused by the spectacle of a helpless woman's trust betrayed. Bah! Let me briefly unfold to you, gentlemen of the jury, the truth of the garbled tale so skilfully woven by a designing woman."

Governor Lowe then related the story of the past winter and the broken engagement, as known to our readers, with added facts to show that his client had in no way wronged the woman, who knew perfectly well what she was about, having previously become a party in a conspiracy designed to force Cuthbert Summer into marriage, and at the same time, give the control of the wealth of a well-known family into the hands of the 'gang' through the daughter of the house, the betrothed of the accused.

Counsel then told of Aurelia's proposition of the day before the opening of the trial, and that the warden was a listener to the conversation between the prisoner and the witness; of her offer to give testimony at the trial which should free him, as she knew the guilty party; of the prisoner's scornful rejection of the offer, and his final retort when he told her that if she were as pure as snow, he would never wed with one of colored blood!"
disappointed in his calculations, for its action was as an electric shock upon the aristocratic gathering. "And now, your honor, and gentlemen of the jury," he resumed with solemn impressiveness, "I am going to prove that my client's version of his connection with this affair is absolutely true; that he was not the perpetrator of the deed, but by the irony of Fate he has been placed in a position where it was next to impossible for him to prove his innocence. After Mr. Sumner left Miss Bradford in the office on that fatal Sunday night, a person who shall be nameless still, for a time, a man high in official life, a leader in society, did enter said office and talk with the murdered woman whom he had promised to marry in a short time. While there they took wine together, he himself pouring it out and placing in her portion the arsenic, grains of which were found in the empty glass, and in the woman's stomach after death, as testified to before you by the coroner, et al."

Again he paused, for he could feel the horror that thrilled the crowd. "This man, gentlemen of the jury, was aware of the relation formerly existing between Miss Madison and the accused, and scoundrel that he is, used the woman as a tool for the base purpose of blackmail which fortunately a higher power has frustrated; and for other reasons as well, planned to leave Mr. Sumner so surrounded and connected with Miss Bradford as to render it impossible for him to extricate himself from the charge of murder."

The counsel's manner was most effective as he made his charges; the whole scene so dramatic that only a sensational melo-drama could have rivalled its power. A subdued "whew-w" went from mouth to mouth as a faint glimmer of the truth began to show something of the possibilities of the line taken by the defence.

"Finally, thanks to the astuteness, experience and daring of the very clever detective, who has really had active charge of the whole case, and to whom the highest praise is due, a witness of the crime will be produced!"

The audience was astounded; they had hoped for a sensation; their desire was more than realized.

Governor Lowe wound up his brilliant effort with a slight peroration—knowing well its good effect upon a jury—and amidst murmurs of applause, was ready to call his witness.

The first was John Williams, Sumner's valet, who testified to the regularity of his master's habits and his abstemious living. During the cross-examination, John got angry and told the Attorney-General that the Sumners were top-crust, sure; and never one of them had been known to show up as underdone dough nor half-and-half's, if it wasn't so he'd eat his own head; he didn't object to meeting any man who disputed the "pint," in a slugging match, the hardest to "fend" off. The judge called him to order and the witness took his seat in a towering rage over the "imperdunce" of Southern white folks, anyhow.

Then West and Badger took the stand to refute the charge of inveterate gambling that had been made against the prisoner by Miss Madison. West was questioned only about Sumner and not of his own connection with the Madisons for which he was devoutly thankful. The fact was brought out that the Madison house was a gambling palace where men were fleeced of money for the sake of the smiles of the beautiful Aurelia, by the young fellow's tale of Sumner's warning to him against allowing himself to be ensnared by the Madison clique.

The watchmen and one or two cleaners were also placed upon the stand to prove that Mr. Sumner did leave the Treasury Building at the hour sworn to by him.

After that the motherless and worse than fatherless child—a beautiful fair-haired boy, was led forward and stood upon a chair in the witness-box, to give emphasis to the point made by counsel
that the dead woman had a pressing claim upon some man who wished to rid himself of her as encumbrance. Some of the women spectators wept, and many men felt uncomfortable about the eyes. Then Gov. Lowe said: "I call Aunt Henny Sargeant." Two officers led the tottering old Negress from the ante-room to the witness chair. Aunt Henny had aged perceptibly since her imprisonment, but her faculties were as keen as ever. As she entered the crowded court-room, there was a cry, quickly suppressed, from the back seats of the room:

"Oliver, that's yer granny! My God, she's livin' yit!"

"Aunt Henny, I believe you have been in the employ of the government at the Treasury Building?"

"Yes, honey, I has."

"Tell the court how you came to be employed."

"Well, honey, I foun' a big pile o' greenbacks—mus' a bin 'bout a million dollars, I reckon,—one night when I was sweepin', an' I jes' froze to 'em all night. I neber turned 'em loose 'til de officers come in de mornin'; money's a mighty on­sartin' article, chillun. People won' steal if they don' get a chance, dat's my b'lief. Then de Presidun' an' lots of other gem­man made a big furze over me, an' dey done gib me my job fer life."

"Now, Aunt Henny, do you remember where you were on Sunday evening, March 20, between six and ten o'clock?"

"Yas, honey, I does, fer I warn't in bed, nuther was I to home. I was at the Building doin' some dustin' in Gin'ral Benson's 'partmen', that I'd lef' off from the afternoon befo'."

"Yes; well tell us what happened that evening at the Building."

"Well, honey, I wen' in pas' the watch­man, who arst me wha' I was after, an' I tol' him. Den I wen' up to Gin'ral Benson's 'partmen', which was whar I'd lef' off. I has a skilton key dat let's me git in what I wants to go. After I'd been in 'bout an hour, I hearne people talkin' in one ob de rooms—the private office—an' I goes 'cross de entry an' peaks roun' de corner ob de po'ter—"

"The what?" interrupted the judge.

"Po'ter, massa jedge; don' yer kno' what a po'ter am?"

"She means, portière, your honor," explained Gov. Lowe, with a smile. "Go on, aunty."

"'I peeked roun' de corner ob de po'ter, an' I seed Miss Bradford an' de Gin'ral settin' talkin' as budge as two buzzards. He jes was makin' time sparkin' her like eny young fellar, an' fer a mon as ol' as I kno' he is, I tell you, gemmen, he was jes' makin' dat po' gal b'lieve de moon was made o' green cheese an' he'd got the fus' slice."

A suppressed laugh rippled through the room.

"What happened then?"

"Honey, my cur'osity was bilin' hot to see what was gwine on, an' I keep peekin' an' peekin'; bye­me­by I hearne de glasses clickin', an' I took another look, 'cause, tho' I'm a temprunce 'ooman, an' I b'long to de High Co't o' Gethsemne, an' de Daughters ob de Bridal Veil, I neber' b'lieve dat good wine is gwine ter harm on' ol' rheumatiz 'ooman like me; no, sah; dar ain't none o' yer stiff­necked temp'­runce 'bout yer Aunt Henny; I aint no better than quality. I know'd dat was good stuff dat de chief had in thar 'cause I'd done taste some ob it befo', an' I'd promis' myself to taste it agin dat very night soon as dat couple was gone. While I was thinkin' 'bout it, de Gin'ral turned his back to Miss Bradford as he poured de wine from de 'canter, an' dat brung him full facin' me whar I was a peekin' at him, an' bless my soul, gemman, I seed dat villyun drap somethin' white inter de glass an' then turn roun' an' han' it to Miss Bradford. I was dat skeered I thought I'd drap, an' while I was a makin' up my min' what to do, suddintly she threwed up both arms an' screeched out "My God, Charles, you've pizened!"
Great sensation in the court, and the crier restored order.

“What happened then, Aunty?”

“Bless my soul, honey, I don’ know what did happen, somethin’ dat neber come across me in all my life befo’. I tell you, gemmen, it takes somethin’ to make colored woman faint, but dat’s jes’ wha’ I did, massa jedge; when I seed dat po gal fro up her arms an’ hern her screech I los’ all purchase ob myself, an’ I ain’ t got over it yet.”

The old negress rocked herself to and fro in her chair. She made a weird picture, her large eyes peering out from behind the silver-bowed glasses, her turbaned head and large, gold-hoop earrings, and a spotless white handkerchief crossed on her breast over the neat gingham dress.

“And then, Aunty?” gently prompted Gov. Lowe.

“When I come to myself agin, I was in prison, an’ my own son-in-law was a keepin’ me locked up.”

“Was that the reason you did not inform the authorities of what you had seen?” asked the judge.

“Yas, sah; yas, massa jedge.”

“Now, Aunt Henny, I want you to tell the court when and where you knew General Benson before you saw him in the employ of the government,” said Gov. Lowe.

“We object, your honor,” promptly interrupted the Attorney-General.

“The objection is not well taken, Mr. Attorney-General. I think Gov. Lowe has a right to put the answer in evidence. We are not here to defeat the ends of justice. Proceed, Aunt Henny.”

“He ain’t Gin’ral Benson no more’n I’m a white ’ooman. His name’s St. Clair Enson; he was born nex’ do’ to de Sargent place on the Enson plantation. Ise one ob de fus’ ones what held him when he was born. Ise got a scar on me, jedge, where dat imp ob de debbil hit me wid a block ob wood when he warn’t but seven years ol’. Fus’ time I seed him in dat ‘partmen’ I know’d him time I sot my eye on him, an’ den I know’d that be rucktions kicked up, fer ef eber dar was a born lim’ o’ de debbil it’s dat same St. Clair Enson.”

“That will do, aunty. Perhaps my legal brother may wish to cross-examine.”

The Attorney-General then took the witness in hand and conducted a skilful cross-examination without shaking the old woman’s testimony. Finally he said:

“One last question and I am through: you spoke of your son-in-law—what has he to do with General Benson?”

“He!” snorted Aunt Henny indignant-ly, “thar ain’ t no kind ob devilmen’ St. Clair Enson was ever mixed up in dat Ike Johnson warn’ t dar to help him. Ike’s my gal’s husban’; he’s Gin’ral Benson’s valley; he was gave to St. Clair Enson when dat debbil was a baby in de cradle.”

During the testimony of this last witness, Gen. Benson and Maj. Madison were busily talking to each other, with an occasional word to the Attorney-General.

As Aunt Henny retired to her seat in the ante-room, Gov. Lowe arose, and in an impassioned speech moved the prisoner’s release, and the taking into custody of the man really guilty—General Benson.

Scarcely waiting for him to finish, the Attorney-General sprang to his feet and attacked the defense fiercely. Then ensued a scene unparalleled in the history of courts of justice.

“On what would you base such an unheard of precedent? on the evidence of a Negress? Would you impugn the honor of a brilliant soldier, a brave gentleman—courteous, genial, standing flawless before the eyes of the entire country? Such a man as General Benson cannot be condemned and suspicioned by the idiotic ramblings of an ignorant nigger brought here by the defense to divert attention from the real criminal, who attempts to shield himself under the influence of the Bowen millions. In the same spirit that has actuated my legal brother, while deprecating violence of any kind as beneath
the dignity of our calling, I would feel myself justified in sounding the slogan of the South—lynch-law! if I thought this honorable body could be influenced to so unjust a course as is suggested by Gov. Lowe."

Instantly a chorus of voices took up the refrain—"That's the talk! No nigger's word against a white man! This is a white man's country yet!"

For a brief space, judge, jury and advocates were nonplussed; women shrieked and men flinched, not knowing what the end might be. But above the uproar, which was answered by the crowd outside, rang the voice of the police-sargent as he formed his men in line at the door ready to charge the would-be violators of the peace. Before the determined front of the police, the crowd quieted down and order was restored.

Then Gov. Lowe arose once more:

"May it please your honor, and gentlemen of the jury, I have still another witness to present, and the last one, I call the chief of the Secret Service Division."

Once again there was silence in the room. Curiosity was on tiptoe. Many men in high places knew the chief well by reputation but had never met him. He had successfully coped with many important cases and had saved the government millions of dollars. He entered the witness-box calmly as if oblivious of the curiosity of the crowd.

"Mr. Henson, I believe that for many years you have been in the secret service."

"Yes, for fifteen years I have served the government in the capacity of a detective. Previous to that time I was a soldier and served three years, on the Federal side, at the front."

"Now, Mr. Henson, we will ask you to tell the court what you know of this case, in your own way."

At the first sound of his voice, Mrs. Bowen, who up till this time had been sitting with lowered veil, suddenly swept it one side and stared at the man in the witness-box with a strained, startled gaze. His eyes, wandering over the audience, rested on her white face. For one instant he wavered and seemed to hesitate, then by an effort he regained his composure and began his story.

"I was first called into this case by Miss Jewel Bowen. I took hold of it because of the interest she aroused in my mind, and out of pity for her distress. After I met and conversed with Mr. Sumner, I was satisfied in my own mind of his innocence, and that he was the victim of a conspiracy."

In a brief, incisive way, which carried weight to many doubting minds, he detailed the substance of the information he had obtained.

"Being brought into the issues growing out of the intimacy between General Benson and the Bowen family because of his engagement to Miss Bowen, I, very naturally, was placed in charge of the business of accumulating the facts in regard to Senator Bowen's death in New York. I have found out that he made no will while there, and that the one offered here for probate by Gen. Benson is a forgery."

"After Senator Bowen's death his daughter was abducted, and in the search which I caused to be made for her, we found, concealed in the same house, the old Negress, Aunt Henny. So, step by step, we have been able to fix the murder of Miss Bradford, the forged will of Senator Bowen, the abduction of Miss Bowen and of Aunt Henny—the most important witness in this case—upon a band of conspirators numbering three people, all well known in society and having the entrée to the best houses."

"Do we quite understand you, Mr. Henson," asked the judge, "that in your opinion the prisoner at the bar has been the victim?"

"Yes, your honor, but only because he stood in the way of their obtaining the Bowen millions. That was the intention in the start—to obtain that immense fortune. Other than the strong attachment existing between Miss Bowen and Mr.
Sumner, he would never have been molested.

"It now becomes my duty to make a statement in regard to the testimony of the last witness."

His face was set and stern. It was evident that he struggled to maintain his composure.

"What she has said concerning Gen Benson is absolutely true. It is a long story, gentlemen, but I will be as brief as possible."

Then in graphic words that held the vast crowd spellbound, he told the story of Ellis and St. Clair Enson, as our readers already know it up to the discovery of Hagar's African descent. The judge forgot his dignity, a shock waved over the court-room. People seemed not to breathe, the interest was so intense, as they listened to the burning words of the speaker.

"When Ellis Enson returned home after completing his arrangements for taking his wife abroad, he was set upon in Enson woods by his brother and the unprincipled slave driver, Walker, and beaten into unconsciousness. When he came to himself he was in South Carolina enrolled as a member of the Confederate army. Here he remained until a good opportunity offered, when he deserted and returned home to find that his wife, child and slaves (of whom Aunt Henny was a valued house servant), had been driven to the Washington market, where his wife in desperation had thrown herself and infant into the Potomac river.

"Stripped of his fortune, home and family, cursing God and man, he entered the army on the Federal side, seeking death, but determined to carry destruction first to those who had so cruelly wronged him. But death comes not for the asking, and the ways of God are inscrutable."

He paused and passed his hand over his beaded forehead. Gen. Benson sat like a marble statue, and his nails reddened where he gripped the arms of his chair. The sound of voices came in from the street through the open window. Inside there was silence like the grave.

"Ellis Enson always supposed that his brother St. Clair stayed abroad where he had hidden after he was found guilty as one of the conspirators against the life of President Lincoln, but when I was called into this case, I found that he was in this country, serving the government he had basely betrayed, and still steeped in crime, along with his pal, Walker. Gentlemen, General Benson is St. Clair Enson, and his friend, Major Madison, is the notorious trader, Walker.

"As for me, I no longer need to conceal my identity. Gentlemen—" he gasped and faltered, and put his hand to his throat as though the words choked him.

"General Benson is my brother—I am Ellis Enson!"

As he finished speaking Mrs. Bowen sprang to her feet with a scream; she made a step towards him—then stopped—while these words thrilled the hearts of the listeners:

"Ellis! Ellis! I am Hagar!"

(To be concluded.)
To my mind an American citizen ought to have a deep interest in the principles of public discourse. He cannot do his duty to his country, he can hardly do his duty to himself, unless he understands in a purely rational way the principles of public discourse.

His duty to himself, to clear thinking, to firm rational judgment, and to his fellowmen in this Republic is to know something about the principles of public discourse. Nor is it that a man must necessarily speak, that he should know something of these principles. You cannot appreciate public speaking without being aware of the rational basis upon which the discourse rests. You cannot appreciate a painting in its totality unless you understand sufficiently the shaping of thought and emotion as represented by each color, each line and each form. You cannot understand and thoroughly appreciate the most ordinary public discourse without knowing something of the principle upon which that thing is built.

As thinking men, and reflective men, as women, thinking and reflective, you ought to be able to think clearly. And for these reasons the principles of public discourse ought to be of some importance to you.

Not long ago I had the extreme pleasure of going to the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York City, and among the paintings that I saw there, there was one that I shall always remember. It was a painting of Justinian, the emperor of the Eastern Empire. . . . That I have said was an adequate painting.

Henry Ward Beecher, on the evening of October 13th, 1863, addressed a great crowd of working men in the city of Liverpool. You will remember that at that time the English working man was thoroughly opposed to the cause of the North in the war which was going on in America. You will remember that the English working man felt that the cause of the South was his cause. Henry Ward Beecher went to that meeting, . . . and at the critical moment walked to the front of the platform and began addressing that angry crowd. He pointed out to those people that their interest was not with the South, but with the North. . . . That was an adequate speech.

With the public speech, every part, every thought, every phrase, should have this principle of individual expression. The phrase, the thought, the whole tend of the speech should be individual,—fitted pre-eminently for just that place and just that time.

But in addition to this quality I think that there is perhaps a more obvious quality which a public discourse and a painting should possess,—a congruity of their own emotional elements. You are perhaps aware that every color has a distinct emotional tone; that every curve has a distinct effect upon the emotional conscience of the person seeing it. That is one of the qualities of a public speech that is always possessed by a good painting.

But in addition to these not altogether obvious facts, there is, I think, another fact that ought to be borne in mind, and that is the fact that every part of a painting, and every part of a good speech in essentially fundamental, vitally connect-
ed with every other part. In a public speech, the entire speech should have its parts vitally connected. It should proceed from one proposition in an orderly and logical manner; every part ought to be essentially connected, and that is a thing that ought to be remembered.

But in addition to these facts, a painting and a speech are alike in the fact that they possess a character of centrality. There is, as I have just said, a central idea, a prevailing emotion in the painting and in the speech. . . . I think perhaps that the speech of Mr. Washington at the Atlanta Exposition, or his speech at Harvard College while receiving his degree, exemplifies in a permanent sense the character of centrality. The man had a great central idea in mind in each of these speeches, and he brought that central idea to the front and made it felt by the entire audience. These, then, are some of the similarities between a public speech and a painting. They ought both to possess the quality of individuality; each part ought to be connected in its relation to every other part. They both ought to possess the emotion of congruity; they each ought to be related part to part; they ought to possess the quality of centrality.

A good many painters and a good many speakers are like the man "who could not see the forest for the trees," and some are like the man "who could not see the trees for the forest." Some see the details and cannot see the central conception; some see the central conception and will not realize the details.

But I suppose you must have felt that there are a good many essential differences between public speaking and painting. I suppose you must have felt at the outset that the speech is expressed by the voice, and the painting is expressed by the colors on the canvas. The colors and the forms, these things express the idea and the meaning of the painting. But the speech is expressed by the voice. And here results a series of very interesting differences.

There is nothing, I believe, so absolutely personal as the human voice. Anyone who has heard a voice of a human being crying out in anguish on any occasion must have felt the peculiar searching quality of the human voice.

The painter does not possess this magnificent instrument of expressing his idea, and consequently the speaker has an advantage, a clear advantage, over the painter. And besides there is another difference. The painter speaks through images; the speaker through words. The result of speaking through images is that you present very concretely your ideas. The result of speaking through words is that you can deal with abstract thoughts much more easily.

Then there is this fundamental difference,—that in your painting you have one moment of time, . . . whereas the speaker has sometimes a good many,—too many—moments; he talks too long; he is not limited to a single moment, and as a consequence his speaking may possess a narrative form which the painting cannot possibly possess.

And finally, there is a difference in the fact that the painting has a character of universality. It does not appeal to any particular man in any particular condition of circumstances. . . .

Now a speech is wholly different. It is organically, vitally related with the interests of the particular audience addressed. A speech is not a good speech unless it could not have been delivered to any other audience in just that form.

I wish merely to call to your attention that in this time of ours, when men are speaking and men are painting so carelessly, when men speak words without reflection and without connection, that there is an ideal of rational public speaking which the reflective man, the serious speaker, must realize and should attempt constantly to realize that a speech is as
difficult to make, if it is a good speech, as a painting is to paint,—that a speech has all of the essential principles of fine art; it must have the principle of connection, of connectedness between the parts. It must have the quality of individuality; it must bear the stamp of centrality.

These, then, are some of the principles of public speaking. Principles, I think, which the American citizen ought to attempt thoroughly to grasp, and from time to time to exemplify. In our time and in our country there is perhaps no duty more obviously laid upon the shoulders of every mature man, and every mature woman too, than the duty of expressing clearly one’s thoughts to one’s fellowmen.

I do not know whether you have ever realized the fact, but fact it is, that one of the chief characteristics of civilization is the fact that civilization pre-supposes discussion. You cannot have any good discussion, you cannot have any good civilization unless the principles of public speaking, the principles of discourse are well regulated.

These are some of the benefits that ought to rise from a constant study, a serious and careful study of the principles of public discourse. And above all things I would wish you to remember that a good speech in ideal is quite as difficult and quite as beautiful and quite as subtle as a good painting.

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THE HAYTIAN GIRL.

HOW SHE IS WOOED AND WON.

THEODORA HOLLY. (Daughter of Bishop Holly of Hayti.)

"I am black but comely, O ye daughters of Jerusalem."

They are like the daughter of Pharaoh—these girls of Hayti—dark, but comely, and inexpressibly graceful, whatever their social status.

They leave boarding-school between sixteen and twenty years of age to go to Europe, usually France, sometimes Germany, and after two or three years' study in a Convent-school or in a private boarding-school, their trousseau de jeune fille is ordered, and they return home.

Haytian parents believe fully in the educational advantages of travel, and are always anxious to procure those advantages for their children. Those that cannot afford the expense of a European boarding-school send their daughters to Kingston, where, with their other studies, they acquire a practical knowledge of the English language.

There are other instances in which the girls complete their studies at home and then go abroad on a three months' trip for the finishing touch, before taking up the social or domestic duties of their station.

Domestic? Yes, for the Haytian girl is nothing if not a born mother to her little brothers and sisters. She is very industrious also, making her own and her little sisters' garments, crocheting lace, embroidering on linen, and helping in the housework generally.

Of course the foregoing statements embrace Haytian girls of different financial positions; but, on the whole, they are applicable, to a large extent, to all Haytian girls in general, since none of them would really be considered rich, judged by the American standard of fortunes. They all receive, practically, the same training,
but apply it to the daily routine of life variously, according to the varying degrees of the demands made on them by their position in social life. As everywhere else, these demands are greater where the fortune is larger.

For the sake of clearness let us take the two classes separately, and begin by following exclusively the career of a Haytian debutante of the highest social standing in Port-au-Prince.

**WHEN SHE COMES HOME.**

When Clara comes home from Paris, the first few days are entirely devoted to the eager enjoyment of being once more in the midst of the old home surroundings and receiving the intimate friends of the old school-life. And besides, there are the young men, who, remembering her beauty as a school-girl, call in the evening on very important business with her brother, but in truth to see if the promise of beauty has been fulfilled in the young girl.

Within a few weeks she awakens to the fact that it is time to adjust herself to her new surroundings so as to "live and let live," and the home life, which up to this point has been all commotion and excitement on account of her arrival, gradually returns once more to its normal state.

The parents then bethink themselves of introducing Clara dans le monde, and father or mother takes her to call on those families whose acquaintance she will be allowed to cultivate. Then a ball is given in honor of her return home, and this is practically her début.

After that she is invited out by her friends, and is included in all the social functions of her set. These social functions, to be sure, are limited, and of not very frequent occurrence, when measured by foreign standards, but that is easily accounted for by the difference in wealth that exists between Hayti and the older and more advanced countries of Europe and America.

Nevertheless, such as they are, these social functions are conducted in most correct and approved style. They consist mostly: in balls, private charity, masquerade, diplomatic, amateur dramatics and theatricals, musical and literary soirees, organized by different literary clubs.

The girls take the chief parts in all fairs and charity concerts gotten up for the benefit of the public charity institutions, from rehearsing for a chorus to sandwich-making, and—arrayed in dainty muslin aprons and caps—some of them sell bonbons, confetti, flowers or ice-cream to the poor young men who have been lured to the fête.

There are four charitable institutions in Port-au-Prince: "Hospice St. Francois de Sales," founded by a religious order of sisters; the "Hospice St. Vincent de Paul," founded by the municipality for the indigent sick; the "Maternite," for the treatment, during illness or confinement, of poor women of any nationality whatsoever; and the "Orphelinat de la Madeleine," for orphaned girls.

**THE ARRIVAL OF PRINCE CHARMING.**

Before long Mademoiselle Clara has her own special train of admirers; but usually the Haytian girl is too well trained to flirt indiscriminately or indiscreetly. She is taught to maintain her maidenly dignity, and does so successfully, without losing any of the charm of her manners. (Of course there are exceptions.) It does not infrequently happen that a foreigner is reckoned among her suitors: he may be a Frenchman, or he may be a German, more frequently the latter, on account of the German colony being the largest of the foreign colonies in Hayti.*

If, prior to her departure for Europe, Clara had not pledged her word to one of her own race, she may inwardly debate the advisability of accepting the foreigner. If she needed the example of precedence, there are at least twenty of them at hand.

The foreign suitor is usually a businessman, but not necessarily indifferent to her
dowry,—au contraire; and she may not be quite indifferent to her conquest of a Caucasian. Yet, not all of these matches are financial contracts: none of them, in fact, if one may judge from results: 1st, many of these foreigners are known to have married penniless girls, whose only dowry was their beauty and their sterling qualities; 2d, no Haytian girl has been known to jilt one of her race for a foreigner, while many have been known to resist father's and mother's entreaties and threats to espouse one of them; 3d, the foreigners who have married Haytian girls treat them with every consideration and respect, and every two years at least, take or send them "home" with the babies for a visit to the grandparents.

L'ENTREE DE LA MAISON.

Haytian or foreigner, the "aspirant" cultivates the girl's acquaintance at every favorable opportunity, and if he is already known to the family and has "right of entrance" to their parlor, he calls as frequently as he dares until he feels brave enough to declare himself to the girl. When he is not already un ami de la famille, but has culture and position enough to justify his aspirations, he may indirectly secure an introduction and attain gradually unto the aim he has in view.

The more business-like young man makes a verbal or written request for permission to call on "Mademoiselle Marie with a view to marriage." A reasonable delay always ensues before the answer is given, the father presumably seeking in the meanwhile information as to the worthiness of the candidate.

The father when granting the request, may or may not, inform his daughter, as he thinks best. Perhaps in this he follows his wife's inspirations, because such matters are never decided without first consulting her and obtaining her opinion or sanction.

Haytian girls are taught that when a young man, for reasons unknown, is afraid to refer to either one of their parents or to an elder brother, he is only jesting and should be dismissed immediately. Simple as this test may seem, it has always proven a mighty safe-guard.

THE INFORMAL DEMAND.

Like any other suitor the world over, the gentleman who thinks he is favored, seeks to avail himself of a favorable opportunity to declare his sentiment to the girl he admires. If his feeling is reciprocated, she tells him so, and requests that her parents or guardian be informed.

The gentleman sends his card to the father or principal guardian, begging for a private interview. As soon as it is granted, he calls on the parents and asks for the hand of their daughter in marriage. Clara is called in, and in the presence of the gentleman her parents repeat formally to her the avowed intentions of Mr. ——, and express the desire to know if she favors his request. When the affirmative answer is given by that young lady, the father, in his wife's name and in his own, then announces to Mr. —— that his request for the hand of their daughter is granted, and in a few complimentary remarks, he expresses the pleasure and the satisfaction that they feel at the choice their daughter has made. He may tell them "Embrassez-vous, mes enfants" and respectfully and gently the future son-in-law presses a kiss to his fiancée's brow.

The other members of the household are called in, from the grandmother down to the smallest brother, and while Clara stands beside her fiancé, the father announces the good news to the assembled family, and declares that henceforth Clara's fiancé is to be made at all times welcome and treated like one of the family.

Then champagne is served and toasts and congratulations are in order.

This is called la demande officiense: the informal demand. It entitles the young couple to the privileges of an engaged pair in their intimate family circle. The young man may not yet drive out or be seen in public with his fiancé.
THE FORMAL ENGAGEMENT.

As soon as possible afterwards, he takes steps for the formal engagement. The father and mother of the young man (or one of them if either is widowed) send a card to the young girl's parents, requesting an interview on a matter of "mutual interest."

The answer comes, naming the day and hour for the interview.

When they call, the older members of the household are assembled, and with a few complimentary remarks as a preliminary, Mr. Martin informs them that in his wife's name and his own, he has the honor to request of Mr. and Madame Faubert the hand of their daughter Clara for his son Felix. Mr. Faubert responds in the same sense, granting at the request of Mr. and Madame Martin to their son, Felix Martin, the hand of his daughter Clara.

Mr. Faubert then excuses himself, and returning with Mademoiselle Clara on his arm, leads her to her future parents-in-law, who embrace her in turn. Champagne is served immediately, and toasts are made to the happiness of our children.

The fortunate young man hastens to send the largest and handsomest bouquet of roses that he can procure to his fiancée. A large family dinner is given, followed by a ball, to which the friends of both families are invited. Even then a ceremony is gone through. When the guests arrive they are received by the hosts and different members of the family. The heroine of the fête remains invisible till her father leads her into the drawing-room on his arm. Her fiancé rises at their entrance and joins his fiancée, while the father goes through the form of announcing the engagement to the friends of the family. The young couple is toasted and the ball is opened.

During all these festivities the gentleman has not been idle. After consulting the taste of his fiancée he has ordered the engagement cards and has presented the engagement ring. If they are very popular young people, they will need at least one thousand cards.

The cards are sent to every household where either of them are known in the residend and neighboring cities. The newspapers announce the engagement and presents of every description, and bouquets without number are sent to the girl. All her friends call to express their wishes for her happiness, although this has been done by cards at the first intimation of the news of her engagement.

This may last a month, but after a while the last obligation has been fulfilled, and the engaged couple are free to think of themselves and of each other, barring certain rules and formalities to be observed.

The correct young man does not dine oftener than once a week with his fiancée, and will call, at the most, every other day. When paying his evening calls he is expected to leave by 9 P. M.

PREPARATIONS FOR MARRIAGE.

As soon as her engagement is formally announced, the bride-elect begins to prepare her trousseau.

There are three ways of doing it. The girl in ordinary circumstances makes it herself, aided by her friends, who are sure to offer their services. When she is ready, she can in all confidence entrust them with the work. The Haytian girls are very skillful with their needles. If needs be, they are able to crochet the amount of lace needed to make up for deficiencies.

They usually have their forte in articles of lingerie, and in that case they specialize: "Give me so many of such an article to make for you. I do them beautifully." And it is true; they will be beautifully done, with the finest, daintiest stitching and Spanish drawn-work and hand embroidery that anyone could wish. The girls always have a variety of French catalogues, and those furnish the styles in the trimming of the articles.
The next class orders her things at home, giving the work to different individual seamstresses, of sending the order in a block to the "Orphelinat de la Madeleine." She furnishes all the material.

The other class—the one we have been describing so far—orders the whole wedding outfit from France.

On his side, the bridegroom-elect consults the taste and wishes of his fiancée and orders his furniture at home or abroad, as preferred.

As soon as the double order is received, the invitations to the wedding are issued.

**THE CHOOSING OF THE WITNESSES.**

Apart from the parents of the betrothed pair, who are the natural legal witnesses of the marriage, two other principal witnesses are chosen, a lady and a gentleman, from both of whom the practical experience of married life is required to fulfill the rôle they are called upon to sustain.

Though they are chosen as the witnesses of the religious ceremony, they are always present at the civil marriage and sign the marriage registry among other witnesses.

At the religious marriage they are more conspicuous, and are designated as the "marraine" and "parrain" of the wedding (godmother and godfather). The bride-elect has the privilege of choosing the marraine, the bridegroom selects the parrain. They are supposed to choose from among their elderly friends the persons whose judgment and affection they trust and esteem the most.

With these qualifications in view, it is not surprising that very often they select one of their own parents for the office. There exists no objection to, or rule against such a choice, but the parents themselves often decline the honor in favor of another, because it really imposes a sort of parental guardianship on the persons chosen, and the life-long attachment and devotion which it creates cannot but be of moral benefit to the young people.

In very many instances the discreet and sensible advice of the two witnesses have helped to steady and pilot the matrimonial bark when shipwreck has seemed unavoidable to the two inexperienced sailors.

Sometimes the marraine may be a young matron of only five or six years' married experience, but the parrain is always an elderly married man. The Haytians laugh at the idea of the bachelor parrain of the American groom, who is often older than his best man. The Americans who are in the habit of pitying the savages of Hayti, will be surprised to learn that these same "savages" presume to laugh at some of their customs.

**THE CIVIL MARRIAGE.**

The civil marriage usually takes place three or four days before the date fixed for the church wedding; sometimes it occurs but the evening before.

The State Registrar, who is called here the officier de l'Etat Civil, must be informed of the intended marriage, and, three weeks before the date set for the ceremony, notice of the intended marriage is placarded before the Registrar's office in the resident city or cities of the future husband and wife. If no impediment be declared in the meantime, the officer proceeds at the stated day and hour to the home of the bride's parents, and the legal marriage is solemnized in presence of chosen witnesses, relatives and special friends.

The usual hour is 5 P. M. Although the intimate young friends of the pair may be present if they like, it is mostly the serious, elderly people that are asked for that hour. The purely social set gather at 7 P. M., just as the legal document, having been duly drawn up and signed, the Registrar has taken his leave, carrying with him his solemn, awe-inspiring registry-book.

As at the previous ceremonies, champagne is served, and the ball opens to continue till dawn of the next day, except when the "religious marriage" is to take place the next morning.
THE RELIGIOUS MARRIAGE.

The Haytian girl rises with the rosy dawn of a new day to robe and go forth from her father's house to plight her troth, before the altar, to the man of her choice.

To her, none of the previous ceremonies, not even the awful formula of the civil marriage have the power to move as does the "marriage religious," when, kneeling before her pastor, he shall consecrate with the Church's blessing, her vow to be faithful unto death. Faithful unto death! Yes, she does mean it, for to her, divorce is calamity as well as a disgrace.

She never foregoes the privilege of a church wedding, however humble her worldly position may be. To her a house wedding loses much by the absence of the sacred surroundings.

To return to our subject, the preparations for "nuptial benediction" (as the church service is sometimes called) have been carried on incessantly, because it follows so soon after the civil marriage. The invitations are sent out from one to three weeks in advance. They are printed on large cream tinted japanned paper, folded through the middle, with the double invitation printed on the inside pages, or on two separate gilt-edged cards. In either case the interlaced monograms of the young couple figure at the head.

Bridesmaids are optional, but in nearly every instance the bride chooses to have them. Never less than two, and as many as eight or ten if one pleases. They are called demoiselles d'honneur. It is the groom's duty to provide them with individual escorts, which he chooses from among his friends.

These are the cavaliers d'honneur, and the girl whom each one is to escort, is designated in advance of the wedding day, after having been settled by discreet consultations between the bride and her bridesmaids on one hand, and confidential requests from the cavaliers d'honneur to the groomsman.

About a week before the church wedding each cavalier calls on the lady he is to escort. This call is obligatory. They meet again at the civil marriage, where the acquaintance may be improved if they had been strangers before. On the morning of the wedding he calls for her, carrying a dainty bouquet in a holder of white satin and lace, which he will present to her at the close of the wedding ceremony. As soon as he arrives she pins to his buttonhole a rosette of white satin ribbon; he escorts her to his carriage and they drive to the home of the bride's parents.

The parrain fulfills the formality of calling on the marraine previous to the wedding day. On the fateful morning he calls first for the groom, then together they drive to the marraine's house. This lady is supposed to present the veil the bride is to wear, and when she arrives at the bride's home she is called upon to drape the veil. It is a duty and a privilege which she may share with others but not entirely forego.

When the bride is fully arrayed, all the bridesmaids and other attendants awaiting the commands, the bridal party drives to the church. The rest of the guests arrive at different intervals during the service, coming, as they do, straight from their homes to the church. By the time the wedding service is over, the bride's escort has increased to some hundred or more carriages, busses and buggies.

The bride's carriage takes precedence naturally, followed by the bridesmaids' and then the guests' in any order of precedence. After a promenade through the city, the party returns to the parents' home, where refreshments are served. The reception may last a few hours or it may last all day. In the previous case the bride reenters her carriage about 10 o'clock, and is driven to her country residence.

The specially invited friends go with her, and dancing is indulged in all day,
interrupted only by the dinner served at two o'clock. About six o'clock P. M. the friends take their leave of the newly-wedded couple and return to the city. The *cavaliers d'honneur* escort their partners to their several homes and the marriage is at last an accomplished fact. Such are the formalities and ceremonies required to contract marriages in Hayti. Whatever the social position of the parties, not one of these formalities are neglected or omitted by any family laying claim to even ordinary respectability, the only real difference existing simply in the cost of the general expenses.

In the case where the girl marries a foreigner an added legal formality is incurred. The gentleman has to obtain through his consul, legal papers testifying to his identity and to his freedom to contract a matrimonial alliance.

As a result of all these precautionary measures and of the aversion to divorce which is cultivated in the Haytian girl, divorces are less frequent in this country than elsewhere. And only for the gravest charges can a plea in divorce be entered by either party. As to the statistics in the case they will be treated of in another article.

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**FAMOUS WOMEN OF THE NEGRO RACE.**

**III. HARRIET TUBMAN ("MOSES").**

**PAULINE E. HOPKINS.**

Too legibly are the characters written on our hearts and the world—"All seek their own!" Selfishness is the great law of our degenerated nature. When the love of God is unthrone in the heart, then self vaults into the vacant seat, and there, in some shape, continues to reign.

The life of Jesus stands out for our imitation as the one solitary exception in a world of selfishness. His entire life was one abnegation of self; a beautiful living picture of that "charity that seeketh not her own." During His forty days' temptation, He spread no table for himself, He reared no covering for his shelterless head. But how different is the spirit abroad today in this old sinful world! We go on day after day pouring out oblations to the idol of self; envying and grieving at the good of a neighbor; unable to brook the praise of a rival; establishing a reputation on the ruins of another, fostering jealousy, discontent, and every kindred passion. "But we have not so learned Christ!"

Not many of us are animated with the idea which seems to have possessed Harriet Tubman throughout her eventful life—to lay out time, talents, and opportunities for God's glory, and the good of our fellow-men, taking a generous interest in the welfare and pursuits of others, and engaging in schemes for the mitigation of human misery. This woman deserves all the good that can be said of her, all the publicity that can be given her past deeds, all the financial aid that a generous public can bestow.

In looking back over the strange Providences which have befallen us as a race, in the light of today's sociological changes, we can but feel that the same reasons exist at present, and quite as potent, for the preservation of all records pertaining to persons or events connected with our remarkable history, as existed before emancipation.

William Still says in his remarkable work:

"These facts must never be lost sight
A SECTION OF THE MAIN OFFICE.

ONE END OF THE RECEPTION ROOM.

INTERIOR VIEWS OF SOME OF THE PRINCIPAL OFFICES OF THE COLORED AMERICAN MAGAZINE,
5 PARK SQUARE, BOSTON, MASS.

See page 253.
of. The race must not forget the rock from which they were hewn, nor the pit from whence they were digged. Like other races, this newly emancipated people will need all the knowledge of their past condition which they can get.

"The bondage and deliverance of the children of Israel will never be allowed to sink into oblivion while the world stands. Those scenes of suffering and martyrdom that millions of Christians were called upon to pass through in the days of the inquisition are still subjects of study, and have unabated interest for all enlightened minds.

"The same is true of the history of this country. The struggles of the pioneer fathers are preserved, produced and re-produced, and cherished with undying interest by all Americans, and the day will not arrive while the Republic exists, when this history will not be found in every library.

"The heroism of the fugitive slave encouraged the abolitionist fathers as nothing else did in the dark old days. Every step they took to rid themselves of their letters gave unmistakable evidence that the race had no more eloquent advocates than its own self-emancipated champions. "We of today are as imperatively required now to furnish the same manly testimony in support of the ability of the race to surmount the remaining obstacles growing out of oppression, ignorance and poverty.

"In the political struggle the hopes of the race have been sadly disappointed. From this direction no lasting advantage is likely to arise very soon. Well-conducted shops and stores; lands acquired and good farms managed in a manner to compete with other races; valuable books produced and published on important subjects, are some of the fruits which a race is expected to exhibit from newly gained privileges.

" 'How?' through extra endeavor and determination as shown in hundreds of cases of the struggles of such women and men as 'Moses' to obtain freedom, education and property."

In giving a sketch of the life of Harriet Tubman we find that this woman, though one of earth's lowliest ones' has shown an amount of heroism in her character rarely possessed by those of any station of life. Her name deserves to be handed down to posterity side by side with those of Grace Darling, Joan of Arc and Florence Nightingale; for none one of them has shown more courage and power of endurance in facing danger and death to relieve human suffering than has this woman in her heroic and successful endeavors to reach and save all whom she might of her oppressed and suffering race, and pilot them from the land of bondage to the promised land of Liberty. She is still working for them although worn out by sufferings and fatigue, broken in health by the cruelties to which she has been subjected. "A few years more and there will be a gathering in the place where all wrongs are to be righted, and Justice will assert itself and perform its office. Then not a few of those who have esteemed themselves the
wise and noble of this world, will take the lowest places while upon Harriet Tubman's head a kind hand will be placed, and in her ear a gentle voice will sound, saying: 'Friend! come up higher.'

Harriet Tubman known at various times, and in various places by many different names, such as "Moses," in allusion to her being the leader of her people in their exodus from the land of bondage; the conductor of the Underground Railroad; and "Moll Pitcher," for the energy and daring by which she delivered fugitive slaves from the South, was called Araminta Ross when she was born in 1820, in Dorchester County, Eastern Shore, Maryland. Her parents were Benjamin Ross and Harriet Green, both slaves. Harriet had ten brothers and sisters all rescued by her before the war. She married John Tubman, a free colored man, in 1844. Harriet's master was a very cruel man, and he hired her out when six years of age to others as cruel and tyrannical as himself. Her experience with her first mistress is distressing and fills the heart with bitterness towards those who could so unsex themselves by descending to the level of brutes. After she entered her teens she worked as a field hand for many years, following the oxen, loading and handling wood and carrying heavy burdens, by which her muscle was developed so that her feats of strength have even called forth the wonder of strong men.

Indeed, her plantation life was cruelly interesting all through. Her back and shoulders are marked by the biting lash.
and bear witness to the inhumanity of the institution from which she fled. A cruel blow upon the head with a weight from the scales inflicted a lifetime injury which causes her to fall into a state of somnolency from which it is almost impossible to arouse her. Moses has no education, yet the most refined persons would listen for hours to her strange and eventful stories.

Her last master was Dr. Thompson who died in 1849. At his death the slaves were to be sold and Moses in dread of future, determined to leave for freedom. So one day she started out singing as she walked the country roads:

When dat ole chariot comes,  
I'm gwine to lebe you;  
I'm boun' for de promised land,  
I'm gwine to lebe you.

Which meant something more than a journey to Canaan. By night cunningly feeling her way, and finding out who were friends, until after a long and painful journey she found, in answer to careful inquiries, that she had at last crossed the imaginary line that separated her from liberty. This was in President Jas. K. Polk's administration.

"Soon as I foun' I had crossed de line," she said, "I looked at my hands to see if I was de same person. There was such a glow over everything; the sun came like glory through de trees and over the fields, an' I felt like I was in heaven."

But this strange woman was lonely and unhappy when she thought of her relatives and friends languishing in slavery and groaning beneath the lash. She determined that they, too, should taste the sweets of liberty. She went to Philadelphia and worked in hotels and clubhouses, and Cape May. When she had made money enough to pay expenses, she made her way back, hid herself, and gave notice to those who were ready to strike for freedom. When her party was made up, she would start always on Saturday night, because advertisements could not be sent out on Sunday, which gave them one day in advance. When pursued, advertisements were posted everywhere. A reward of $40,000 was offered for the head of the woman who
was constantly inducing slaves to flee from their masters. She travelled in cars when these posters were above her head, and she heard them read by those about her—being unable to read herself. But she went on trusting in the Lord. She said, “I started with this idea in my head, that there’s two things I’ve got a right to, and these are Death or Liberty—one or other I mean to have. No one will take me alive; I shall fight for my liberty, and when de time is come for me to go, de Lord will let them kill me.” And with this faith she went back and forth nineteen times. Eleven times from Canada.

Men from Canada who had made their escape years before, and whose families were still in bondage, sought Moses, and said, “I started with this idea in my head, that there’s two things I’ve got a right to, and these are Death or Liberty—one or other I mean to have. No one will take me alive; I shall fight for my liberty, and when de time is come for me to go, got her to bring their dear ones away. This woman—one of the most ordinary looking of her race; unlettered; no idea of geography! asleep half the time—would penetrate the interior slave States, hide in the woods during the day, feed
on homely fare at night, bring off whole families of slaves, and pilot them to Canada, after running the gauntlet of the most difficult parts of the Southern country. No captures were ever made from Moses. The fugitives believed that she had supernatural powers, and indeed her spiritual development was wonderful. Her dreams, visions and impressions were credited by the most refined and educated whites. Her vision of John Brown, before she had met him, and her recognition of him and his sons from her dreams was enough to carry conviction to the most bigoted antagonist of supernatural phenomena. One man was asked: “Were you not afraid of being caught?”

“O, no,” said he, “Moses is got de charm.”

“What do you mean?”

“De white can’t catch Moses, kase you see she’s born wid de charm. De Lord has given Moses de power.”

She travelled on foot over mountains, through forests, across rivers, meeting perils by land, perils by water, perils from enemies, perils among false brethren. Sometimes her party would be foot-sore and bleeding, and declare they could not
go on, they must stay where they were and die; others thought a voluntary return to slavery better than being overtaken and carried back, and would insist upon returning; then there was no remedy but force; the revolver carried by this bold and intrepid pioneer would be pointed at their heads. "Dead niggers tell no tales," said Harriet; "go on or die"; and so she compelled them to drag their weary limbs on their northward journey.

At one time she left her party in the woods, and went to one of the stations of the Underground railroad, and got food for the famishing people. She dared not return until night for fear of being watched; after nightfall the sound of a hymn came to the ears of the concealed fugitives, and they knew that their deliverer was at hand:

"Hail, oh hall, ye happy spirits,
Death no more shall make you fear;
No grief, nor sorrow, pain nor anguish.
Shall no more distress you there.

Dark and thorny is the desert,
"Thro' de pilgrim makes his ways,
Yet beyon' dis vale of sorrow,
Lies the field of endless days.

Said Harriet: "The first time I come by singing dis hymn, they don' come out to me, till I listen if de coas' is clear; then
when I go by an' sing it agin, they come out. But if I sing:

Moses, go down in Egypt,
Till ole Pharo' let me go;
Hadn't been fo Adam's fall,
Shouldn't hab to die at all.

Then they don' come out, fer dar's danger in the way.” Harriet was one of the individual rescuers of Charles Nalle, at Troy, N. Y., April, 1859. When he was brought before the commissioner, Harriet rushed in and running one of her arms around his mangled arm held on to him without losing her hold though the struggle to drag him to Judge Gould's office continued for hours. Moses fought like a man.

When the war broke out, Moses went into active service, and at once left for the South. Long before Butler's “contra-band of war” doctrine was recognized by the government, says Dr. Brown, Moses was hanging upon the skirts of the Union Army, and doing good service for her race that sought protection in the lines. When the Negro put on the “blue,” Moses was in her glory, and travelled from camp to camp, being always treated in the most respectful manner,. The black men would have died for this woman.

Moses followed Sherman in his march “From Atlanta to the Sea,” and witnessed the attack of Petersburg. She nursed
sick soldiers, and assisted Gen. Hunter when he sent an expedition up Combahee River with several gunboats. She was sent into rebel lines as a spy, and brought back valuable information as to the position of armies and batteries. On her way home from these labors, while on a car passing from New Jersey, the conductor forced her out of the car with such violence that she was unable to work for a long time, and in fact has never fully recovered. Mr. Wendell Phillips sent her sixty dollars which kept her and her old father and mother from freezing and starving that winter.

We append letters endorsing Harriet Tubman, written by men of note who were associated with her in her adventurous life. Sent to Mrs. Bradford who issued a pamphlet on Harriet Tubman's life.

PETERBORO, June 13, 1868.

MY DEAR MADAM:—I am happy to learn that you are to speak to the public of Mrs. Harriet Tubman. Of the remark-
June 16, 1868.

My Dear Madam:—The last time I ever saw John Brown was under my roof, as he brought Harriet Tubman to me, saying: "Mr. Phillips, I bring you one of the bravest and best persons on this continent—General Tubman, as we call her."

He then went on to recount her labors and sacrifices in behalf of her race. After that Harriet spent some time in Boston, winning the confidence and admiration of all those who were working for freedom. With their aid she went to the South more than once, returning always with a squad of self-emancipated men, women and children, for whom her marvellous skill had opened a way of escape. After the war broke out, she was sent with endorsements from Governor Andrew and his friends to South Carolina, where in the service of the Union, she rendered most important and efficient aid to our army.

In my opinion there are few captains,

JOHN F. RANSOM, BOSTON, MASS.


See page 247.

Faithfully yours,
Wendell Phillips.

My Dear Madam:—Mr. Phillips has sent me your note asking for reminis-
ences of Harriet Tubman, and testimonials of her extraordinary story. I have never had reason to doubt the truth of what Harriet said in regard to her career. Her dreams, visions and warnings should not be omitted in any life of her, particularly those relating to John Brown. She was in his confidence in 1858-9, and he had a great regard for her which he often expressed to me. She aided him in his affairs, and expected to do so still further, when his career was closed by that wonderful campaign at Virginia.

She has often been in Concord, where she resided at the house of Emerson, Alcott, the Whitneys, the Brooks family, Mrs. Horace Mann, and other well-known people. They all admired and respected her, and nobody doubted the reality of her adventures.

In 1862 she went from Boston to Port Royal under the advice and management of Mr. Garrison, Gov. Andrew, Dr. Howe, and other leading people. Her career in South Carolina is well-known to some of our officers, and I think to Col. Higginson, now of Rhode Island, and Col. James Montgomery, of Kansas. I regard her as the most extraordinary person of her race I have ever seen. She is a Negro of almost pure blood, can neither read nor write, and has the char-
characteristics of her race and condition. But she has done what can scarcely be credited on the best authority, and she has accomplished her purpose with a coolness, foresight and patience which in a white man would have raised her to the highest pitch of reputation. I am, dear madam, very truly your servant,

F. B. SANBORN.

Sec. Mass. Board of State Charities.

WASHINGTON, July 25 1868.


My DEAR SIR: Harriet Tubman, a colored woman, has been nursing our soldiers during nearly all the war. She believes she has a claim for faithful services to the command in South Carolina with which you are connected, and she thinks that you would be disposed to see her claim justly settled. I have known her long, and a nobler spirit, and a truer, seldom dwells in the human form. I commend her to your kind and best attention.

Wm. H. SEWARD.

The government has never assisted Mrs. Tubman in any way. Are Republics ungrateful?
Among the numerous editors of the present day, the name of T. Thomas Fortune stands preeminent. Although born a slave, Mr. Fortune is, at the age of forty-five, the best known and most widely quoted editorial writer of the Afro-American race. This notice of his writings is not confined to the race papers, for the great dailies of the country recognize the New York Age as the mouthpiece of the advanced thought of the Afro-American people.

Considering the conditions under which they were born and the environments in which they were reared, the parents of T. Thomas Fortune may easily be regarded...
as exceptional personages. While his father, Emanuel Fortune, was a man of extraordinary force and gifts, his mother was easily the stronger and more forceful of the two. She was a small, wiry woman, of splendid figure and beauty, and with a strength of character not often found in a woman slave, and these qualities had ample play, when she became free and the mistress of her own home and at liberty to direct the development and education of her five surviving children.

The subject of my sketch was her favorite child, if a woman of such abundant affection could have a favorite among her children. Sarah Jane Fortune, Fortune's mother, was born in Richmond, Va., her father being an Indian. Sarah Fortune's father was a Caucasian. She was born in 1833 and died at the age of thirty-six, borne down by the labors incident to the new conditions, responsibilities and hardships of freedom and the terrorism which surrounded her family in the reconstruction period. She was, by many, considered to be the most beautiful woman in Jackson county, Florida, and her son Thomas says that she was one of the most affectionate and lovable of women, and that to her precept and example he owes more than to all the other influences which have enriched his life.

Emanuel Fortune, father of T. Thomas Fortune, was born at Marianna, Florida, in 1832. He had a young master of the same age as himself. They were reared together, and a strong affection which more than once saved the life of Emanuel in the reconstruction days, as young Russ gave his friend timely warning of all plots to kill him, existed between them. His mother was a woman of strong character, splendid physique, and great personal beauty. His grandmother was a mulatto and his grandfather a Seminole Indian.

Emanuel Fortune's father was an Irish adventurer by the name of Thomas Fortune, who lived only about one year in the county, when he was killed in a pistol duel with a planter. He was a highly educated but quick-tempered man, and not fitted to endure the hauteur of the slave master class among whom he drifted by chance. Emanuel Fortune always commanded his own time, and as his temperament was unsuited to the field or house, he was early placed to learn the shoemaker's trade; after which he was given charge of a large tannery, which he was conducting when the war closed and he became a free man. The day after freedom came, he removed his family from the town home of Ely P. Moore, to whom they belonged, to a home of his own, which his old master, Joseph W. Russ, placed at his disposal, free of cost, with as much farm land as he wished to cultivate, on the same terms.

He entered actively into reconstruction politics, and was elected a delegate to the Constitutional Convention of Florida, in 1868, and helped to frame the admirable instrument under which Florida is administered today. He was a member of the first five sessions of the Florida legislature in the reconstruction period, and stood as a stone wall against all the corruption which ran riot, and which he often explained to his son Thomas, then a page in the Senate, was bound to result in disaster to the Republican party and to the race. He was in no wise surprised when the Ku Klux Klan began its infamous operations. He saw the storm and predicted its coming long before it burst.

Emanuel Fortune was a remarkably fine shot and practiced target shooting regularly, with pistol and rifle. Everybody in Jackson county not only knew that he was a dead shot, but that he would shoot. That is not a bad reputation for an Afro-American to have in the South even at this time. When the Ku Klux outrages began, Mr. Fortune promptly fortified his home and drilled his household. The house was of two stories, built up from the ground after the manner of Southern houses. The children slept up stairs, Mr. Fortune's bedroom being on the first floor, facing the highway.
He dug a pit under the flooring, directly below his bed, and made port holes of the trellis work facing the gate, thus converting his residence into a sort of arsenal. His instructions were that if the place were RAIDED, the children should remain upstairs; he was to descend to the pit; his wife was to open the door and pull it after her and thus shield herself behind it; and he would do the rest—and he would have done it. It is to be regretted that the Ku Klux never STORMED that fortress. They hung around the house at all hours of the night, but they never had the courage to attack it. They were cowards then as they are cowards now.

Mr. Fortune had many hair-breadth escapes from the snares laid for him by the Ku Klux, but the Indian in him always enabled him to outwit them. But times at last got too critical for him in Jackson county, and so in 1870, on the advice of his good friend, Mr. Russ, and in the interest of his large family, he moved to Jacksonville, although he had to sacrifice upwards of $30,000 worth of farm and chattel values for a song, in doing so.

If it had not been for his family he would not have budged an inch. At Jacksonville, Mr. Fortune had to contend with the local political influences already dominant and jealous of their control, and the Caucasian influence which had been warned against him by the Democrats of Jackson county, and yet in spite of all this he was elected five times city marshal of Jacksonville, three times alternate delegate to National Republican Conventions, twice county commissioner for Duval county, and three times clerk of the city market of Jacksonville. When he died, March, 1897, in his 64th year, he was in the fullness of his mental and physical faculties, and left an estate valued at $30,000, to be divided among his four surviving children.

Timothy Thomas Fortune was born October 3, 1856, in Marianna, Jackson county, Florida. There were no schools for Afro-Americans in those days, so he was taught the rudiments of English by his mother. When quite young he entered the office of the Marianna Courier as printer’s “devil,” giving his spare time to reading and study. When the Fortune family moved to Jacksonville, Thomas secured a place in the office of the Daily Union, where he soon became an expert compositor. Then he entered the Stanton Institute, where he stood high in scholarship. Leaving school he went to work in the city post office as office boy, and was in a few weeks promoted to a clerkship.

Young Fortune was a boy of high spirit, so he resigned his position rather than take an insult from the postmaster, and went back to his “case.” In 1874 he was appointed mail route agent between Jacksonville and Chattahoochee, in which situation he was sorely tried by many obstacles, but he overcame them all, and resigning in 1875 he became special inspector of customs for the first district of Delaware, to which service he was appointed by Secretary of the Treasury B. H. Bristol, upon the recommendation of Congressman William J. Purrian.

In 1876 Fortune entered Howard University, where he studied for two years. Leaving college he was next employed as a compositor on the People’s Advocate. While in Washington he married Miss Carroway C. Smiley of Florida, who has proved a true helpmeet. Five children were the result of this union, two of whom survive. In 1878 Mr. Fortune returned to Florida, where he spent one year in teaching country schools. In 1879 he went to New York City and secured employment on the Weekly Witness as a compositor.

The prejudice against an Afro-American printer was so great that the Caucasian compositors threatened to strike if the “nigger” was not discharged, but the publisher, Mr. John Dougall, a true Christian, notified the ringleaders that T. Thomas Fortune would continue to work in his office, or he would, if necessary,
close up his business to carry out what he believed to be right. They did strike, however, and the matter created much newspaper talk at the time, but Mr. Dougall would not back down, and in the end the strikers were glad to return to work.

The real journalistic career of Mr. Fortune dates from 1880, when, with W. W. Sampson and George Parker, he began the publication of Rumor, a weekly newspaper devoted to the interests of the Afro-American people. As there were few race journals at that time, and Rumor was a well edited and newsy sheet, it was a success from the start. In 1882 the name of the paper was changed to the New York Globe.

Self-reliance does not belong to weak characters. T. Thomas Fortune had early learned the value of this virtue, so when dissensions came in the management of The Globe, and the paper was forced to suspend, a week later, on November 22, 1884, without any capital, he began the publication of the New York Freeman. About a year later, Mr. Fortune found that the work of editing a journal and also looking after its business interests was too much for him, so Mr. Jerome B. Peterson became a partner in the business, which is still carried on under the firm name of Fortune & Peterson. The name of the paper was changed to the New York Age, which name it has since retained. Mr. Peterson is an excellent business man, and he has so conducted the business end of The Age that it has become one of the best paying newspaper properties in the country.

T. Thomas Fortune was the first to suggest the Afro-American League, an organization in the interest of the race. This he advocated for several years with the result that a number of local leagues were formed. In 1890 a national convention was called, and in response to this call, representative men of the race from all parts of the country met in Chicago in January of that year, and as a result of their deliberations, the National Afro-American League was born. Mr. Fortune, who was elected permanent chairman, in his opening address set forth the reasons which justified the organization as follows:

(1) The universal suppression of our ballot in the South, and consequent “taxation without representation,” since in the cities, counties and states, where we have undisputed preponderating majorities of the voting population, we have in the main no representation, and therefore no voice in making and enforcing the laws under which we live.

(2) The universal and lamentable reign of lynch and mob law, of which we are made the victims; especially in the South, which is the more aggravating because all the machinery of the law-making and law-enforcing power is in the hands of those who resort to such outrageous, heinous and murderous violations of the law.

(3) The unequal distribution of school funds collected from all tax payers alike, and to equal and undivided benefits of which all are alike entitled.

(4) The odious and demoralizing penitentiary system of the South, with its chain-gangs, convict leases, and indiscriminate mixing of males and females.

(5) The almost universal tyranny of common carrier corporations in the South—railroad, steamboat and others—in which the common rights of Afro-American men and women are outraged and denied by the minions of these corporations, acting under explicit orders in most cases, as well as by common passengers who take the matter into their own hands, as often as they please, and are in no instance pursued and punished by the lawful authorities.

(6) The discrimination practiced by those who conduct places of public accommodation, and are granted a license for this purpose, such as keepers of inns and hotels; and conductors of theatres and kindred places of amusement, where
of the Association at the Philadelphia meeting in 1901.

The National Afro-American Business League was the outcome of a conversation between Booker T. Washington and Mr. Fortune, who was elected chairman of the executive committee at the first meeting at Boston in August, 1900, and was re-elected at Chicago in 1901. When the police riots broke out in New York in 1900, the citizens of New York organized a protective union, and in the absence of Mr. Fortune, elected him chairman, which position, in his absence, they had continued to confer upon him.

In the Presidential campaign of 1900, Mr. Fortune was assistant in charge of a bureau at the Republican headquarters at Chicago and while making a few speeches in Chicago, he also spoke in many places in Missouri and spent some time sizing up the situation in Indiana. Mr. Fortune's work was highly complimented by the campaign managers.

In addition to the exacting work of editing the Age, Mr. Fortune has maintained his position as a writer on general subjects for the press of the country and he has an open sesame to the best journals of the land. Mr. Fortune is the author of several books, "Black and White" and "The Negro in Politics" being the most notable.

The most beautiful trait in the character of T. Thomas Fortune is his unswerving fidelity to the interests of the race, of whose rights he has ever been a fearless defender. He has always placed the interests of the race above any and all political considerations. He has never shown any fear of the ill-will of the unthinking masses, who have sometimes opposed him, but he always advocated those measures which he believed would help the Afro-American people onward and upward.

BOOKER WASHINGTON'S ESTIMATE.

In the solution of the Negro problem, we need and shall continue to need, the strongest forces, North as well as South,
because there is a work which can be done in the North as there is a work which must be done in the South. Though different means may be employed, the same result is in mind and to be achieved. No man has given more of his time and energy, and spent himself more unselfishly in behalf of the Negro and his cause, than Mr. T. Thomas Fortune, an estimate of whose character and public service you ask of me. For twenty years Mr. Fortune and I have worked together. Though differing sometimes widely, yet each has had in mind the welfare of the race. I am pleased to thus bear testimony to his valuable public services and to his unswerving loyalty to every interest of the race. He deserves our unstinted thanks for his battles in our behalf.—Booker T. Washington.

MIZERIAH JOHNSON: HER ARISINGS AND SHININGS.

GERTRUDE MOSELL.

Andrew and Maria Johnson, a worthy colored couple living on the outskirts of a large town in Virginia, were the happy possessors of a baby girl. “What shall we name the baby?” had been the subject for discussion in this favored household for some weeks past.

Andrew Johnson came of a family that had “no mush of concession” in its make-up. He was possessed of that order of mind that once an idea had gained a footing in it, the more you argued against it, the more firmly fixed it became. Maria, his wife, was a novice in the art of matrimony and the full force of this fact had not yet dawned upon her, so argue she would and the more she argued a point the more stubborn Andrew became.

Maria had been for several days complaining of a “misery in her side.” This complaint she had for two continuous weeks, sandwiched into all matrimonial conversations, along with the query, “What shall we name the baby?” At last Andrew said, jokingly, “I guess I’ll name that baby ‘Misery’ for that pain in your side.”

Maria was horror-stricken. At once the argument started and as usual Andrew got “set in the notion,” which he bolstered up thus: “That white man that said, “I wanted my first baby girl named they are always poorly, or so, or middlin’, or have a misery in their side, they’re never right well’ was telling the truth, and Misery that baby shall be named.”

Maria cried and protested in vain. She said, “I wanted my first baby girl named after myself, or rather “Riah” for short, and ’sides it would sound more stylish,” but all to no purpose.

At last the day for the important ceremony arrived and the couple, the baby and the expectant friends, all sallied forth. At the font, Rev. Simon Colfax leaned forward (after taking the baby in his arms) and blandly asked the name. “Misery,” said Andrew. “Riah,” piped the little mother. The Rev. Simon was a little deaf, and catching a part of each name spoken, leaning forward, murmured questioningly, “Mizeriah?” Now whether the humor of the situation struck Andrew or whether in his heart he relented and determined to yield at last partially to the wishes of the little mother, will never be known, but strong and firm came the reply, “Yes Mizeriah,” and then came the words, “Mizeriah Johnson, I baptize these,” and the baby was named for good and all Mizeriah Johnson.

Mizeriah was a plump little nut-brown
baby and she grew and thrived in spite of her name; all the misery in it never seemed to cause her one moment of trouble. Mariah, the mother, used to sit and rock the little brown mite by the hour, singing her favorite hymn, beginning, “Arise and shine.” Whether it was the baby’s natural bent or whether the little mother sung it into the warp and woof of her spirit, no mortal man can tell, but by the time she could step the little Mizeriah exhibited a ceaseless desire to “rise and shine.”

Fond of approbation to a fault she continually brought down wrath upon her small head by the display of these rising and shining qualities. With her head high up in the air, she would pass her parents and humble friends unnoticed. The old folks complained that the little “Mizzy” went by them without even saying “howdy.” Her little schoolmates formed rings and sung tauntingly, “Oh, Miss Johnsing turn me loose.”

When she had grown a little older and was severely whipped by a larger girl in the schoolyard, “for doin’ nuthin’,” as she protested, the inquiry developed the fact that Mizzy was supposed to have been “puttin’ on airs.” “Yes she aired me and I slapped her,” was the assailant’s explanation of the whole matter.

Another method of making the high-minded little miss miserable, was to ring the changes upon her name in imitation of mother Maria’s excited tones. “Mizzy, Mizz-ee, Miz-er-riah, Ri-ah, Ri-uh, you Mizeriah Johnson,” until the little girl heartily detested her name.

All of these petty persecutions brought the tears continually to Mizzy’s eyes, but did nothing toward curing her of the innate desire to rise and shine. Mizeriah often listened at night to her father arguing dogmatically on various subjects. The last time it had been on what was the most useful, a classical or an industrial education.

Andrew had been on the side of an industrial education. The first fruits of the little girl’s listening came forth at the Literary Society where one of the older girls had taken Mizzy as a visitor. The argument started pro and con for industrial or classical education. In a lull of the discussion, Mezeriah took the side of industrial education and gave this illustration against the classical idea, as she had heard her father argue it:

“A woman was drownin’ and she called out, sistence, sistence, instid of help, help, and so she got drowned cause the man on the bank didn’t have no time to go git a dictionary to see what sistence meant.” This unexpected speech from little Mizzy certainly electrified the audience, but it met with instant disapproval. The older and more conservative said Mizzy “was to forrid,” and the younger and more radical, that she was “agin the using of big words.” The President wishing to remain popular with all, waved his hand to Mizzy to be seated.

The second attempt of Mizzy to shine publicly fared very little better. She slipped off early and went to church during a revival service. The meeting grew enthusiastic and Mizzy determined not to hide her light under a bushel. One of her favorite hymns has a refrain, “Don’t call the roll till I get there.”

Now Mizzy understood fully the unpleasantness of missing this important ceremony at school. Another hymn recited “Hell is a dark and dismal place,” and Mizzy also hated the dark.

Exhortation and song for the moving of sinners’ hearts followed one after the other. Then came Mizzy’s sweet soprano voice singing the refrain, “Don’t call the roll till I get there.” Line after line of the hymn was intoned; then came, “Hell is a dark and dismal place.” And following it Mizzy again sung, “Don’t call the roll till I get there.”

A whole bench full of bad boys thereupon got to giggling and sister Martha Saunders marched them ignominiously down the centre aisle and out into the hallway. “Why you all have this way?”
was the indignant query." Mizzy Johnson singed, don't go to the bad place till she git there," was the unexpected reply. Up went sister Martha's hands in holy horror, and down to the parsonage the next morning salied the good sister, and the pastor was kindly but firmly told, "he must stop Mizzy Johnson sittin' in the Amen corner and leaden hymns."

Our little girl grew somewhat discouraged after this, and some time had elapsed and the community had ceased to laugh at the little one's attempt to "rise and shine"; but the desire had remained in her heart and had grown with her growth and strengthened with her strength. But now Mizzy had at last finished the grammar school and two years of the High School lay behind under memory's lock and key.

The Woman's Missionary Society held a session during the Annual Conference. Volunteers were called upon to speak and once more Mizzy determined to "rise and shine." Upon invitation she rose and spoke on "Answers to prayer." She quoted that story about the little girl who had been disobedient and was sent up stairs by her mother to pray over the matter, and who was not to return until she had received an answer to her prayers. When the mother returned and found the little miss in the parlor enjoying herself, she called her aside and asked, "Have you prayed and was your prayer answered?" "Yes," came the reply. "And what did the Lord say?" "Why he said, 'My Lord Molly, you ain't the wostest child in this whole world; get up and go right down stair.'"

Now this was Mrs. Sadie Jame's pet illustration and she looked daggers at poor Mizzy for usurping her rights. Next came the invitation for solos. To this request Mizzy also responded by singing the "Last Rose of Summer," and as an encore, "Down on the Swanee River." These were another sister's especially favorite vocal offerings, so she was forced to decline to sing at all. And the spiteful murmur began to circulate, "Mizzy Johnson must be trying to rise and shine with a vengeance tonight."

It was promptly announced that no more invitations would be issued to volunteers at that session of the conference. But there was a worse fate still in store for these irately and jealous women. They had entirely overlooked the fact that the Sabbath School was to hold its exercises the last evening and that the tableaux might give Mizzy yet another opportunity to show her rising and shining qualities, both to her satisfaction and to their discomfiture. One after the other the tableaux appeared. Some home life, some romantic and others representative of historical groups.

Mizzy had longed for revenge on her jealous associates and she felt that the fates were propitious in the opportunity to appear in these tableaux. She had spent all her small earnings and pocket change for six months on her costume; she had secured, with no difficulty, the handsomest and most popular young man of the congregation to act as the groom, and they had kept their secret well as to the subject of the tableaux they would present that night.

So when the announcement was made the next tableau will be "Coming to the Parson," every neck was craned. Always a popular subject, who would give it tonight, was the query. The curtain rose and there stood Mizzy in her fleecy, fluffy bridal robes, her beautiful sparkling eyes the wealth of lustrous, rippling waves of hair peeping from beneath the beautiful veil and bridal wreath, her tall, slender, but graceful figure set off to the best advantage by the clinging folds of her dress, and by her side the groom, manly in his bearing, looking pleased with the choice of a partner, if even only for one evening.

Friends and enemies looked with delight on the beautiful picture before them, then came round after round of
deafening applause. The curtain rose a second and third time on the tableau, the success of the evening.

Now the young pastor had long secretly admired Mizzy, but had been kept from making his prediction public because of the church sisters disapproval of Mizzy’s rising and shining qualities. But tonight, with heart beating and throbbing so wildly as he looked upon the scene before him, he cast all doubt behind him. His heart so long wavering in allegiance toward these belligerent sisters, now gave the deciding vote against them and entirely in favor of Mizzy.

As the curtain rose a second time he glanced at the groom and as he viewed that gentleman’s complacent smile, a great wave of jealousy swept through him. The curtain rose a third time; he could stand it no longer, and slipping inside the curtained enclosure where the performers would soon pass and where Mizzy with her arms laden with flowers soon came gliding swiftly by, he grasped her hands; all the love of his heart was “O, Mizzy, Mizzy, I love you so my darling. Promise to be my wife.”

Mizzy glanced up, not so greatly surprised; her woman’s heart had discovered his secret long ago and resented his lack of faith in her. For an instant the shapely head tossed coquettishly and the desire to punish for past sins rose strong in her heart and shone forth from her beautiful eyes.

“Oh, Mizzy, promise me won’t you? Promise, dear.” For an answer, one little brown hand slipped softly into his own broad palm. He looked down again into the sweet eyes and read in their depths that he had won his heart’s desire. Before another word could be spoken in drifted all the merry performers in the evening’s entertainment, and the lover was forced to be content.

Just then an old classmate of the pastor entered the door. Mizzy’s admirer gave her one parting glance and went to greet his friend. In his study he told him gleefully of his matrimonial prospects and dwelt, as all true lovers must, upon the charms of his intended bride. The visiting friend was invited to make a short closing address. While this part of the programme was being carried out the pastor was persuading Mizzy and her parents, Maria and Andrew, to let the tableau, “Coming to the parson” be repeated as a reality. Mizzy left it all to her parents to decide.

Now Andrew and Maria had all along resisted the disposition to flout their little daughter in the church work and fully realized that this ceremony would give complete triumph, so they willingly gave their blessings and consent. Smilingly they took their seats among the congregation. The visiting pastor requested silence and stated that there would now be a marriage ceremony performed. The organ pealed forth its glad notes of the wedding march; the curiosity of the congregation was aroused to its highest pitch; necks were again craned in vain attempts to solve this second mystery of the evening.

At last the door swung open and in came the bridal party; up to the altar they passed and there stood Mizzy Johnson, “coming to the parson” to be made the bride of a parson. All descriptions of silence fail to make clear the complete cessation of noise in that church; not a whisper or a cough: scarcely a breath was drawn while the service was performed.

Then and there Mizzy Johnson had her revenge. She had indeed “arisen and shone.” All the years of taunts and persecutions, what were they to her at this moment. They lay behind her and her new found joy.

But the rising and shining of the new bride was of short duration on that charge, for sister Saunders circulated a petition asking for the removal of the young pastor at the close of the conference year.

The Bishop being a diplomat, advised
the young brother to make the change, although he had many earnest supporters at his present mission.

When the good Bishop took Mizzy's small hand in his upon her arrival at the new charge and said, "Sister Mizeriah, I hope you may rise and shine in good works, upon this, your new field of labor," a demure smile passed over the countenance of that little lady, but the good Bishop knew not the meaning thereof.

FASCINATING BIBLE STORIES.

THE DEFEAT AT HORMAH AND THE REBELLION OF KORAH.
B. C. 1490 1471.

CHARLES WINSLOW HALL.

Now the people of Israel, an exceeding great multitude; whereof nearly six hundred thousand men were fit and equipped for war and mustered under the princes and banners of the tribes; were encamped in the valley of Paran; no longer a disorderly horde of unarmed and undisciplined fugitives; but warriors knowing their station on the march and in battle array; and not lacking the test of a stricken field, and the exultation of victory. Only a few days' march to the northward lay the goal of their exodus; the heritage divinely promised to Abraham, Isaac and Jacob, and now again conferred by God himself on their descendants.

Never had any people enjoyed such open proof of divine guidance, and miraculous protection, and the fame thereof had been spread throughout every race and people, whose proudest kings and bravest warriors trembled as they heard of the humiliation of Egypt; the chastisement and desolation of Amalek, and the resistless approach of a nation, whose guide and advance guard was the one true God, and whose army of sixty myriads of horse and foot, trod into impalpable dust the stony wastes of the wilderness of Paran.

Yet, inasmuch as it has never yet been the will of God, to maintain in unearned ease and power, a race in itself unworthy and not greatly daring; there came unto Moses the mandate of the Lord, summoning him and the princes and warriors of his leadership, to the first supreme test of their manhood and fealty.

"Send thou men that they may search out the land of Canaan, which I give unto the children of Israel. Of every tribe named of their fathers, shall ye send a man, and every one a ruler among them."

Wherefore Moses sent these, all chiefs in their several tribes, up northward and westward from the wilderness of Paran, through the country of the Amalekites, the realm of the Ishmaelites, and the frontier cities of the Anakim, that they might explore and spy out the land of Canaan; Shammua a ruler of Reuben; Shaphat the Simonite; Caleb the fearless of Judah; Igal, honored in Issachar; Joshua the Ephrainite, the leader of the host; Plati, a prince of Benjamin; Gaddiel the Rich of Zebulon; Gaddi, the Strong of Manasseh; Ammiel the Crafty, a Danite; Sethur, chosen of the captains of Asher; Nahbi the Keen-eyed, of Naphtali, and Geuel the Swift, of Gad.
These, chosen before God, and the congregation and armies of Israel, were to discover the land; its deserts and pastures; its valleys and mountains; its springs and rivers; its villages and walled cities; its peoples and armies; its strength and weakness.

They stood before Moses arrayed for long travel, with their asses and camels; arms and armor, camp equipage and bales of goods, as befitted honest merchants who came from Egypt, seeking to trade with Amalek and Ishmael, the gigantic warrior-lords of Anak, and the fierce veterans of the Canaanites.

Gay linen tunics had they, with fringes and baldrics curiously dyed and gorgeously ornamented, bearing Chaldean helmets and bucklers, long spears and mighty bows, and their beasts were laden with such beads and necklaces, signets and armlets, swords and daggers of steel and bronze, massive cups and beakers and the like as would please the rulers and warriors of Canaan. All were ready to tell the same story of houses and warehouses, looms and factories, in the ancient land of Khem, with much gossip of what had befallen Egypt and Israel, in the two years last—past.

To them said Moses, “Go ye up from the southward, by the ancient caravan ways, into the mountain-land, whence ye shall overlook that land of Canaan which is your inheritance. Let none guess your errand, but spy ye out every foot of the way, and learn ye the appearance of the people everywhere; both those who dwell in that land and on the way thereto; whether they be strong or weak, few in numbers or many.” Learn ye diligently what parts are desert and rocky, marshy or mountainous, barren or fertile, and whereas there lie great forests, store of fruitful palms, great orchards and rich vineyards. Also note ye, whereas there are warlike tribes, dwelling in tents, and the cities and strongholds, of their priests and kings. Be ye of good counsel and courage, and if it may be possible, bring ye back of the fruits of that land, that we, your brethren, may see and taste the first fruits of our golden heritage.”

So these, chosen for that goodly adventure, went craftily through the desert lands for many a league, in the moon-lit night, and darkling dawn that they might pass unseen into that great highway of Egypt, over which, between Europe, Asai and Africa, toiled great caravans, and adventurous parties of the merchants and travelers of every people and tongue. Thereby they came safely and unsuspected into that southern hill country, wherein Kirjath Arba (that city of Arba the Mighty, which the father of the giant Anak and his orgulous brood) had founded seven years before Zoan, the city of Rameses the Victorious, had been begun by the Tanaitic Nile. Therein now dwelt and revelled Ahiman. Sheshhai and Talmai, the sons of Anak, mighty in stature, magnificent in courage, and devoted unto the Gods of their fathers; offering unto them not only the first fruits of the field and herd, but the lives of their first born men-children, the chastity of maidens, and such nameless sacrifices as brave men and fair women, then ignorantly made unto their cruel and unclean war-gods and love deities.

Yet were they kindly entreated and fairly dealt with, so that they sold to profit their goods as they passed along the banks of the Jordan, and by the great inlands seas to the northern mountain-land, and so southward again, through the fertile plans which lie near the Western ocean. Forty days they spent in that noble quest, wandering from camp to camp, village to village and city to city, until they had searched out all the strongholds, and forces of the heathen, the strength and the weakness of that fair land, their splendid heritage.

And returning they came unto that fruitful valley where the Eshcol flowed amid fruit-trees, and vineyards laden with ripening grapes, from which they
cut off a single monstrous cluster which two stalwart men uneasily bore on a staff between them, and filled their empty pack-saddles and bales with golden pomegranates, odorous citrons and white and purple figs; with the which they came safely unto Moses and Aaron, in the camp at Kadesh in the wilderness of Paran.

Therein when the silver trumpets had sounded and the congregation had been called together, men cried out and marvelled greatly, at the splendid fruits of that marvellous land, and the scouts told of their long and dangerous journeyings, saying:

“So we came unto the land, whereunto thou sendest us, and surely it floweth with milk and honey, and such as these are the fruits of it. But mighty be the people that dwell in that land and their cities are great and walled up to Heaven. Moreover we saw there the children of Anak, even giants whose stature is beyond that of the children of men.” Verily the Amalekites dwell in the southern borders thereof, and the mountain-passes are held by the Hittites, the Jebusites and the Amorites, and the cities of the Canaanites guard the havens of the western sea, and the rich plains that roll back from its shores to the banks of Jordan and the snow clad mountains of the north.”

“But,” said Caleb, the son of Jephunneh, “Care we not for these heathen: let us go up at once and possess the land for we are well able to overcome them all.” But all the other spies, save only Joshua, the son of Nun, said hopelessly, “The land through which we have journeyed, is a land which strangely nourisheth its people, for all that we saw in it were men of exceedingly great stature. And then also we came among giants, even the sons of Anak, and in their presence we shrank within ourselves as if we were but grass-hoppers; and, indeed, although they harmed us not, such were we in their sight.”

Thereat all that mighty congregation, sires of slaves and still bondsmen at heart, lifted up their voices and wept; and all the people of Israel wept and lamented, murmuring against Moses and Aaron, and crying unto them:—“Would to God that we had died in the land of Egypt. Would to God that we had long since perished in the wilderness.” Wherefore has the Lord brought us into this barren and horrible land to fall by the edge of the sword and to leave our wives and children a prey unto our slayers? Was it not better for us to return into Egypt?”

Thus these cowards, whom not even the visible God and his mighty deliverances in their behalf could transform into men steadfast and valiant: cried with loud voices one unto another, “Let us choose us out a captain, and then return unto Egypt.” So great was the anger and ingratitude of the people that Moses and Aaron withstood them not, neither called upon God to punish those who stirred up the people to frenzied fear and rebellion; but both fell on their faces before the congregation.

But Joshua, the leader of the host, and Caleb the prince of Judah who with him had searched out the land, rent off their cloaks and spake boldly unto the people, saying:—“The land which we have passed through to search it for you, is an unexceedingly fair and fertile country which, if the Lord delight in us, he will bring us into and give into our posses­sions: and which indeed as hath been said, floweth with milk and honey.” Therefore rebel no further against the Lord your God: neither tremble with fear of the people of that land; who in the day of the battle shall be as bread to be eaten up of our armies. For if the Lord be with us, all power of defence hath departed from them: therefore fear them not.”

But all Israel, as if mad with fear and hatred, howled and raved against these valiant men, and would have stoned
them to death: crying "Stone them! slay them!" But as the raving multitude closed in upon Joshua and Caleb, the glory of the Lord broke out from the tabernacle of the congregation and lit up the darkness of the night: the thronging multitude and the gallant scouts who proudly erect, and scorning to ask mercy of their besotted countrymen, awaited the death which impended. As that supreme radiance struck upon their faces, the cowardly ceased to lament; the seditious to spurn authority, the violent to cast away their weapons; and the weak and foolish awaited in awed silence the judgment of God.

"How long," said that awful voice unto Moses, "will this people provoke me? and how long will it be ere they believe me, for all the signs I have shewed among them?"

"Shall I not smite them with the pestilence, and disinherit them, and make of thee a mightier nation than they?"

But Moses said, "O Lord! Then shall the Egyptians hear it, for in thy might, thou broughtest out this people from among them—and shall tell of it to the inhabitants of this land; who have heard that thou Lord art among this people, and seen of them as it were, face to face; that thy cloud standeth over their leaguer, and that thou goest even before their advance; by day in a pillar of cloud and in a pillar of fire by night."

"Whereupon, if thou shalt slay all this people as one man, then the nations which have heard the fame of these things, will speak, saying: "Because the Lord was not able to bring this people into the land which he swore to give unto them, he hath slain them in the wilderness."

"Pardon I beseech thee, the iniquity of this people: according to the greatness of thy mercy, even as thou hast forgiven this people from their coming forth out of Egypt even until now."

And the Lord answering, said, "I have pardoned according to thy word. But as I live all the earth shall be filled with the glory of the Lord. And because all these men have seen my glory, and my miracles the which I did in Egypt and the wilderness, have tempted me now these ten times and have not hardened unto my voice. Surely they shall not see the land which I swore to give to their fathers, neither shall any of them that have provoked me see it."

But, my servant, Caleb, because he had another spirit within him, and hath followed me faithfully; him will I bring unto that land, whereunto he went, and his seed shall possess it."

"But as for the rest of you, turn you, and journey ye unto the wilderness towards the Red Sea."

And further the Lord declared unto Moses and Aaron, saying: "I have heard the murmurings of the children of Israel, against me. Therefore say ye unto them, "As I live," saith the Lord, "as ye have spoken in mine presence, so will I do with you"; your carcasses shall fall in this wilderness, even all that were numbered of you from twenty years old and upward, as fit for war, yet who would not believe my promises and murmured against me. Verily not one of you shall come into that land to dwell therein, save Caleb the son of Jephunneh, and Joshua the son of Nun.

"But your little ones; which ye said, should be a prey; them will I bring therein, and they shall enjoy the land, which ye have despised albeit they must still wander forty years in the wilderness, and bear the burden of your iniquities, until your bodies be wasted away in the desert.

"Even as ye searched out the promised land for forty days, each day for a year, shall ye bear your iniquities, even forty years: and ye shall realize the alteration of my promise. For I, the Lord, have said of this evil congregation, that have gathered themselves together against
The Defeat at Hormah.

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me; in this wilderness shall they be con­
sumed, and herein they shall die.”

Even as he spoke all these men whom
Moses had sent to search out the land,
who stirred up the congregation to mur­
mur against him, by bringing up a lying
report against the land, died by the
plague before the Lord in the presence
of the people; of all the men who were
chosen to search the land, only Joshua,
the son of Nun, and Caleb, the son of
Jephunneh, remained alive.

And when Moses told these saying un­
to the people, they were amazed at their
own madness and wickedness, and
mourned greatly at the doom to which
the Lord had doomed them. Many who
had wept for fear of the Anakim and
the warriors of Canaan, now clamored to
be led against them. And, being still re­
bellious and unbelieving, they rose up
the next morning and put on their ar­
mour, and took their weapons of war,
and drew up in battle array, to go up to
the mountain-land, to the northward of
their camp, saying, “Lo! we be here, and
will go up into the place which the Lord
hath promised us; for we have sinned
and will make atonement.”

But Moses besought them, even as
their leaders marshalled them for their
advance. “Wherefore do ye now again
transgress the commandment of the
Lord, Go not up, I beseech you, lest ye
smitten before your enemies, for the
Lord is not with you. Truly the Amale­
kites and the Canaanites have seized the
passes and lie in wait for you therein,
where ye shall fall by the edge of the
sword. Because ye have utterly turned
away from obeying the Lord, therefore
the Lord will not be with you.”

But they heeded him not, for they
trusted in their numbers, and deemed
they could force the mountain passes and
hold the crest of the mountain land, al­
beit neither the Ark of God nor Moses
passed out of the camp to go before
them.

Proudly and confidently they moved
across the valley with trumpets sound­
ing, clang of cymbal and clashing of
shields and sword-blades; while along
their ranks and far in advance, scouted
and pranced many of those alien horse­
men, who, attracted by the hope of booty,
or the fear of oppression, had joined the
exodus from Egypt.

A wild and unnatural courage had re­
placed the unmanly fear and frenzied
terror-madness of the day before, and in
spite of the entreaties of Moses and the
commands of Joshua, thousands looked
upon their mad and impious expedition
as an act of contrition, and an expiation
of their rebellion against the Most
High.

“They go to their death,” said Moses,
sadly, to Joshua, whose anger at their
rebellion was fast yielding to pity for
the brave but misguided men, whom he
knew went to defeat remediless.

“Can I not muster men enough to
cover their retreat, and at least save some
of the fugitives? he asked eagerly.

“I have inquired of the Lord,” said
Moses, quietly, “and we may not even suc­
cor them, save to protect our own herds
and flocks. This is a stiff necked and
rebellious people, and until they be chast­
ened by terrible judgments, and stern
trials, they may not enter into that
precious land, which you shall enter, but
I may only behold afar off, because of
my weakness of yesterday. Plead for
them not; their defeat and death must
save their brethren from a greater and
more awful destruction.”

That night the camp guards saw afar
off the watchfires of a great bivouac on
the upper slopes of the ranges, and here
and there the star-like glow of the bale­
fires which warned Amalek and the Hit­
tites of the invasion and summoned the
Anakim from embattled Arba; the
Canaanites and Jebusites from their fort­
ress cities, and the Amorites to avenge
the ancient massacre at Succoth. They
came in from every encampment and fortalice, as wolves gather around the flock in winter; and as eagles hasten to their feast so they swept out of every defile upon the doomed Israelites, whose attack was repulsed with frightful slaughter, while ambuscades in every defile smote down by hundreds their retreating spearmen and swordsmen, so that the attack became a halt; the halt a futile struggle for life; the struggle an ill-ordered retreat; and the retreat an utter rout, amid whose despairing fugitives the huge Anakim and furious Canaanites plied lance thrust and swordsweep, and the vengeful remnant of the Amalekites glutted to the full their thirst for blood.

With the early morning, came in most of the alien horse, who suspecting a trap had vainly asked the leaders of the expedition to go warily; an hour later small groups of fugitives began to be seen by the outlying scouts of the host, and ere long the whole congregation beheld great masses of men, whose weapons and armor, here and there, glittered dazzlingly as they broke from a defile to be followed by their enemies and break into tiny groups, that in the distance crawled like ants across the desolate ledges, but as they drew nearer became stalwart men fleeing for very life before the merciless victors.

The silver trumpets blew once, and the princes of the tribes drew their body guards together and their warriors swiftly mustered, spearmen by spearmen, archer by archer, and swordsmen by swordsmen; an alarm call rang through the valley and Nahshon of Judah led out the eastern division of the host, to wit, the tribesmen of Judah, Isaachar and Zebulon, nearly sixteen myriads of fighting men. At a second alarm, Elizur the Reubenite, advanced from the southern camp; the tribes of Reuben Simeon and Gad some fourteen myriads of men; at the third call on the west Elishama the prince fo Ephraim led forth his own tribesmen with the warriors of Manasseh and Benjamin, fewer in number but nearly ten myriads of stalwart infantry; and at the fourth trumpet, Ahiezer chief of the Danites, led to the north his own fierce children and the men of Asher and Naphtali, nearly fourteen myriads in all. These deploying into a semicircle of steel, moved out on the west, north and east until surrounding their assembled flocks and herds, they halted and saw that shameful retreat draw nearer and nearer. Piteously indeed the cries of their doomed tribesmen sounded in their ears, as with blood oozing from nostrils and lips, the less active men of Israel sought to escape the lean, lithe, hawk-eyed Amalekites, the gigantic strides of the Anakim, and the swift horsemen of the Hittites and Canaanites.

Before the very eyes of their relatives and tribesmen, they fell under the faulchions of the giants, or sorely smitten by sling or archer, staggered on their stride, and with loosened knees pitched forward on the bloody sands. A few only reached the line of impassive spearmen and fell exhausted or dying within that living rampart; but the pursuing host smote and slew even unto Hormah, and their light-armed men lacked little of slaying within a bowshot of the host. Of all who madly and desperately went forth on that unholy adventure scarcely one in ten returned alive.

Followed a score of years of discipline and fair obedience, during which many of the men who came up out of Egypt, died in their due season and gave place to youths bred in the simple ways, pure air and strenuous life of the wilderness; and the lesson of the defeat at Hormah had discomfited those who in their hearts had harbored sedition against Moses.

But in the twentieth year thereafter a new schism arose in Israel for Korah the Levite and Dathan, and Abiram prince of Reuben, rebelled against the high-priesthood of Aaron and the special
sanctity of the sons of Levi. With these assembled two hundred and fifty princes of influence and repute, representing every tribe, and the chief families thereof, who coming before Moses and Aaron rebuked them saying:

"Ye take too much upon you, ye sons of Amram, seeing that all in the congregation are holy, and the Lord is among us and with us all. Wherefore then do ye arrogate unto yourselves the highest place above all others in the congregation of the Lord? Ye take too much upon you, ye sons of Levi."

And Moses hearing them fell upon his face before the Lord and thereafter he arose and said unto Korah and his followers, saying, "Tomorrow let the Lord show, who are his and who are holy, and cause him whom he hath chosen to come nearer unto him.

"This do ye; Korah and all your company. Take your censers and put fire therein and sprinkle incense thereon before the Lord tomorrow, and it shall be that the man whom the Lord shall chose; he shall be holy amongst you."

"Hear we further, O Korah and ye sons of Levi. Seemeth it a little thing unto you that the God of Israel, hath separated you from the congregation of Israel and hath brought you nearer to himself in the services of his tabernacle that ye may stand before the congregation and minister unto them?"

"Surely he hath brought thee near to him, and all thy brethren, the sons of Levi with thee, and now seekest thou the high priesthood also? Truly for this cause both thou and thy company are gathered together against the Lord, for what is Aaron, if the Lord have not chosen him, that ye should murmur against him?"

Thereafter Moses sent unto Dathan and Abiram the sons of Eliab, a prince of Reuben, that they should come unto him. But these said, "We will not come up." Is it a little thing that thou hast brought us up out of a land that floweth with milk and honey to kill us in this dreary wilderness: except thou make thyself altogether a prince over us? Moreover thou hast not brought us unto a land that floweth with milk and honey; nor given us inheritance of fields and vineyards, but hast brought us to die in this desert. Wilt thou not put out the eyes of these men? Verily we will not come up unto thee."

Then Moses was very wroth, and said unto the Lord, "Respect not thou their offering, for I have not taken even an ass of their goods; neither have I done injury to any of them."

And Moses said unto Korah, "Be thou and all thy company before the Lord, thou and they and Aaron tomorrow, and take every man his censer, putting incense therein, bringing them before the Lord even two hundred and fifty censers. Thou also and Aaron, shall bring each his censer," and they did so.

Every man took his censer and put fire therein, laying incense thereon and stood before the door of the tabernacle with Moses and Aaron. And Korah had gathered all the congregation of Israel against them before the door of the tabernacle.

Then the glory of the Lord illumined the tabernacle, and the Lord spoke unto Moses and Aaron saying, "Separate yourselves from this congregation that I may consume them in a moment."

But they fell upon their faces, and called upon God saying, "O God, God of all spirits and all flesh, shall one man's sin bring thy devouring wrath upon all the congregation?"

Then the Lord spoke unto Moses saying, "Speak unto the congregation, saying; get you up from about the tents of Korah, Dathan and Abiram."

Then Moses went unto Dathan and Abiram and the elders of Israel followed him, and said unto the congregation, "Depart, I pray you from the tents of these wicked men, and touch nothing of
But all scattered away on every side from the tabernacles of Korah, Dathan and Abiram; and Dathan and Abiram came out and stood by the doors of their tents with their wives and sons and little children. The men were harnessed for war, bearing sword and shield and lance or battle-axe, and glared angrily at Moses; albeit a pallor as of death slowly suffused their faces.

Then said Moses, as one whose voice comes from far off to announce the doom and its execution, “Hear, O Israel, hereby shall ye know that the Lord hath sent me to do all these works, for I have not done them of my own mind.”

“If these men die the common death of all men, or if they be visited with the visitation of all men, then the Lord hath not sent me to do these things. But if the Lord make a new wonder, and the earth open her mouth and swallow them up with all that appertain unto them, and they go down quickly into the pit; then shall ye understand that these men have provoked the vengeance of the Lord.”

As he spake the doomed people grew ghastly with the certainty of their horrible fate, but none spake in cursing, prayer or entreaty, and all the congregation stood as if turned to stone. Then in a moment the solid earth quivered and shuddered; a great ridge raised the tents of Dathan and Abiram high in the air; then it opened, yawned widely and with an awful scream of mortal agony Dathan and Abiram, with all their families and following, and those of Korah who had joined their leaguer, went down alive into the pit; and the earth closed upon them, and they perished utterly from among the congregation.

And at the cry of their awful perishing, all Israel that were round about them fled away in utter terror, for they said, “Lest the earth swallow us up also.”

Then there came out a fire from the Lord that played as a sheet of lightning around Korah and his confederates, and utterly consumed him and the two hundred and fifty princes who offered incense. As light chaff were they consumed and swept away from the door of the tabernacle; and their censers empty and iridescent with the intense heat of that awful holocaust, lay where a moment before the white robed princes had sought a sign from the Lord.

And thereafter, at the command of the Lord, Eleazer the son of Aaron gathered the censers, hallowed by the offering and the sacred fire from Heaven, for the Lord had said, “The censers of these sinners against their own souls let them make of them broad plates to cover the altar, for they offered them before the Lord, therefore they be hallowed; and they shall be a sign unto the children of Israel.”

And accordingly it was done for a memorial unto the children of Israel, that no stranger that is not of the seed of Aaron come near to offer incense before the Lord, lest he become as Korah and his company.

But on the morrow all the congregation murmured against Moses and Aaron, saying, “Ye have killed the people of the Lord,” and behold as they were speaking, the glory of the Lord illuminated the tabernacle, and the cloud covered it from sight.

And as Moses and Aaron came before the door of the tabernacle the Lord said unto Moses, “Get you up out of this congregation that I may consume them in a moment,” and all fell upon their faces.

Then said Moses unto Aaron, “Take thy censer and put fire therein from off the altar and put on incense, and go quickly unto the congregation and make
atonement for them, for there is wrath gone out from the Lord: the plague has begun.

And Aaron took his censer and ran among the congregation, and beheld the first rank of the circle were all dead, and farther in the people were dying and beyond they were sick unto death for the plague had begun. And Aaron made an atonement as he stood between the quick and the dead, and the plague was stayed.

But of those who had railed against Moses, there had died of the plague fourteen thousand seven hundred besides those who had died with Korah, Dathan and Abiram.

SUGGESTIVE THOUGHTS.

T. GILBERT HAZEL.

Every student of the southern situation must have observed that, in spite of the efforts of those in authority to minimize existing conditions, in the hope that their scheme to disfranchise the colored race under the sanction of the northern press and a disinterested national administration, might be carried out, the situation nevertheless is stealthily becoming more and more serious.

While resolutions on the part of the colored race are fewer, yet it must be admitted that they portray greater depths of thought and are therefore farther reaching. The leaders of the colored race keenly feel the injustice of lynching and of burning alive those unfortunate ones of their race, for supposed “attempted assaults” on white women, while their colored maidens are morally abused by white men, for which abuses the courts of justice (?) offer no redress. Naturally, such a state of affairs has given rise to many agitations and resolutions looking toward the solution of the situation.

Some leaders, becoming thoroughly disgusted with our country’s method of judging a man’s fitness (viz.: by his race rather than from his actual ability), and despairing, also, of all hopes of justice in the states, has offered an en masse colonization of the race to the tropics; while others taking a more hopeful but no less non-diplomatic view of the situation, have offered an en masse colonization of the race to some certain part of the United States.

While it may be said that the latter approaches nearer to expediency, yet let it not be forgotten that the former was offered by a man of no mean ability, but rather by an ardent student of the race, and a man whose efforts and accomplishments justly entitle him to be called “one of the foremost leaders of the colored race.” But in regard to the Bishop’s colonization scheme, while it may deserve serious consideration, yet, in so far as it involves the surrender of those possible benefits to be derived from personal contact with the more advanced race in our more enlightened communities, the Bishop’s theory (while not harmful to be kept in mind) is certainly not the one to meet the demands of the present situation.

I, therefore, a humble student of social conditions, and fully appreciating the gravity of the situation—yet believing that the now vexed situation can be peaceably solved to the credit of the republic and to the benefit of all concerned—beg the privilege of presenting a few remarks on:—“Why not en masse colonization of the Blacks of the South, to the Tropics or some other part of the United States?” Aside from the unhealthy con-
ditions that would result from such a step or scheme, I claim that: *such a step is not expedient.*

**FIRST:** — FROM A NATIONAL POINT OF VIEW.

Because the national government is not prepared to assume such a burden.

Evidently the race could not colonize at its own expense; nor could it properly provide for itself, once colonized. Here, the results of the trip to Africa on "The Azor" in the 70's, ought to furnish a very helpful lesson. Let it, therefore, be noted that deportation or colonization *en masse* to Africa entails a government appropriation of several millions of dollars, which must be raised in a manner similar to that adopted for meeting the expenses of the Spanish-American and the American-Philippine wars. Are the American people ready to assume such a responsibility or an additional burden in order to deport to the Tropics the dark hued, but loyal children of our American Institutions in exchange for an influx of foreign elements; who not only do not know our language, our customs and laws, but who care but little or nothing for the sanctity of our American Institutions—founded upon the blood of some of the best sons and daughters of the Republic? Furthermore,—

**THEY ARE AMERICAN CITIZENS.**

Not citizens through some leakage in our "Immigration Law"; not citizens through naturalization papers, but rather, they are the "Natural born" American Citizens—the very bone and sinew of our industrial institution. They are those who through toil and efforts and sacrifices have contributed, at least, as much as any other race to the development of our American Institutions, under whose guardianship an all-wise Providence has allowed them to be placed; and to which the race has been as loyal amid the rumbling of war, as under the winged-dove of peace. Is there a race that has purchased American citizenship on higher, or nobler or on more costly grounds? Then ought one marvel that in '64 the Hon. H. Winter Davis of Maryland, when replying in the House to "the President's Colonization and Compensation scheme,—purporting their (Colored) deportation to kindred race and congenial bog," socratically replied: Won't you ask, as a matter of kindness, to transplant the Irish back to Ireland, to kindred race and congenial bog?"

**SECOND:** — SUCH A STEP WOULD MEAN NATIONAL COWARDICE.

While it must be admitted that the administration's present attitude to the sufferings and to the appeals of her colored citizens in the South against political and moral injustice is only a little less than national cowardice, in that it has, seemingly, adopted the *Laissez Faire* doctrine, nevertheless such a step on the part of the national government would be naught else but a pulsimonious surrender to conditions, which is *un-American*; and such would also be a cowardly acknowledgment of our inability to cope with the situation. Yes, more; it would be a shameful shirking from those responsibilities involved in a problem made, *cherished and sustained* by ourselves; and for the solution of which, the American people are to the colored race, to civilization and to God, morally responsible. This responsibility we can better discharge here on our own soil, than on the soil of Africa,—(Heaven knows whose),—or on that of any other tropical country.

Having thus far briefly view the *en masse* colonization scheme from a national standpoint, it may be fitting to consider this step from a Racial Point of view. We at once claim that the race is *unprepared* for such a step in view of the national aggressions and the national rivalry of the powers. A peep into Africa evinces this: For instance, here we find the British claiming an almost unbroken line from Cairo (Egypt) down to Cape
Colonial Empire; the French, from Algiers, on the Mediterranean, to the Congo, on the So. Atlantic; Germany holding a goodly portion, while sprinkled in among these we find the Italian, the Portuguese, the Spanish, the Turkish, the Transvaal and other independent governments: Thus leaving comparatively few unoccupied states (?), which in all probability are at present ruled over by native chieftains, whose dominions are anxiously watched by the rival powers. Such seems to be the condition of the Africa of today (and also the attitude of the Great Powers towards her). They therefore claim that THE RACE IS NOT PREPARED TO THINKING OF THE NATIONAL TENDENCY OF THE AGE.

The tendency now is to centralize the government of the world under the few leading and strongest governments, and to make the weaker ones dependencies or tributaries. I do not say that the means resorted to in order to accomplish this is right, but I do say that it is a fact. Mr. Benj. Kidd, the English Sociologist, the author of “Our Control of The Tropics,” has undoubtedly sounded the keynote of the present and the future sentiment of the powers in saying that “it is not even to be expected that existing nations will in the future continue to acknowledge any rights in the tropics which are not based on the intention and the ability to develop these regions.”

Baron Von Lüvithvitz has voiced a like sentiment. Here let us note that this “intention and the ability” is to be determined, not necessarily from an honest investigation of the motives and the ability of these weaker nations; not necessarily from their possibilities with friendly aids to properly develop their own resources, but rather from the too often selfish interest of some power, or powers concerned, who under some pretext, such as the immediate payment of an excessive indemnity claim, or some self-conceived effort “for humanity’s sake,” or “benevolent assimilation,” become sole arbiter respecting their “intention and ability,” their absorption and the transfer of their people’s sovereignty regardless of their people’s will. This tendency is clearly illustrated in the recent surveys of the tropical regions; or, if it pleases, in the recent pleasure trips of officials of the Great Powers to the tropics, carrying for “playthings” instruments of survey, and for valets, civil engineers. Also is this tendency or sentiment on the part of the Powers seen in the vicious indemnity claims made from time to time against China and Hayti, too often brought about through political missionaries. It is likewise seen in the Samoan situation. Where it happened that the peaceful religious natives, to whom Mr. John La Forge, the scholarly artist, pays such a high tribute, were made to stand in bloody array against each other, resulting in the loss of their kingdom to one of the Great Powers. This sentiment or tendency of the Powers is also seen in the seizure of Hawaii, which ex-Speaker Reed so creditably opposed.

Coming nearer home, we need only glance at the poor Cubans and the Filipinos, struggling for years respectively, under the leaderships of Maceo, the invincible, and the Napoleon—like Aguinaldo, for independence; these who thought themselves to have found a saviour in the American people, who, on denouncing Weylerism on entering upon the war with Spain, solemnly declared that we were going to war “neither for conquest nor gain,” but solely for “humanity’s sake.” But now, having become inflated with pride, or selfish greed, we seek by means of shot and shell their subjugation and the permanent annexation of their respective countries.

Do not these facts clearly illustrate the tendency towards the centralization of government? Do they not demonstrate equally the attitude of the Powers toward the governments of the tropics, as expressed by Mr. Kidd and other students
of the times? And do they not equally suggest the unpreparedness of the colored race to colonize en masse to any part of the tropics in the hope of bettering their condition? Where, then, is there room for the establishment of a Black Republic?

Afro-Americans, you who would colonize en masse to Africa or to any other part of the tropics, do these national movements suggest nothing to you? Do they teach you no lessons of importance? Do they sound no note of warning to you?

Afro-Americans, hear me for once! Keep your head on your shoulder. Diligently study these great national movements. Seek to know their sequel. Then ask yourself if, as a race, you, on the one hand, are willing to cowardly surrender every constitutional right of citizenship; every God-given right of citizenship, on account of a little friction common to all races in their infancy? On the other hand, ask yourselves if, as a race, you are yet prepared to colonize en masse to the tropics, in the very centre of national aggression and national rivalry and there establish an independent government sufficiently strong to command the recognition of the Great Powers?—sufficiently strong to withstand the terrible march of an advancing civilization? And see if your most thoughtful conclusion won't be, that you had better stay at least a little longer in the United States,—in the swim of an advancing civilization.

THIS STEP IS NOT COLONIZATION EN MASSE TO ANY CERTAIN PART OF THE U. S.

Some writers conscious of the necessity of a “change of base,” and equally conscious of the advantages to be derived from living in touch with an advanced civilization, have advocated this as the solution of the “problem.” On general principle they may be right. But thinking of what such a scheme would naturally incur, what it involves, and the permanent benefits to be derived therefrom, it is very questionable, as we shall see.

In the first place, the better elements would scarcely go. This element having a proper conception of American citizenship, and conscious of the possible benefits to be derived from it, by close contact with true American life,—feel themselves least prepared for such a scheme; while, on the other hand, a sense of pride, springing from a consciousness of the rights and the privileges of American citizenship, would prevent their consenting to be colonized or cattleized en masse to some off section simply because they are colored; while many, by far their inferior, who pour in from foreign shores, or heaven knows where, are permitted to sit under the eye of the very institutions, founded through the muscle and blood of their race. Thus would the weaker elements of the race, with a possible sprinkling of the stronger, compose the colony. Furthermore, the whole colored race would be placed on exhibition through its weaker elements. The critical world, overlooking the fact, that the colony was made up of the weaker elements of the race, would be inclined as usual, not only to expose its faults and weaknesses, but also to judge of the capabilities and the possibilities of the whole race, by the success or failure of the colony.

Again, a step in such a direction would create unnecessary prejudice. For instance, the idea that a colony of the less capables of a less advanced race are about to become permanent neighbors, would in itself be sufficient cause to create suspicion, inspire hate and ferment existing prejudice. The result of the announcement of the intention to establish a strictly “Black Colony” in New York, furnished an abundant proof as to what is likely to be the results of such a step.

Moreover, should the better prepared of the colored race consent to take such a step, it will be found that the white
race of this country are not yet ready to welcome anything which looks like the establishment of an "Imperium Imperio."

In consideration of the above arguments, the question naturally arises: What, then, ought to be done towards a peaceful solution of this vexed situation in the South, which now confronts the nation? To this just query, the present writer has already offered, through the Boston Evening Transcript, what he considers the necessary preliminary step to the solution of the situation, viz.: A gradual egression and dispersion of a portion of the colored race from the most thickly settled and disturbed districts of the South into other and different parts of the United States, thus relieving the congestion. This is not offered as the solution of the problem, but rather as the necessary preliminary step to its solution.

WILLIAM STANLEY BRAITHWAITE.

To take such material as constitutes the Negro question (I don't mean such as would furnish the motif for stories on the "Color line" as Dunbar and Chesnutt use for their shorter tales) in its vitally objectionable aspects and work into literary prose sketches of decided merit, is somewhat of a different occupation. If these sketches in Miss Wetherell's "In Free America"* remind me of any other work in American literature, without at the same time detracting from their individuality, it is Bret Harte's tales of California in '49. Here we have succinctly but clearly and convincingly told certain phases of life affecting the Negro in America. The atmosphere of these sketches is infinitely separated from that of Chesnutt's "Wife of His Youth," or "The Bouquet," or Dunbar's "The Strength of Gideon," or "A Family Feud." Miss Wetherell takes us to the firing line of the question and deals principally, not so much with social, political or industrial injustice, but with that injustice rendered by a law which is created to govern the conduct of human affairs equally, without respect to race or condition.

In many of these sketches the writer has studied her material at first hand. She has added to them the zest of a sympathetic advocacy, thereby portraying intensely the converging elements from which race conflict is born. Her motives are not delicate, subtle; they are real, actual, primeval. Instead of analyzing the Negro's fitness, Miss Wetherell reveals the savage, lawless, depraved instincts which balance to a considerable degree what the world is pleased to call American civilization. And in making this point her efforts become more effective. They puncture that inflation of constitutional equality and freedom our country has been so pleased to exult over.

Mr. Albery Whitman has given to the world in his "Idyl of the South," an epic poem in two parts. In part one he gives us a narrative in verse called "The Octoroon," written in the same stanza as Keat's "Isabella, or the Pot of Basil." And, indeed, in the two poems there is an affinity of felicity, in poetic expression, a pretty combination of pictorial forms about which glows a host of sensuous images.

The Octoroon, though, as a poetic narrative, fails in its purpose, as an invective against the injustice rendered the handsome young slave-girls during the bondage of the Negro in the South, this poetic arraignment presents no emphatic protest. What strikes one when reading Mr. Whitman's poem is not the revelation of some hidden wrong in the history of our country (which I am sorry to say our author attempts to make the function of his muse), but rather the discovery of a Negro poet who exercises talent of a very high quality.

Mr. Whitman has sustained a poem of some one hundred and sixty-one stanzas; he has not given it consecutive treatment, as has been mentioned, but has combined a series of beautiful poems bearing on a common theme. Thus, when he describes southern scenery, or defines the constitution of southern chivalry, or delineates the charm and graces of woman, or protests against the prejudiced will of man to quench the inevitable passion of love, Mr. Whitman rises to eminent heights on Parnassus. And well could these portions be detached from the narrative and form in themselves masterful creations of lyrical poetry.


Robert W. Taylor, who has recently been elected to the Board of Directors of the Colored Coöperative Publishing Company, Boston, Mass., is the financial secretary of the famous Tuskegee Institute.

Mr. Taylor was graduated from this institution in 1890, and after teaching three years in the public schools of Pensacola, Florida, the last two years of which he was principal, he was called to his present post of duty. For eight years he has rendered the Tuskegee Institute and the race which it seeks to uplift effective service, and has won high honors as a platform orator.

Mr. Taylor has entered upon the work as one of the directors of The Colored Coöperative Publishing Company, with great enthusiasm, and he freely predicts that the influence of The Colored American Magazine, together with the publishing house that is being established in connection therewith, is one of the greatest and grandest undertakings of the race, and he further freely states that the influence of the publishing enterprise is destined to be of very great help in solving the many difficult question that are continually arising in connection with our race.
JOHN F. RANSOM.

In presenting to our readers the subject of this brief sketch, Mr. John F. Ransom, we repeat the story so often told of the rise of a young man from obscurity to eminence.

No wise man will despise the incalculable privilege of a thorough education, acquired in schools and colleges, in those early years when the mind is docile and pliant, drinking in knowledge as the flowers the dew. Many a man of genius has had to deplore the want of youthful advantages. Knowledge is power, and there is much knowledge, which, if not acquired in early life, will never be mastered.

But let it also be remembered, that self-education is the most effective of all kinds of education, and indeed without self-education all other knowledge is nearly worthless. All who arrive at eminence in any department of literature, science, or arts, owe it more or less to self-culture. There is, moreover, a vigor and self-reliance which a self-educated man acquires that is attainable by no other means. This does indeed sometimes degenerate into vanity and self-conceit, but when it does so it is always a proof of weakness, and of shallow and superficial attainments; for the more a man knows, the more clearly he discovers how vast is the amount of knowledge beyond his reach, and how petty are all his acquirements compared with the sum of knowledge requisite to comprehend all the revelations of divine power and wisdom.

Our race is teeming with young men graduates of schools, colleges and universities who disappear from public view after graduation. Having enjoyed the advantages of a liberal education in all departments of knowledge, few have risen to the surface of life's stream where the diligent use of their talents would delight the multitude.

Mr. Ransom is one of the few who have come boldly to the front. His achievements have not been due to chance of fortune. Trained in principles of virtue under the domestic roof, and taught in the school of adversity the necessity for diligent perseverance and self-reliance, by the happy combination of college education and self-culture, he has attained a high proficiency in his chosen profession, and become a man of the hour.

All this has been accomplished by diligence. “No divinity was adored by the Romans,” says Michelet, “under more names than Fortune—that god whoever he be, that causes success.” But a nobler and a wiser than the Roman, or the Frenchman says—

“There's a Divinity that shapes our ends, Rough-hew them how we will.”

With this confidence in superintending Providence, Mr. Ransom has achieved success. In the discharge of every duty or high official position that has devolved upon him. Mr. Ransom has shown himself to be a man of genius and of a liberal mind.

Mr. John F. Ransom succeeds Mr. William H. Dupree as President of the Colored Co-operative Publishing Company, as Mr. Dupree found it impossible to devote the necessary thought to the work and at the same time attend promptly to the pressing demands upon him in connection with his position at the Boston Postoffice.

Mr. Ransom was born in Winchester, Va., and educated in the public schools of Columbus, Ohio, and Oberlin College. Possessing great musical talents he came to Boston, Mass., in 1876, and studied vocal culture with Messrs. Geo. L. Osgood and Chas. R. Adams, teachers occupying the highest standing in Boston musical circles. He also studied the piano under Eugene Thayer, the great organist, and was a member of a quartet under his direction.

Mr. Ransom, with true business enterprise, became manager of the “Hub,” a weekly paper devoted to the interest of the race, with Hon. Archibald H. Grimke, editor. He also conducted a column re-
lating to insurance matters, and another on music, for the white press, occasionally contributing other matter as well.

Financial consideration induced him to accept the position of private secretary to Hon. A. A. Gaddis, General Manager of the B. H. T & W. Railway, and he continued in a similar capacity under Gen. Wm. A. Burt, former Postmaster of Boston. Hon. Ginery Twitchell, Hon. Fred L. Ames, Oliver Ames, Governor of Massachusetts, and other distinguished gentlemen were among the members of the Board of Directors.

Owing to the illness of his mother, Mr. Ransom returned to Columbus, Ohio, where he soon made himself felt becoming instructor and director of the Glee Club of the Ohio State University (six hundred whites), and also took charge of the vocal department of Otterbein College (three hundred whites) at Westville, Ohio. He was made director of the large chorus choir of the First Presbyterian church, and director of the music of Sabbath School of the First Congregational Church (Dr. Washington Gladden, pastor). He was the first and only member of the race to be admitted to membership in the Hayes and Wheeler Glee Club, composed of the best singers of the city, and by his skill and experience in musical societies won his way to a place as one of the directors of the famous Columbus Glee Club of one hundred voices, of which our late President, Hon. Wm. McKinley was a member. He also had charge of the vocal class work of the Y. M. C. A. (white). Mr. Ransom also organized the Schubert Glee Club among his own race, and organized and conducted the Centennial chorus for the State. He received many tokens of respect and esteem. He was also made Deputy Auditor of Franklin County, Columbus, Ohio. He organized and directed several other musical organizations. Removing to S. Chicago, Ill., he became instructor of the leading vocal class, and also took charge of the choir of the Congregational Church. He was also agent of the American Express Company, and had charge of the freight accounts of the B. & O. Railway Company. When he left Chicago to resume his musical studies in Boston he had the endorsement of the leading business and professional men of the city.

At present he occupies a beautiful studio at Boston, and has another in Chelsea. He is a member of the famous Handel and Haydn Oratorio Society, a member of the council of the Boston Conservatory of Music in 1901, a successful vocal teacher who can point with pride to singers now prominent in opera and concert companies who started on their musical career with him.

The battle of life is an arduous struggle, in which none but the resolute and unflinching succeed. Such a character as Mr. Ransom's is well worth careful study.

With the coming of the Rev. O. M. Waller to St. Luke's P. E. church of Washington, D. C., began a real quickening of religious life among the people. The membership has been increased from one hundred and fifty to five hundred, the subscriptions have been more liberal, and we may confidently hope for a steady increase, not only of funds, but also of that hearty and effective cooperation, without which the affairs of any institution cannot but languish. Evidences of renewed zeal and activity are plainly discernible in every branch of the church work. His sermons are instructive and interesting, due to his breadth of reading, his skill in Biblical criticism, and his incisive style of oratory, all of which form a collection of excellences, so desirable in a minister of the Gospel.

THOMAS S. EWELL.

Thomas S. Ewell was born in Virginia and surrounded with the usual debarment attendant upon the colored youth's early development.
Ambition, coupled with self-reliance, however, forged him ahead in every stage of his struggle, till we find him leaving home for a wider contact with the world, and gaining thereby valuable experience which is nature's best teacher.

Eventually we find him in Pittsburg, Pa., working days, and attending school at night and vice versa, until he succeeded in attaining an enviable record in the colleges, especially in the Western University of Pennsylvania.

After taking special courses in oratory, he returned south upon a lecturing tour, with great success.

Later we find him occupying the position of editor upon a weekly newspaper. Seeing the vast opportunities for future development in *The Colored American Magazine*, which was at that time establishing a branch office in Pittsburg, Mr. Ewell entered its service as an assistant to Mr. Oliver G. Waters, then general agent (since resigned), where, through steady application, he has familiarized himself with the routine of branch office work, succeeding the former general agent as supervisor and general agent for Western Pennsylvania, Ohio and West Virginia. Mr. Ewell has also been elected to the board of directors of the Colored Co-operative Publishing Company, and has, through his straightforwardness and urbanity of manner, made many friends and supporters, and we believe that the important territory represented by him will stand second to none in results.

CAPTAIN CHARLES YOUNG.
CHARLES ALEXANDER.

Charles Young was born near Mayslick, Kentucky, March 12, 1864. His parents were humble, ex-slaves, and hard workers. When he was eight years of age his parents moved to Ripley, Ohio, where he attended the public schools, from which he was graduated eight years later. As a student, he was industrious and faithful. He was engaged as a teacher in the schools from which he was graduated, for three years. In 1884 he passed a very creditable examination and was appointed a cadet at the West Point Military Academy by Governor Alphonso Hart, of Ohio. He was graduated from West Point in 1889, completing the entire course in four years. He was then commissioned to serve in a white regiment, as Second Lieutenant; but appreciating some of the embarrassments as well as serious disadvantages which might attend his services, he asked to be transferred to a Negro regiment.

His request was given respectful and sympathetic consideration, and he was commissioned with the Ninth United States Cavalry. After five years of satisfactory service in this regiment, he was advanced to the rank of First Lieutenant during President Grover Cleveland's administration, and appointed Military Instructor at Wilberforce University, the only institution of learning controlled by Negroes in the United States having a regular Military Department with equipments furnished by the national government. In addition to his services as instructor of Military Tactics, he taught a class in French and Mathematics, and thus rendered valuable service to the University.

At the outbreak of the Spanish American war in 1898, he was appointed Major of the Ninth Ohio Volunteer Infantry by Governor Asa Bushnell, and served until his regiment was mustered out of the service in 1899. His regiment received special praise for its gallantly and splendid discipline. In February, 1901, he passed his final examination with great credit to himself, and was commissioned a captain in the Ninth U. S. Cavalry in March; in April, he sailed with a squadron on board of the Sherman, from San Francisco, for the Philippines, where he is now in active service at Legaspi.

Captain Young is the only Negro grad-
The colored American magazine.

Peyton W. Manning is an ambitious young man of Milwaukee, Wis., who has studied one year in the Hanneman Medical College of Chicago, Ill., and will resume his studies at the Harvey Medical College at an early date. A bright future is in store for this enterprising young man in the medical world.

THESPIAN DRAMATIC ASSOCIATION.

This association, composed of some of the most intelligent young people of the city of Richmond, Va., has for its object the presentation of high class dramatic and tragic plays. They presented "Won Back" and "Damon and Pythias" in a most acceptable manner, and have another play in course of preparation. The following compose the membership:

Miss Hattie E. Wallace, leading lady; Mr. Abram Morton, leading man; ably supported by Misses Emily Powell, Madeline White, Hattie E. Dabney, Alice Smith, Mary W. Roper, Messrs. Joseph St. J. Gilpin, Maurice R. Barrett, Emmett C. Burke, Robert R. Roper, Cornelius Robinson and Frank Powell.

Prof. D. W. Davis, their instructor, who as an orator, poet, and playwright, has no equal in the race, has conscientiously nurtured the different talents of his proteges, until they have blossomed forth into flowers of great promise.

Having instructed most of the troupe as a teacher in the public schools from early years up to the present, he was doubly able to select those who were capable of further histrionic training, and prove to the zealous public the capabilities of earnest application and study.
May the association continue to progress and to widen its sphere of usefulness by giving its friends throughout the country a chance to witness their excellent performances. Each of the young ladies is engaged in instructing the colored youth in the public schools of Richmond, and their performances have heretofore been given in aid of charitable institutions.

They have performed in Richmond, Petersburg, Farmville and Manchester, Va. They gave a most excellent spread in honor of Mr. Paul Laurence Dunbar on the occasion of his visit to Richmond.

We give to our readers an extract from the report of the National Secretary of work among Baptist women, Miss Nannie H. Burroughs, of Washington, D.C. The extract is one of the recommendations to the Convention of Baptist Women that held its session in Cincinnati, Ohio, September 11th, 1901. The session is reported to be the largest ever held by any Negro women's organization, and the appeal to the white women of the South, which will soon be sent out, will go a long way toward helping change the conditions as they now exist in that section. Miss Burroughs has declared that she means to leave no stone unturned that will help her in getting the appeal before the white women of the South. The recommendation as presented at the Convention, reads as follows:

AN APPEAL TO THE WHITE CHRISTIAN WOMEN OF THE SOUTHLAND.

We wish to appeal to the women of the South in behalf of the thousands of mothers in that land who have suffered in silence the unchristian humiliation to which they have been subjected since the introduction of the separate-coach law. Not so much for these mothers, for their days are numbered; but we do appeal for the young womanhood of the Southland for whom these mothers have lived and labored, and trained for useful lives in this strenuous age. We are laboring to develop these young women and transform them into brilliant gems of refinement and culture, but the tide is against us, and though we have struggled on trying to master the situation—still we see breakers ahead.

While the separate coach-law in the Southland is not only a reflection upon our advancement, but a stigma upon us, the better class of whites throughout this country consider it a stigma upon American civilization, and would join heartily in its removal. But the law exists, and we shall not attempt by force to break it—though it has operated seriously against the moral development of the race—a race that has never raised its arms except in defense of the laws of this land and the protection of its liberties.

The honor of black womanhood is at stake, and let those who will, cower before the crisis, but let us here, in this place, put ourselves on record as protectors and defenders of Christian womanhood, white or black, north or south.

In traveling through the Southland all Negro passengers are crowded indiscriminately into one coach—as the law ignores the fact that beneath the black skin is a soul as immortal, a pride as exalted, an intellect as keen, a longing as intense, and aspirations as noble, as those which peep forth from and manifest themselves in the proudest blue-eyed Anglo-Saxon man or woman.

To be ushered from clean homes, with an atmosphere saturated with pure ozone—where we do observe strict sanitary laws—to be huddled together in cars used as smokers in the states where separate-coach laws do not exist, is an insult which we have long endured. And while we have thrust into our faces constantly that we, as a race, are untidy and have no regard for the laws of health, yet we may ride in these coaches a week without the opportunity to bathe even our hands.

Further, our women are subject to the most humiliating treatment at the hands of the road gang and fruit venders, who,
because of their lowly birth and common breeding, have not been taught that the class lines in our race are as deeply drawn, and as rigidly observed, as the class lines in the races to which they belong.

Though we have suffered in silence for years, we can not longer stand it. We now turn, like Daniel of old, and we recommend that we open in our chambers the windows toward Jerusalem, and appeal to the white Christian women of the Southland—not for seats in their coaches—not to help us repeal the separate-coach law, but to help us to secure that comfort, that protection, that decency in traveling commensurate with our intelligence, our morals and our conceptions of Christian decency, which principles are as dear to us as to them.

Let this go up as the united voices of millions in one appeal.

We would suggest in this connection that we seek to secure that friendly relation between the white sister organizations that will help us in this matter. We are confident that they will at least give us an opportunity to get a hearing from time to time.

Prof. John Anderson Lankford, who has proven himself equal in every way to the high station which he now occupies in the scientific and mechanical world as a mechanical engineer and machinist, was born in the little town of Potosi, Mo., Dec. 4th, 1874.

Anderson Lankford, his father, and Nancy Lankford, his mother, were among the most highly respected Christian families of that state.

Young Langford's school life in his native town was of brief duration. The educational advantages of that time being meager, he left Potosi in his twelfth year and went to Crystal City, Mo., where he secured an apprenticeship under a German mechanic, who allowed him his clothing, food and lodging for his services. He spent two years in Christal City.

On leaving Christal City, young Lankford walked over half the way, which was about seventy-five miles, to Jefferson City, Mo., where he entered Lincoln Institute.

On leaving Lincoln Institute, young Lankford embarked into the blacksmith business in St. Louis. It was about this time that he received an offer from Booker T. Washington, and in a short while we find him at Tuskegee. After finishing his course at Tuskegee, he went to Atlanta, Ga., as superintendent of the steam fitting and blacksmith department of the Fulton Cotton Company.

From Atlanta he went to Nashville, Tenn., to accept the position as one of the head engineers in the factory of the Nashville Ice Company, which made the ice for the Nashville Exposition.

A few weeks before the Nashville Exposition closed he was asked by Dr. W. C. Councille, President of the A. & M. College of Normal, Ala., to take charge of the machinery department of that institution. It was with great reluctance that Dr. Councille gave him up when he sent in his resignation in order to go to Concord, N. C., to superintend the putting in of the machinery for the Coleman Cotton Mill.

Before Prof. Lankford had finished his work at Concord, he was offered a position as superintendent of one of the largest industrial schools in the West.

But after he had left Concord and returned to his country home in Missouri for a few weeks' rest, he received a call from Dr. Charles F. Meserve, President of Shaw University, to take charge of the Industrial department of Shaw University. Finally realizing the great need of industrial education for his oppressed brethren in the South, he accepted this position. Mr. Lankford's success in his department has been remarkable. Every feature of his department presents an inspiring picture to those whose good fortune it is to look in occasionally upon his many busy workers.
ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

T. THOMAS FORTUNE.

The waves dashed high; the thunders echoed far;  
The lightnings flashed into the dismal gloom,  
The flames heated in Nature's troubled womb;  
The earth was shaken by the furious war.  
The Ship of State was strained in every spar;  
And strong men felt now was their certain doom;  
And weak men scanned the heavens for a star  
To save them from a fratricidal tomb.  
But one amid the strife,—collected, calm,  
Patient and resolute,—stood firm, and trod  
The deck, defiant of the raging storm,  
Guiding her to port, like some ancient god.  
And high upon the scroll of endless fame,  
In diamond letters, flashes Lincoln's name.

THE HOME OF THE COLORED AMERICAN MAGAZINE.

It was our intention to have published in this issue, a full and complete description of our “Home Office,” together with an explanation of the system employed in the various departments, but the large amount of extra matter prevented.

We are pleased, however, to present to our readers a glimpse of our “Home” in the several illustrations that appear at this time. The location of our building, 5 Park square, is most central to the regular business heart of the city, and at the same time it is convenient to the newer business and publishing centre, in the vicinity of Copley square and Columbus avenue.

The magazine moved its offices from West Canton street to this building early in the summer of 1900, since which time it has been found necessary to several times increase the amount of space needed, to keep pace with the ever increasing demands of the publishing business.

At the present time THE COLORED AMERICAN MAGAZINE occupies the most elaborate and best equipped rooms and offices of any race publication, and with the complete press-room and bindery that it is proposed to establish in the near future, the Company will possess an equipment that will easily place it at the head of all Negro Publishing Enterprises.

It affords us much pleasure at any and all times to welcome any member or friend of the race, and they will find our “latch string” always out. Our reception room (see illustration) is ever at the disposal of any one who desires to spend a quiet hour in reading or study, or to meet friends by appointment. All our subscribers and readers from all sections, are especially urged to make our building their headquarters when in Boston, where every courtesy possible will be extended. In some future issue we will give more in detail the story of “Our Home,” of which it is needless to say we feel quite proud.
In presenting this Grand Double Number to our subscribers and friends, we do so with the full assurance that it will prove one of the most interesting and valuable issues yet sent out from our press.

Owing to the vast amount of extra work involved in the final transfer of the publishing of this magazine from the Association to the newly incorporated company, which transfer took place early in January, it was found that the issuing of the January number would be greatly delayed, and it was accordingly decided by the Board of Directors, that this double number should be issued under the date of February, 1902, but in reality combining both the January and February issues.

It will also please our many thousands of readers to note that this issue is out early in the month, and we furthermore wish to assure all our subscribers and friends that the March and all future issues will appear promptly on the first of each month.

Special attention is called to the many interesting features that will appear in our March issue, as per the announcement in this magazine. Be sure and order a copy of the March number and also tell all your friends about it. Help us spread the good news of what the race is doing in literature and art.

SPECIAL NOTICE TO STOCKHOLDERS.

All stockholders of the Colored Cooperative Publishing Company (Association) who have not already exchanged their stock for that of the newly incorporated company, are requested to immediately send in their certificate to Jesse W. Watkins, Treasurer, and certificates in the new Company will at once be sent in exchange.

Having succeeded in obtaining another supply of our Special Premium Watches, we are glad at this time to renew our very liberal Premium Offer of one of these superb time-pieces Absolutely free. Read the full particulars in the advertising pages, and begin at once to secure this choice prize while the supply lasts. Our last supply of watches was exhausted within a few weeks of the first appearance of our offer.

We are glad at any time to receive short articles or stories from any section of the world, that show the real progress that the race is making. What we especially desire are articles illustrated by photographs of the homes owned by the race, together with the business enterprises conducted by or for our people. Let the pages of The Colored American Magazine show to all the world that we as a people are not only rising with great rapidity in the business world, but that we are determined soon to claim our share in the higher walks of life.

The article appearing in this number entitled “Suggestive Thoughts,” by Mr. T. Gilbert Hazel, was written during last year, and any changes in the world’s affairs since that time should be considered when reading the same.
The Mayor and twenty-one of the principal business men of the city of Meridian, Miss., recently notified Mr. F. Ceilley of St. Louis, a general organizer for the American Federation of Labor, that if he persisted in organizing the Negroes into labor unions, he would be compelled to leave town. He accepted the warning, and at the latest report was working among the whites only.

His comments upon this action are interesting reading. He says:

"I have been travelling in the Southern States eleven weeks, and this is the first time I have found anything of this kind. In Memphis, Little Rock, Jonesboro and Vicksburg, I organized unions composed wholly of Negroes. They worked as carpenters, barbers, cooks and waiters. In no place was there any objection of the kind raised here. The American Federation of Labor has strongly indorsed the idea of the Negroes being organized. It is our plan to assist the blacks in bettering their conditions. So long as the Negroes have no combination of any kind they will be forced to accept low wages with miserable treatment. This will ultimately result in the white men getting the same sort of a deal. So to protect ourselves we want to raise the Negro to better conditions. I am not prepared to say just what course I shall pursue, but I believe the Negroes will be well organized here before long.

In the old slavery times, the blind and mistaken policy of degrading black labor, created the "poor white" class, whose ignorance, poverty and immorality, made them a by-word and reproach even among the slaves themselves.

Of late years Mississippi has exerted herself beyond any of her sister states to make black labor cheap, almost to the extreme of industrial serfdom. Her business men and politicians seem to think that they can develop a great civilization, and an ever-increasing prosperity, by forcing men to work in the field for fifty cents per day, and holding the average mechanic to starvation wages.

That they can promote the business and manufacturing interests of their towns and cities, by making it impossible for the greater part of the population of the state to eat any but the coarsest and cheapest foods; wear nothing but coarse clothing; dwell in nothing better than hovels, and possess no luxuries, except whiskey and tobacco.

Doubtless some of these Caucasian wiseacres give money for church purposes, "contribute their mite" to foreign missions, and possibly pray for the enlightenment of the pagan world. So, too, we may imagine that they dilate upon the ineffable charms of American liberty, and the all compelling virtue of American enterprise, industry and invention.

Men of larger calibre than those city fathers and solid men of Meridian, have been quite as liberal and progressive in theory, and as blind and sordid in practice, before them.

But the same ceaseless conflict between labor enslaved and degraded, and labor enfranchised and ennobled, which sowed the dragon's teeth of the civil war and made Mississippi the desolated battleground of that conflict, will continue to grow despite such futile efforts. The free white laborers and mechanics of America will endorse to the echo, the words of Mr. Ceilley, "This will result in giving white men the same kind of a deal."

They will not shut our sea gates against the Mongolian, the Philipino and Malay, and allow the State of Mississippi to breed a half-civilized, hopeless, vicious race of hewers of wood and drawers of water, to whose level of ways and living every competing class must eventually retrograde.

The needs and hopes of humanity will fight beside the beneficent decrees of Jehovah, and as the stars in their courses fought against Sisera, so these will grind into nothingness the efforts of those little and benighted souls who seek to set up their narrow and sordid aims against the will of God.
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