HISTORICAL ROMANCE OF THE AMERICAN NEGRO

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Author: Charles H. Fowler, M. D.
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HISTORICAL ROMANCE OF THE AMERICAN NEGRO

BY

CHARLES H. FOWLER, M. D.

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PREFACE.

For a number of years it has been on my mind to write a book regarding the principal events that have occurred to the colored race since the beginning of the agitation against slavery, going on from thence to the great Rebellion, passing through that war, and also dealing with all subjects of great importance that have arrested our attention under our glorious freedom.

At the same time it has occurred to me, as it has to many another writer, that my book would be far more interesting to the general reader, if I were to select a representative woman of our own race, and make her the mouthpiece of all I wished to say; in other words, to introduce the whole under the pleasing form of an historical romance, so that we might keep our heroine constantly before our eyes, and make her weave in a continuous tale of love, travel, war

Respectfully yours—Charles H. Fowler M. D. A. M.

and peace, and thus portray the lady playing her own parts on that tremendous stage of Time that has been set forth for the gaze and astonishment of the whole country during the past fifty years. I hope those members of the general public who favor me by a perusal of my book will be pleased with my plan.

"Peace hath her victories, no less renowned than war," and I have introduced into my book all the great advances that our race has made since the fall of Richmond, and, indeed, have brought things down to this year. The reader will find a number of things that are intended to introduce humor, and to brighten the darker portions of the story.

And as some fault-finding person may say that I have overdrawn my heroine, and made her far more clever than she could ever have naturally been, I venture to affirm that such a charge can by no means be just, for we have women among us, and men, too, who are as intelligent and clever as can be found among any other race on the face of the earth. I believe my book will prove the truth of this assertion in those cases, at least, where the heroines and heroes of the colored race are mentioned in its pages by name.

Beulah Jackson will therefore stand as a representative woman among our own people.

CHARLES H. FOWLER.
Baltimore, Md., 1902.

INTRODUCTORY.

In this period of the Negro's development so much has been wielded towards influencing him in the expression of manly sentiment, that when an unhampered and heartfelt defense is made in his behalf by one of his number, it should, and I believe will, secure a universal support by the defenders.

The eagerness to devour books is so prevalent in the present decade that the Anglo-Saxon litterateurs and publishers endeavor to withhold and suppress all that tends to prove the Negro a man and an equal, patting all of their writers and molders of public opinion on the back, who are cringing and palliating with the

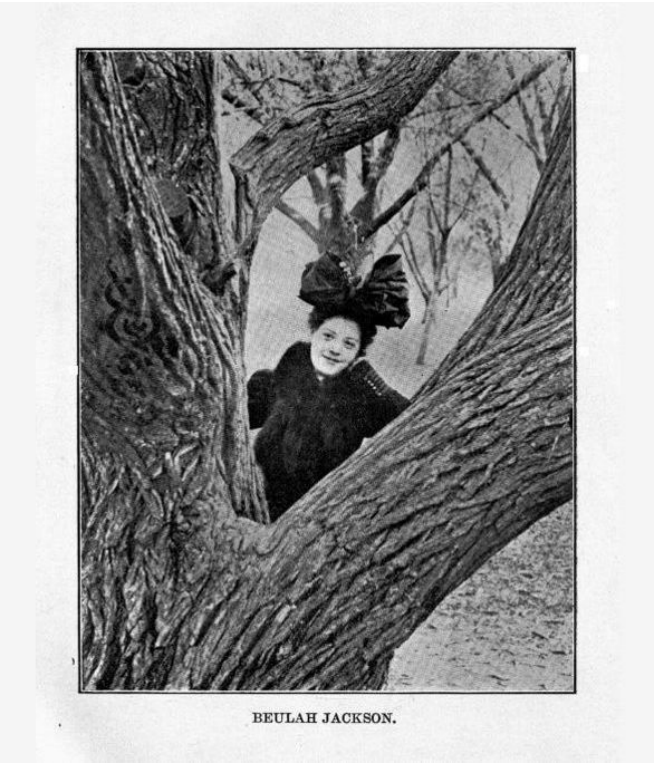
deceitful exclamation, "Behold, thee! thou art great!" The desire to secure this cowardly approbation has, indeed, become too numerous. Learned men, with ability to withhold the sentiments of their hearts and people, have too frequently sold the golden opportunities of their lives for paltry sums and positions to these literary hawks. But few of the public speakers and writers of these times dare utter the thoughts of Douglass, Turner, Price, Garnett, and that grand galaxy of post-bellum fighters, who knew no middle ground, but stood out for all that the Fourteenth and Fifteenth Amendments to the Constitution had embodied in them. They had no axe to grind, and even so, their oppressed feelings wouldn't permit them have it ground at the expense of the manhood of their four million brothers.

It is high time that the Negro judge whose utterances are fitting and suitable to his case, who stands for his utterances, and which have his sanction, not to allow those hostile to your very existence select, under the guise of friendship, those sentiments put forth by aggrandizing writers and leaders distasteful to you, and brand them as your daily thoughts and hourly prayers. Respect for the sycophant cannot exist long, even among them whom he traitorously serves. A tree is judged by its fruit; so is a race judged by its representative men. If they be honest, the race is placed in the category of men; if wicked, treacherous and deceitful, their place is fixed among the distrustful.

It therefore becomes a small part for us to perform in signalizing the honest writer and leader by giving him our unanimous support. The author has spent months of effort and toil in compiling data and accounts, that Caucasian authors with alertness suppress. He has made a strong case and defense of the Negro's manhood and trustworthiness at a time when most men would have been honest with pain. The simplicity with which his data is compiled and presented to the reader stamps him neither in quest of gold or greatness, but striving to convince the ignorant that heroes and heroines can even be found among this despised race of America, whom some would brand as rapists and thieves. A tale is welded together in which every experience, occurrence and stage is passed through that can occur to a poor, struggling people; yet, no instance presents itself by which the character, the basal part of any people, can be impeached. 'Twill serve as a firer of the ambition and aspirations of the young Negro, and at the same time, so thrilling are its narratives, that 'twill prove as interesting reading matter as many a romance. The eagerness with which our youth devour such tales as relates the better side of his ancestry's life, is too well known to us. The story of Beulah Jackson will fill a long-felt niche in the young Negro's reading matter, that will in itself prove highly beneficial.

JACOB NICHOLSON.

HISTORICAL ROMANCE OF THE AMERICAN NEGRO.



BEULAH JACKSON.

BEULAH JACKSON.

CHAPTER I.

Though this is the year of grace, just forty-seven years after the date when my adventurous story begins, my recollections of that bright morning in May, 1855, when I arose and at one bound broke loose from slavery, are as vivid as the lightning's flash. "A still tongue makes a wise head," and so I held my tongue and bided my time until I made at last that successful spring. And never do I behold the glorious sun rising over the hills and forests but the joyous recollection of that Wednesday morning in May comes back to me, like the rebounding reaction of the bow that is unbent.

I was born in the State of Kentucky, a few miles below Louisville, where my father's mansion stood on one of those sloping hills that faces the river Ohio, which the French named with justice, the "Beautiful River." That mansion, with all its splendid surroundings, belonged to my father and owner, a white man named Lemuel Jackson; but my own mother, a woman of uncommon beauty, belonged to the colored race. My mother, for some cause or other, was sold down the river in New Orleans, in the year 1853, when I was but fifteen years of age. I never got over that sudden separation, and I at once formed my own resolutions, of which I said nothing.

As my father was a rich man, who indulged me in many ways and appeared to love me, and as I often had occasion to accompany him and Mrs. Jackson, or some of the other members of the family, to Louisville, he seldom refused to give me the cash I asked for, which I now began to carefully put away in a secret place only known to the Lord and myself. Two eventful years had passed away. I had by this time discovered the whereabouts of my mother, Harriet, in New Orleans, and my hopes of meeting her again grew stronger every day as the time approached for me to kick off the detested chains of slavery. For the coming of this happy deliverance I prayed to my good Lord both day and night.

At last that day dawned upon me, the spring-time of all my joys. The Lord heard my prayers, and He cleared the way to freedom. There was to be a big church gathering at Louisville, and the first session of that great time was to be on Wednesday morning—the first Wednesday in the month, as I very well remember, indeed.

The bishop and his wife, who were invited guests to our house, had arrived the day before. They were to spend the night with us, and all things breathed religion and excitement over the events of the morrow and the rest of the week to come.

Among the inmates of the house was one Tom, whom I was accustomed to call, Tom Lincoln—a tall, splendid young man, a shade darker in complexion than myself, and, like myself, a slave. Tom was now twenty-seven years old. He had been casting "sheep's eyes" at me for several years past, but who could think of marriage whilst in a state of slavery? Therefore I gave him no encouragement,

but as he was thoroughly reliable, I said to him one day in strict confidence, and in the most significant manner possible, "I will talk to you about that when we are free. While in a state of slavery it is a mockery to profane the names of love, courtship and marriage. I will never, so help me God, be married in the house of bondage!"

Tom Lincoln was a clever fellow, a general factotum, and acquainted with everything about the house. He was always relied on, and the great house, as it was called, would be left in his charge while the family and the upper servants attended the gathering at Louisville. Soon after the bishop and his wife arrived, I called Tom aside and laid before him my whole plan, which had been well formed for some time past in my mind.

"Capital!" said he, slapping his knee with his big hand. "Capital, indeed! Strike when the iron is hot, and kill chickens when they are fat! But, Beulah, will you marry me then?"

"Yes, with pleasure, when we are free from the chains of slavery."

When I gave Tom that answer his eyes flashed bright as the stars on a frosty night, and mine, no doubt, flashed back in a reflected lustre.

"All right," said he, and then, after some thought, he added: "Get your trunk ready by ten o'clock to-morrow morning, as all things will be in readiness by that time. Beulah, I will be a bondman no longer. Just think of it. Twenty-seven years old, and a slave!"

"That's right, Tom; stick to it! Minds are never to be sold! Stick to it!" was my instant reply.

With immediate freedom and all its joys before him, the brave Tom did not let much grass grow under his feet. We kept a boat near the house, and although not an expert oarsman, he knew enough to handle it when called upon. In the darkness and silence of Tuesday night, he slipped over to the other side of the stream, then made his way for a mile or two down the Indiana side, where he ran the boat up a creek, near which stood a little cabin in which some acquaintances of his lived. He confided his secret to his friends, and as the man of the house kept a horse and wagon, the latter consented to convey our trunks to the house of a mutual friend in New Albany next morning. Then leaving this cabin and the boat tied up in the creek, Tom made his way to New Albany on foot, where his mission was also successful. With these preliminary preparations, he returned to the great house in safety, and it was never known that he had so much as been out of his own room! Of course there was some risk to run, but who would not dare all for freedom?

As for that anxious Tuesday night, my excitement was such that I never slept a wink. I thought much of a similarly planned and quite successful dash for freedom that took place shortly before this near our place. A girl of fifteen

and her brother, twelve years of age, were left alone one day to take care of the house while all the white people had gone away. They never suspected anything so unusual from a girl of fifteen, especially as she was mild and quiet.

But after they had gone, Muriel called her brother Willy, and said,

"Willie, do you see that boat? We are nothing but slaves, and yonder across the river lies Indiana—a free State. Master keeps money in the bureau, and I will burst it open and take what will carry you and me on the train to a place of safety and freedom. Let us take clothes along with us, and whatever we need. This is no robbery. It belongs to us by right, for slavery is nothing but a system of robbery, anyhow."

So Muriel and Willy crossed the Ohio river in the open day, walked to the nearest railway station, took a train for the North, and speedily arrived in a land where they were slaves no longer.

The longest night comes to an end, and the morning of that never-to-be-forgotten Wednesday in May brought lovely weather, lots of fine prayers from the bishop, and an immense show of devotion from Mrs. Jackson, the woman who caused my precious mother to be sent down to New Orleans. There was a grand breakfast at the big house, and, as usual, I figured like a flower girl at a wedding. I did my best to keep down my excitement, but, indeed, it would never have been noticed that morning, such was the stir on the account of our visitors and the coming glorious gathering of the "saints" at Louisville.

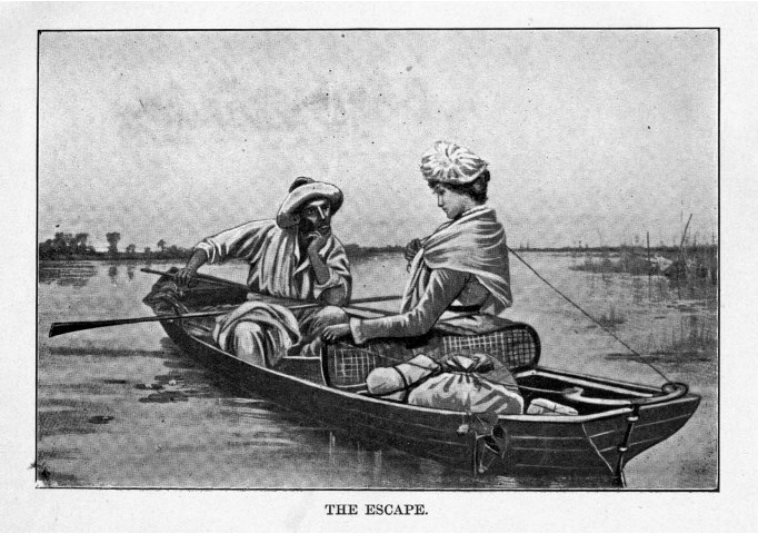
Horses and carriages, and all the rest of our rich display soon hove into sight, and in due time the coast was clear for Tom and me to strike for freedom. We packed two large leather trunks that had long done service on the steamboats and railways of the sunny South.

We had clothing enough to put us through for a long time to come, both summer and winter. Tom being a big and powerful man, soon carried the trunks down to the boat, without exciting any undue suspicion among the few old folks and children about the house. It was wonderful, under the circumstances, to see him so cool and circumspect.

Tom heaped up some sacking and other things upon the trunks to give the whole the appearance of a trading skiff, and as the wind was blowing in the right direction, he put up a little sail.

To still further avoid unwelcome attentions, I insisted on lying flat on the bottom of the boat, and being covered with sacking (the Fugitive Slave Law was in force now, and the sleuth hounds of slavery might be upon our trail). At last the boat was cast loose and headed for a little ways down the Kentucky shore. Then my adventurous pilot crossed to the Indiana side, and concealed our little craft behind a string of barges floating down the Ohio. Several steamboats came puffing and blowing up the stream, and so, amid the general turmoil and con-

fusion, we slipped into the little creek, ran our boat under the bushes, and in a short time had our trunks and belongings safe inside the cabin of our friends. O praise ye the Lord! for His mercy endureth forever! We had completed our first step towards liberty!



THE ESCAPE.

THE ESCAPE.

Our good friend next got out his horse and wagon, our trunks and things were speedily flung in, and he took his way alone for New Albany. After I had made many promises to write, and given a thousand thanks, I started for the place of meeting, and my gallant Tom brought up the rear at a safe distance. Of course, we were now in a free State, but Kentucky still lay in full view of us.

One by one we arrived at the appointed number and street in New Albany, and here we dressed for the immediate journey by rail. Having blessed one another, and made many promises to write to these friends also, we hurriedly betook ourselves to the station. Tom marched up to the ticket office, two tickets were quickly secured, and at last the supreme moment of happiness arrived when we took our seats for the far-famed city of Cincinnati. I have seen many horses in my time, and mules like the sands of the sea, in my native State of Kentucky, but the nicest, dearest, most lamb-like and sweetest horse I ever saw in all my life was that strong, iron horse named "Steam Engine," that stood ready in the station waiting for the command to start.

We were now in the carriage: it was just twelve o'clock, and the glorious free sun shone down upon us. The train began to move, and when it did so, I felt as though I would faint for very joy. I don't believe that Tom was any better than myself, the transition from slavery to happiness came with such a rush. But, then, I was only a sensitive young woman of seventeen, whereas Tom was an experienced man ten years my senior, and, in appearance, at least, he managed to bear things with more composure than did I. As our train rushed along through the beautiful land, all adorned with the thousand beauties of the pleasant month of May, all things looked to me like consecutive scenes in a new paradise, as when we look through rose-colored glasses all things are colored like the rose. The winds played, the sun shone brightly, and all nature's face was gay, and as our mighty iron steed sped along in his vigor. Tom and I talked but little. The time for talking would come another day, never fear! In truth, we were too happy to talk.

The afternoon wore on, and we crossed the Indiana State line and entered Ohio, the sight of which gave our eyes the most unbounded pleasure. On, on, sped our devoted iron horse, until at last he came to the end of his race in the beautiful city of Cincinnati. When we two fugitives from the land of slavery stepped on the platform here, all safe and sound, we were reminded of a ship entering, after many risks in the voyages of life, the port of Heaven, with all sails spread, and never an injured plank. I looked across the "beautiful river," and beheld the hills of my native State coming down to the water's edge, and laving their feet in the cooling waves. An immense traffic was rolling down, down, down to the Mississippi and the Gulf States, and everything was hum and bustle.

Thus I stood musing at the top of one of the steep streets that run down to the Ohio river, while Tom nearby entered into some serious conversation with a gentleman. At last he came back to me and said,

"Beulah, let us go this way."

After walking for some time we found the right address, the home of the Rev. John Robinson, a minister of the A. M. E. Church. In the most polite manner possible we were asked in, and invited into the parlor. Mr. Robinson, a jolly, fat-faced, pleasant-looking Reverend, was on hand at once. Tom told him the main points of our history in a few minutes, and finished by requesting him to marry us any time that night.

When the question arose as to whether the marriage should be performed in private or public, I insisted on it being done as publicly as possible, and that a newspaper reporter should be called in, too.

Now, as good luck would have it, there was to be a great gathering at the Methodist Church that night, so it was decided that the wedding should take place an hour after the meeting commenced. Mrs. Robinson and the entire family

were now called into the parlor, when we were all introduced to one another, and there was a mighty season of rejoicing. Tea was prepared, and we adjourned to the dining-room.

In the meantime some of the friends and neighbors were sent for, a reporter was notified, and the news of our safe arrival and prospective marriage spread like wildfire throughout the good city of Cincinnati. The ladies, both white and colored, were tremendously interested in my case. They lavished attentions upon me, and caressed me to such an extent that I was afraid I would faint!

In due time, however, we took up our grand march to the church, and here I will give the account of our wedding as it appeared next morning in the Cincinnati News:

"WEDDING AT THE A. M. E. CHURCH.

"Last night we were called in to witness a happy wedding, which reminded us of that of Jacob and Rachel. The contracting parties were Mr. Thomas Lincoln and Miss Beulah Jackson.

"This Thomas Lincoln, aged twenty-seven, a fine, tall young man, was formerly the house steward and general factotum of Lemuel Jackson, Esq., of Riverside Hall, below Louisville, Ky. The beautiful seventeen-year-old bride is the daughter of Mr. Jackson himself, by one Harriet, a slave woman of many graces, whom Mrs. Jackson two years ago, through jealousy, caused to be sold to New Orleans.

"Miss Beulah was indeed 'a bride adorned for her husband,' and the ladies had her duly arrayed in orange blossoms and the regulation wedding costume. 'The Flower Girl of Riverside Hall,' as she has been often called, it seems, carried a beautiful bouquet. The church was filled to suffocation, and the interest in the ceremony was intense.

"After the knot was tied, a gentleman advanced to the front, placed a five-dollar bill on the table, and called for a wedding present 'for these two ex-slaves from the State of Kentucky.' The call was readily responded to, and a good sum was contributed. The young couple passed the night at the home of the Rev. Mr. Robinson, who performed the ceremony. They leave this morning for Columbus, Ohio, and points beyond. Lincoln stated that he could have left Kentucky at almost any time, but remained until he could find an opportunity to assist in the escape of the girl.

"As the immense assemblage at the A. M. E. Church looked upon this splendid couple, all hearts were filled with compassion to think that the South should call such men and women 'goods and chattels.' It was the outspoken opinion that a day of reckoning is coming; a day of war, a holy war, sent by God Himself, that will end this system of robbery and oppression."

I bought several copies of the paper that contained the account of our wed-

ding, and posted one to Riverside Hall, one to our friends at New Albany, and another to our benefactors in the little cabin by the creek. Next morning at breakfast the fun was delightful, and I was obliged to laugh when Mrs. Robinson called me "The flower girl of Riverside Hall." Breakfast over, our host and hostess insisted on accompanying us to the station to see us off, and here we took leave of our kind friends, whom we felt that we could never thank enough.

As we steamed away for Columbus, all things were still new and delightful, and I never tired of beholding the fair face of nature as our train wound along the banks of the Little Miami. I was immensely pleased with the beautiful State of Ohio, its fine churches along the way, its fair and fertile farms, and all its magnificent forest-clad hills. In due time we arrived at Columbus, the State capital, and were much impressed with the beauty of the sweet little city.

We continued our journey on through Ohio until we crossed into Pennsylvania, by the shores of Lake Erie, that flowed away towards Canada like a little inland sea. Thus we continued on to Buffalo, New York, where we left the train. Here we determined to settle down, at least for some time. For a few days we put up at a friend's house, for we were both very much fatigued, indeed, with our long journey and its incidental bustle and confusion. I was only seventeen years old at this time, the most romantic age of a woman's life—or rather she is standing on the borderland with girlhood just behind her, and all the joys of womanhood and matrimony just before. Anticipation invests all things with the glories of the rainbow. It is certainly a good time to get married, for then a girl's nature is soft and pliable, and she has had neither time nor opportunity to become possessed of cast-iron ways of her own.

During the few days that we were resting ourselves we became acquainted with a few most worthy colored families who belonged to the A. M. E. Church on Vine street, as good and loving a congregation as I have found up to this year. God bless that loving flock!

Just at this time Tom and I had a good deal of conversation about my writing a letter to my father at Riverside Hall. If it was to be done at all, it had better be done soon, lest the door between us be permanently closed. Had my father done the right thing he would have married my mother, Harriet. She was ten times more amiable and lady-like than Mrs. Jackson, a woman whom he married for fashion's sake; but he never did or could love her as he did my mother, or even myself. It was the identical case of Rachel and Joseph over again. If all the rest had died, and Harriet and Beulah had remained alive, it would have been all right to him. Thus were there two wives in the same house—Rachel and Leah once more. The one was loved and the other hated. So it came to pass that through jealousy that raged in her heart, Mrs. Jackson had my beloved mother sold down the river to New Orleans.

I ran no risk in writing to Lemuel Jackson, as everyone at Riverside opened his own letters. So we decided that I should write home in a week or two, when we were settled down to practical house-keeping. And, besides all that, the old gentleman liked a good letter, and I knew mine would be doubly welcome.

It is very true that the Fugitive Slave Bill was on the statute books of Congress, but that bill was practically a dead letter, and it was now only one chance in ten thousand that anyone would attempt to come after us all the way to Buffalo. It is quite true that immediately after the passage of that infamous bill there were several fugitive slaves caught close to the border, and carried back to slavery, but the true spirit of the North arose against such Southern barbarism, and after a few slave-hunters had been shot, the South ceased to send her couriers even to the borderland, but remained at home nursing her sullen wrath, cursing the Underground Railroad and all Christian abolitionism, and flaunting her oft-repeated threat in the face of the nation, that unless she could have her own way in the Union she would have it out of it.

We did not consider, therefore, that we had any risk to run in settling down here in Buffalo, or even in writing to my father and giving him our street address. Mrs. Jackson would have no doubt been capable of setting the man-hunters on our track, but father, though a rich man, would never have made the outlay of money necessary. Besides it would have exposed his shame and disgrace.

In the meantime, then, we rented a small and cosy cottage not far from the sweet little church on Vine street, furnished it cheaply, but comfortably, and at the appointed time we invited the pastor of the church and his good wife to come and spend the evening and take tea, that the Lord might bless us in our happy home.

After we had been settled in Buffalo about a month, I wrote the following letter to my father, which he duly received:

"Lemuel Jackson, Esq., Riverside Hall, Ky.

"My dear Father:—

"With great pleasure I take my pen in hand to write you a few lines. It is but natural that your daughter should take a delight in writing to you, and we have lived too long under the same roof for me not to know that you will be glad to receive a letter from me. I can never forget you, my own dear father.

"I have great pleasure in informing you that Tom is a very thoughtful, considerate and loving husband, and is most indulgent and kind to your own dear Beulah. If I had searched the whole United States I don't believe that I could ever have found a better man than Tom. He promised to be good to me when we were married in Cincinnati, and I believe he always will.

"The first thing we did, after we had furnished our cosy little cottage and settled down, was to join the sweet little A. M. E. Church on Vine street. We

desired to have the approbation of the Almighty upon ourselves and on our works and ways. Therefore we joined the church of God first of all. I do believe that if people would always put God first they would have more luck.

"I don't know how it is, but the people of Buffalo, both white and colored have taken a very great liking indeed to Tom and myself from the very first hour when we left the train here and set our wandering feet within the Queen City of the Lakes. The sweet ladies of Buffalo have been here to see me in numbers, and I also have been to their homes, where I am received as a daughter or a younger sister. Indeed my lines have fallen in pleasant places, and I cannot but believe that the good Lord sent us to Buffalo.

"We have been over on a visit to Canada, which lies across the Niagara River, for the city of Buffalo, as you are aware, lies at the foot of Lake Erie just where it enters the Niagara River. There is a settlement of colored people at St. Catherine's, in Canada, only a few miles back from the river, and Tom and I were greatly interested in them.

"They all fled from slavery in the South, and many of them have come up on the rough side of the mountain. I can assure you, when Tom and I saw the marks of their horrible treatment, we praised the Lord that our own cases had been so mild and bearable at Riverside Hall.

"We consider that we are lucky in coming here at this delightful season of the year, for the pleasant month of May seems to surpass all the other months of the year for sweetness and flowers. All around Lake Erie and the Niagara River, both in Canada and the State of New York, the fair face of Nature is just blooming; all the woods are dressed in their mantle of green, the countless birds sing among the branches, and all things hereabout clearly shows that the self-same God that has adorned the State of Kentucky has done as much in these parts.

"I am not aware whether you have ever visited Niagara Falls or not, as I have never heard you say, but whether or not, it is a most wonderful place, and one well worth the trouble of coming even from the ends of the earth to see. It is well for Buffalo and all the towns and villages that lie around about this river, that they are so located, that is, so near the falls, because there is always a great tide of people coming here from every land beneath the sun, almost; and these same people seem never, never to grow weary of one of the most stupendous works that the great Creator has made.

"After we had settled down at home here, and before Tom went to work as house steward in one of the first mansions on Delaware Avenue, the leading avenue for private residences in Buffalo, we took a special day and went to see Niagara Falls. As we had read and heard so much of these celebrated falls, I might almost say since the time we were born, we were both in a state of great excitement on the morning of this expedition. Really, my dear papa, there are

some things that we really never, never can forget.

"There were hundreds on the early morning train with us—almost all strangers, and all in a state of highest excitement. We soon drew out of the railway station, and left the city behind. Now we were on the bank of the Niagara River, which flows on almost a perfect level with the fields, and on the opposite, or Canadian side, the tall pines were beautiful to behold. As we drew near to the station at the falls, the roaring of the mighty waters struck with great force upon our astonished ears, and when we got out, what astonished us more and more was the grand stampede of every person down the road in the direction of the great river. No need to ask which way to go; we had but to follow the sound. At last, through the tall trees we beheld the flying waters, and there we saw Niagara Falls before us in all their grand and terrible array!

"For about three-quarters of a mile above where we stood, the Rapids of Niagara came thundering down the steep incline, and the great waves leaped like the waves of a troubled ocean. It was just one continuous and eternal yell. I was completely dumfounded. I could do nothing but quote from the Bible, and shout the praises of the great Creator. But who heard me then? For the Rapids made such a noise that nobody else could hear!

"The American Fall, on our own side, is the smaller one; the opposite, or Canadian Fall, which assumes the shape of a gigantic horseshoe, is the grandest one. The waters are deeply green, and at the top are said to be eighteen feet deep. Oh, my! What a place it is, to be sure!

"We now crossed a light wooden bridge that connects our side with Goat Island. This portion of the Rapids of Niagara was now just under our feet, and it required all the nerve we had to allow us to even look down upon the flying, yelling, and most tremendous waters! This is one of the places to which so many come for the purpose of committing suicide. But we are Christians, my dear father, and we could never think of doing such a very foolish thing.

"My dear papa, I shall have to stop now, and continue my narrative at another time. Here comes Tom home for his tea, and our minister and his wife along with him. Our love to you all. Au revoir!

"From your most affectionate daughter,

"BEULAH LINCOLN."

I ran to the nearest box and posted my letter, and in ten days received the following reply from my dear papa:

RIVERSIDE HALL, NEAR LOUISVILLE, June, 1855.

"Mrs. Beulah Lincoln,

"My Dear Daughter:—

"I duly received your nice, kind and most welcome letter. I am heartily glad to hear that you are both in good health, and so very comfortable in every way. I

did not take your sudden leaving so much to heart as you might imagine—I mean in the way of vexation—but Mrs. Jackson was so much disturbed that she has not recovered from the effects of it yet, as she did not think you and Tom would leave us. However, now that you have gone, I wish you well, and I enclose herein a postoffice order for $50.00, which is my wedding gift to yourself and Tom. Please excuse my short letter; you know I am not fond of writing. Please send me a letter at any time that you feel like writing. I am,

"Your most affectionate papa,

"LEMUEL JACKSON."

As far as my father was concerned, then, it seemed that we were safe. From him, at least, we had nothing to fear.

CHAPTER II.

Beulah's Journey to New Orleans—Rescues Her Mother From Slavery, and Mother and Daughter Return to Buffalo on the Good Boat Columbia, by Way of Havana, in the Island of Cuba, West Indies and New York City.

The present was a great time among all classes of the abolition party, the "Underground Railroad," and all that sort of thing. There were the border ruffians in Kansas, where John Brown, that hero of fame, led on the fray, and fugitive slaves escaped over the lines into the free States, whence their owners were unable to get them back. The Fugitive Slave Law was a dead letter, for the great gospel guns over all the North had denounced it as a shame and a disgrace to a Christian nation; and when the South found that fugitive slaves would resist their pursuers unto death, and that their messengers were likely to be shot down, they ceased to send them, at the same time making the slave laws worse than ever before. However, the tighter and more oppressive they made them, in greater numbers did the slaves escape from the house of bondage, for who can stem the spirit of the brave? Slavery is an abomination before the Lord!

We had at this time all the anti-slavery leaders coming round the country—the greatest speakers I ever heard. I never had a more wonderful experience

than turning out with Tom at night to the halls and churches to listen to such arguments and eloquence as I had never dreamed had any existence in this or any other country. William Lloyd Garrison came to Buffalo, and Fred. Douglass, and all the rest were there. We listened to men and women who had seen slavery in all parts of the South, people who had been in Kansas, and almost everywhere else, and such tales of truth and horror I never heard before in all my life.

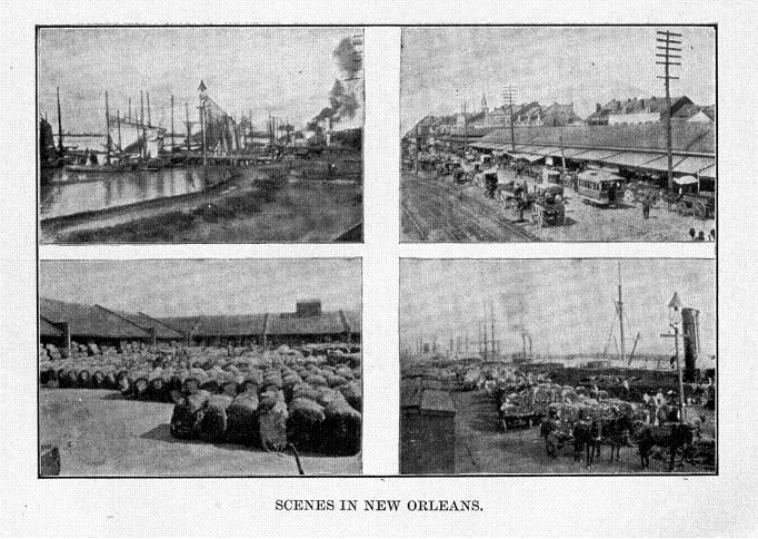
It is true that even slavery had its backers in the North, and too many of them at that, but the entire Christian portion of the population was determined that slavery should come no further, although the South seemed to demand, with the most unblushing impudence, that they should carry their slaves into every State and territory under the stars and stripes. The South acted like a violent, high-strung woman, whose husband tries to reason with her in vain. She seemed to say, "I shall have my own way, or I will fight with you, Sam! I'll be no submissive wife! I'll be master and mistress, too! I'll fight and have my own way!"

At this time, freemen from Europe were pouring into the United States in legions. They had no slavery in those countries from which they came, and coming here while the tidal wave of anti-slavery sentiment was at its height, they were ready not only to attempt to stem the encroachments of slavery, but to resist them by force, if the worst came to the worst. The Quakers were also in the field, and they gave Congress no rest. The Southern senators and representatives resisted them at Washington, and demanded that the whole subject be laid upon the shelf. Here they were opposed by such men as Charles Sumner, Thaddeus Stevens, and a host of others. Thus things went on from bad to worse in the halls of Congress, and all over the free North. The heavens grew darker and darker as the months rolled by, and the South prepared to leave the Union unless she had her own way.

There was very little sign, indeed, of her ever getting it, for how could freedom and slavery ever be dominant in the United States at one and the same time? It is very true that slavery was a legacy left the thirteen original States by England, but we had gone ahead and spread the iniquity ourselves, after the disposal of it was left entirely in our hands; whereas England had long since abolished both slavery and the slave trade throughout her dominions. She had even paid the owners full indemnity for the loss of their slaves.

I dwell the more fully on these things because they led up to the war of secession, and actually brought it on in the year 1861.

How did the South treat the oppressed African? She bought, she sold, she stole, she killed for gold. She hurled all revealed religion to the winds, and set the Almighty at open defiance. Thus millions of backs had to bend and labor over the cotton plant, the sugar cane and the rice stalks of the South. Families were torn asunder, and every human feeling violently dealt with in men and women born



SCENES IN NEW ORLEANS.

SCENES IN NEW ORLEANS.

in the image of God, that silver and gold might be extracted through their blood and tears from the cotton fields, from the sugar plantations, and from the rice swamps of the Sunny South. With such crimes as these and a thousand nameless ones besides that high heaven had to avenge, was it any wonder that the coming tempest was heralded by rising winds, by darkening skies, by colder weather, and violent flurries of snow, hail and sleet?

It was one of the curses of slavery that the slave-holder often had a colored wife in the kitchen, and a white one in the parlor. This was very bad, indeed. It was just Hagar and Sarah over again, and not only did the iniquitous system bring the two women into conflict, but the poor, guileless children were brought into conflict also. It was a shame and a disgrace all the way through. If white American parents had never taught their innocent babes that the color of the skin made a difference, "American prejudice" would never have been known in the world.

My own beloved and charming mother was the first in the field. If my father had done the right thing by her, he would have married her out and out, and made her his wife de jure, as she certainly was de facto. Thus it always was in those days of slavery.

The grand, chivalric white planter had a splendid octaroon or quadroon for

his "house keeper," a woman whom he loved supremely till Southern pride took alarm, and he took unto himself a white wife—to be like his neighbor! Alas! Alas! Such a crooked, dual system as that never worked, and it never will! Sarah and Hagar could not get along; neither could Rachel and Leah, and so on to the end of the chapter. Turkish women in the same harem fight among themselves like dogs and cats, and the poor miserable Turk sometimes has to provide a separate establishment for every wife.

At last my father brought Mrs. Jackson to the house, and my mother, Harriet Jackson, as she was called, was pushed to the wall. I am glad that I was my father's only child by his first wife, for had there been more of us, the mischief would have been the greater. As the reader already knows, a day came when I was up the river at Louisville, when, in some way only known to the devil and herself, Mrs. Jackson caused my beloved mamma to be spirited away, and as we all subsequently learned, to be sold down the river to New Orleans. Mr. Jackson seemed very sorry, indeed, but he said nothing about it at the time, as he knew that he himself was to blame for the whole matter. But I made up my mind at once to endeavor to find out her exact place of abode, and to trust in God to bring us together again.

Alas! my dear reader, how shall I ever make you understand the dreadful gap that was now created in my sensitive heart, when dear mother and I were torn apart? You can imagine how grieved I was, but how much worse must mother have felt? It was a shame to separate us, but Mrs. Jackson was fond of making grand, ostentatious shows, and she determined to keep me to grace her grand festal occasions. Still, I missed my dear mother for many a day. Clouds and thick darkness would gather round my heart. I was in great heaviness every now and then, and often would I retire to my bed-room, where I used to get into bed, cover myself up, and there lie and weep, and pray to God to bring mother and me together once more.

Now, one would imagine that this feeling would have worn off in the course of time, but it never did. Two whole years had passed away before I made my escape. I must admit the truth, that my newly-found freedom, marriage and acquaintance with the glorious people of the North brought me immense relief all the summer, but one day, about the beginning of the fall, I was once more completely overshadowed by grief. It was the self-same "old trouble"—a trouble that no doctor could cure. I locked up the house, and went to bed as I used to do at Riverside Hall, and wept and prayed until I fell asleep. The first thing I knew I was awakened by a very loud knocking at the door; Tom had come for his tea, so I arose and let him in, and he was greatly surprised to find me all in tears, and in such a bad way generally.

"Why, Beulah," said he, "what is the matter with you to-day? You have been

crying, and you seem as though you have lost your reason altogether."

"Well, Tom, I have had such a heavy day on account of my mother. It is one of those 'spells' come back again, the same as I used to have at Riverside Hall. I declare I hate to feel in this uncomfortable way, but it just came on me, and I could not help it."

"I am afraid, Beulah," replied Tom, "there are bad times in store for us both if you are going to be subject to those spells of crying and sorrow as came over you now and then before we left Riverside. I wonder if anything can be done to put an end to this state of affairs once for all? I would give a good deal to put an end to such a very mournful state of affairs. Can you suggest no remedy, my own dear Beulah?"

"I am not aware, Tom," said I, "that there can be any remedy in the world, unless it be to bring my mother and me together again. I think one of the greatest horrors of slavery is to tear a family in pieces. I firmly believe that Almighty God is driving the South into a terrible war that she may receive her well-merited punishment for her blood-red crimes like these. Even one of her preachers once preached a sermon in defence of slavery, and he took for his text these words of Holy Writ, 'These are the Lord's doings, and they are wondrous in our eyes!' Indeed, Tom, they are truly wondrous!"

On the morning after this conversation, I went to work at an early hour and packed my trunk. It was now the fall of the year, and glorious weather for me to travel. All nature's face was gay, and I myself was blessed with health and strength and vigorous life. At all events, I felt a hundred times better than I had twenty-four hours before! The sun of righteousness had risen upon me with healing in his wings. "Arise, shine forth, for thy light has come, and the glory of the Lord has risen upon thee."

Once more I found myself at one of the railway stations, and took my departure for Cincinnati, by way of Cleveland and Columbus, Ohio. It was most delightful traveling to speed over the rails along the shore of Lake Erie, to see once more the lovely foliage of the forests of the beautiful state of Ohio, and then at last to skim away, and away down the smooth and level banks of the Little Miami river, where I could hardly hear or feel the train in motion at all. At last the "beautiful river," as the French called the Ohio, hove in sight once more, with the delightful hills of Kentucky and Ohio, on opposite sides, running up from the water's edge, all clad with forest trees.

I next came to Cincinnati, and the "Public Landing" was crowded with passengers and traffic going up and down the river, and as neither Tom nor myself were millionaires, and I was desirous of cheapening things as much as I could, I went aboard one of these floating palaces of the Mississippi, and engaged myself as a waitress for the voyage down the Mississippi. The "Natchez" was to leave at

4 P. M. the same day, so I got my trunk on board, and reported myself for duty.

I gave a shout for joy as we left the Public Landing and floated out on the mighty and splendid Ohio. Owing to the recent heavy rains all along the head branches of this beautiful river, the stream was swollen from bank to bank, and presented a grand appearance as we plunged into the high-rolling waves and surges in the centre of the river. The glorious sun danced upon the silvery tide, and covered all the forests, the hills and dales on each side of the great and rushing flood. Huge barges were floating down from Pittsburg, and the far North, and large and small craft of every description were dancing and whirling away, whistling and screaming and advancing towards us, or retreating around the bends.

So far as my duties on the boat permitted, my eyes were never off the river, the hills, woods and forests, and the wild, fast-flowing traffic that was going up and down, and which seemed to have no end. The red and fiery sun went down in the wild waters of the beautiful river that looked like heaving, molten gold; then up came the silver moon, and turned all things visible into silver sheen.

The great Creator, indeed, was on the waves, and the Natchez drove on at a rapid rate. We had now the Indiana shore on our right hand, having passed the Ohio state line at Lawrenceburg, Indiana. In the early morning we came to Louisville, Ky., where we remained for a few hours. Here we passed through the Portland canal, and soon went by Riverside Hall, and the little cabin on the opposite side of the river. It stands two or three miles below New Albany, and I could see some of our dear friends standing before the door. It was here that Tom and I had crossed the Ohio.

The "beautiful river" still continued to increase and to swell, and we plunged along at a glorious rate. All on board seemed to be in a laughing mood, for the weather was superb, and that floating palace, "The Natchez," swept along at a furious speed. You can talk as much as you please about a light heart, but during this most delightful voyage mine did seem "as light as any feather." I had such joyful dreams every night, and hailed each coming morning with delight. Indeed I dressed myself every morning while my mouth was full of laughter.

"What are you laughing at?" "I think you must be in love." "You always appear in such tip-top humor." Such remarks were addressed to me by my companions in the waiting department, as we made our toilets before the looking-glass. To which I would reply, "I am laughing for the self-same reason that the bird sings in the forest, because the sun shines. As the children say, I am laughing at nothing!"

By this time the beautiful hills on both sides of the Ohio had fallen away. We had the state of Illinois in front of us at last, when we passed the mouth of the Wabash; and lower down on our left, the Cumberland and Tennessee rivers

poured all their flood into the Ohio, after they had drained the mountain lands of Virginia, North Carolina, Georgia, Alabama, Tennessee and Kentucky. "The beautiful river" was beautiful no more, but on both sides the lands were flat and fertile.

Ho for the Mississippi! What a rush there was among our passengers to behold the great "Father of Waters" absorbing our smaller Ohio at Cairo, in the state of Illinois. The city of Cairo lies right in the fork of these two rivers—the Mississippi and the Ohio. "Whew! What a river! Why, to be sure, this is, indeed, something like a river! It is more like a flowing sea of fresh waters than a river," were the remarks of a gentleman on board, and the sight was one that I am sure I never shall or can forget, either.

Our arrival upon the Mississippi seemed to add to my good humor, and then I was drawing nearer and nearer to my devoted and beloved mother every hour, and I seemed to have a firm presentiment from high heaven that my adventurous mission would turn out a success.

On, on, on, we rushed night and day, passing the mouths of the St. Francis, the White, the Arkansas and Red rivers on our right hand, and the Yazoo and other smaller ones on our left. It grew much warmer as we advanced farther south. We were now coming into the lands famed for the cultivation of the sugar cane, the cotton plant, and the rice. The only thing that dampened my spirits was to behold from the deck of the swift-flying Natchez, hundreds and thousands of oppressed colored people toiling and sweating in the sun, whilst their overbearing overseers stood over them, whip in hand, to make them work on, or receive the lash on their backs. How even Southern people could look upon such barbarity as that, and call themselves Christians, I could not understand. But as sure as there is a God in heaven, there is a terrible "judgment day" in store for all this, and I firmly believe that we shall all see it very soon.

What was to hinder Mrs. Jackson from selling me down South here, and forcing me to work till I died, in these very fields that I can see from the deck of the Natchez? Wherein am I better than these full-blooded Africans before my eyes, who were murderously torn away from their beautiful homes in Africa, brought over in "floating hells," and sold like cattle in the markets of the South? Shall not these who criminally carry on the slave-trade, and slavery, soon atone for all this? As surely as God lives, the "judgment day," even in this world, cannot be far off! The Southern people, like the doomed inhabitants of wicked Jerusalem, know not the approaching day of their visitation.

Musing in this way, we passed the cities of Memphis, Helena, Vicksburg, Natchez, Baton-Rouge and Donaldsonville, and, at last, amidst a great deal of noise and excitement, came to the wharf at New Orleans.

During all this glorious and enchanting travel from Buffalo by rail and

steamboat, like a good and faithful wife, I never forgot to write every second day to my brave and beloved Tom, and I knew well that he would be greatly interested in hearing of my progress down the Ohio and the Mississippi. He afterwards told me that he used to read these letters of mine over, and over, and over again, and sometimes before he went to sleep, he would again light the lamp and read the last "arrival" from end to end once more.

Here, then, at last, the good boat Natchez has brought us all safe and sound to New Orleans, in the Sunny South. There is no snow here, and fruits and flowers are to be found all the year round. The climate is almost tropical, and everything out of doors breathes of orange blossoms and all those exotics found in the warm climates. The whole scene had an irresistible charm for me, and I felt a pleasure in being in the state of Louisiana that I felt quite unable to describe.

But even the charms of nature and the strange French air of the people did not produce the greatest impression on me here. That which produced the greatest impression of all, was the mighty river Mississippi itself, and the immense traffic carried over its irresistible waters. It is true that its banks are quite plain and homely when compared with the beautiful Ohio in its upper and middle courses. But then the Mississippi is so big, that it is always majestic, solemn and grand. You are never tired of looking at the immense and gigantic "creature," and especially where it has constructed for itself a high embankment, cast up by the silt and overflow of its muddy waters, in the lofty bosom of which the mighty river flows as in an elevated canal.

And thus the Natchez was high up above the level of the plains on our right and left hand, and we could look down on the valley of the Mississippi from the deck of our palatial steamboat. Oh, the Mississippi is a glorious sight to behold, always immense, solemn and grand!

The next thing that attracted me so much was the immense traffic that came rolling down from the North, and that ascended the stream. When I came off its mighty waters, I felt as if I was coming up from a wild, riotous and troubled sea. And though forty-six years have now fled and gone, the tremendous impression made upon my heart and soul by the Father of Waters remains. I therefore cried, Ho for the Mississippi! as I walked the gang-plank into the city.

My dear and beloved mother, Harriet Jackson, was one of those religious women who would go to church if she went nowhere else. She went to the A. M. E. Church whenever she could get there, and I had ascertained before I left Riverside Hall, that she attended the services of that congregation that lay nearest the mansion of the family to whom she had been sold. I cannot say that she belonged to that family, for slavery was nothing but a system of robbery in its best estate. She had been sold down the river to an ancient French family—Roman Catholics—but, in their indifferent, careless way, they allowed mother to go to her

own A. M. E. Church. She was so steady and devoted in her ways, and so very remote from Kentucky, that they regarded it as an impossibility that she would ever even dream of making her escape; and never, never, that any one would ever come after her in this far-away part of the great world.

First and foremost, then, I made inquiries from those who could speak English, for the name of the pastor, and found it with no great difficulty. (As my complexion was so light and fair, I passed for one of the whites of the city. There are many thousands of "whites" in the South like me). I informed the reverend gentleman, when I first met him, that I wished to have a private, confidential talk with him. I felt that I was indeed conversing with a father, and there was not the slightest fear. He informed me at once that my dear mother attended his church, and was a warm-hearted and enthusiastic member of the same. He said she would be at the prayer-meeting that very night, and named the hour when it began; but while he should be glad to see her obtain her freedom, it was the part of prudence that it should not even be known that he knew anything about it, as they might murder him outright for even holding his tongue! To this I replied that no doubt I could manage very well myself, and that mother would perhaps have some amendments to put to my own schemes after we met. In the meantime, I engaged a room with a nice family, being fully resolved to stay there till such time as mother could make her escape. I depended upon a well-laid plan, and to carry out that plan with boldness. When I got myself settled in my temporary home, and had written another letter to Tom, I walked out to see the far-famed city of New Orleans, and indeed I obtained a pretty good idea of it before my return in the evening. New Orleans is indeed a wonderful place. But I need not take up the reader's time in describing this quaint French city in America. The kind reader knows all about it already. What I am most of all interested in at this time is the meeting with my beloved mother, and getting her away from slavery into a land where she shall be free to come and go, and do as she pleases, just as I am doing!

Many thousands of slaves obtained their freedom by running away from their owners; some of them encountered great difficulties on the way, while others seemed to meet with no difficulties at all. I am also safe in saying that many a hundred more might have gained their liberty, but they were simply afraid to venture—they were too timid to take the first step, or they were deterred from going by being unable to make up their minds to leave parents, wives and children behind them. The latter step was proven over and over again by their running away, obtaining their freedom, but afterwards becoming so homesick that they actually returned and surrendered themselves again to slavery, being unable to stay away from those they loved most upon earth.

The African is both pleased and cursed by being possessed of a very warm

heart, and tender and loving affections. This is indeed a blessing and a curse at one and the same time. We need not go far for the proof, for I myself am a living witness to the same, and here I was at New Orleans after my dearly-beloved and tender-hearted mother, whom I was unable to live without; and then behold what I have suffered for the want of her for more than two years—wrenched from me by the diabolical ways of slavery, and the malice and spite of Mrs. Jackson! If my pinings and regrets have been so great, longing day and night after my dear mother, how much worse must that dear mother have felt for the loss of me? I dare not even look at the picture! But our prayers have been heard by the Lord; for He always hears those who love Him, and the hour for the prayer-meeting is drawing nigh; the shades of night are at last falling upon the long autumn day, and I find myself in the dusk in the neighborhood of the A. M. E. Church, watching for the approach of my mother, as maiden never waited for the coming of her lover advancing among the trees to the well-known trysting-place.

All things come to those who wait, and here she comes at last! She is as sweet and graceful as ever, and her step as light as the greyhound's! I advanced to meet her, first looking cautiously around into the increasing darkness, that no other was too near. The over-hanging trees favored our meeting as I came up to her, and whispered softly in her ear, "Mother!" We took each other by the hand, and kissed one another, when she hurriedly drew me round into a side entrance to the basement and rear of the church, where, entering a small classroom which would not be used for the night, we sat down together, had one very long and close embrace, and the happiness of that blessed and speechless half hour seemed to me to equal all that which might be called out of an ordinary lifetime. "Sweet the moments, rich in blessing, which within thy courts I spend!" The remaining hour was passed in conversation, during which we gave and received a complete history of the time that had elapsed since the time mother was sold down the river.

"There will be no difficulty whatever about my getting away. They are old people, and have not the remotest idea that I would ever make the attempt. The best time for us to leave will be at this hour a week to-night, and, my dear daughter, there is a big leather trunk that is called mine, and which stands in my little bed-room upstairs, in an out-of-the-way wing of the house, which I will manage to send empty to your lodgings, whither I will send or bring my entire wardrobe myself. I must not go without clothes, as they will be both necessary and useful for me for years to come, if God my life shall spare. In the meantime write Tom and give him all my love, and tell him when he may expect us at home."

To all of this I most heartily agreed, and I was more happy and lightsome than a butterfly. We came out before the congregation, and another warm kiss and embrace under the trees, then mother steered away homewards for the old

French mansion, and I took my way to my lodgings, where the people received me with great affection. I had told them that I was married, and wore a gold ring to that effect, because without giving them that needful piece of information, young beaux are bad for coming around seventeen-year-old girls, and I did not wish any of the kind New Orleans flunkeys to be coming around me with any of their sweet kind of foolishness. When I got into my bed-room, I found the flowers of the Sunny South perfuming the whole place like cologne, and I slept like the angels there. Seven days and nights came and went. Mother and I met one another as often as it was discreet and prudent for us to do. There was not the remotest suspicion of her approaching departure—much less of the direction which we meant to take. Like Tom and myself leaving Riverside Hall, our plans were well-laid and matured, our hearts were stout and brave within us, and we carried things out with a bold front.

As the New York passenger boat Columbia lay at her pier with steam up in readiness for her departure on the following Wednesday night, while the streets were full of horses, wagons, porters, passengers, and all the rest of it; while late passengers were hurrying into the office to get their tickets for New York, and boys were shouting the latest edition of the city papers, two ladies in half mourning and heavily veiled, drove up in a carriage, alighted in haste, had a heavy leather trunk carried on board, and the elder of the two (a lady seemingly about thirty-six or thirty-seven years of age) made for the ticket office and procured tickets for two, and a corresponding cabin for New York. These two ladies, the reader will understand, were my own dear mother and myself. No notice was taken of us in any way. All was noise, bustle and confusion about the Columbia. We were shown to our cabin like the rest, and felt at home at once. It was growing dusk, the last bell was rung, and with anxious hearts and high-beating hopes we cut loose from the shore, and plunged out into the great river. The night being warm and balmy, as is usual in the Sunny South, mother and I went on deck to see our own departure, and to watch the passing vessels coming to and going from the port of New Orleans. Here, in taking leave of the "Queen City of the South," as the metropolis of Louisiana is called, I must say that I was most delightfully impressed. I had been so very kindly treated on all hands, and there was so much to charm the senses about this famous French city. As for mother, the depth of the ocean was as nothing compared with the depth of her contentment at getting away with her beloved Beulah, the separation from whom had given her so much sorrow.

We were only sorry that we could not see the usual sights along the Mississippi river to the same extent, as if we had left in the morning. But that was impossible, and I think mother and I had great reason to thank God that all things fitted in so well at the hour of our departure. It was the night and hour for the

prayer-meeting at the A. M. E. Church—Wednesday night—with the good boat Columbia leaving at the same hour. In this crooked world it is a difficult thing to make all things work together just as we want them. We did indeed want to see our poor, oppressed race at work among the sugar-canes, the cotton and the rice, and the orange and fig-trees, and all the rest, which could only be done rightly by day. We did indeed see plenty of their humble quarters and cabins along the shores, and some little way back into the country, and knew them well by the lights in the windows. Alas, alas! for these poor, dear, miserable creatures! There they lay, no doubt, sound asleep—sleeping in the sleep of the oppressed—poor old men and women, laboring and toiling their lives away under a Southern sun, that oppressors may feast and riot at their expense. But there is a God in heaven, and we snuffled both war and freedom in the wind. Even a child could foresee all that.

We retired early to bed. When were two women ever so happy on a New York boat on the Lower Mississippi? It was enough to make the angels laugh for joy, to think of it! Our departure was another installment in swelling the volume of Southern wrath to break up the Union, as the Fugitive Slave Bill would not work in their favor. Mother and I—murmuring our thanks to Almighty God—soon fell into a happy sleep, while the Columbia was ploughing her way down the Mississippi, and moving out at the mouth of one of the passes, as they are called, into the Gulf of Mexico. When we came back on deck next morning, the weather was most delightful. The water was intensely clear—indeed it was as clear as crystal! All things smacked of the Southern seas—of Southern people, and all things Southern. In due course of time the west end of the Isle of Cuba hove in sight, and soon the Columbia tied up in the harbor of Havana.

As the Columbia was to remain a few hours at Havana, we were permitted to go ashore to see the most famous city in the West Indies. The tropical vegetation was all that the heart could wish, but what interested mother and me the most was the quaint old city of the Spaniards, and the different races of people who inhabited the "Ever Faithful Isle," as it is called. Here we found Spaniards from old Spain, Spanish creoles, free colored people and slaves. I hated the very sight of slavery here in the Spanish island, though I have always understood that slavery was less cruel here than in the Southern States. But all the same it is slavery, and not freedom. Almighty God certainly never meant that one man should own another. Besides, these odious Spaniards, a lying, thieving nation, have promised the civilized nations of the world a hundred times to abolish slavery, but they have always broken their promises, and they will continue to break them until they are compelled to give their slaves up by force. Spain is a dark, suspicious nation, reduced to the last stages of poverty, but swollen with ignorance and pride. But this present time of writing is 1897. We may next take a

retrospect, as it is forty-two years since mother and I were at Havana. Poor Spain has already lost all her slaves, because she could keep them no longer; and the Cuban war has now lasted for over two years, during which the patriots have gained possession of the whole island, except a few fortified towns like Havana. I will not here narrate the sights, sounds and scenes that came under our observation in the metropolitan city of Cuba. I will just mention that I was infinitely amused at the system of courtship that was in vogue in their parts. The young men went to see their fair lovers, and conversed with them through grated windows, the young ladies being inside the bars, and the young gentlemen standing outside on the street. I never think of these funny scenes without laughter!

The Columbia got up steam once more, and we got out of the harbor of Havana, passed through the Florida Straight, and in a few days were off Cape Hatteras, North Carolina. All these places were new to us, and as the fall weather was of the most delightful description, my dear mother and I spent a great deal of time on deck. At last Sandy Hook was passed, and we shortly after landed in New York.

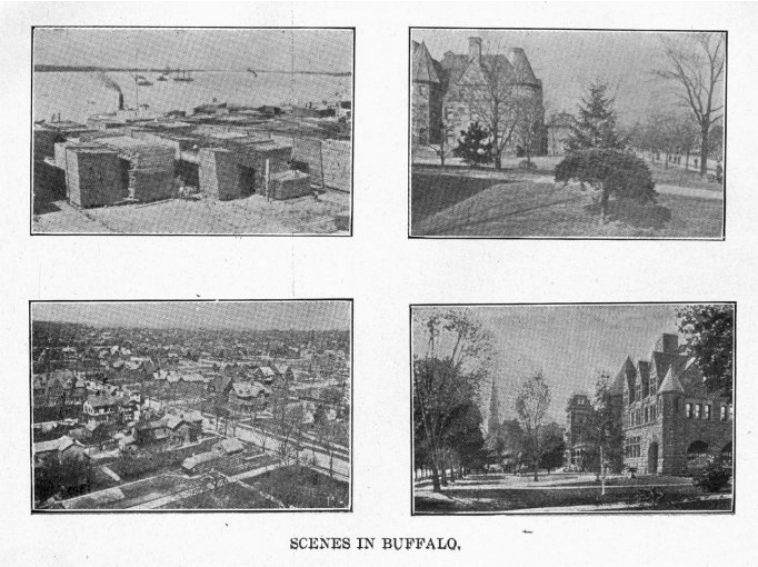
CHAPTER III.

Mrs. Lincoln Brings Her Mother to Buffalo—Warm Welcome Home—Harriet Jackson married to Mr. J. B. Sutherland—Letter From Mrs. Sarah Jackson and Beulah's Answer—Beulah, Mrs. Sutherland and Tom at a Great Abolition Meeting—A Famous Gathering of the Clans.

Our delight at being once more on shore in our own country, and so near home, and for the first time in the full possession of our own freedom, filled our hearts and souls with the wildest enthusiasm, and from the very bottom of our hearts we blessed and praised the Lord for His mercy endureth forever.

We had intended to send a telegram to my own dear Tom at Buffalo, but we changed our minds, and determined to take him by surprise. Besides, when we had reconsidered the matter, we did not deem it altogether prudent to send a telegram, because there were many wealthy families in New York, who owned

thousands of slaves in the South, and in some respects this great city was even more dangerous than Georgia and Louisiana. So we left on the first train for Buffalo, where we arrived in due time, and hired a cab that took us home. Tom had left the key with a good neighbor, so we opened the door, went in, and prepared tea for him by the time he came home. It is very true that we had more need of going to bed than to thus attend to the work of the house; but we were so excited with our freedom, our successful journey from New Orleans, and the exciting times right ahead, that we never thought of fatigue, but only the present enjoyment.



SCENES IN BUFFALO.

SCENES IN BUFFALO.

At last we saw Tom coming up the street, when such a scene ensued as it would take the very angels of heaven to tell. We sat up to a late hour that night, and seemed quite unwilling to break up and retire for the night. The pastor of the church, his good lady, and all the friends came flocking round to see us, and the rejoicing over our mother's safe arrival from the land of slavery was both loud and deep. When we next went to church, the interest there was most unbounded, and the enthusiasm ran higher than the waves of the sea. We made no secret of anything. Abolition was now under full swing; the "Border Ruffians" were now in Kansas, and the temper of the whole North was up, that slavery should

come no further. Therefore our white and colored friends came on in droves to church to see mother, and welcome her to Buffalo, and prayer, praise and hymns of rejoicing were kept up till a late hour. Praise ye the Lord, for He is good; for His mercy endureth forever!

It is sometimes a very difficult thing for a young person like myself at this time to know what to do for the best, lest I should be doing wrong. It has often been said that a woman cannot keep a secret, and I am bound to confess that I had hard work to hold myself back at this time from writing to my father and telling him the good news of mother's escape from slavery. In the secret of his heart I knew well that he would rejoice to hear it; but Mrs. Jackson might get hold of the letter, and that was where the trouble came in. In fact, so far as unruffling her feelings was concerned, I did not care whether she saw my letter or not! I certainly intended to pen no falsehoods, and saw no good reason why any one should object to the simple truth. Thus openly to publish our whereabouts might have endangered mother, Tom and myself, because the Fugitive Slave Bill was on the National Statute books. It is true that some of the Southerners had been up to the far North after their fugitives, and tried hard to carry them back to slavery; but though the public officers were vigorously called on to do their duty, according to the letter of the law, the general public arose against such arrests, and the slave hunters had to go home again to the South without their prey, avowing and swearing that this would never be a country anyhow till slavery extended from the Lakes to the Gulf. There was, therefore, no real cause for fear on account of either mother, Tom or myself. I had promised my father to write again, and besides he had sent me a present of fifty dollars, which I was bound to acknowledge, and then my description of our first visit to Niagara had been broken off in the middle. There was another thing that would deter Mrs. Jackson from sending any expedition after us, and that was the fact that we were right on the Canadian border, there being nothing between us and the British dominions but the Niagara river. Indeed this was the true reason why my own dear Tom and I never came to a halt till we reached the beautiful city of Buffalo. Upon the least hint of man-hunters being on our trail, we had nothing to do but steer across the river, where we could have a glorious holiday among our friends, and come back again to Buffalo as soon as ever our pursuers had returned home.

One thing was certain—if I were going to write at all, I must write soon, or let it slide altogether. Of course, I could never make up my mind to follow the latter alternative, so I took my pen in hand and sat down and penned the following epistle:

"BUFFALO, N. Y., October, 1855.

"To Lemuel Jackson, Esquire,

"My Dear Father:—I am sure it shows very bad manners in me to be so very

slow in answering your thrice-welcomed letter. I am under a thousand obligations to you for your present to my own dear Tom and me on the occasion of our happy wedding. We consider that you have indeed been most mindful of us, and we return you our warmest thanks. We are both well, and Tom has a good situation on Delaware avenue, the principal residence street in Buffalo.

"The last time I wrote you, I was giving you a description of our first visit to Niagara Falls, and was interrupted in the middle of it by Tom's coming home to tea, in company with our pastor and his wife. I am now desirous of finishing the narrative, but before I do so, I will tell you something that will indeed surprise you.

"You will remember the fits of sadness and depression I was subject to every now and then after dear mother was sent down the river to New Orleans. My happy marriage had suspended these attacks altogether for a time; but one day in the beginning of the fall, they returned in great force. That was the first attack, and after Tom and I had discussed the matter over, it was at last fully decided that I must not have a second. If you wish to hear all the particulars of what followed, I am quite willing to give you them; but in the meantime—after your own style of writing—I will be brief. I proceeded to New Orleans, rescued mother from slavery, and brought her safe and sound home to Buffalo on the steamer "Columbia," by way of Havana and New York City. This successful and happy event has caused the liveliest satisfaction to dear mother, to Tom and myself, and to the entire population of Buffalo, so far as they have become acquainted with it. Tom is quite pleased to have such a delightful mother-in-law in the house, and all three work most harmoniously together.

"In my letter, dearest papa, I promised to give you the rest of the account of our first visit to Niagara Falls. As, however, I have so very much to say, and as I think it may please you better, instead of giving you the rest of that most delightful narration and description in my own words, I will—on Tom's recommendation—send you a most capital 'Guide to Buffalo and Niagara Falls, with Numerous Illustrations.'

"I beg leave now to draw these few lines to a close. Mother and Tom write in lots of love to you, and I am sure I shall be delighted to receive even half a dozen lines from you at any time that you can make it convenient, or feel disposed to write your dear daughter. And I am yours in all affection,

"BEULAH JACKSON."

Having written the above letter, I posted it at once, and no doubt but it was received in a couple of days and read with great interest by my own dear father, and also by Mrs. Jackson, though with very different feelings from his. I was perfectly well aware that there was an abundance of pent-up wrath in her imperious temper, and that it would explode one of these fine days!

As my mother, Harriet Jackson, was a woman of great handsomeness, beauty and a thousand graces, and still comparatively young, being only thirty-seven, her hand was sought by a settled and most honorable man named Mr. John B. Sutherland, a resident of Buffalo, and a member of the A. M. E. Church. They had a nice wedding at the church on Vine street, in the presence of an applauding and highly-respectable company. It was a perfect union of hearts, like Jacob and Rachel's over again. As we had plenty of room, and were unwilling to have mother set up a different establishment, Mr. and Mrs. Sutherland took up their residence with us, and all things went on most harmoniously together. The Almighty seemed to pour His richest blessings upon us all, and we tried to honor and glorify His holy name in all that we did. Our experience in slavery had been light, and we were now only too thankful to be free.

One day in the month of November, Tom received the following letter from Mrs. Jackson at Riverside Hall, though it was intended for all three of us:

"RIVERSIDE HALL, Near Louisville, November, 1855.

"Mr. Thomas Lincoln,

"Dear Tom:—We duly received all your letters, and also the Buffalo newspaper with an account of the marriage of Harriet to Mr. John B. Sutherland. That would all be right enough if you were white people, or even free people of color, but the whole three of you are neither one nor the other. You are our goods and chattels, and our runaway slaves, and we have decided to bring you back, or else you must pay us the reduced sum of one thousand dollars apiece; that is, two thousand dollars, when we will give you your free papers, and a full discharge. As your master and mistress, we are herein doing you a great favor, for we could easily get two thousand dollars apiece for each of you, Tom and Beulah, in the public market. I suppose you are aware that the Fugitive Slave Bill is the law of the land, and in case you do not give us satisfaction immediately, we will proceed to put the law in force, and either bring you back to Riverside Hall, or sell you down the river. Now, Tom, a word to the wise is sufficient. We shall look for a letter from you soon.

"I am yours respectfully,

"SARAH JACKSON."

When the above letter arrived at our house, the whole four of us were seated at the tea table in the evening, and laughing first over one thing and then another, as people will do at eventide when the work of the day is done. We read the letter aloud in the midst of great sport and laughter, which went on, grew and increased the more we examined it. It was the work of Mrs. Jackson and hers alone. None of us believed that father knew anything about it at all, and I am sure he did not. Mrs. Sarah Jackson evidently was unable to keep down her temper and spite after all our grand escapades, marriages and other things.

"Why," said Mr. Sutherland, "I suppose she will be coming on us with bloodhounds themselves! She would look grand in hunting costume on the streets of Buffalo with bloodhounds!"

"What makes me laugh," remarked Tom, "would be to see the boys and young lads pelting those dogs with stones, and belaboring their sides with big sticks!"

This was followed by another shout of loud laughter, when mother exclaimed,

"She would indeed be a sight well worthy of a first-class painter in the midst of an infuriated crowd who were bent upon our protection and rescue."

As it was now my turn to put in a word, I remarked,

"She had better send nobody after us. It is now five years since the passage of the Fugitive Slave Bill, which no man can enforce, because the Christian spirit of the North will not have it, and the North is right to resist it."

The question next arose as to who should answer the letter. Tom and Mrs. Sutherland absolutely refused to answer it in any shape or form, so I took pity on the great lady of Riverside Hall, and said that I would answer her one of these fine days, which would be both sport and pleasure for me, and then perhaps she would let us all have a rest. So in a few days after the receipt of her wonderful letter, I took up my pen and wrote as follows:

"BUFFALO, N. Y., November, 1855.

"Mrs. Sarah Jackson,

"Madam:—As both Tom and Mrs. Sutherland have absolutely refused to take the slightest notice of your letter, it has fallen to me to answer it. It would not suit the convenience of any of us to come to Riverside Hall at this time, or, indeed, to go anywhere else. Even if we had all the opportunities in the world, we would not come to Riverside unless we came as specially invited guests; a visit, in short, that would be a mutual gratification to us all. But at this time, Tom has got a most excellent situation on Delaware avenue, the grand residence avenue of Buffalo; besides, he has married a wife, and therefore he cannot come. (Such is the language of Holy Writ).

"As for myself, the grand committee on abolition have engaged me to give a number of lectures, and to sing at their meetings in the interest of the freedom of all those who are held in the South in enforced and involuntary bondage. The committee on freedom think that the presence of a young woman like me would help on the good cause, draw the crowds, and drive another nail into the coffin of slavery in Kentucky, and wherever the hated institution exists.

"It will not be a very hard thing for me to make out a clear case against slavery, and in favor of freedom. Now, just look at myself, and all those graces and qualifications that I possess and inherit from both father and mother, and

how our gracious Lord has cut me out to be something, and to do something in the world! Suppose that I had chosen to remain at Riverside Hall! What was to hinder you spiriting me away to the cotton fields of the Sunny South to wear my life away as if I were a mere animal, instead of being a human being like yourself, and one for whom Christ died? I therefore rejoice at dear mother's freedom; for slavery is nothing but a revolting crime—a system of robbery and murder! Now, here I am, and in a short time intend to appear on the public stage in the capacity of a lecturer, a singer and a player on the piano. Just fancy the idea of a handsome young woman of seventeen, like myself, being sold away to Louisiana or Georgia to wear my life away among the rice fields, the cotton and the cane, when nature has qualified me with gifts and graces, the admiration of my gallant and clever Tom, and the 'pick' of the general public to serve against slavery in the Northern States! I only hope that I shall be able to do my full share to help on the great conflagration that is now raging all over the free states, and which I hope will never cease burning until it has burnt the whole 'institution' down to the ground. Here in the North I shall be seen and heard by legions of people. But who would ever see or hear me in the cotton fields, or the sugar plantations, and in the rice swamps of Louisiana or Georgia?

"I have failed to answer your letter in the way intended. What impression you intended to make on my mind is more than I know. Your statements were nothing but the old parrot cries of the South, that have been heard for many years. Of course, you cannot compel us to come back so long as we ourselves object. If you write us any more, and expect your letters to be read, you will have to make them of a readable character. We will tolerate no less respect than if you were writing to the Bishop or his wife. I know you don't wish your letters to be returned to you unread. 'A word to the wise is sufficient.'

"I am yours very respectfully,

"BEULAH JACKSON."

The country continued to ring with abolitionism. Orators and agitators continued to traverse it in all directions. Men and women mounted the rostrum, and held forth hour after hour before greatly-interested gatherings of both sexes and all ages. Fugitive slaves who had made their escape over the lines were introduced upon the platform, and gave their wonderful experiences of slavery in the South, and how they managed to get away. It was thrilling to hear some of them tell of all the dangers they encountered upon the road; how they were pursued for hundreds of miles by men, horses and even bloodhounds; how they were assisted by free people of color, and even by those in bondage and white people; and thus helped along week after week, and month after month, till they felt that they were at last both safe and free. When we consider how the slave States passed one law after another, and all pulled, and hauled, and banded together to

protect and perpetuate their hold upon their human property, it was most wonderful how very many slaves effected their escape. The nearer the awful storm came to breaking over our heads, the more numerous grew the successful escapes that were made. The frantic South still kept tying the strings tighter and tighter; but instead of producing the effect she desired, the more daring grew the soul of the intrepid slave, who seemed encouraged by the very God of battles himself to strike for liberty and flee to the North.

Thus the grand storm went on, increased and grew. Fred. Douglass, William Lloyd Garrison, and many other famous writers continued to issue their papers week by week, or month by month. The agitation was kept at fever heat by all sorts and conditions of men and women. Still the Abolitionists did not have the entire field to themselves, for there were thousands and thousands of people in the Northern states who believed in slavery for the colored man as much as the Southern slave-holder himself, away down in Louisiana and Georgia. But Henry Ward Beecher, Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe, and others without number continued to lay on with hard licks and steady blows; the public conscience of the free States became more and more educated, and the people in general came to take a sympathetic interest in the oppressed African they had never done before. The presence of the poor, oppressed fugitive slaves in their meetings, and seen streaming along the North towards the Great Lakes and Canada, with the marks of the "peculiar institution" stamped for life upon their backs, were proof positive that none could deny. The furious quarrel was carried into the halls of Congress at Washington, and the South was unable to keep it out, though they made the most determined efforts to do so. The Quakers and all the friends of the slaves were forever at it, ding-dong, hammer and tongs, and thus the family quarrel went on. John Brown and free-soil men were in Kansas, and so were the "Border Ruffians" who came pouring in from Missouri and the South, being determined to carry Kansas and all other new States and territories into slavery like the rest of the slave States in their rear. And still the great American family quarrel went on, increased and grew, and the Christian voice of the North declared, "Thus far shalt thou come and no further; and here shall thy proud waves be stayed." The far-away Christian nations of the world watched the gathering of the coming tempest from over the seas, and it was apparent to their unobscured vision that a fearful judgment was coming upon America, and that it would not be long in coming, either.

The escape of mother and Tom and myself from slavery caused no small sensation in and around Buffalo. An endless tide of visitors came on to see us, and they had a thousand questions to ask us about our early life and experiences in Kentucky and Louisiana. As Lemuel Jackson had caused us to be duly educated, so that we could even play the piano well, we were rather more fortunate in

the line of education than most of our fugitive brothers and sisters. In those days, great anti-slavery demonstrations were all the go. The announcement that some great national abolitionist was to be on hand at the Hall, to address the general public on the wrongs and crimes of slavery, would pack the whole place, and sometimes the crowds that came could not find even standing room. Then music was added at times, songs were sung, even brass and stringed bands were brought into play, and everything was done to draw the prohibition hosts of the great North, then to keep them there, and finally to make them come again.

The Abolitionists took advantage of our presence in Buffalo to help one grand meeting in the city for the purpose of making a demonstration in force, to prove that colored people were just the very same as white people when they were educated and polished, as we three had been. Because the lie had been repeated ten thousand times in the South, and reechoed by their abetting friends in the North, that we were unfitted for civilization, and that the African was formed by God himself for slavery, and for slavery alone, and was never intended by nature to be the equal and companion of white men and women! It was considered that our presence in a highly intelligent audience would knock that argument completely on the head, and kill the abominable falsehood once for all. Therefore they made a demonstration in force, and we ourselves were on hand.

When the night and hour arrived, Tom, mother and myself proceeded to the hall, which was already half full, though we were there early. We saw that great things were expected of us all, and we braced ourselves up for the occasion, determined that nobody should go away disappointed. The music discoursed sweet tunes as the people were gathering, and in due course of time the Rev. Doctor Henderson called the meeting to order, and took the chair for the evening. He called on our pastor to offer up prayer to the Giver of every good and perfect gift. The glee club then sang "The Negro's Complaint," which was written by Mr. William Cowper, of England. Then the chairman exclaimed,

"Now, ladies and gentlemen, the slave-holders tell us that the children of African descent in these United States are unfitted for civilization, and that they are nothing but goods and chattels. I will now call upon one specimen of these goods and chattels to give us a rattling tune on the grand piano, and to sing us 'The Mocking Bird,' and put some life in it." (Great display of approbation, mingled with shouts of loud laughter).

Then said the reverend speaker, turning to myself,

"Mrs. Lincoln, will you be so kind as to favor us with some of your warm Southern music?"

Now, of course, the indulgent reader will readily understand that upon this august occasion I was arrayed like a bride adorned for her husband. So I arose, bowed to the audience, and put on one of my sweetest smiles, and proceeded to

play and sing with unusual vigor. When I came to the chorus the whole audience joined in, and I thought they would have brought down the roof of the hall on our heads. Nor was that the best part of it, because they not only sang at the end of each verse, but when I got through the entire audience arose upon their feet and shouted their applause, calling for an encore, and would not be refused.

I gave them a Southern song with music, for which they gave me another sounding cheer, when Dr. Henderson introduced my honored mother, Mrs. Sutherland, in the following happy terms:

"Dear Friends: We are assembled here to-night, in our accustomed place of meeting, to give the grand chariot of progress another push towards the bottom of the hill. (Loud applause). The lesson we wish to teach upon this special and most exceptional occasion is to show what the colored race are capable of doing and becoming if they had simply an open field and fair play. It is our desire to see them get an open field and fair play! (More applause). But I will not detain this large and splendid audience any longer, but at once introduce to you Mrs. John B. Sutherland, formerly of Kentucky, but now of Buffalo, who will entertain us for a time and address the house."

Loud applause followed the Doctor's remarks, when my honored mother came to the front of the platform, and spoke as follows:

"My good friends, I consider myself most especially honored this night to be permitted to come before you, to assist in driving another nail into the coffin of the 'peculiar institution' from whose clutches I have just been rescued by the kindness and daring of my own daughter. (Loud cheers). The South has told you ten thousand times that we of the colored race are only fit for hewers of wood and drawers of water, like the Gibeonites. These drawers of water of our poor, oppressed race, that they themselves may live in mansions more palatial than the lords, and barons, and dukes of Continental Europe and the British Isles. Who ever heard of such unmanliness and cowardice? Men who ape the aristocracy of Europe, and even surpass them in brilliant, grand displays, wringing their wealth from the oppressed African!

"I tell you, ladies and gentlemen, that Almighty God is getting tired of such refined badness, and that the day is coming, and will soon be here when such a storm of wrath will be upon the South as will wipe out the blood-red crime of slavery from Mason and Dixon's line to the Rio Grande. The sooner that day of judgment comes the better!

"Just look abroad over all these far-spreading Northern and Western States, and hear how they are ringing with the loud notes of freedom, and the sounds of coming conflict! I am free to say that upon this night, and at this very hour there are hundreds of meetings going on all along the Northern States for the purpose of enlightening the nation as to the real character, intentions and purposes of the

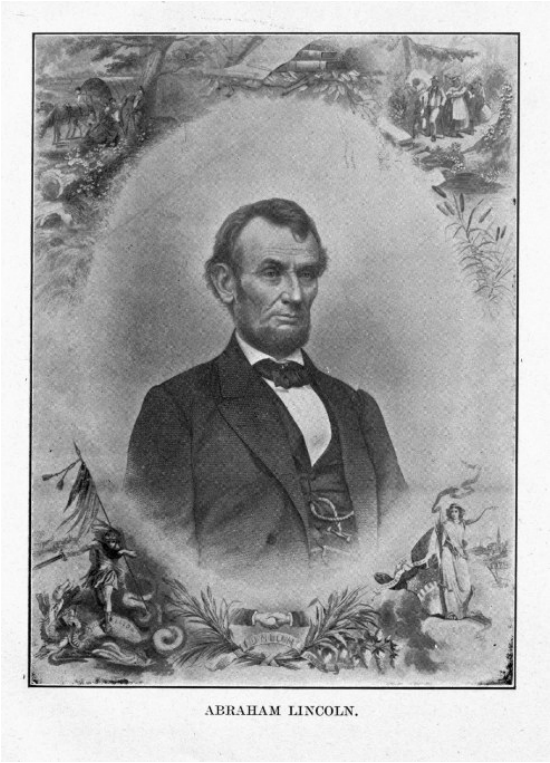
South. The South is not ignorant of these things. They have got Argus eyes for all we do, both in Congress and out of it, and they will push things as fast and as far as they dare. They will give us no rest till we are either all slaves, or all free! (Loud applause). I look around me at the political skies, and I see them growing blacker and blacker as the great national storm is gathering. John Brown and the free-soil men are in Kansas; loud and angry words are being bandied forth between the occupants of the two ends of the house—between the powerful North and the passionate South. From words they will most assuredly come to blows over that very 'peculiar institution,' and American slavery and all the evils that follow in its train, will pass away. But of one thing rest assured. The South will never consent to emancipate her slaves. They have been throwing it up in the face of the North these past fifty years that they can't get their own way; they will go out of the Union, and set up a slave empire of their own. Then they will attempt a dissolution of these glorious States. Then they will dare and defy you to force them back into the Union by the sword. The day is coming, and what will you do about it?" (Great cheering).

CHAPTER IV.

Continuation and End of the Great Abolition Meeting at Buffalo.

"The determination of the slave-holding oligarchy is to keep our persecuted race under a bushel—both soul and body—and to sit down on the top of that bushel for all coming time. They are stone blind to the fact that they are sitting on the top of a bushel of dynamite, which will blow them sky-high one of these days, with terrible effect. They have entirely forgotten that this world belongs to God; and they and the devil between them have made up their minds to do as they please. Between bloodhounds and cowhides they think they will do very well. My own firm belief is that a war is coming upon us that will carry mourning into every house in this great republic, both North and South. There are thousands and ten thousands of the very same opinion as myself. The South will never surrender their 'peculiar institution.' If it were dogs, cows or horses that they

were called upon to give up, they would cheerfully give them up for a fair price. But the very 'Old Lad' himself is in the business when it comes to claim property in men and women, especially when those men and women happen to be better than themselves, which is usually the case. (Loud laughter and cheering all over the hall). When a dog, a horse or a cow runs away, they will let it go, but if it be a man or a woman, they will pursue the fugitive over mountains, lakes and rivers, and even die in the attempt to bring them back to slavery. If this rising storm shall end in a war, the old lie that the black man will not fight will certainly be exploded, for every slave will go to the field, if necessary, and their strong arms will knock down the 'peculiar institution.' (Great applause).



ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

"On my way down the Mississippi to New Orleans, they brought an old colored man on board, having sold him to a family resident in the Queen City of

the South. I conversed much with that grand old hero, and it was wonderful to see what an intuitive knowledge he had of human nature, and what a vast amount of natural goodness there was still left in him, after so much hard experience, labor and toil among the cane brakes and cotton fields. Such a man as Judah—for that was his name—ought to have been a bishop in the Church of God, instead of being reckoned among the bales and bundles, and goods and chattels, of the Southern States. If that good man (who left such a deep impression on the hearts and minds of all Christian people who conversed with him)—if he had been free according to the will of God, and been educated like white men, instead of being robbed and plundered of his rights, he would have made a splendid bishop, for I am perfectly positive that he had every qualification for that office in the highest degree. That saintly man—that Judah—should this very day be the right reverend and honored bishop among his brethren in a nation where all are free, instead of being no more than a favored spaniel or ornament to grace the pride of some family in New Orleans. If that grand old man had only had the same opportunities that the white bishops have had, he would at this hour be gracing the churches and halls of this nation, the very same as white men do. The day of judgment is at hand that will reverse all that!

"On the same voyage down the Mississippi to New Orleans, they brought on board a fair and beautiful creature of seventeen, who, like Judah, was also intended to grace a baronial hall in the Queen City of the South. A more attractive woman I have never seen anywhere. It was pitiable to think of her future. She was graceful in all her movements; most handsome; had a musical voice, and was withal a splendid singer. Where she was born I cannot tell, but they gave $2,500 for her! The more I looked at poor Julia, the more mournful I became. What a glorious ornament for society she would have been had she been free! Almost any honorable man would have been proud to make her his wife. She could have led the choir in the house of God, and could have sung with the minstrels before Queen Victoria and all the crowned heads of Europe. She might have been a bright and shining light in some way or other, under the guiding hand of divine providence; her life and times might have been written by some famous author, and read by millions of people in this and other nations of the earth.

"In this way we can go on to the end of the chapter. Our traducers and slanderers say that we are unfit for this, that and the other thing, which is a deliberate and willful falsehood. We are well qualified for everything that any other race upon earth is qualified to perform, and that is the very reason why our maligners say we are not; and they are even unwilling to give us the chance to try. It is true that a few of us are educated, but very few. We three, that is, myself and daughter and her husband, were taught a little because we were favorably situated under Mr. Jackson, but the slave-holders, as a general thing, make a

specialty of keeping us in the most complete ignorance, and it is a crime for a slave to be taught to read, write and cast accounts, and it is also a crime for any man to be found teaching him.

"But there is a better day coming, and will soon be here; only we will have to pass through a time of the most tremendous affliction before the better times arrive. When, by the predetermined will of God, all men and women are free from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and from the Lakes to the Gulf, then, indeed, shall we arise and shine forth, for our light will be come, and the glory of the Lord will be risen upon us. Then shall new schools and colleges be established all over the land, into which our sons and daughters will crowd, and they will also go to those which have been long established. Then shall our professional men and women go forth in their thousands and ten thousands, and spread to lands and islands beyond the seas. Then shall our senators and representatives enter the halls of Congress at Washington, and every state legislature. Our surgeons and physicians shall then ride forth precisely the same as their white brothers duly armed with the very same diplomas, authorizing them to heal the sick, and alleviate the ailments of those that are afflicted, instead of wearing their lives away in the cane brakes, the cotton fields and the rice swamp of the South as slaves. They may labor all over the far-extended lands as freemen toiling for themselves and their families at useful trades, and laying up money against a rainy day. Then shall children go forth in their hundreds and thousands to be trained like others for the duties of life, and to become the ornaments of society. Then shall our afflicted sons and daughters sit no longer in the galleries of the churches of the land as so many 'goods and chattels" thrust away up into the corner, but walk forth in freedom to the house of the Lord on the Sabbath day—go forth in their thousands and tens of thousands to our most Holy Communion in all that liberty of soul and body wherein the Lord has made us all free. The time would fail for me to tell, and for you to listen to all the good things that will come with freedom, after every man, woman and child, now in slavery, are at liberty."

When Mrs. Sutherland had done speaking as above, she resumed her seat amidst a scene of great enthusiasm. Indeed the whole audience was worked up to a pitch of great excitement. The glee club now advanced to the front, and gave us one of their best songs, which was most heartily enjoyed by every person present.

The reverend chairman now rose to his feet, and thus addressed the immense assembly:

"Ladies and Gentlemen:—Just think upon the glorious speech to which we have listened, and the unanswerable arguments of the beautiful and accomplished speaker! There are wonderful changes in store for this nation, and the

end is not yet. I will now call upon Mrs. Thomas Lincoln, of Kentucky, to address the house. Ladies and gentlemen, Mrs. Lincoln."

Although this was my first appearance in public, and though that mighty audience looked formidable enough to scare an African lion or royal Indian tiger, still my own mind was firmly made up to brook no failure, and I proceeded to speak as follows:

"My good Christian friends of the North: I bless and magnify the Lord this famous night, not only because I am permitted to address you, but because I am even free. It is very true that in yonder great slave land my lines fell to me in pleasant places; but after all, though I figured as 'The Flower-Girl of Riverside Hall,' I was no more in the eyes of the 'peculiar institution,' ridiculously so called, than a pampered and favored greyhound with a gold chain around his neck! (Loud laughter.) That golden chain marked me for a slave, although it was my privilege, upon grand occasions, to become an ornament to grace my owner's triumph among his visitors, just like any other fragile vase set upon a mantelpiece. (More laughter). Upon those grand occasions our masters used to bring out the finest wines, richest fruits and rarest delicacies of the whole earth. The land and the sea were ransacked to find dainties for the glorious lords and ladies of the South, to set before their guests far more than the lords and dukes and barons of Europe and Asia ever even attempted to display. At our grand banquets it was my duty to pour out the wine, and assist in a general way in the dining-room, as the necessity of the moment might require. Then nature has endowed me with a voice for music, and as I am fond of singing, I had to obey, whenever I was bid, by giving them some of our Southern songs to the accompaniment of the grand piano, and even play for the company whenever they wanted to dance. (Loud applause from the young people). But I am bound to confess that often in the midst of these grand pastimes, when I deemed it prudent to look pleasant, and even to smile sweetly for the purpose of concealing my real thought, I was longing and praying for freedom, and regarded myself as no more than that aforementioned chained greyhound among other greyhounds that were free. (Cheers from the audience). I could not forget that at that very hour there were good men and women of color, down in the slave quarter, dressed in little more than sackcloth, stretching their weary limbs for the night upon their miserable beds, after a miserable meal of coarse cornbread, and a swallow of tea or coffee, perfect dish water, besides other stuff not fit for a horse or a dog to feed on! In the slave quarter there lay the best of men and women, of whom this world is not worthy, and here we were in the ball-room, abandoned to the dance as if there were no suffering in the world, much less not many yards away from the place where all our revelry was going on. Was it wonder, then, as my fingers flew over the piano, that I internally prayed, 'O my Good Lord, set me free! Set me free! and

take me away from all this shallow and hollow mockery!' I had a tremendous presentiment, which I could not keep down, that the Lord God Almighty would yet visit the South for all this, and give our great lords and masters, on some near future day, the field of battle whereon they could show off their talents, instead of robbing and murdering the oppressed African, and thus living at his expense. O my God, it was too much! (Great cheering).

"I was still very young. It was only spring when I was seventeen, when the Bishop and his wife were invited to our house. They were to be our guests during a great religious gathering at Louisville. I felt a sudden inspiration to make a rush for liberty, now or perhaps never. Besides, slavery is so uncertain, and as it is usually the unexpected thing that happens on their estates and plantations, if you don't take time by the forelock when you can, you may never have so good a chance again. I will leave it to my kind and gallant Tom to tell you how we got away; because I think that was the luckiest day in my whole life—unless, indeed, I consider also the day that my own dear mother and I sailed from New Orleans on the Columbia. There are great days in the lives of individuals as well as in the lives of nations, and I feel a heavenly presentiment in my own heart and soul that a great war is impending upon this nation, and that Almighty God will send it to set His people free. We are the Lord's own people, and we pray to Him every day. He has promised, many a time, in His holy word, to hear our prayers, and He does hear our prayers, and there are thousands and millions of prayers sent up to heaven every day to the throne of mercy that God would set the captives free. The North and South between them, may pass 'Fugitive Slave Bills,' and plan and scheme to keep the curse of slavery going till the end of time, if they like; but at the same time this world belongs to the great Lord of heaven and earth, and He will hear all the prayers of the oppressed before much more time rolls over our heads, for He is sure to set our people free.

"I have been studying what I can to help on the good cause of emancipation, abolitionism, or by whatsoever name you may call it—I mean in this campaign that is now raging and at fever heat all along the Northern states, and from ocean to ocean. I am willing to do all I can to help the cause of the oppressed and terribly down-trodden slave. I am willing to place my services at the command of the managing committee in these parts, and to speak, to play, and to sing, and do my best in every way for the good cause. (Loud applause all over the hall). Fred. Douglass, and William Lloyd Garrison, and Henry Ward Beecher, and many others of the 'big guns' will be coming around; and perhaps even Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe herself. I think she, at least, ought to pay us a visit, for if any free colored person in the South is detected with her 'Uncle Tom's Cabin' in his possession, that person may be sent to prison for twelve months. Now I myself managed to read 'Uncle Tom,' even in slavery. So did my honored mother and

husband—all here present before you—and Mr. Jackson, our owner, could have been fined so much apiece for us three, had the State of Kentucky been made aware of the fact! (Loud ironical cheers and great laughter by the whole house). In a campaign like this, we must all put our shoulders to the wheel, and give a long pull, a strong pull, and a pull all together; and each and every one of us must do all we can to bring the abominations of slavery to an end. 'There is a divinity that shapes our ends, rough hew them as we will.' Such are the words of Shakespeare. We also are rough-hewing the cause of freedom for the slave. The divinity of heaven will give the proper shape and finish to these ends of ours.

"As I have myself already drunk so deeply of the fountain of liberty, I think it is my bounden duty to do all I can to help on that good cause that lies so near all our hearts. And yet I do not see that I can do much more, when I have done my best, than to aid in heaping more fuel upon the top of the fire now raging, and thus assist in firing the Northern heart. Other weak women, besides me, have worked wonders in forwarding the cause of freedom and of God. Several of the greatest heroines of history are mentioned in both the Old and New Testament. One of the very first who was mentioned is Miriam, who led forth the women with timbrels and with dances at the Red Sea, for she commanded the people 'to praise the Lord, because He had done gloriously; the horse and the rider He had cast into the sea.' Then we come to the case of the brave and valiant Deborah, the most conspicuous of all the heroines of the Bible, for she led the Jewish nation to the war, and placed herself at the head of her volunteers on the mountains of Israel. So long as freedom and liberty are held sacred in this world, so long shall the name of the victorious and intrepid Deborah be ever green. (Loud applause). Another famous heroine of history was Boadicea, the Queen of the Britons, who placed herself at the head of her army and fought with the Romans. Then we have the burning and shining example of Joan d'Arc, who led on the armies of France, and cleared that country of the English invaders. Nor must we forget the intrepidity and courage of Her Majesty Elizabeth, Queen of England, who placed herself at the head of her troops when her native isle was threatened with invasion by the Spanish Armada. Such women were—each one of them—worth a hundred thousand men, not so much for what they could do in themselves, but because they greatly assisted in firing the national heart, and urging on the hosts of men to war.

"Now, I am not saying that I myself will make a Deborah, a Joan of Arc, or an Elizabeth; but there are already in this campaign several heroic American women, who are doing yeoman service on behalf of the down-trodden and oppressed African, and if they can do something in this good cause, so can I. (Loud shouts of 'Yes, yes! so you can! Hurrah for Mrs. Lincoln!') I am at least willing to do my best in talking, in singing and in striking the dulcet chords of music,

and wherein I may happen to fall short, others will atone for my deficiencies. Let the work go on! Let us lay the axe to the roots of this deadly and devilish upas tree! Let slavery be shaken to its lowest foundations, and be driven into the Gulf of Mexico! Forward, ye brave! And even if war itself must come, let it come, and even we women will go to the field!"

With the last exhortation, I resumed my seat, when the audience rose to their feet and cheered, and almost made me blush at the results of my own small efforts. When the excitement had abated, and the audience was in readiness to hear the next speaker, the Rev. Dr. Henderson arose once more and said:

"Ladies and gentlemen:—After the eloquent and stirring address we have heard from the wife, we shall now look forward with much pleasure to an address from that noble and gallant husband who safely piloted both himself and her out of slavery, as we plainly see here before us to-night. I beg to introduce to you Mr. Thomas Lincoln!"

Tom arose at once, and as he advanced towards the footlights, he pulled down his vest and cleared his throat in the masculine fashion, the audience in the meanwhile cheering loudly, after which he proceeded to speak as follows:

"My right good Christian friends:—It is with no small pleasure that I appear before you to-night to give you some of my sentiments, veins and opinions on the coming war in this country. (Sensation). I firmly believe that a war is impending over us, as I believe that there is a God of vengeance and of justice. Look at the millions and billions of money that the Southern chivalry have piled up, and they are piling it up still, at the expense of the poor, oppressed and enslaved African! And shall a sinful nation indeed escape from blood-red crimes like these? I am neither a prophet by profession, nor the son of a prophet, but even a child can understand that the funeral bell of slavery will be tolled before long, and depend upon it, ye young men! both you and I will be called into the field, and we will all be needed to pull down that most abominable and 'peculiar institution!' (Loud applause).

"Though neither a prophet, nor the son of a prophet, I affirm that a day is coming, and is now on the home stretch, indeed, when you young men and I will not be permitted to stay at home and dally with the apron strings of our mothers and sweethearts, but we will have to march to the field. We will then make it manifest what we men of Africa can dare and can do. I shall be quite willing to go for one, when the South, in her frantic anger, will secede; I am willing to do all I can for my own country, and if those who are soldiers themselves never come home, we, at least, will clear the great national gangway for coming generations, and the glories that are to follow! (Loud cheers).

"I suppose that some of our friends on the other side of the fence will begin to tell us here that the colored man will not fight, and that there is neither pluck

nor courage in him. We shall certainly be told a hundred thousand times that there is no fighting in him, and that he was never intended for anything but a docile slave! Such persons who say so have never read even the A B C of history; for colored men fought quite as well as white men on many a hard-fought field, both in the War of the Revolution, and in the War of 1812; and what we did once, and did well, we can do again, and do better, and with a better motive, too, because we will be fighting for our own complete emancipation, and to put an end, once for all, to slavery in the United States, and purge the nation of a great crime. (Loud applause throughout the hall).

"I need not go back in history to prove the bravery of the African race, for this is a well-known fact, and the very school-books are full of it. The bravery of the slave is one of the main reasons why the slave-holders make such stringent laws in attempting to perpetuate their iniquitous system. They know our prowess, and the risks they would run in the case of a general rising, and therefore they exercise double caution in order to keep down even the slightest attempts at insurrection. But for all that, there is not the slightest doubt in my own mind that they will go out of the Union, as they have been promising us to do for the last fifty years, if they cannot get their own way! In all their plans, schemes and calculations, this slave-holding oligarchy have thrown the Almighty overboard, and every sacred right of the human race. They have treated the wronged and oppressed African as if he had neither rights nor feelings, and, indeed, as if he were not a human being at all. But there is a day coming, and it will soon be here, when the Great Creator of the entire human race will call an imperative halt to all this, and go into this war as we may, we will come out with four millions of people who will be redeemed from the yoke and curse of Southern bondage. (Loud cheers).

"I did not intend to make a lengthy address. I only wished to point out that we are drifting into war, and my own willingness to lend a hand to liberate the oppressed slave."

Tom now resumed his seat amidst great applause. The audience, though taken by surprise by his speech, were greatly delighted, because of his willingness to go to the field.

The reverend chairman now called on the glee club to give us some more of their musical compositions and campaign songs. These were given with a hearty good will, so that the enthusiasm of the audience rose higher and higher. The newspaper reporters were also kept busy, and a good account of the proceedings of this very successful abolition meeting was found in several of the papers next morning, and very extensively read. Before we scattered for the night, the Rev. Doctor Henderson arose, and made the following closing remarks to the audience:

"Ladies and gentlemen: We have all listened to a rare treat this night. Just think of it! The South calls these two ladies and this gentleman their 'goods and chattels,' and for the very life of me I do not see how a war can be avoided, and then we shall know what their so-called goods and chattels will do when the storm shall burst upon us in all its fury. No, no! I do not see how a war is to be avoided, for the passions of both the North and the South are being worked up in precisely the same way as is usual in quarrels between individuals, and no doubt but it will all end by coming to blows in a terrible conflict.

"In the meantime it is our duty to keep agitating as never before. It is a perfect outrage on humanity to hold in bondage such refined persons as these three here present to-night. We must agitate this great question, night and day, till the sun of righteousness shall arise with healing in his wings. I now call for a vote of thanks to Mrs. John B. Sutherland, and to Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Lincoln. Let three rousing cheers be given for them!"

The audience rose to their feet, gave three cheers and a tiger, and the great demonstration came to an end.

CHAPTER V.

The Negro's Complaint—John Brown's Raid—The Secession of the Southern States—Battle of Milliken's Bend—Battle at Fort Hudson—The Effect of the Emancipation Proclamation on this Nation and the Entire Christian World.

As my indulgent readers would perhaps like to know the lines of "The Negro's Complaint," which were sung so beautifully by the campaign glee club that night at the great meeting at Buffalo, I will here insert them. They were written by the Honorable William Cowper, of England, and directed against British slavery in the West Indies, and the slave trade generally. They apply with such force and truth to that self-same blood-red crime as carried on by the United States that they are worthy of being committed to memory by every true lover of poetry in the English language throughout the world.

THE NEGRO'S COMPLAINT.

Forced from home and all its pleasures,
Africa's coast I left forlorn,
To increase a stranger's treasures
O'er the raging billows borne.
Men from England bought and sold me,
Paid my price in paltry gold;
But, though theirs they have enrolled me,
Minds are never to be sold.

Still in thought as free as ever,
What are England's rights? I ask;
Me from delights to sever,
Me to torture, me to task?
Fleecy locks and dark complexion
Cannot forfeit nature's claim;
Skins may differ, but affection
Dwells in white and black the same.

Why did all-creating nature
Make the plant for which we toil?
Sighs must fan it—tears must water,
Sweat of ours must dress the soil.
Hark! Ye masters, iron-hearted,
Lolling at your jovial boards—
Think how many backs have smarted
For the sweets your cane affords!

Hark! He answers. Wild tornadoes
Strewing yonder seas with wrecks,
Wasting towns, plantations, meadows,
Are the voice with which he speaks;
He, foreseeing what vexations
Afric's sons should undergo,
Fixed their tyrant's habitations
Where his whirlwinds answer—No!

By our blood in Afric wasted,
Ere our necks received the chain,

By the miseries we have tasted
Crossing in your barks the main;
By our sufferings since ye brought us
To the man-degrading mart—
All, sustained by patience, taught us,
Only by a broken heart.

Count our nation brutes no longer,
Till some reason ye shall find
Worthier of regard, and stronger
Than the color of the kind;
Slaves of gold, whose sordid dealings
Tarnish all your boasted powers,
Prove that ye have human feelings
Ere ye proudly question ours!

Time passed on, and Tom and I, and Mr. and Mrs. Sutherland, still continued to occupy the same house. The Lord blessed the entire household, and none of us had ever cause to regret the steps we had taken and carried out with such speed. We enlisted heart and soul in the grand anti-slavery movement, and blew the bellows with all our might to help on the good cause of liberty and perfect freedom. The border ruffians in Kansas had been beaten back into the South, which was the first open fight between the two high contending parties. That put the angry South in no good humor. Like an ungovernable, high-strung virago, her temper was up, and she threatened secession, and dreamed of extending a new slave empire around the Gulf of Mexico. The abolitionists of the North were unyielding, and the two sections were drifting into war.

In the midst of so much combustion and heated temper, it would have been remarkable, indeed, if there had been no "flame" that burst out here or there. In all impending struggles and revolutions there is always someone who voices the pent-up feelings of one party or the other, and sometimes of both. On the impulse of the moment, as it were by an act of inspiration, somebody steps out of the ranks, and becomes the leader on his side. The man who led the way on the part of the anti-slavery party, was the famous John Brown, who figured so largely in Kansas, and in 1859 seized upon the United States Arsenal at Harper's Ferry, in Virginia, while he was leading on a handful of white and colored men for the purpose of effecting a general rising of the slaves throughout the South. But the Virginians came pouring down upon him and his little band. Some were killed and wounded; others were missing, and John Brown himself and a few

of his followers were hung. Still, John Brown was in the right. He was simply an outgrowth of the times. He regarded the slaves as prisoners, whom it was the duty of any man to set at liberty. They or their forefathers, at least, had been taken captive in Africa, and it—that is, American slavery—was the crying scandal of the entire Christian world. John Brown was one of the abolitionists of the North, and they were responsible for his actions. But the South was alarmed all over its dark domain. From Mason and Dixon's Line to the Rio Grande the news of John Brown's raid flew like wildfire, and the violent temper of the South grew to a white heat. And all the world—both at home and abroad—remarked,

"If one single spark like this can raise such a conflagration, what shall we have when the anti-slavery party shall set their foot into the whole 'business' on a grand scale? If one man at Harper's Ferry can effect such a disturbance, what will ensue when the great overshadowing North will arise in her might, and call for a settlement of the whole question in favor of the oppressed African?"

The war, indeed, was now nearer than before. The South would listen to no compromise nor reason of any kind. The haughty Southern lords would brook no interference. The Northern intruders who touched her "peculiar institution" touched "the apple of her eye." And now for war!

The war came at last, and South Carolina was the state that struck the first blow. Then one state seceded after another, and they set up the "Southern Confederacy," with slavery as its corner-stone. Then the wildest and most tremendous excitement spread over all the great North, and the interest reached even the ends of the earth. For the time being, so great was the national delirium that the great masses of the population seemed to have completely forgotten the glorious cause of abolitionism, the grand doings of the underground railroad, and even the eternal decree of the Most High God that one man should not own property in another. But all the same the deep and thoughtful minds of all thorough-going Christians all over the world could see that this war should not close till every slave was set free. It was Pharaoh and the captive Israelites over again, "Let my people go, that they may serve me."

That which threw the great North into such a state of excitement and alarm was not the slave question at all. The people were concerned over the breaking up of this great united republic, because the establishment of the Southern Confederacy cut the nation in two, and took away from us the middle and lower Mississippi. If the hair is the glory of a woman, as Paul says, the Mississippi river is the glory of the United States. Uncle Sam, therefore, even yet did all he could to induce the seceded states to come home again, and assured them in every possible way that not a finger should be laid upon their slaves, but that they should keep them all! But the haughty South had made up her mind to set up housekeeping for herself, and she thought she could do so even if the worst came to

the worst. She had been getting ready for secession for fifty years, and now the crisis had come.

There did not appear to be the slightest idea on either side that more than four years would elapse before the dreadful business would be settled. A call was made by President Lincoln for seventy-five thousand men to serve for three months, but a far greater number offered themselves. There were thousands, if not millions, of people who believed that the small affair would be all over in a very little while, and nothing was talked of but marching to Richmond, and winding things up. Then the rebellious leaders would return to their duties, slavery would go on as before, and the Mississippi river would once more flow through our glorious republic—one and undivided, from the headwaters of the same to the Gulf of Mexico.

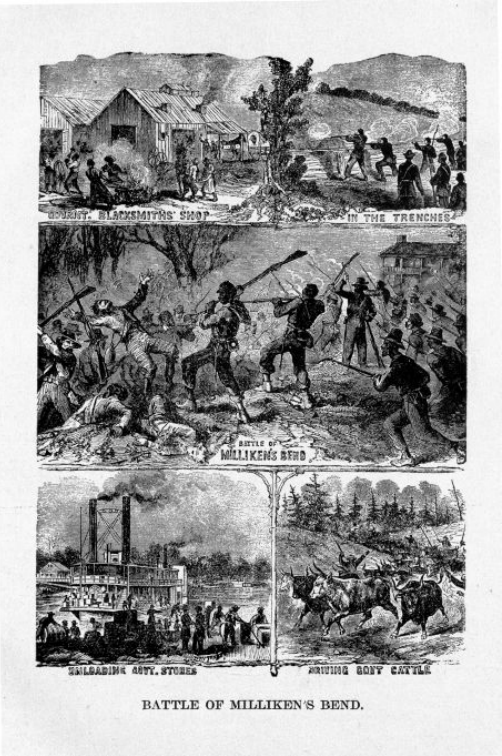
It never seemed to enter the minds of the great masses of the people then that the South was as terribly in earnest as she certainly was, nor how well-trained she was and ready for the fray. The skill of her leaders, the intrepidity of her sons, and fighting upon her own soil, were lost sight of to a very great extent in the wild delirium that seized on the great Northern heart over the breaking up of the Union. It did not seem to strike the national mind at the time that this was a war sent by God for the extirpation of slavery, and as an answer to the prayers of the oppressed millions in the South for freedom, and for the treatment of human beings. It did not then occur to the minds of the North that a day would come after nearly two years' indecisive fighting, when military necessity would compel the Federal government to free the slave by Act of Congress, and call upon him "to come to the help of the Lord against the mighty," and Shakespeare says, "There is a divinity that shapes our ends, rough hew them as we will." and so it was even now.

I shall never forget that morning at Buffalo—it was in the month of June, 1863, when the letter-carrier brought me the first war letter from my gallant Tom. The date was not given, but it came from a place called Milliken's Bend, on the Lower Mississippi river, and a battle had been fought at that place, since called by the historians, "The Battle of Milliken's Bend." But I will here insert Tom's letter in its entirety, as there are some other things in it besides war and fighting.

"MILLIKEN'S BEND, June, 1863.

"My Dear Beulah:—No doubt but you have already received the letters I sent you from New Orleans, after that I myself and the rest of the Buffalonians had landed in the Crescent City. I send lots of warm love to the entire family, and be sure to keep our two daughters, Ella and Fannie, regularly at school. My best love to the church in a body. Tell them to pray for us.

"I have great pleasure in informing you that we have here completely settled the question whether colored men will not fight in America as well as their



BATTLE OF MILLIKEN'S BEND.

BATTLE OF MILLIKEN'S BEND.

ancestors did in Africa. On the night of the 6th of June, about three thousand Texans came to our fortifications, and lay around our five hundred colored soldiers, besides a hundred white ones. Those three thousand rebels lay prowling around our men like so many cats, only waiting for the dawn of the 7th of June to gobble us up like so many poor, helpless mice. About three o'clock they came on with an awful rush, shouting, 'No quarter for niggers and their officers!' They got into our works, and the way that men fell on both sides was dreadful. It was really awful the way my poor comrades were shot down, or killed with the bayonet, though at the same time we mowed them down like grass before the scythe. Those strong arms of ours that had made the South the rich land that it lately was, now laid its defenders even with the ground. There was hardly a single officer, either black or white, among us who was not either killed or wounded. How

I escaped myself without a scratch is more than I can tell, where there were so very few who came out of the battle as they went in. To God be all the praise!

"The gunboats Choctow and Lexington assisted us very much, for they kept throwing shells into the enemy, and made them fly in all directions, and even up into the air! The white men on our side—one hundred of them—also fought like lions. One division of the rebels hesitated about coming out of a redoubt they had got into their possession. They were not willing. But our brave black soldiers went in with a rush, and assisted them in making up their minds by taking the bayonet to them, and thrashing them with the butt ends of their guns, precisely like thrashing wheat! They reminded me of a lot of guilty cats when the dogs are on them. Having suffered the loss of hundreds of men, and been completely vanquished in the bargain, the rebels were forced to retreat, and this they did with as good a grace as they were able.

"No doubt but the telegraph has already carried the news all over the Union how our six hundred intrepid soldiers beat three thousand rebels. This will settle, once for all, the insulting question, 'Will the black man fight?' It will also secure for us more civil treatment from white soldiers, both North and South, and remind them that the Great Creator himself, and all foreign nations, make no difference whatsoever on account of the color of the skin. I would like to know what 'Old Massa' thinks of things now.

"I send my best love to all those who may enquire for me, and please write soon to your most affectionate husband,

"Tuesday night, 9 o'clock.

"THOMAS LINCOLN."

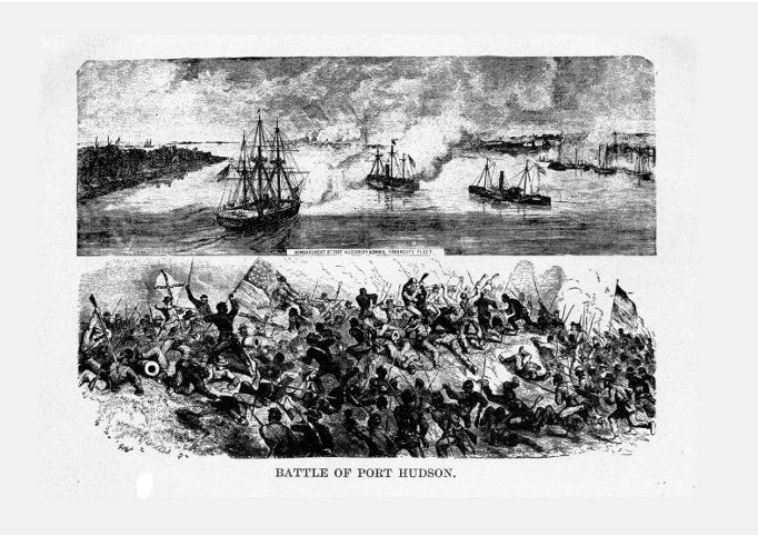
War surely is a terrible thing at its best estate. Nations have often waged war for mere conquest and ambition, which was the greatest crime that ever could have been committed. But here was a war for freedom—the freedom of millions of slaves. It was for this freedom that we had prayed for the assistance of the Most High God, and troubled the country, labored and toiled in all possible ways. It was for this freedom that all the chivalrous Christianity of the nation had put forth all its efforts; and now at times, many people began to doubt whether all these efforts had not been put forth in vain, because for the first two years of the war, our arms really made such small progress compared with what we had expected. And yet, for the very life of me, I am to this very day unable to see how we could have done much more than we did; for though the Northern troops were as brave as men could be, we had a foe to contend with who was quite as brave as ourselves—a foe manned by officers as good as our own, and fighting upon their own soil, where they knew every foot of the ground. Thus the war dragged slowly along, and the close of the second year found us with very little progress made.

We were not in despair, but the South yet retained all her strength, and was proud and defiant. They were also determined to fight on, and did fight on with a valor worthy of a better cause. But how could we expect more success than we had under the circumstances? So great was the prejudice against color that white men were even unwilling to fight side by side with our own people; and then Lincoln and his cabinet were all afraid of affronting the tender and delicate susceptibilities of the South by putting even their little finger on the heinous institution called "Domestic slavery." Verily, they were carrying their squeamishness to a most tremendous length when lives had to be wasted in thousands, because white men were too proud even to fight side by side with colored men, and because we were so very timid about offending our "separate brethren," that the Northern officers even sent back the refugees from our armies—sent them back into slavery! And they even allowed their life-long oppressors to come into the camps, look around for their slaves, identify and claim their property, and carry them home again before our very eyes! Was it any wonder, then, that we had so little success in this war which God himself had sent, chiefly that the slaves should be freed?

But the spectacle of thousands and tens of thousands of men being mowed down like grass before the Southern scythes gradually changed all that. The South, indeed, had a comfortable time of it, sending all their sons to the war, whilst the black population were taking care of their families, working their fields, and even throwing up intrenchments, and making themselves useful in a thousand ways by command of their owners, and against the forces of the North! Not that the slaves wished to work in these ways for the South, but because our very armies were helping their masters to keep them in their present position, even by returning them to bondage whenever they tried to gain their freedom. The Southern lords knew all about our "tender feelings" for their own "property"—falsely so called—and they took advantage of it.

We had nobody but ourselves to blame for this state of things. Our men were mown down in thousands because we had such tender regard for the feelings of the rebels, and there was not the slightest sign that things would ever get any better. We whipped the South to-day and they whipped us to-morrow. In the meantime the strong, able-bodied African tilled the fields of the South, when he might have been fighting for freedom and the Union.

But to return to the year 1863. Some changes had been made in the rapidly-shifting scenes of the war. Tom had been removed from Milliken's Bend, and gone to Port Hudson, where a most terrible assault had been made on the rebel defences about the 23rd of May. But I will here let Tom speak for himself, because he wrote to me often, and my greatest pleasure was to sit down and send him all our domestic news.


BATTLE OF PORT HUDSON.

BATTLE OF PORT HUDSON.

"PORT HUDSON, on the Mississippi, July, 1863.

"My Dear Beulah:—I arrived at this place a few days ago, and have been out to see signs and marks of the recent siege. Everything seems to interest me, and war is indeed a terrible game. I have heard great and full accounts of the awful fighting down in this place, much of which I must reserve for your patient ears when I come, if God my life shall spare.

"You could not find a white man in all the Mississippi Valley to-day who will tell you that colored men wont fight. I don't know where such an idea ever arose, because it was the strong arm and perseverance of the slave in raising crops all over Dixie that created most of the wealth we found in the South, and I look upon it as a wilful and malicious falsehood in white soldiers, North and South alike, affirming over and over again that colored men would not fight. General Grant and every high officer in the Union army have given us most unstinted praise, and have affirmed that we fight nobly.

"The accounts of the terrible fighting done here almost surpass human belief. About the 23rd of May, the Northern armies invested this place, and made a most tremendous effort to carry it by storm. The rebels had a naturally strong position, and all the appliances of war at their command. They had batteries and masked batteries, mortars, and, in short, almost everything known for destruc-

tion and modern warfare. They had even felled trees in our path, and their very cannon balls mowed down trees three feet thick. The noise of their guns made more din and uproar than the loudest thunderstorm. Against those brave and terrible rebels white soldiers from the North and colored soldiers from Louisiana advanced again and again, but all of them failed, and they were mown down like grass before the scythe. O terrible, sanguinary war! It was horrible! The balls and other missiles flew through the air thicker than hailstones. Once more we terribly underrated the prowess of the South. All of us were shipped alike, though we fought like gods! Oh, my dear Beulah! This is the price the American nation is now paying for the crime of slavery! The South carried out the villainy, and the North winked at the whole devilish business, thus, in fact, helping the rebels to keep on our claims! Shall a guilty nation indeed escape for deeds like these? At all events, we proved one thing during that terrible assault in May, and the subsequent siege of Port Hudson, and that was that colored men are as much men as white men, red, brown, yellow or any other race that can be named. These things were all well known before by every man, woman and child, but then, 'None are so blind as those who don't want to see.' The cry now is, 'Yes, yes! Colored men will fight well.' It is some comfort to know all this, for now we can get a rest.

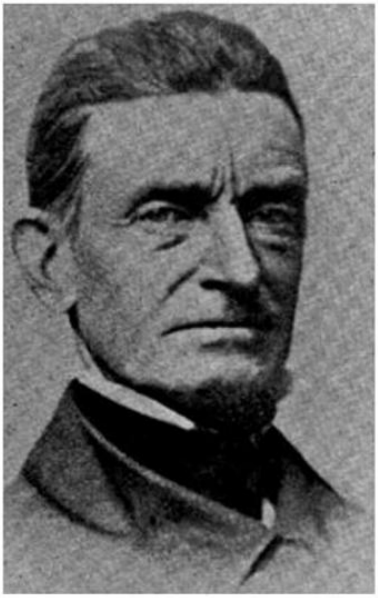
"I send a deal of love to yourself, the children, to Mr. and Mrs. Sutherland, to the entire church on Vine street, and to all others. I get all your letters.

"I am, my dear Beulah, your most loving

"THOMAS LINCOLN."

From the accounts contained in the two foregoing letters that I received from my dear husband, my kind readers will see that it was a public revelation made to the whole nation that the colored race not only made first-rate soldiers, but that they were sorely needed by Uncle Sam in the day of his distress. Lincoln's Proclamation on the first of January, 1863, completely broke down the dam from one end of the country to the other and throughout the whole land. Now the patriotic governors and many others bestirred themselves in raising colored regiments, getting them drilled, and pushed to the front with rapidity, so that the tide of war everywhere began to turn in favor of the Northern arms, and things began to look as if the very God of Liberty Himself was smiling upon the nation. Up to the end of 1862 the North had been fighting for nothing more than the restoration of the Union, and surely this was a noble thing to fight for, and especially for the possession of the glorious Mississippi, flowing all the way from its remotest springs at its farthest away branches in Montana, some 4,400 miles from the ocean. It was indeed something to keep the great river and all the States one and undivided. But what about slavery? Was it not, if possible, a ten times greater sin to carry on slavery than for the Southern States to secede? And yet there were thousands and tens of thousands of soldiers, officers and citizens all

over the land who made the most strenuous objections to striking one blow for freedom—the very cause for which the war had been sent! Who need wonder, indeed, that our arms had such small success for almost two years after the rebels seceded? The only thing that surprises me is that we had as much success as we did, but we were taught a lesson, and we learned it well at last.



JOHN BROWN.

JOHN BROWN.

It was not long before the fame of the colored soldiers of America was wafted over the whole world, and was everywhere received by all lovers of freedom with most hearty applause. All, excepting those who believed in keeping other people down, heard the news with the greatest of pleasure. Many of the aristocrats of England, France and elsewhere, who had made investments in Confederate bonds, and sympathized with the South from the beginning, had no joy when they learned how Uncle Sam had turned a new element of strength into

the field; but the common people everywhere all the world over, who had read "Uncle Tom's Cabin" in all the principal languages of the earth, and opposed the recognition of the Southern Confederacy from the first on account of slavery, rejoiced to hear that the Great North had at last turned over a new leaf, and brought the heroic sons of Africa into the field. It was a military necessity, of course; the nation was forced to do it; but all the same it was a matter of justice, and the right thing to do. Now the entire Christian world took ten times more interest in the war than before. They had been praying and often working in the interest of the American slave; and now they were delighted to hear of the self-same slave marching bravely to the field, and assisting white men in knocking the fetters off the whole race. Now, indeed, the scales began to turn in favor of the North, along the whole line. Before the first of January, 1863, it was as if there were eight pounds in the Northern scale, and eight pounds in the Southern scale, but now we throw in 200,000 colored men or more into the Northern scale, when the Southern end of the beam flies up as the lighter weight, and it becomes clear to the obtusest mind that the South is doomed, and domestic slavery with it also.

CHAPTER VI.

Great Service of the Colored Race—Heroic Colored Women—Attack on Fort Wagner, 18th July, 1863—The ex-Slaves go to School—The Freedman's Bureau—The Jubilee Minstrels—A Long Letter From Mr. Thomas Lincoln, Describing His Life in a New Orleans Hospital—The Mississippi River, and the Fight at Pleasant Grove in the Red River Expedition.

As I stated in the last chapter, recruiting went merrily on, and colored men came up "to the help of the Lord, to the help of the Lord against the mighty." The heavens now smiled upon the Northern arms, and "the sun of righteousness arose upon them with healing in his wings." It is glorious to think how willingly our people threw down the shovel and the hoe, and advanced to meet the Northern troops as they came within easy striking distance. Thousands and tens of thousands crossed the mountains, threaded the mountain passes, kept on their way

day and night up the rivers and down the rivers till they beheld the Union armies encamped away in the valleys, and a few more willing, enthusiastic bounds, and they were free! It was most refreshing to read the letters from the white soldiers at the time, commending these colored men in every possible way. They took a perfect delight in relating the thousand and one acts of kindness and sympathy that colored men and women performed towards countless Union men in times of distress, disaster and danger; how they secreted them; how they fed them, gave them rest and shelter, and how faithfully and skilfully they guided the armies on their way, and even piloted the Union boats in safety up and down the rivers of the South. Never were fidelity and devotion more marked since the world began, and it was downright pleasant to read the letters from "the seat of war," and see how these good deeds of the African were appreciated by the Anglo-Saxons. "Skins may differ, but affection dwells in white and black the same," and although "Old Massa" and "Old Missus" did their best to keep Lincoln's proclamation from the knowledge of the slaves, somehow or other the truth became known; in fact, it seemed to be carried on the wings of the wind, and now all prayed more and more fervently that the Lord would send freedom.

It would be a pleasure for me to relate the deeds of devotion recorded of our people in behalf of the cause of God and liberty. There are two acts, those of heroic women, that I must not omit. We have all heard of General John Morgan, the Kentucky guerilla chief, who led a raid into Ohio, and worked so much wanton mischief on Union people and the Union in the Southern cause. We caught and imprisoned him in Ohio, but he escaped, and took to his tricks again, and was more fleet, and harder to catch than a long-legged greyhound. At last he was located one night in a far-away town or village of the South, and the nearest Union troops lay about twenty miles away. This devoted colored woman lost not a moment of time, but steered for the distant camp, gave them the most particular information, so that they rose at once, and upon arriving at John Morgan's rendezvous, they woke him up, and once for all put an end to his dreadful raidings on the Unionists.

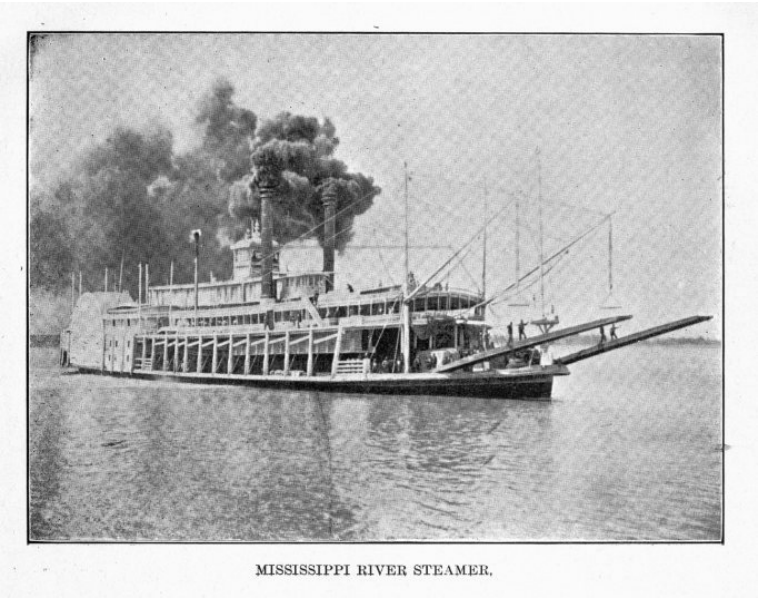
I must next mention the case of a colored woman in Georgia, when General Sherman came riding through the woods on his famous march from Atlanta to the Sea. This woman was a regular heroine—"a mother in Israel"—and one who would have made a second Deborah, with a host of men, women and children at her back, all of whom the war had set free. This woman advanced upon the path of the troops, and having introduced herself to General Sherman and his men, gave glory to God and to the Union armies, whom the God of Hosts had there and then sent forth. Her language was worthy of a Shakespeare. On that day when Deborah, and Miriam, and Joan of Arc, and all the other heroines of history shall be gathered together in the Palace of God, I feel certain that this

FREDERICK DOUGLASS.

FREDERICK DOUGLASS.

colored Deborah, this "mother in Israel," will be among them when the Lord of Heaven and Earth makes up His jewels.

Where all did so well, it would be in vain to single out any one regiment that distinguished itself more than another. At the same time, there were certain regiments that attracted a great deal of attention to themselves because they were the first ones to break the spell as to whether colored men would fight like white men, and thus render effective service in the war. And such men were the colored troops that had been well drilled and sent down from Massachusetts to South Carolina, and who lent a hand in the investment of Charleston. It was on the 18th of July, 1863, when a general bombardment of both land and sea forces at once made a high-handed attempt to carry Fort Wagner—a rebel fort which lay on the narrowest part of a mere strip of sandy land called Morris Island, washed by the ocean on one side, and approachable by low, swampy marshes in the rear. The entire morning and middle of the day had been spent in bombarding the



MISSISSIPPI RIVER STEAMER.

MISSISSIPPI RIVER STEAMER.

place till at last the extemporized fort, composed of timber, and stone, and sand, seemed to have crumbled away; for, as the day wore away, the rebels ceased entirely to reply to the land and sea forces, and the Federal troops were under the impression that the place was abandoned altogether, or at least destroyed past all hope of remedy for the present. The Union forces clamored loudly for an advance upon the fort, and to occupy the place once for all. After some hesitation the commanders assented to their wishes, and it was decided to advance just as the darkness of the night was setting in on that long July day. Alas, alas! It was a fatal resolution, for the rebels had been busy all the afternoon and early night making swift preparations to give our men a terrible reception. By the time that darkness had fully set in, Fort Wagner was almost as good as ever, although it had such a terrible knocking about all the early hours of the day. The Southern engineers were so clever, and their men had wrought with such a will, that it needed the bravest of the brave to fight with them; but as far as that was concerned we were all about even-handed when we had a fair field. Four thousand men, therefore, advanced along the sands of Morris Island with the intention of investing and clearing out the fort of its defenders, if there were

any of them there. The colored Massachusetts troops led the way, and so they all advanced along the sands—the white sands that had but lately been washed by the ocean. Everything was as still as a stone till they came to a ditch, when a fearful tempest of shot from the cannon and musket assailed them, and the assailants were mowed down like grass before the scythe. Still our troops bravely advanced across the ditch, climbed up the bank, and pushed forward right into the fort, slaughtering the gunners and clearing a path before them. But all this time our brave men were being mowed down in rows. Many jumped into the fort and had to surrender there, because, indeed, they could neither advance nor retreat, being caught in a perfect trap. Thus we lost about half our men in killed, wounded and prisoners, and had to retreat in the best way we were able. It was a dreadful defeat that the Union forces sustained; but the colored troops had the honor of leading all the rest, and the foolish idea that colored men would not fight received another complete quietus, and their bravery was published in all the papers from one end of the Union to the other.

We now come to the glorious subject of education—that which lifts up any nation from the bottom, and places it among the kings and queens of the world. The colored men and women of the South before who could read and write, were like angel visits—few and far between. You might search the whole day long, and not find one who could sign his name. But the government records show that in the year 1870, only five years after the close of the war, taking the entire population of the United States in the aggregate, there were two-tenths, which is twenty per cent., who could read and write. Here, indeed, was one of the signs of the times with a vengeance! Surely the colored race must have a great natural thirst for knowledge. In the year 1880, that is, fifteen years after freedom came, three-tenths, which is thirty per cent. of the whole population, could read and write; and in 1890, or twenty-five years after the end of the war, forty-three of every hundred. In other words, forty-three per cent. of the colored population of the United States could read and write—being ten years and over of age. At that time that I am writing my book, that is, the year of grace, 1897, inasmuch as the increase is going bravely on from day to day, I have no hesitation in saying that fifty per cent., that is, one-half of the entire colored population of the United States, North and South included, and—as usual in such government statistics—ten years of age and over, are able to read and write at least, and there are hundreds of thousands of them who can do a hundred times more.

Now, since Adam and Eve walked hand in hand on the enchanting grounds of Paradise, I would like to know where the people can be found who ever came out of such Cimmerian darkness, who ever progressed at such a rate as this? The present march of education among the colored race far surpasses the march of the whites since freedom came, and it still keeps ahead of them at the present

time of writing. Indeed, in some parts of the fair and Sunny South, we are in lead our white brethren; and it is quite superfluous for me to say that whoever are in the lead in education are the more intelligent of the two, be they black or white.

Behold the stupid-looking and ignorant hordes of Italians, Poles, Bohemians, Chinese and others who are dumped down in shiploads upon our shores! Even at home in their own lands they are very little more than dumb-driven cattle! How much more, then, must their stupidity appear in full blaze of daylight in a highly-intelligent nation like this! It is like comparing the feeble light of midnight under the stars alone with the full blaze of a day when the sun is shining at twelve at noon. Shall we of the colored race, who may now safely count on fifty per cent. of the entire population who can read and write compare ourselves with the immigrants like these, or even with Spaniard or Portuguese, Turks or Greeks, who have had the opportunities of acquiring education for hundreds of years, while we, who were set free only thirty-two years ago, have produced men and women who have stood in honor before presidents and kings, and proved that we are able to climb to the topmost rounds of the ladder that Almighty God Himself has set up? No, indeed. Men and brethren, we are not going to come down and compare ourselves with any such persons! That won't do at all!

As fast as ever the Northern armies cleared the way, benevolent and devoted teachers sent down by the different churches followed, and imparted to those who had never had a chance before the elements of English education, teaching them to read, write and figure, and many other useful things besides that accompany civilization and enlightenment. The American Mission Association took the lead, but the different churches and societies sent down their full quotas, and those volunteer teachers did a splendid and most devoted work. And yet there was some risk to run in this business, now being tried for the first time, because the war was still going on, and sometimes the Southern arms regained the territory they had lost, which brought the teachers into danger on one hand, and the colored people on the other. It had always been the policy of the Southern law-makers to keep the slaves in darkness, and even the rank and file of the white people themselves were purposely kept in a condition little better than the slaves. The planters kept teachers in their own grand halls, or sent their sons and daughters away from home for education. It was made a crime for a slave to be found with a book in his possession, or for anybody to teach him, whether he was white or a free person of color. A white man taught even the celebrated Bishop Daniel E. Payne in a cellar at Charleston, S. C., of which city the bishop was a native. In short, the laws of slavery warred upon nature, and even on God himself. The whole system was a system of murder, robbery and adultery. Every human right was broken down; but as the Northern armies cleared the way the teachers and their colored pupils rushed in at once.

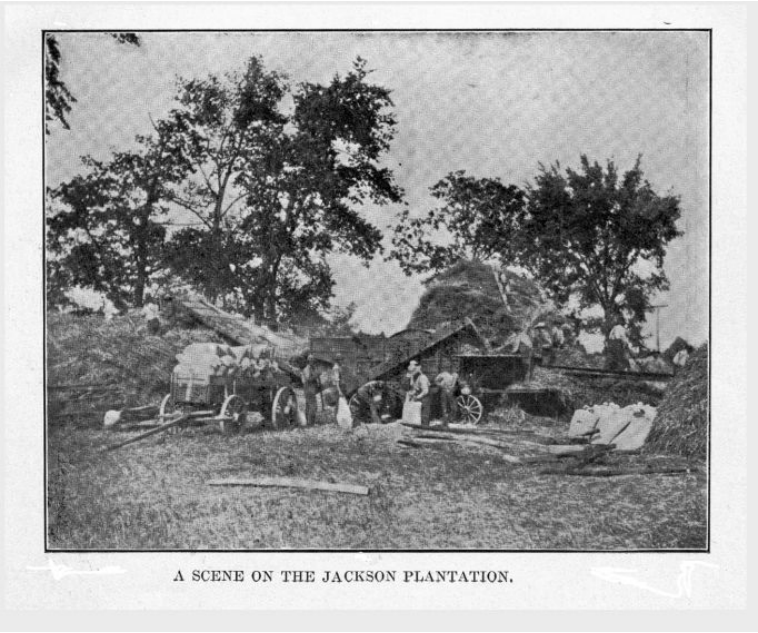
On the 3rd of March, 1865, Congress launched the Freedman's Bureau upon the country for the purpose of assisting the freedman in any and every way just as soon as they were set free from slavery, and required the help of the national government. The Freedman's Bureau took education under its fostering care, and did a good work during the few years that it lasted, 1865 to 1872. The devoted teachers from the North had even begun to follow the very armies themselves as early as the year 1862, and we find them then on the Lower Mississippi. The colored soldiers took to their lessons well, and owing to their great thirst for learning, they learned with an eagerness and rapidity that filled their willing teachers with the greatest surprise. And throughout the freed zones did not only young girls and boys thus drink in—yea, literally swallow up instruction, but smart men and women sixty and seventy years of age and over learned to write, read, spell and cipher with a gusto and an enthusiasm that was most inspiring!

"Arise! Shine forth, for the light has come, and the glory of the Lord has risen upon thee!" Thus saith the Prophet, and it was now fulfilled. What a treat, to be sure, for men and women thus to learn to read the mighty word of God, many of them in their old age! Verily, the ways of the Lord are wonderful and past finding out! Much hardship was experienced at first in finding suitable buildings in which to teach the people, and many a church and school-house were burned to the ground both during the war and the first years that followed the entire collapse of the "peculiar institution," but that has not stopped the triumphal march of the education of the colored race, for who, indeed, could stop the waves of the ocean?

It is indeed a joyous thing to look around us at this time and behold even now how high the sun has ascended in the heavens. If we have advanced so much in thirty-two years, how much farther shall we be in thirty-two more? Behold all the schools, colleges and places of learning of every name and nature thrown open in hundreds to our young people, both male and female! What a glorious array of splendid seminaries all over the great republic, besides hundreds belonging to the whites, to which we can obtain admission! It is true that there are others still barred against us on account of the prejudice still obtaining here and there owing to the color of the skin, but that will give way in due time, for there is nothing incapable of change but the Great Creator Himself.

By way of illustrating the results of the great Civil War, let us look back a little over twenty years, when Fisk University, at Nashville, Tennessee, sent forth Miss Ella Shephard and the rest of the "Jubilee Minstrels" to astonish the North with what even those who had been in slavery could do, when once their God-given talents were brought to the front. For the benefit of Fisk University they sang an immense sum of money out of the country, and covered themselves with unfading glory for all coming time. And where would those poor girls have

been if it had not been for their own fathers who assisted white men in the war to knock off the chains of slavery? Why, to be sure, instead of being the "Jubilee Minstrels" in the North, they would have been toiling among the cotton, the sugar-cane and the rice fields of the South, wearing their young lives away down there.



A SCENE ON THE JACKSON PLANTATION.

A SCENE ON THE JACKSON PLANTATION.

But the glories of the "Jubilee Singers" were by no means over. More money was still needed, and those devoted people again took to the road, and this time, with most laudable ambition; they even crossed the North Atlantic, and sang with the most abundant success before the crowned heads and grandees of Europe. These crowned heads and grandees knew full well that if it had not been for the war for freedom and the union, the singers would at this time have been in the cane, the cotton and the rice fields singing:

Away down in Egypt's land
We have gained the victory,

Away down in Egypt's land
We have gained the day!
Oh, children ain't you glad,
The sea gave away?

When Moses smote the waters
The children all passed over,—
O, glory, halleluia!
For we have gained the day!
Oh, children, ain't you glad,
That Moses smote the waters,—
Oh, children ain't you glad
The sea gave away?

The Jubilee singers did sing the above song and many others before the rich and

great, and the general population of the British Isles and continental Europe, but it was to let them hear what slaves used to sing before the war to wile away the time before Uncle Sam came down from the North to set them all free; in doing which he was assisted by 200,000 colored men, or more. Such are the fruits of war!

I here append a letter I received from Tom at New Orleans, whither he had been carried and placed in a hospital on account of a wound he had received in a skirmish with some of the rebel forces on the Lower Mississippi:

"At the hospital, New Orleans, La., December, 1864.

"My Dear Beulah:—

"I dare say that you and the children are looking for a letter from me once more. I duly received your own nice, kind and most welcome letters, with all the sweet home news, and I can assure you that they did me an immense deal of good whilst being confined here with my wound. I am, however, doing very well indeed, and in a short time expect to be discharged and in the ranks once more. It is impossible for me to tell you of the kindness and attention of these doctors and nurses in this hospital, it is really most astonishing to see strangers so kind. We are all loud in the praises of these good people, who are taking the best care in the world of us when we are so far from home and from our loved ones. Nobody knows how much good there is in the world until he comes across good strangers like these. Of course there is always plenty of evil in it too; but it is at least a very great compensation to come across so much love and kindness among such strange people. We never looked for anything better than cuffs and blows!

"Although I was not in the very best mood, as I was brought down to New Orleans to enjoy the sights all around me, still I was tremendously impressed with the majesty and immensity of the ever-glorious Mississippi. Well, to be sure,—to be sure! What a grand factor of our national greatness is the Mississippi! I don't wonder at yourself and Mrs. John B. Sutherland always making such a fuss over our glorious river. Indeed too much can never be spoken in its praise, and, above all,—of the great Creator who made it. I have seen plenty of the 'Father of Waters' before on many a long day, as I went sweeping past the forts where I was located further up the river; but, as we came on, it received so many and such large rivers, into its swollen waters, till it was more like a sea than a river; and, although level and destitute of beautiful banks like the Ohio, it had ever an increasing majesty and grandeur about it that mightily impressed all who beheld it. I don't wonder at Uncle Sam fighting so hard for the restoration of the Union. Such a river as the Mississippi alone,—if there were no other,—is the very joy and glory of the United States. But I shall have more to tell you about these things at another time, and I hope to be able to do so by word of mouth when the war is over.

"I very much regret to inform you that several of my wounded comrades have died since we were all brought into this hospital, though the most part of them, in common with myself, have recovered; and we now all desire to go back to war as soon as we are well.

"I have had a good deal of conversation with a soldier who served in the Red river campaign under General Banks, and where the rebels numbered three to our one. In that campaign we were unsuccessful, for they defeated our forces day after day. We were about ten thousand in number, as we fled before such overwhelming odds. It was at this crisis that the black soldier proved himself such 'a very present help in the time of trouble.' If it had not been for Dickey's colored troops there would have been a regular slaughter of the Union forces at Pleasant Grove. These colored soldiers were attached to the first division of the 19th corps. Our army under General Banks had been beaten both days at Sabine, Cross Roads, below Mansfield, and they drove us for several hours before them towards Pleasant Grove. And yet the ardor and spirit of the combined Union forces under Banks and Franklin could not have been much higher. But for all that, it was quite evident that unless the rebels could be checked by the time we were pushed back to Pleasant Grove, all would be lost. So General Emory prepared for the coming crisis on the western edge of a wood, which had an open field before it that sloped down towards Mansfield. It was at this point that General Dwight formed a brigade of the colored troops right across the road in the face of the rebels, who came rushing and hurrahing on, driving our ten thousand men before them. They were charging at double quick time; but the

black brigade reserved their fire till the exultant rebels were close at hand, when they all poured a deadly volley into them, arresting them at once, and covered the ground with their dead and wounded. Now a regular fight came on which lasted an hour and a half, and only ceased even then because darkness put an end to the terrible combat. The foe made one charge after another, and as he had plenty of men, he thought he would wear us out at last; but the black soldiers and General Emory's brigade successfully repulsed them every time, and thus saved the Union army from being destroyed. Nor was this the only time that our own troops met the rebels in the Red river campaign, and defied both them and their repeated threats of 'the black flag;' for they always said that they would not treat a black man like a white man if the former fell alive into their hands. They said they would treat him like a wild beast, and not like a human being at all! No doubt but that was done to keep our soldiers from fighting for freedom and the Union; but the threat most signally failed, because our brave men cared not a straw for their black flag; indeed the threats, and even the practices of the rebels in destroying some of our prisoners whom they took in the beginning contributed a great deal in bringing about the downfall of the rebel powers, at least up to the present time; and will no doubt contribute more and more till the last rebel lays down his arms. Although a war proclamation has been issued that we will shoot our rebel prisoners, if they kill any of our men, I am unable to say what general effect it has had so far. I only know that none of the men who have fallen alive into their hands have ever since been heard of, and I fear the worst. But of one thing I am sure, and that is, that the 'black soldiers' so far has done as good fighting as the 'white soldiers,' and he has either won or been defeated with the latter on many a hard fought field. He has had his full share in disaster and victory alike; and thus he will still assist in pulling down this terrible rebellion,—but I must lay down my pen. With much love to yourself and all, I am,

"Your most affectionate,

"THOMAS."

CHAPTER VII.

Tom's Letter From the Seat of War—The Pilgrim's Progress—Niagara Falls—Visit

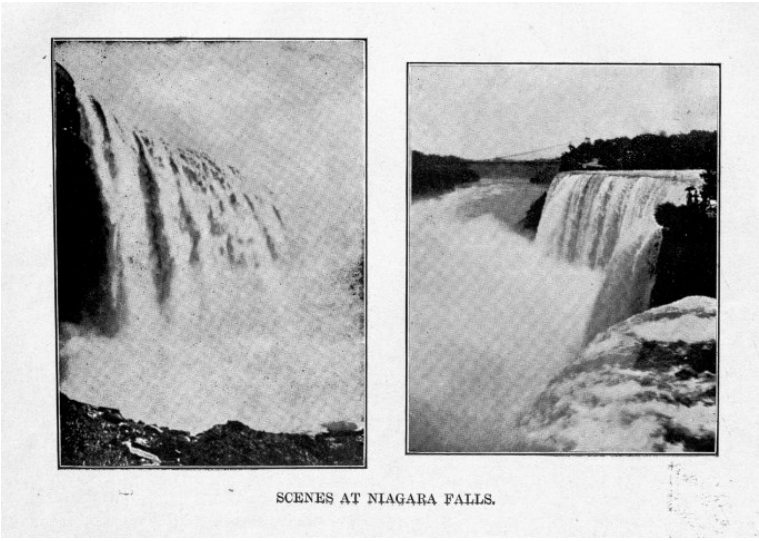
to Canada—Letters From Richmond Hill—Great War Interest in Canada—The Girl's Letter to Papa—Tom's Letter and Poem on the Great Fight With the Bloodhounds in South Carolina.

I have always believed that it was because the Lord loved me that He gave me so good a husband, who, by the bye, is preserved to me yet, and for the same reason, that He allowed me to have my dear mother with me again. She has been the very joy of my life, and is with me still. I would have missed my gallant and devoted Tom in no small degree when he went away to the war among so many others of the brave and true, only he was so attentive about writing me letters during his absence. I have kept all those missives of his, and laid them carefully away, and I have always said they would make a good book if they were printed; and some day I may put them in book form.

And Tom's numerous and well-written letters were not only a perpetual treat and joy to myself, but the two sweet girls, and Mr. and Mrs. John B. Sutherland, and a few select friends who came round the house seemed never to tire of reading his letters. He also wrote each of them a separate letter occasionally, but as a general thing, his long letters to myself had to serve for all.

During all this time the girls were growing up finely, and every twelve months I had their photographs taken and sent to him to let him see how nicely they looked in their New Year's dresses. Tom sent up photographs of himself in his plain soldier's dress, and also in his officer's dress, after his promotion. Poor Tom! My eyes often filled with tears when his letters came, and I sat down with an anxious heart to read their contents. I knew, of course, that the children and I should be provided for, should Tom be numbered with the slain, but we all longed to see him, and prayed much to Almighty God that if it was His gracious will our Tom might come home to us once more from the war.

It was at this time that one Christmas my two daughters were cojointly presented with a large, splendid, and well-illustrated copy of "The Pilgrim's Progress"—a book that attracted them so much that they have been reading it ever since! This glorious book kindled up all the latent enthusiasm of their souls, and in their excitement over "Doubting Castle," "Vanity Fair," and a hundred other wonders, they even wrote letters to their father about that wonderful book and its author—the tinker and preacher of Bedford. Their youthful enthusiasm amused their father very much, and he wrote back to them at once to read all in the Pilgrim's Progress that they wanted. They used to take turns with the book; one would read for an hour at a time, and the other would listen. I have always looked back upon the coming of that book into my house as a real blessing.



SCENES AT NIAGARA FALLS.

And still we always continued to attend the ordinances of our sweet little Church on Vine street—attended them on the Sabbath and during the week. The girls went to the Sunday School, and we adults assisted all that we could.

As Niagara Falls were not more than twenty-two miles away, we all occasionally took a holiday and went down and spent the day there, crossing over to the Canadian shore by way of the Suspension Bridge, that we might stand on Table Rock and see the great "Horseshoe Fall." Well, really, the Falls of Niagara are a wonderful sight. Even our own smaller American Fall is a splendid sight, though rather diminutive compared with the great Horseshoe Fall on the Canadian side of the river. I can never understand how a mere puny man can stand before the great Creator's works here, and say, "There is no God."

During the fall of 1864, I took my two daughters and went as far as Oxford county, Canada, to pay a visit to a dear family with whom I became acquainted in Buffalo. The weather was most delightful, and we enjoyed ourselves very much indeed during the month we remained on the farm. At that time I wrote the following letter to Tom, and will here introduce it, as it will speak for itself:

"RICHMOND HILL, Oxford Co., Canada, Sept., 1864.

"To Captain Thomas Lincoln,

"My Dear Husband.—The children and I took the train at Buffalo and came

here two weeks ago, to pay a long-promised visit to the Gibsons at 'Richmond Hill' farm, which lies in the county of Oxford some ten or twelve miles from the nearest station on the railroad. We left Buffalo early in the morning, and thus had the whole day before us, and plenty of leisure to look at the highly cultivated country through which we passed. The country was truly delightful all the way to Ingersoll, were we got out of the train, and where one of the Gibsons met us with a buggy. We all got in, and the children and I were greatly pleased with the charming country all around us, the farms being in such a high state of cultivation. But it was not all farming land that we passed through, for our way in one place led us through the forest, where the squirrels were running in perfect freedom overhead in the branches, and we could hear the woodman's axe ringing both far and near and bringing down the tall trees. After we had come about ten miles, we saw 'Richmond Hill' high up on the rising ground on the far side of a very narrow valley, that ran down to the cypress swamp away on our right hand. So we issued out of the woods on the top of the hill we were now descending, made our way along the creek at the bottom for a little distance to the right, and then we opened a big country gate and made our way up through the fields to the farm house door. While the girls and I were looking around at the grand view presented on all hands to our astonished eyes, the front house door opened, and out came Mrs. Gibson and her two daughters, and as many of the sons as were at home at the time of our arrival. They helped us out of the buggy, kissed and embraced us most rapturously, and gave us a very warm, hearty and enthusiastic welcome. (My whole soul fairly grows warm when I think of that welcome among the good Canadians). So they brought us into their nice house, which reminded me of the 'Palace Beautiful' in the Pilgrim's Progress. I had a little room for myself on a wing of the house. They called my room the 'Guest Chamber,' and it was a snug room with a pretty name I am sure. The girls slept in another small room near my own. Our things were all brought into the house and well disposed of within reach, and we felt most thoroughly at home among a kind people whose loving ways filled me and the girls with surprise. Mr. Gibson himself came home during the day, and gave us a warm welcome to Richmond Hill, and we saw the whole family with the exception of two who were not at home at that time.

"The friends and neighbors round about heard of our arrival and came to see us, and to invite me and the girls to pay them a visit as soon as ever we were able to do so. Indeed, had I known of the beauty and enchantment of this place and such a kind family, I would have been here long ago, never you fear!

"This glorious visit to Richmond Hill, where we have already been for two weeks, seems to the girls and me the essence of all enchantment, and the very ground we tread upon seems to be perfectly enchanted ground. The weather

is so fine, the Gibsons themselves are so refined and polished, and there is so much beauty all around us, that life itself seems to be one long day of joy. It is so delightful to climb the hill behind the house, and look across the deep and narrow valley below us to the primæval forests through which we rode; then we can see the winding creek away to our right, and the evergreen cypress swamp away upon our left. After we have seen all that, there are still the farm houses and cottages lying all round about us on the hill tops, and we often turn into one of them and sit down for an hour after our walk.

"The Gibsons are neither Secesh, nor semi-Unionists, nor even Copperheads! They are good Union people out and out, and they are for the restoration of the American Union. You would be thunderstruck if you were here and beheld the overwhelming interest that the Canadians take in the Civil War in the States. They are mostly Unionists, but some few would rather see the South win,—just the very same as they are in England and France. But we need not blame these few Canadians, nor go all the way across the North Atlantic to England, and Germany, and France, for all the Northern States are honeycombed with Democrats and semi-Unionists called 'Copperheads,' who are doing almost as much harm to our arms as the rebels themselves; because they sympathize with the South,—they desire them to retain their slaves, and would object to the colored man being made a freeman and a citizen. They have no heart for the Union with freedom.

"We have little cause indeed to find fault with Southern sympathizers far, far away beyond the deep, blue seas, when they are swarming all over the North, and are found mixed up in every part of the Union,—East, West and South as well. There are tens of thousands of people, who, I firmly believe, would rather see the very Union itself broken up than that the curse of slavery should now come to an end! We here in Canada have nothing to do but look around us to see the proofs of all this. In these trying days, when Uncle Sam is compelled to resort to one draft after another draft, to fill up the depleted ranks of our armies, there are thousands and tens of thousands of men who have crossed over here into British America, and I have seen plenty of them with my own eyes. One day I met quite a fine young doctor from Maine,—quite a fine medical man, and a good looking fellow to boot, who addressed me in these words, "I was at home in Maine with my newly married wife when the draft came, and I was taken. I have no hatred against Southern men who never did me any harm, and considered I had no right to throw my young life away on Southern bullets. I had also other conscientious objections to the whole business, and did not consider their war any interest of mine! The Canadian frontier, therefore, being near at hand, it was my own privilege to do just as I pleased—'to use force' as well as they! So I crossed the Canadian border, and here I am in good health and safety! Upon that he drew a letter out of his inside vest pocket,—a letter just received from his

wife, along with the photograph of her, which he showed me, and she looked most uncommonly pretty too.

"One day the girls and I were walking along the high road when we met six men who had come over from the Northern States, and all over the length and breadth of Canada, they are everywhere, and indeed, the very woods seem to be full of them!

"The first thing I do in the morning, and the last thing at night, is to pray to our Father in Heaven for you, my own dear Tom,—that he may take care of you; and, if it be his good will and pleasure, to bring you back safe and sound to us at home. I no longer wonder at some people being fond of travel. No wonder, for it has its charms and great ones too. It seems to me so very strange that the children and I,—in a few hours time, should be transported from the City of Buffalo to this romantic and almost ethereal home upon the hills of Western Canada, and then for me to turn around and think of you and the rest of the army battling away for freedom and union in the Fair South! We get the papers here every day. They are brought from the nearest post town which is three miles away, and then we all have such a scramble to hear the latest news from the seat of war, as they call it on their great headlines. It does not surprise me so much that we at home should make such an ado over the war news, but that these Canadians should also take so much interest as ourselves seems to me most astonishing indeed. It is just three miles from here to the post town, and one day we three went to spend the day with some relatives of the Gibsons. On an open space at the entrance to the town stood a large tent,—a kind of show called 'The War in the South.' We paid the showman five cents apiece and went in to see the pictures of the war set out on the canvas. We looked through the round, bull-eye glasses, and the general effect was to magnify the whole scene to a very great extent. I must confess that after all that I have read and heard, this peep-show, or whatever else you may call it, gave me a better idea of the field of war, and its far-spreading extent than all I have ever learned from other sources,—all put together.

"As we stood and looked we could see the long, fertile, southern plains under the noon-day sun; the woods and forest lay around them like a fringe in the distance; so minute and life-like did the very trees and bushes appear that I could almost tell what species they belonged to. Other pictures, in which we were ten times more interested, showed us the northern and southern armies on the march with flags flying, or else they were encamped on the edge of a wood among the lofty trees. There were also scenes of war and a battle which looked really too dreadful, even to behold the pictures of them. At such times I felt quite inclined to shut my eyes on such awful scenes. 'If such is the mere picture,' I said to myself, 'what must the reality of actual war be.' When we had thoroughly satisfied ourselves with this famous little peep-show, we came out, considering

that we had had a good five cents' worth,—I mean five cents a piece! And so we moved on to our friend's house, where we had a most uncommonly warm welcome, and where we spent the whole day, some other friends coming in to see us during our pleasant visit.

"I must not forget to tell you that at the farm house at 'Richmond Hill' they have quite a fine piano; and, as my experience during the great Abolition campaign in the North made me quite an adept at speaking and singing in public, I have been able to entertain these good Gibsons and other Canadian friends with some of the music and songs I used to play and sing. Our girls also have dome very well on the piano, to be so young yet.

"We all send our warmest love to you; and if I see any good reason for writing you again before we leave Richmond Hill, will send you another Canadian letter before our return home, and I remain, my dear Tom, ever your most affectionate wife,

"BEULAH LINCOLN."

When we had been a month at Richmond Hill, and were getting ready for our departure on the following day, the girls had a great desire to write their papa. So I furnished them with the writing materials, upon which they put their heads and thoughts together, and wrote the letter that follows:

"RICHMOND HILL, October, 1864.

"Our Dear Papa:—

"With great pleasure we send you this letter, we your daughters, who love you. We are all quite well, and hope you are well also amidst the dangers and toils of the war. All the letters and other things that you sent us to Buffalo were forwarded to us to Richmond Hill, in Canada. We have read your letters over and over again with great interest, and the friends here have read some of them that told all about the military operations in the fields, and they were very well pleased with their contents, for the Gibsons are great union people too.

"As the weather here has been most delightfully sunny, and we have been so much in the open air on these Canadian hills, both mama and our two selves have gotten quite fat, and also look as people do when they come from the bathing places on the sea shore. We also feel right good, all three of us, for we have had a grand time, and been so very kindly used. Thus our hearts and minds are content, and we are going home to Buffalo to-morrow filled with pleasure, like heavily laden bees going humming to their hives with plenty of sweet honey.

"We have been to church in the town every Sunday since we came here. The Gibsons are Presbyterians, and so we went to the Presbyterian church, and indeed it is very beautiful. We stood up to pray instead of kneeling down as we do at Vine Street, in Buffalo, but Dr. Bell is a famous preacher.

"As the buggy could not hold everybody, mamma rode both ways and we

walked, and we never thought of getting tired.

"The horse is an awful quiet one, something little 'Gentle Annie' of the song. We were not a bit afraid to drive on week days by our two selves, and bring the mail from the postoffice; and then we learned how to drive and manage a horse. But the Gibson horse would never make a war horse, he is not strong enough, and the cannons would frighten him too much.

"We do not go to market here for fruit and vegetables. We just open the gates to the garden and orchard, and bring in all the potatoes, cabbage, turnips, pears, peaches, apples, and whatever else we may need. We have been very busy paring apples; and besides that we have a lot of fruit in jars that we are going to take home to Buffalo. The preserves will be nice in winter.

"We met with a wonderful piece of good luck at Richmond Hill. The Gibsons have got an enormous copy of the Pilgrim's Progress,—as big as a family Bible, published in London, and all the pictures are quite different from those in our own. O, what grand times we had looking at all the pictures!

"When night came on, we girls took our turn and read 'The War in the South' in the 'Daily Toronto Globe.' How our eyes did glisten as we read many parts of the news!

"We will leave this house to-morrow after an early breakfast. One of the sons will drive us to Ingersoll railway station. We have now seen the whole family,—all the Gibsons. We never knew that there were such fine people in Canada. We are all so very glad that the Lord directed our young feet to this place.

"We must now close our letter with much love from everybody, and we are, our dear papa, your most loving daughters,

"—— and —— Lincoln."

We got home to Buffalo once more all right, but that grand visit made a very great impression upon our hearts and minds. I have attempted to place a few sketches of it before my kind and indulgent reader, but Oh, dear me! if I were to write down all that I could write about that famous visit it would fill up a whole book. Perhaps I may return to the subject again.

Soon after our return to our happy and pleasant home in Buffalo, I received the following letter from Tom:

"NEW ORLEANS, La., October, 1864.

"Mrs. Beulah Lincoln,

"My Dear Beulah:—Since I was promoted to the rank of captain, my duties have varied a good deal more at different times than they did when I was a private in the ranks. I have lately been away in the interior of this State, but here I am back to the Crescent City once more, and ever trying to attend most faithfully to my duties. I tell you, my dear Beulah, it takes every one of us to do our very

best,—with a long pull, and a strong pull, and a pull altogether,—to pull down this terrible and powerful rebellion. People can think, and talk, and even write all they please; but I am firmly convinced that had Abraham Lincoln not issued his famous emancipation proclamation on the 1st of January, 1863, the war would go on for twenty years, and perhaps we would have to compromise with the rebels even then. And then they are such fighters! Why, they are worse than tigers! However that may be, I know one thing,—since the issuing of that proclamation the rebellion has been cut down in territory on all sides; and, as we have got hold of the rebel ports, one by one, the blockade runners have been cut off by sea to that extent. Thus we have cut off their supplies from foreign nations; and right here I may notice that, as to the millions of silver and gold that the South has piled and heaped from the toils and labors of the oppressed slaves,—of all that ill-gotten coin, there is perhaps not one dollar of it left now in the entire South. It has all gone to buy the munition of war in Europe; and yet the cause for which the South has expended it will all be lost!

"The rebellion is going down, and will come to an end by and by. I suppose there are now about 200,000 colored troops in the field, many of whom used to raise the crops for 'old Massa.' Now white men must stay at home and raise the crops, and look after their own families into the bargain, and all that is so much more cut off from their resources.

"I used to be of the opinion that after all the lickings we have given them, and seeing that they had no prospect but ultimate defeat before their eyes, they would come to terms and lay down their arms. But no!—nothing of the sort indeed! They have still their pride left, and that is something!—I don't think we will ever conquer them; but we will just wear them away, one by one, till there is not another rebel left. The armies of the nations of history have usually laid down their arms when they saw that the struggle was quite hopeless; but so long as there is even one Southern rebel left who can stand on his feet and hold up a flag, I believe they will say that the South is still independent and free! We will never conquer them; we shall have to wear them out!

"We here at the seat of war in the South are splendidly supplied with an abundance of newspapers, magazines, and I know not what besides. Some are illustrated with all sorts of pictures, and some are not illustrated; and they appear to be sent to us poor fellows by all sorts of good people from all the four winds of heaven. In one of these latest magazines there is a very vivid representation of a terrible fight that the First South Carolina Colored Regiment had with bloodhounds at Pocataligo Bridge, on the 23rd of October, 1862. The rebels came streaming on through the woods, with horse, foot and dragoons, and also the bloodhounds. Our own brave men advanced boldly through among the trees, and attacked dog, horse and man in a terrible hurry. The hounds especially dashed

against our men with great fierceness, but they were shot down and bayoneted quicker than it takes me to tell the tale with pen and ink. Then the gallant troops held them up aloft for joy on the points of their bayonets and laughed. The dogs looked just like meat on the point of a fork. I have turned the entire scene into a little poem of my own. Here it is:

”We met the bloodhounds at the bridge,
They ran with all their might;
Their open months cried bow, wow, wow!
It was a glorious sight.
We ran our bayonets through their backs,
We shot them with the gun;
It was all over with the dogs,
And ’twas most glorious fun!

”In former days those brutes were used
To hunt the flying slave;
They tracked them through their dismal swamps,
And little quarter gave;
But when they tried the game of war
We knocked them on the head,
We shot them quick, and ran them through,
Until every hound was dead!

”Thus perished those bad dogs at once,
We tossed them high for fun;
We held them on our bayonet tops,
And finished the last one;
Which was a flitting end for them,
The brutes shall bark no more,
Nor hunt the flying fugitive
On Carolina’s shore!

”But slavery there has lost the day,
They need bloodhounds no more;
All men and women now are free
On Carolina’s shore;
The white man now will learn to work
Like other men I trow,

Nor raise the bloodhounds for the chase,
Big brutes that cry bow, wow!

"But I must lay down the pen, or else I am sure you will begin to get tired of my long letter. I was very greatly interested, indeed, in your glorious visit to Canada. I would like to go there myself. Perhaps we will all visit them together some future day. With much warm love to yourself, the girls, and all the rest. I am as ever,

"Your most loving husband,

"THOMAS LINCOLN."

CHAPTER VIII.

The Fight at Marion, Tennessee—The Battle of Nashville—Success of the Northern Armies—Massacre at Fort Pillow—The Rebels Refuse to Exchange Colored Soldiers—Our Defeat at Olustee—Eighty Thousand Northern Prisoners Perishing in Southern Prisons—The Mine at Petersburg—The Wealth of the South—A Soldier's Song.

When we consider that there were 200,000 or more colored men in the field, and that they were engaged in fights, large and small, somewhere or other every day all over the far-spreading South, where all did so well and received the praises of the brave and true, it seems to me ridiculous at this time of day to look back and select particular actions wherein they distinguished themselves. But I am not aware that I can do any better than many worthy writers have done before me. There was one circumstance, however, or rather course of similar circumstances that struck those of us at home who closely followed the war as detailed by private letters and dispatches in the public newspapers, which was that on many memorable occasions the colored regiments saved the defeated and flying white troops from complete destruction. And white men were thankful enough to be saved by our men, and who could blame them? They were both in the field to assist one another in every possible way. I am not claiming more for the colored troops than belongs to them; but let them have their rights. No just

man will give them less.

It was in the beginning of December, 1864, that a regular battle took place near Marion, Tennessee, for the destruction of the Marion Salt Works. The battle commenced in the morning, and fluctuated backwards and forwards the greater part of the day. General Stoneman, who commanded the Federals, at last found himself badly beaten by the Confederates, under General Breckenridge. The national troops were in a desperate condition, and nothing but destruction stared them in the face. There was no time to be lost. The fate of the Northern army was trembling in the scales. General Stoneman at once ordered up the black troops, whom he divided into three columns. He placed General Burbridge at the head of one column, gave another to Col. Wade, and the third to General Brisbin.

Colonel Wade led the right column, General Burbridge the left, and General Brisbin the centre. Wade got off first, and sailed into the rebels in gallant style. Burbridge piled his overcoat on the ground, drew his sword, and led his column forward like lions. Most of the officers and all the men were on foot. Wade's horse was soon shot, after which he led his men on foot, and they were the first to strike the Confederate line, who fired time after time, but Wade's column advanced rapidly for a hand-to-hand fight with the rebels. They went through the Confederate lines like an iron wedge, when the enemy broke, turned and ran. Burbridge hit with all his might on the left, and Brisbin's men in the centre also covered themselves with glory. Men never did better in this world. When their guns were empty, they clubbed their foes with the butt ends, many of the latter jumping fully fifteen feet down the opposite side of the hill to get out of the way of our infuriated men! The night was now coming on! Sauve qui peut! The rebels fled in the darkness, and ultimately took the North Carolina road, fleeing over the mountains. Thus ended the grand struggle for the salt works at Marion, Tennessee. Our troops now advanced, nor stopped till their destruction was complete.

We all know that it must go very hard, indeed, with any people when they have got no salt. Poor things! What could they do without salt? So these coveted salt works at Marion were destroyed by the Union army, but not till the army had been first rescued from destruction by the colored troops who were attached to the service there.

I don't know how it happened, but somehow or other the Northern generals had a great deal of confidence in colored men, whom they often put aside, and held in reserve in case of the direst necessity in the end, and when the worst might come to the worst. It was then that our faithful fellows were called forwards to save the armies, and they saved them, too, standing like walls of adamant between the white Unionists and their terrible foes. Our brave boys often did as well elsewhere as they did at Marion.

It used to be the grand hue and cry in the beginning of the war that if colored men were enlisted into the armies of the Union, they would not fight like their white brothers! Even we ladies, who surely were never intended to fight in the ranks—we ladies living far away up in the North at Buffalo, used to laugh at the whole thing as a joke, for certainly everybody knew better. But that miserable parrot cry ceased after a while, and was no more heard of.

Another grievance in the beginning of the enlistment of colored troops was to offer them smaller pay than white men. Some of our regiments absolutely refused to take less; others took what was offered. But as a general thing, between Congress and the States themselves, all things were put right at last, and justice was done by making things about even. But whether right or wrong the troops never refused to do their duty. It certainly was a shameful and shabby affair to offer them less, because many of them certainly were superior to their white brothers in the field. The color of the skin was a poor, miserable reason for giving them less.

General T. J. Morgan gives a long and brilliant account of his connection with several colored regiments in the Department of Cumberland. He is also very jokey, and furnished us with a great many amusing anecdotes, which he loves to relate. He gives us some very good sketches of the Battle of Nashville, Tennessee, which occupied two days, in the middle of December, 1864. A thaw had set in; the ice and cold had given way, and General George T. Thomas now took advantage of the opportunity that presented itself to compel the rebel General Hood to raise the siege of Nashville. It was decided that General Morgan and his colored regiments should begin the attack on the Union left as soon as they could see their way in the dawn of that December morning. After an early breakfast, Morgan and his men advanced upon the rebel right with unbounded enthusiasm, and struck it with all their might. Their attacks were simply irresistible, and although the Southerners fought with their accustomed stubbornness and bravery they had to give way. General Hood was under the impression that this attack upon his left was to be the grand attack of the day's battle, but it was a feint to draw off his men from his right, where General Thomas struck him with awful force, doubled him up, and forced the whole rebel army, right, left and centre, to retreat for the space of two miles. Thus the first day's battle (which the colored troops began) was a complete success along the whole line, although we lost many a brave man. General Hood made haste to fortify himself, and threw up intrenchments on his line of battle—in short, he did everything that a prudent general upon the defensive could do. But the white and colored troops followed up their success by attacking his forces with unwonted vigor and enthusiasm on the morning of the second day. The Southerners not being gods, nor made even of iron, now turned and fled. A general pursuit of the rebels at once began;

colored and white alike pressed on like hounds behind the hares. We followed them all the way to Franklin, Tennessee, followed them day and night, and traversed hundreds of miles, with mud and rains. The roads were in a dreadful condition. Many of our brave men lost their shoes in the deep and sticky mud, but still kept on, though their feet were cold, and bled into the bargain. At night they would take down fence-rails and such like to make fires to keep themselves warm. General Hood fled away, and returned no more. The Confederacy was now beginning to shake in every limb of its body. The North determined to hold on. Thus our own 200,000 colored men contributed to the grand result. As the songs of the day said, "The colored troops fought bravely!"

COTTON PICKING.

COTTON PICKING.

About the 20th of April, 1864, after I had given the children their breakfast, and sent them to school, the letter-carrier came up the steps with another missive from my own dear Tom, and just as I had opened it to begin to read it, who came into the room but dear mother! So to work we went and read the letter together:

"NEW ORLEANS, April, 1864.

"Mrs. Beulah Lincoln,

"My Dear Beulah:—With great pleasure I sit down to answer all the delightful letters I have received from yourself and the girls. Your letters have been a very great joy to me indeed all the time I have been in the hospital. They have actually helped me to mend by keeping up my spirits! At least that is what the doctors and nurses say, who have read some of your letters, and they liked them

so much. They were greatly delighted over your letters on your trip to Canada! If it had not been for my wound, my residence at this beautiful hospital in the Sunny South would have been almost as great a treat to me as the month you and the girls spent at Richmond Hill. Because here comes neither frost nor snow, and the sun is always bright and genial, and the flowers scent the air all the year round, and the winds come through the open windows just laden with their fragrance. But, thank God, I shall soon be well now, and then I will go back to the war if it is not all over by the time I receive my discharge from this good hospital. If the war is not over then, I will go back to the field; but, if it is all over, then I am likely to get my discharge from the army and come home. I have taken 'notes' of all the active operations in which I was engaged in the field up to the time I was wounded; and I think I will write and publish a book when I come home! All the events, let things be going as they may, I am sure that they are going ten times better now that our glorious Grant has got the chief command over all the armies in the field throughout the far-extended seat of war in the South. Before he took command even a child could see how our own Northern generals and colonels themselves wrangled, and were jealous of one another, and carried on. It always appeared to me that before Grant took command they wasted as much strength and national resources as the rebels themselves did! Too many cooks spoil the broth; and they also resembled a balky team of cross-grained mules pulling, kicking and flinging against one another! Indeed they had a great deal to learn, and that was how to agree. But Grant put them all to rights with a few shuffles of national 'cards.' He made all things work aright, and those who were too anxious to be bosses, he either set off on one side by themselves, or else sent them home about their business. In this respect the rebels had been far wiser than we were. They had, of course, their quarrels and disagreements also, but never to the same extent as ourselves. But Grant ended all that, and I observe that secession has been ailing very much ever since!

"It will be old news to you to speak in this letter about the late massacre of white and colored officers and soldiers at Fort Pillow, where General Forrest and his men murdered hundreds of our own brave fellows in cold blood. I understand that although that massacre occurred only a few days ago, so to speak, that the war-cry 'Remember Fort Pillow!' has already been made in quite a number of the most recent engagements between colored troops and rebels on the seat of war. The wholesale murder of our own men and officers at Fort Pillow is the entire conversation throughout the hospital, the city of New Orleans and the entire South. Surely that murder was winked at by the rebel government at Richmond. From the very first day when a rebel was shot dead by a former servant (?) all the rebels of the South together have been more faint at heart than if they had got the leprosy! There has been a constant attempt from the first to

treat colored troops not as soldiers under the United States Government, but as perfect outlaws or even as wild animals themselves. A certain kind of shudder, a horror,—a something that no man can describe—seems to have taken possession of the rebel breast at the very idea of letting loose their former slaves against their masters! They think that this is awful indeed, and hold up their hands in holy horror. And this horror of theirs holds good not only with regard to the colored troops themselves, but it is even more bitter if possible when directed against the white officers who trained them in the art of war, and who led them on the battle-field. It is true that we have officers chosen from among ourselves, but then we are all one army, and we must go shares hand in hand with the rest in the general conflict.

"It was not only a great crime in General Forrest and his rebels murdering hundreds of Union men at Fort Pillow, but it was the greatest blunder they have yet committed as they will themselves find out at once. Instead of making over 200,000 men afraid of them, or deterring them from the battle entirely, we shall only go into battle ten times more eagerly than before, and do fighting ten times more valiant than ever. A shudder has already run over the entire North that will do more to unite the whole Union than if we had gained one of the greatest victories of war. The Southern policy from Jeff. Davis downwards is to ignore us completely as men, and to treat us as 'goods and chattels' still. Jeff. even issued a proclamation against Benjamin F. Butler, at New Orleans, treating him as an outlaw for organizing regiments of colored troops, or, in fact, for pressing their former slaves into the war in any shape and form. At the same time, they themselves have made use of their slaves to throw up breastworks, and to do all kinds of labor, almost from the hour when they themselves at first rebelled. Their theory is that they have a perfect right to use their slaves to fight against the Union, and we, who own the whole nation must not indeed even touch them with our little fingers! This will never do, because it is a game that two of us at least cannot play at.

"It will never be known until the great Day of Judgment what became of all the colored soldiers who fell into the hands of the rebels. It is true that the rebel authorities directed them to be handed over to the States to which they belonged to be dealt with by the civil laws of those States, but even this is a subject upon which I can obtain no information whatever. I can only say that their path is unknown, and they have never been seen alive after their capture. Of other things we are more certain. The Southern soldiers have been seen killing their colored prisoners on the battle-field,—killing them in hospitals, and in many ways awarding to them the treatment we would give to any wild animal that we shot at a hunt. From the very first the rebels at Richmond have refused to exchange colored prisoners like white prisoners of war. They have never even

exchanged a single man! There is an old saying that those whom the gods intend to destroy, they first make mad, that is insane. We do not thank the rebel crew for attempting to treat us as outlaws and wild beasts, but we will do one thing for them for all this,—we will now assist in pulling down their Confederacy far faster than we have done before.

"As to the murder at Fort Pillow, the whole thing was, of course, a put up job. After fighting all the morning, and finding ten times more trouble to get into the fort than they ever expected, at 1 P. M. they sent in a flag of truce. But whilst they pretended to be parleying round that flag of truce, the rebels rapidly and quietly pushed their men up on the sides of the fort, which was contrary to the laws of war, and then breaking off the truce made a sudden rush into the fort and took it. Then we surrendered, but the rebels would not receive our surrender, and their massacre began. They shot down and killed our officers and men in every possible way after they had given up their weapons of war. General Forrest and other rebel commanders were there and allowed the carnage to go on that afternoon and next morning. The rebels took our men, nailed some of them to the floors of old wooden buildings to which they next set fire, and thus burned them while yet alive. Then they called out others, one by one, and shot them as fast as they appeared. One of the principal white officers was murdered on the road as the rebels were marching away from the fort,—at least he never came through alive. No doubt that Congress will appoint a commission of inquiry at once, and make a complete examination of the whole affair, and the entire truth will be established from the mouths of those white and black soldiers who escaped. In the meantime, we have facts enough at hand to put all the above beyond the shadow of a doubt. It was horrible.

"My dear Beulah, I had much more to write to you about, but the doctors will be here in a quarter of an hour, and as I wish you to receive my letter without delay, I will now draw it to a hurried end, and leave the balance for my next epistle. In the meantime, my dear Beulah, keep the girls steady at school, for after good religion, I think that good education (put to good use) is the grandest ornament in the world, and in a woman I think it looks splendid. Also give all my love to Mr. and Mrs. John B. Sutherland, and give them a reading of this letter—and let our children read it too, by all means. I just feel, my dear, as if I could go on writing to you for a month,—you are such a comfort! But, good-by, God bless you! Ta-ta!

"Your thrice loving

"TOM."

My indulgent and kind readers, I would be glad if I could draw down the veil upon the disasters and defeats we met with from the hands of the rebels whilst our brave men were battling for freedom, and the reunion of all the States. But,

alas, alas! that would never do, and I must tell the whole truth on both sides. We had our victories in plenty, and there was a general caving-in of Secessia going on continually, but O dear me! what drawbacks and disasters there are for the historian to tell! The whole nation was still smarting from our signal defeat at Olustee, Fla., when the butchery at Fort Pillow fell upon us like a thunderstorm in summer. I can't tell which was the worst in its way—our complete defeat, our flight and almost total annihilation at Olustee, or the barbarous murders at Fort Pillow. Our defeat at Olustee took place on the 20th of February, 1864. We must, in the first place, thank our General Gillmore for disobeying orders, and leading his black and white troops into that perfect trap which the rebels had prepared for us among the forest trees at Olustee. They had their masked batteries, and all their perfect preparations of war completely concealed from us till we were right inside the very trap itself, and then General Gillmore, instead of drawing back his forces and forming them into a regular line of battle, wildly rushed one regiment after another into the powerful rebel position that lay concealed between two swamps, where our poor fellows were just mown down like grass before the scythe. When eight hundred colored soldiers and six hundred white ones had thus been placed hors de combat, we turned and fled for Jacksonville, and all along the way the rebels followed up our retreat, and all the fugitives alike shared the disasters of a defeat, which was most complete in every part. The exultation at the South, of course, was as great as our depression of spirits at the North, for it was another Braddock's defeat over again; but then war is as much of a game as a game of cards, or a game at the checker-board. Thus one was in joy whilst the other was in grief; in the same way the dark night follows the bright day, and sunshine gives way to shadow. It is the self-same with the individual as with the nation. Which one of us has not had a grand day of triumph, as well as his night of misfortune and distress? What proportion our defeats bore to our victories I am at this time unable to say; but I know they were a very high percentage of the whole, as we found out to our cost. It is not my intention to open up the whole question, but there is at least one horror that I must mention besides actual conflict on the battle-field, which is, that the nation lost about 80,000 men that were starved to death (I might almost say) or perished through misusage and neglect, and the want of all comforts in the Southern prisons, at Richmond, Andersonville and elsewhere. Whilst we were fattening their men in our Northern cities, and exchanging them as prisoners of war, so they might take the field against us once more, our poor fellows, who were merely skin and bone, were returned to us only to remain mental and bodily wrecks on our hands the rest of their days. Few of them, indeed, were ever found fit to go back to the field again. Thus 80,000 men, some at least of whom were colored, died in the South from want of sufficient food, from cold in the winters, and almost every other

conceivable and bad reason, such as the want of medicine, proper nursing and attention during sickness, and so forth. No wonder, then, that our people used to associate the murders at Fort Pillow and the deaths in the Southern prisons together.

We also met with a great defeat at the explosion of the mine at Petersburg, on the 30th of July, 1864. That turned out one of the greatest blunders and most bungled affairs of the whole war. It was decided that the colored troops should lead the charge into Petersburg after the explosion had cleared the way for the advance and attack. Then a general, who ranked higher, in a spirit of jealousy countermanded the first and best arrangements, and ordered his white troops to lead the advance. Then the mine itself did not explode until some hours after the appointed time. When the explosion came the advance and attack were so bungled that the whole affair turned out a complete failure. The attacking troops were also caught inside the crater in a perfect trap, and the colored troops who were sent in to their aid, fared no better. In fact, at last there was neither advance nor retreat for any one, and things were even worse than at Olustee, and all had to surrender in a body, prisoners of war. Thus all our labors were thrown away at Petersburg on that fatal morning, through jealousy and every kind of bungling and mismanagement. General Grant has recorded it in his life, that if the first arrangements had been carried out, they would no doubt have succeeded in capturing the city.

But such are jealousy and ignorance! These were the two grand causes of the disaster of the Union armies during the first half of the war, and all these misfortunes happened in the face of an ever-watchful and desperate enemy, who had staked everything on the issue—life, fortune and all—an enemy fighting with all his might for the institution of slavery, and for the control of his own land and government without interference from Uncle Sam. But so it has ever been with all wars that the historian has ever recorded. Nations have their dark days as well as their bright ones. And if we had great and crowning victories, we also had our defeats and dark days.

Before my dear Tom got wounded, and was taken to the hospital at New Orleans, I received a letter from him describing a march his regiment had down the banks of a beautiful river in Mississippi, after which they came upon the boundaries of one of those grand mansions that I alluded to before as almost excelling the princely palaces of the grandees of Europe. We used to think Riverside Hall something (continues my dear letter-writer), but Riverside Hall was nothing to Belmont, as this place was called. The family had all left, and there was nobody in and about the princely place. No wonder that the slave-holder had grown rich! With a thousand people to work for them for nothing, and themselves pocketing the entire proceeds of their labors and toils, all they had to do was to bank

their money, and lay it out in eating and drinking and riotous living, as the Bible tells us. No wonder that they had pleasant trees and shrubbery, and fine streams gliding through the park here, the smooth lawns reminding one of the garden of Eden before the fall of our first parents. No wonder that they had grand statuary all along their graveled walks, along which fine carriages and lordly companies on foot glided along their sunny way in the palmy days of slavery, now departed to return nevermore! In the Sunny South this day, we marched down the banks of one of the sweetest rivers I have seen in the State of Mississippi. I have written a few verses on the subject; written them on a marble table in the interior of splendid Belmont, a mansion, which for glory and for beauty, it would dazzle your eyes to look upon. Here are the lines I composed:

UPON THE SOUTHERN RIVER!

Across the bridge we made our way,
The dancing waves sang loud and gay,
And warm and bright the sunbeams lay,
Upon the Southern River!

And countless birds sang in the trees,
Our banners fluttered in the breeze,
All eyes were charmed midst scenes like these,
All down the Southern River!

Our hearts were light, our bands did play
Upon that glorious sunny day.
... ...
Beside the southern river!

"The Sunny South!—The Sunny South!"
These words were ever in each mouth,
Suggesting things of love and youth
Along the Southern River.

And still we marched, and laughed and sang
And down the flowery banks we sprang,
The wild woods with the echoes rang
All down the Southern River!

Until we came to "Belmont" grand,—
The finest mansion in the land,
That on the rising ground does stand
Beside the Southern River!

Thus my Tom wrote about the Southern river and the Sunny South. After this I never wondered more why the slave-holders fought so hard to gain their independence. No wonder, when they fought for "Belmont," etc.!

CHAPTER IX.

The Colored Men of Iowa—Hard Fight Near White River—The Men of Kansas—Enthusiasm for the War—Fight at Butler—Battle of Cabin Creek—Battle of Honey Springs—The Battle of Poison Springs—Battle at the Sabine River—Battle of Boykin's Mill with Poem—Incidents of the War.

I have said nothing yet about the far western frontier, and the enlistments that took place far away between the Mississippi river and the Rocky Mountains. There were not many colored people in those States and territories at that time, but the few who were there acted with the greatest enthusiasm, and came joyously up to the rescue of the Union and liberty. Although all colored men were free in those parts, they most willingly laid down the plough and other implements of husbandry, left their sweethearts, their wives and families, and all that they held dearest, with wonderful zeal and alacrity, and marched to the field even with the utmost joy, "to help of the Lord against the mighty." Of course the Western frontier was not the only part of the Union where such devotion for the Union and liberty was shown. It was the very same everywhere. Even in the old slave States, when the recruiting sergeants came along, and asked the slaves if they would like to go to the war and fight for Uncle Sam, to a man they answered yes. Thus the recruiting went rapidly on wherever colored volunteers could be found. Poor Uncle Sam was in great need of men, and these brave recruits were

gathered together at places appointed for drill, in all the various branches of the art of war, and they learned with great willingness and with great rapidity also. With so much enthusiasm and fire, is it any wonder that colored troops did so well in the war, and with their strong, brawny, willing arms so mightily helped to knock down the South? It is no wonder at all!

Yes, poor Uncle Sam was in great need of assistance about the time of Lincoln's proclamation of freedom, for these terrible and clever rebels had not only destroyed our white troops by tens of thousands, but they had at the same time thinned out some thousands of the black soldiers also. Lincoln kept calling for more troops, for a very great many more, indeed, and black and white men came up to the national call like heroes.

It was not until August, 1863, when the men of Iowa arose, hurried through their drill, and marched to the front. They gathered at first at St. Louis, where Mrs. I. N. Triplet presented one of the regiments with a beautiful silk national flag, on behalf of the ladies of Iowa, and of the city of Muscatine. That beautiful flag was carried all through the war, and was brought home again to Iowa, in the midst of great congratulations.

In January, 1864, this regiment was ordered to report to Helena, Arkansas, and lent a hand in a number of small engagements, where they took numbers of prisoners. But the most serious fight in which they were engaged took place in the following July, near the White river, where they attacked a force of the rebels twice as numerous as themselves. This fight was most desperate, though the rebels lost three men to our one. Most of our own officers were killed or wounded; night was coming on apace, and still we held out—yea! fought like lions hour after hour. At last a body of white Union soldiers coming to our aid, burst through the rebel ranks with loud cheering, and our poor fellows, who were so hard pressed, cheered loudly in return. Still the arrival of these reenforcements did not turn the battle into a Union victory, but they enabled us to retreat from the field in good order. Later on in the day, more colored reenforcements from Helena arrived, but too late to make any changes in the situation. It was well for us, however, to save all the men we could, because the rebel soldiers and the rebel population on these western States and territories seldom missed an opportunity to murder every colored soldier who fell alive into their hands. Still we cared nothing for their "black flag," but fought ten times harder than before, and thus we helped on the downfall of slavery!

The State of Kansas was the very first State in the entire Union to make a commencement in recruiting and drilling regiments of colored men to put down the great rebellion. Kansas was only admitted into the Union as a free State on the 29th of January, 1861. It was her admission as such that transferred the slave-holder's rebellion from Kansas to South Carolina, and the other seceding

States. In other words, the rebellion began in Kansas, and the scene was simply shifted upon Lincoln's election. But the Republican men of Kansas arose with unbounded alacrity and enthusiasm, and in a short time had 20,000 men in the field, some of whom were regiments of colored men, who did yeoman's service in the West. And not only in Kansas, but in every other section of the Union, colored men showed a great deal of principle in the way in which they came up to the rescue of the nation; came up with horse, foot and artillery! As Deborah says in her song of victory (Judges, 5 chapter, verse 18): "Zabulun and Naphtali were a people that jeopardized their lives unto the death in the high place of the field." The first fight in which the colored troops of Kansas were engaged took place near Butler. There were about two hundred and twenty-five men in all, and they were attacked by about five hundred Confederates. This is supposed to have been the very first engagement in the war between colored soldiers and the rebels, and the rebels were defeated with considerable loss. The date of the engagement was the 28th of October, 1862. The next morning a few recruits came up and joined their comrades in the pursuit of the secessionists, but failed to overtake them. The work of recruiting, drilling and disciplining the regiments still went on, till at last they were so efficient in the various arms of the service that they were second to none. Soon after this a foraging party of forty-five of our men were attacked by three hundred Confederates, and half of them killed or captured in a short time.

This regiment, which was lead by the gallant Colonel Williams, remained in camp at Baxter Springs till the 27th of June, 1863, when it marched for Fort Gibson, in connection with a large supply train from Fort Scott en route to the former place. The Colonel was led to believe that they would be attacked in the neighborhood of Cabin Creek. He made haste, and gathered all his men together, about eight hundred in all. Upon arriving at Cabin Creek the rebels in great force under General Cooper met him there, but our men were unable to cross the stream on account of a shower of rain, which had swollen its waters too high for infantry to get over. When the morning came, by the aid of those who had come up in the night, the whole effective force was now raised to 1,200 men, which embraced some cavalry, a few Indians, and four pieces of artillery. Being well lead on by their officers, these 1,200 men made a most heroic attack on the vastly-superior rebel force, and after two hours' hard fighting, vanquished them completely, killing and wounding one hundred men, and taking eight prisoners. We had eight killed and twenty-five wounded on our side. The road was now open, and our men proceeded with the train to Fort Gibson, where they arrived on the 5th of July, 1863.

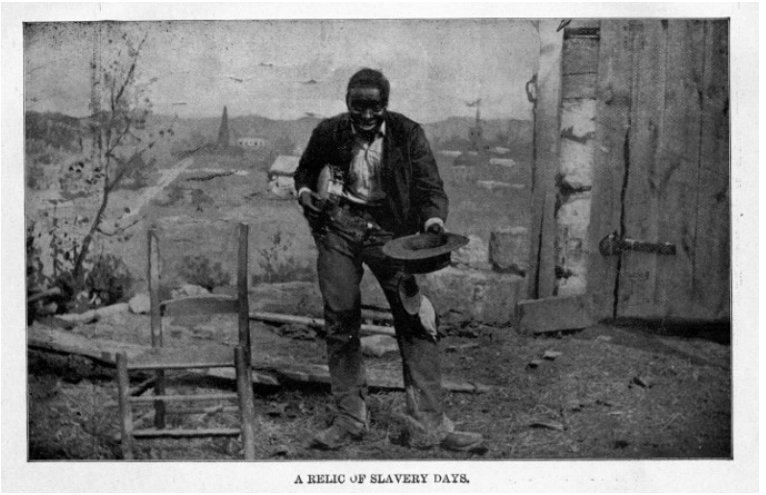
It was on the morning of the 17th of July when our small force under command of General Blunt, left Fort Gibson, and moved upon the enemy, 6,000

strong, who were commanded by General Cooper. We found the latter encamped at Honey Springs, twenty miles south of Fort Gibson. After a desperate combat of two hours, the rebels were totally defeated with a loss of four hundred men killed and wounded, and one hundred prisoners. After this the Kansas City troops returned to Fort Gibson, where they remained till September, when they moved out again against General Cooper and his forces, who fled at their approach. We followed them for one hundred miles, but as they still continued to keep ahead of us, we returned and encamped at Fort Davis, a former Confederate fort on the Arkansas River.

The troops marched and counter-marched till the month of March, 1864, when they joined Union General Steele's forces, and marched against the enemy, who were posted on the west side of Prairie d'Ane, within twenty-five miles of Washington. As we came up, the enemy fled before us, and we occupied their works without having to fight for them! Indeed, a good deal of the warfare on the western frontier was nothing but marching and counter-marching; coming to blows now and then, in which we were mainly successful, for the rebels often preferred to fly before us!

It was curious to note at the time how what appeared to be very frivolous circumstances led to pitched battles and the most serious results. Letters from newspaper correspondents, and private letters as well, made this quite clear. Private letters to friends were often more clear and explicit than the more general and profuse war correspondence.

Col. Williams informs us that he arrived at Camden on the 16th of April, 1864, but on the following day, the 17th, started with five hundred men of the First Colorado, two hundred cavalry detailed from the Second, Sixth and Fourteenth Kansas regiments, and one section of the Second Indiana Battery, with a train for the purpose of loading forage and provisions at a point twenty miles west of Camden, on the Washington road. On the 17th he reached the place, and succeeded in loading about two-thirds of his train, which consisted of two hundred wagons; the rest of the wagons were loaded next morning as they passed along. At a point fourteen miles west of Camden, the advance encountered a small force of the enemy, who retreated down the road after some slight skirmishing, but did in such a manner as to convince the Colonel that it was a mere feint to cover other movements, or else to draw his command into ambush, as had already been done at Olustee, in Florida. The troops advanced with caution for about a mile and a-half to a place called Poison Springs, and here they came upon the skirmish lines of the enemy in a thickly-timbered region. Our troops drove in their skirmish lines, and discovered that the rebels were there in force. Indeed it was ascertained afterwards that there were about ten thousand of them, and their intention seemed to have been to eat us all up alive! To me it is a most


A RELIC OF SLAVERY DAYS.

A RELIC OF SLAVERY DAYS

astonishing thing to even think that our small force, not more than 1,000 men, should venture to contest a "field" of 10,000 rebels; but so it was, not only at the battle of Poison Springs, but such attacks were made again and again over the entire seat of war. Surely the colored troops must have had the hearts of lions, and a most tremendous amount of self-confidence even to look in the face of such odds!

The enemy, with ten pieces of artillery, now opened the fight, six in front and four on the right flank. (They had twelve cannon altogether, but commenced the engagement with ten). We had to fight hard, yes, most desperately, and lost many a brave man, either killed or wounded. Col. Williams still fought on and on, making the best disposition possible of his little force. We were only able to use two of our light cannon at any one time, on account of the difficult nature of the thickly-timbered land. The Colonel was ever hoping that re-enforcements would come up to his aid from Camden, and relieve the train loaded of two hundred wagons, and save our little army, but no relief ever came. Thus the battle went on from 10 A. M. till 2 P. M., during which the rebels made one charge after another, but were always repulsed after the most desperate fighting. The loud roaring and yelling of the rebels at Poison Springs even exceeded the noise of the fire-arms used upon that occasion. We had ninety-two killed, ninety-seven wounded, and one hundred and six missing—in all two hundred and ninety-five.

The enemy probably lost more than we did. As no re-enforcements arrived by 2 P.M., it was decided to abandon our entire train, and work our way through the woods as best we could to Camden, where those who remained arrived at 11 P.M. on the day of the battle. Col. Williams named this tremendous fight the Battle of Poison Springs, from a spring of that name in the neighborhood. This was one of the very hardest fights of all that took place in the West. No one but a fool would now ask the ridiculous question, "Will colored men fight?"—because here we see a force of a thousand colored men or less fighting most desperately for four hours with ten times their own numbers. This was as good as the 10,000 Greeks under Miltiades, at Marathon. The Greeks did not one whit better than our troops at Poison Springs.

But the success of the troops already raised in Kansas fired the hearts of other devoted men to lend a hand in the battle for the Union and liberty. In June, 1863, another regiment was organized at Fort Scott, and the regimental organization of the same was completed at Fort Smith, Arkansas. The regiment went into camp on the Poteau river, about two miles south of Fort Smith. The work of drill and discipline was here carried on till the regiment was in splendid condition for the field.

On the 24th of March, 1864, the regiment left Fort Smith, and set out on the Camden expedition, forming a part of Col. Williams' brigade of General Thayer's division. This division united with that under Major-General Steele on the Little Missouri river, after which they all moved on together against the rebels in the direction of the Red river.

The rebels under Generals Price, Smith and Taylor having defeated Union General Banks at the Red river, Major-General Steele retreated eastward to Camden, a distance of about sixty miles. During the retreat the regiment had several skirmishes with the enemy, and quite distinguished themselves.

On the 29th of April, 1864, the rebel cavalry came up with the rear of the Union forces at the Saline river, and skirmishing continued until night came on. A pontoon bridge had been flung over the river, and all the Union soldiers had already crossed except some artillery and two brigades of infantry, which included the Second Kansas Colored Regiment. We had six regiments in all on our side. The rebels came close up to our forces, and waited for the dawn of day to begin the battle. Union General Rice, of Iowa, formed his brigade in the centre; the Twelfth Kansas Infantry, under General Hayes, was on the left, and the Second Kansas Colored Regiment, under Colonel Crawford, was on the right. There were also two pieces of artillery on the Union side.

As soon as it was light enough, the opposing forces drew nearer one another, and the battle commenced in dead earnest. The crash of musketry was terrific. The rebels strove again and again to break through our thin lines, but

the Union forces stood their ground with firmness, repelling every onset of the rebels till re-enforcements came back over the pontoon bridge to our aid. The rebels, who had in vain attempted for three long hours to break down the colored men of Kansas, next brought a battery of artillery to bear upon them, and opened fire. When Col. Crawford saw this, he ordered the brave young men to charge upon the guns with the bayonet, and led the charge himself. All the gun-carriage horses were killed but two; the gunners were killed, wounded or had fled; the intrepid and heroic Kansas colored boys took possession of the rebel battery, and brought them over to our side! Truly, this was a brave deed! (Zabulun and Naphtali were a people who jeopardized their lives unto the death upon the high places of the field). When the Second Kansas returned with the rebel guns, the officers and men, in the midst of the battle, gave them a glorious salute, waving their swords in the air, and tossing up their caps on the points of their bayonets, whilst our devoted braves smiled with pleasure. After this successful capture of the guns, the Second Kansas was moved into the centre of the line; a charge by the entire Union forces was made along the whole line, and now the rebels everywhere gave away, and the victory was complete. The Second Kansas was the first to begin the battle, and they were the last to leave the field.

Thus the war went along the Western frontier. There were no great battles, as was the case in the East. But here was plenty to do for all that, and it was done well. There were at times great hardships to endure—long, weary marches, cold, and the want of all things; but such is the life of the soldier, and such is war. We must take the rough with the smooth. Upon the whole, the Western men fought bravely and successfully, and mightily helped to pull down the rebellion.

The present generation have very little idea of the excitement that prevailed all over the country during the long war. Where all our regiments did so well—indeed, covered themselves with honor—it would be ridiculous to make any distinction, and place one before another. But I may at least make a selection at random, and single out the 54th Regiment of Massachusetts, in March, 1863, who fought with unsurpassed valor until the close of the war—yea, after the close of the war! I followed the career of that devoted regiment as if I had been one of the brave fellows! Well, how they did fight, to be sure! They fought at James Island, at Fort Wagner, at Olustee, at Honey Hill, and at Boykin's Mill, after the war was over, because they had not heard that Lee had surrendered!

This Boykin's Mill was a few miles from Camden, South Carolina. The Fifty-fourth Regiment had fought every step of the way from Georgetown to Camden, and the rebels made a last desperate, but unsuccessful stand at Boykin's Mill. It was a splendid place for the defense, as there was no other way of approaching it except by a narrow embankment about two hundred yards long, where only one man could walk at a time. The rebels had torn up the planks

of the bridge over the mill-race, thus compelling the men of the Fifty-fourth to cross over on the timbers and cross-ties, and all this under a fatal fire of musketry, which swept the embankment and the bridge, and made it little better than a "forlorn hope" to pass over. But the Fifty-fourth did not falter. They had fought at Olustee and Fort Wagner, so they charged over the dreadful way in single file. The first men to advance were all shot down, but the rest of their comrades advanced over their prostrate bodies, till the enemy became so panic-stricken at the sight that they gave up the fight, abandoned their position at the mill, and fled. There seems to have been a poet in the regiment—Mr. Henry A. Monroe, of New Bedford, Massachusetts, who was the drummer-boy of Company C, of the Fifty-Fourth. He thus describes the fight at Boykin's Mill:

One wailing bugle note—then at the break of day,
With martial step and gay the army takes the way
From Camden Town.

There lay along the path, defending native land,
A daring, desperate band entrenched on either hand
In ambuscade.

A low and dark ravine beneath a rugged hill,
Where stood the Boykin Mill spanning the creek, whose rill
Flows dark and deep.

Only a narrow bank where one can scarcely tread;
Thick branches meet o'erhead; across the mill-pond's bed
A bridge up-torn.

One single sharp report:—A hundred muskets peal,—
A wild triumphant yell, as back the army fell
Stunned, bleeding, faint.

As when some mighty rock, obstructs the torrent's course;
After the moment's pause, 'twill rush with greater force,
Resistless on.

A moment's pause, and then our leader from his post,
Viewing the stricken host, cried, "Comrades!—all is lost
If now we fail!"

Forming in single file, they gaze with bated breath;
Around,—before,—beneath,—on every hand, stern death
His visage showed.

"Forward!"—They quickly spring with leveled bayonet;
Each eye is firmly set upon that pathway, wet
With crimson gore.

That Balaklava dash!—Right through the leaden hail,
O'er dyke and timbers frail, with heart that never fail
They boldly charge.

Facing the scathing fire without a halt or break,
Save when with moan or shriek in the blood-mingled creek
The wounded fall.

What could resist that charge?—Above the battle's roar
There swells a deafening cheer, telling to far and near,
The Mill is won!

Anecdotes of deeds of bravery and devotion kept cropping up all through the war. During the early part of the war on the Lower Mississippi, a former slave assisted in bringing in a lot of prisoners, and he himself actually drove his former owner before him into the Union camp! "Old Master" assumed bullying airs to induce him to let him escape, but the soldier pointed his gun at him repeatedly, saying, "Go on, sir, or I'll shoot!" So he brought him into the camp, all radiant with smiles, and who can blame him for smiling at such a time as this?

At Marion, Tennessee, there were many incidents of personal bravery, of which this was one. A colored soldier had got a tree stump close to the rebel line, and in spite of all efforts to dislodge him, he still stuck to his post, and picked off their men. The rebels charged on the stump, but when the Union line saw the movement they concentrated their fire on the advancing men, and drove them back. Then there followed long and loud cheering for that brave and lonely soldier, who still stuck to his stump and kept firing away with a regularity that was truly wonderful. The stump was riddled with bullets, but he still stuck to it, although at times he was nearer to the rebel lines than to the Union ones.

A great many war incidents were recorded in the annals of the fighting in Mississippi between Union General Sturgis and the rebels there under General Forrest. Here are a few of them. A corporal in one of the colored regiments was

ordered to surrender. He allowed his would-be captor to come up close to him, when he struck him down with the butt end of his gun. Whilst the regiment was fighting in a ditch, and the order came to retreat, the color-bearer threw out the flag, intending to jump out and get it, but the rebels made a rush for it, and in the struggle one of our men knocked down with his gun the rebel who had the flag, and caught it and ran. A rebel, with an oath, ordered one of our men to surrender. He thought the rebel's gun was loaded, and dropped his own gun; but when he saw his enemy commence loading, our colored soldier made a sudden spring for his own gun, and struck the rebel dead. One of our captains was surrounded by about a dozen of the enemy, when he was seen by one of our own men, who called several of his companions to his side, when they rushed forward together and fired, killed several of the rebels, and rescued their captain at once. A rebel came up to one of our men, and said, "Come, my good fellow; go with me, and wait on me." In a second our Union soldier shot his would-be master dead. Once when our men made a charge on the enemy they rushed forward with the cry, "Remember Fort Pillow!" when the rebels called back to them and said, "Lee's men killed no prisoners!" One of our men in a charge threw his antagonist to the ground, and pinned him fast there, but when he tried to withdraw his bayonet it came off the gun, and as he was very busy just at that time, he left it behind him, still transfixed to the ground. Another soldier killed a rebel by striking him with the butt end of his gun; the gun broke, and as he was unwilling to stop his work just then, he kept on loading, and fired three times before he could get a better gun. The first time, as he was not very cautious, the rebound of his gun cut his lip badly. When the troops were in the ditch, three rebels came upon one man and ordered him to surrender. But as his gun was loaded he shot one of them and bayoneted the other; but forgetting in his haste that he could bayonet the third he turned the butt end of his gun and knocked him down. (The above are a few incidents culled from the annals of the fighting done by our men in Northern Mississippi.)

A great many good stories have been related in connection with the Army of the Cumberland. Here is one that refers to an incident when that army was in Tennessee. Early one morning, as a company of white soldiers were about to resume their march, a Kentucky lieutenant rode up to the commanding officer, saluted, and said he had some runaway slaves under his charge, whom he had arrested for the purpose of sending them back to their masters; but as he had been ordered away from there just then, he turned them over to this officer in command. (At that time rewards could be claimed for returning fugitive slaves to their masters). So the officer took charge of them, and purposely assuming a stern air and manner, which he did not feel at all, he said:

"Where are you going?"

"Going to the Yankee army."

"What for?"

"We want to be free."

"All right; you are free now; go where you wish!"

And their warm thanks gave great joy to the officer.

The same officer relates another incident for the purpose of showing the humor of the colored soldier. A spent ball had struck one of our men on the side of the head, passed under the scalp, and making nearly a circuit of the skull, came out on the other side. His comrades merrily declared, when the ball struck him it sang out, "Too thick!" and then merrily passed on.

Here is another incident that happened, which I think is very diverting, even amidst the horrors of war. An officer was riding at the head of his column, and the men were swinging along "arms at will," when they spied General George H. Thomas and his staff approaching. Without orders, at once they brought their arms to "right shoulder shift," took the step, and striking up their favorite tune of "John Brown," whistled it with most admirable effect while they were passing the general, who was greatly amused and pleased at the incident.

There was a private soldier who during an engagement had taken his position up a tree as a sharpshooter, when he had his right arm broken by a ball. The captain called out to him, "You had better come down from there, go to the rear, and find the surgeon."

"Oh, no, Captain," he replied; "I can fire with my left arm!"

And so he did.

When General Thomas rode over the field, after the battle of Nashville, and saw the bodies of colored men side by side with the foremost of white men, and upon the very ramparts and works of the Confederates, he turned to his staff and said:

"Gentlemen, the question is settled; Negroes will fight!"

And thus I might go on, adding incident to incident, and that without end. Where a war was being carried on all the way from the Potomac to the Rio Grande, it must needs have been that thousands of such incidents were taking place every day.

CHAPTER X.

Mrs. Beulah Lincoln and the Girls Leave Buffalo for New Orleans—The Journey to Cleveland, Columbus, Cincinnati, Ohio—Voyage Down the Ohio to the Mississippi—Arrival at New Orleans—Met by Old Friends at the Landing—Meeting With Tom at the Hospital—The Newspaper Reports.

Weeks and months had passed away, during which my gallant Tom had written incessantly from the hospital at New Orleans, and the two girls and myself had answered him. It was now the winter of 1864, and Tom was not yet well enough to get his discharge from the hospital, much less to take the field. I was beginning to tire of writing letters, and things called for a change of scene and fresh air. Besides, another stern winter was setting in, and I thought I might get along better in another climate. So I got the girls ready, and we boarded the train for Cleveland, Columbus and Cincinnati, Ohio. It was wonderful to see and feel how warmer the weather became as we got further South. The icy fetters of winter relaxed their hold as we advanced, and we were quite delighted with the hills and forests of the beautiful State of Ohio all the way to Cincinnati. Here we travelled over a great part of the city, and called at the parsonage of the A. M. E. Church, and visited the A. M. E. Church itself, where Tom and I were so happily married upon the evening the self-same day when we took our departure from Riverside Hall, near Louisville, Kentucky.

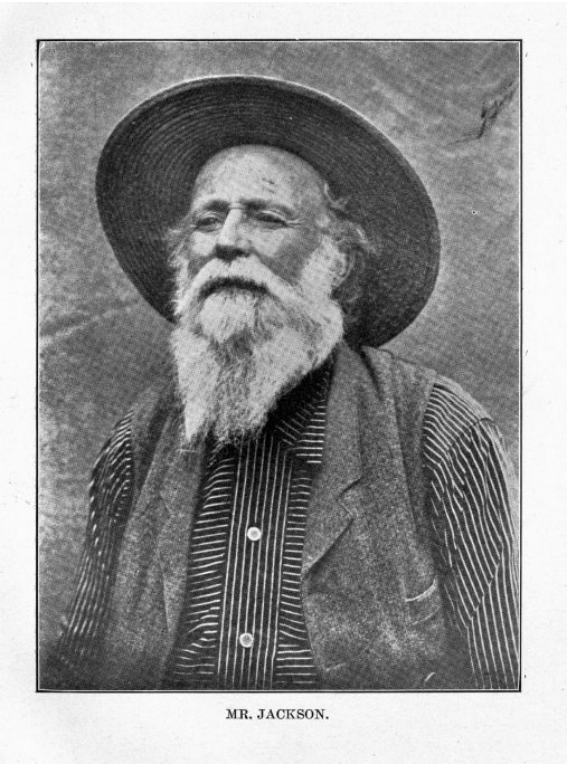
Having seen a few of our dear friends here—friends whose acquaintance we had made at the time of our marriage—the girls and I, escorted by some of those beloved acquaintances, moved down to the "Public Landing," where we boarded the "Natchez" for New Orleans. We took a fond leave of those dear souls, and got on board, and soon felt quite happy in our nice and cosy stateroom, which the girls thought the most delightful little home they had ever been in. At 4 P. M., whilst the bright and dazzling sun was still some distance above the horizon, and after all the loud racket and wild confusion of the embarkation were over, the last whistle was blown, they drew in the gang-planks, and we pushed out into the river Ohio.

Our hearts felt as light as feathers as the "Natchez" ploughed out into midstream, a thousand branches up above, swollen with the recent rains, having filled up the mighty and splendid Ohio from bank to bank, so that we seemed to be floating down a grand, heaving, fresh-water sea! Now, indeed, did we enjoy new life with a vim. I told the girls how the first French owners and explorers named the Ohio "La Belle Rivière," that is, "The Beautiful River," and it is the beautiful river, still. Our eyes were quite enchanted with the endless hills on both sides, all clothed with primeval forests up to their summits, and coming down to the water's edge. The girls were quite transported with the beautiful,

endless turns and windings, and seemed to get no rest for the thousands of boats and barges, and floating things of every shape and size, rushing up and down the river day and night, whistling and screaming, and that without end. It was a perfect delight for me to be once more on this river, for nature is always fresh, fair and enchanting, but for my two daughters the whole scene was nothing but a succession of unending delights. Their feet and eyes had no rest, and their tongues were never still. It was more than I could do to answer all their questions. I was quite delighted to see how the girls and several other nice children on the boat became acquainted, and learned to love one another. And this acquaintanceship and love seemed to grow upon them all from day to day as we advanced farther south. Indeed, children are great people, and they will have ways of their own. And on, on, still flew "The Natchez," whilst our glorious river increased with innumerable branches from the right and left, till we reached the lower end of Kentucky, where the lands were more flat and uninteresting. We made a call here or there, and rushed down the stream again, until at last our glorious Ohio was swallowed up in the Mississippi, "The Father of Waters."

I don't know how it is! I suppose it is because I am a sensitive woman; but our arrival in the Mississippi river seemed to put a new soul into me that I am altogether unable to define. Like the far-travelled Queen of Sheba, there seemed no more spirit left within me. My first and grandest sensation arose, no doubt, from the fact that the reunion between my well-beloved Tom and me was almost an accomplished fact, because we were now both on the same river, and the rapid "Natchez," assisted by the mighty forces of the great rushing river, would soon bring us face to face, after several years of separation, which looked to me like half a lifetime already. Then there was the mighty "Father of Waters" himself, always majestic, solemn and grand, bearing your boat along upon his mighty bosom, like a perfect fly! And then we seemed to live our lives over again in our dear children, and the two thoughtful, contemplative girls were filled with a wonder that seemed to strike them dumb. It was a truly wondrous sight, especially for those passengers who had never been on the mighty "Father of Waters" before, nor even seen his rushing waters. Oh, the Mississippi, the Mississippi! How I thought and thought, and thought again how my dear Tom had battled on for many a day against the powerful rebel forts on this very river, to clear Uncle Sam's way from the headwaters to the Gulf of Mexico! It brought the tears to my eyes when I thought how my own tender husband had fought and bled on this very stream that the Union, one and all re-united, might be restored to the nation at large; how Tom had fought and bled, and almost died that the shackles might be knocked off the suffering slave, and freedom reign all over the land, from the Lakes to the Gulf.

Thus I stood for many a long hour in my usual feeling, womanish, senti-



MR. JACKSON.

MR. JACKSON.

mental way, watching the gathering and thundering waters, over which the swift and beautiful "Natchez," the floating palace of the Mississippi, hurried and bowled along like a thing of life. And as we swept on past Vicksburg and other places that had long ago surrendered to the Union armies, I thought of Lincoln's famous words (President Lincoln's): "The Mississippi, the 'Father of Waters' flows once more annexed to the sea!"

And in this way the joyous days and nights passed away on the rapid "Natchez," whilst the passengers spent the time in any way they pleased, reading, talking and sleeping by day, and dancing, courting and lolling away the evening hours, or looking lazily at the rushing waters of the great river. Attracted by the hilarity in the saloon, my girls spent some time flirting and waltzing around with the other children on the boat, nice, harmless playmates, whom I mentioned be-

fore. Indeed, the girls were quite fortunate in having such nice girl companions, for of all the curses on the face of the earth, I think bad company is about the worst of all!

Somehow or other this voyage down the Mississippi and Ohio seemed food for my health. The complete want of domestic cares, the fresh air on the open deck, the happiness of the two children, and all my delightful surroundings, made me fat and rosy, and the girls, also. Indeed, we were complimented on our appearance before we left the boat. The rapid "Natchez" flew along in, and in due course the "Crescent City," as New Orleans is called, arose upon our view, and thrilled us with the utmost delight.

We drew up to the land-place in due time, and now followed one of those wild, exciting scenes that usually take place when we come to the end of a grand journey and anticipate grand things in the immediate future. No sooner had the gang-planks been thrown out, but the usual rush for the shore, and the usual rush on board, took place at once. Cabs, carriages and porters, all were on hand. As I had taken the precaution to communicate with those dear friends at whose house I lodged when I rescued my own dear mother, Mrs. John B. Sutherland, from slavery, there were two of the self-same sweet ladies awaiting us on the wharf, and signalling to us before we even came up to it, whilst myself and the girls waved our handkerchiefs to them in reply. But when the gang-planks were flung down between us and the shore, the dear souls rushed on board, and a scene of wild embracing, kissing, tears and laughter followed, that it would be quite vain for me to describe. In that brief and joyous meeting on the deck of the "Natchez," we all experienced a lifetime of bliss. With a terrible vim, indeed, did we all realize the truth of the 13th chapter of First Corinthians, wherein the great apostle of the Gentiles dilates so eloquently on love (not charity). Well, the girls and I got all our traps together, called for a cab, when we all got in, and drove for my cosy old quarters. Although I had only spent a week with that dear family on my last visit, the attachment that had grown up between us was truly wonderful. I had heard from them several times, and they never, never forgot my dear mother and me. When we all reached the never-to-be-forgotten house with the cab, we received another ovation at the door from those who had remained at home. The grand welcome put the girls and me into the very best humor. After we had heard and told each other's news, the girls and myself walked forth to meet dear husband and father at the hospital. Our impatience was so great, mine at least was, that we did not seem able to live out this day unless we met with Capt. Thomas Lincoln, of the Union Army, in the South. We soon reached the hospital, where we were received with all that politeness, tenderness and humanity that are so characteristic of doctors and nurses. I told them at once who we were, and they were very greatly astonished and delighted, indeed, to think that we had

thus purposely travelled all the way from one extreme end of the United States to the other on a pilgrimage of love and devotion for husband and father. As I told them that Tom knew nothing about our coming, I asked them to take us into a parlor, and simply to announce to my husband that some friends had called to see him. Our attendants smiled with pleasure at the proposal, and led us into one of the parlors of this beautiful hospital, and we had not long to wait till we heard a heavy man coming—clank, clank, clanking along on one crutch. (He sent me word that at first he used two, but now he only required one of them). When Tom came to the door, we three advanced to meet him, and now followed a wild scene of tears, laughter, embracing and joy, which my dear readers will understand far better than I am able to describe. The wild, heaving, rushing waters of the Mississippi were as nothing to this. Oh, sweet is the pleasure after pain! We seemed to live a whole lifetime of joy of the most Elysian bliss whilst seated in that never-to-be-forgotten parlor. Thus hour after hour passed away, till it was dinner time, but on this occasion, Tom's dinner and ours were served up in this parlor.

By this time the news had been well spread throughout the hospital, and even into the city of New Orleans, that the children and I had come to see Tom. And no sooner had we got through with our dinner when the tide of visitors began—doctors, nurses, with their lady and gentlemen friends from all quarters, besides almost all the officials on the premises, at least those who could get away from their duties, to come and shake hands and speak a kind word to us three pilgrim travelers to their own hospital. No doubt but a good deal of this interest arose from the high favor in which Captain Thomas Lincoln had been held from the first, and that in turn was greatly due to his well-known bravery on the field of battle and of fame. Then Tom is of a tall, commanding, splendid personage, and a perfect magnet among all comers.

We had intended to spend the afternoon in our own way, but circumstances alter cases, and the afternoon wore away with nothing at all but one round of introductions after another round, till at last the first crowds began to die off as tea time drew near; and as the authorities at the hospital were very kind, indeed, and as we were still in that self-same parlor where we had spent the day, as an additional favor to us four our tea was served up in the same place where we had had our dinner. And so we all sat down, our hearts overflowing with joy—joy that found vent even in tears, and filled our eyes, out of gratitude to that good God who had thus allowed us all to meet again, "for His mercy endureth forever." One of the girls having said grace before meal, we all fell to, and had a most glorious repast of the very best that the hospital and the city of New Orleans could produce.

As good news flies fast in a strange place, especially where a good cause

is under way, we had no sooner got through with our most capital tea than the newspaper reporters began to arrive. And those reporters were the politest gentlemen I ever saw in my life, for they treated us with as much kindly interest as if we had all been acquainted for the last twenty years. Tom and I asked them to be seated whilst we had a brief consultation between ourselves aside. This consultation was about my own coming to New Orleans at a former time, and releasing my own dear mother from slavery. But as the bottom had already been knocked out of the peculiar institution, as it was playfully called, and what remained of it would soon pass away, we did not consider that there was any risk to run, and decide to tell the whole truth, and give all the facts of the case to the reporters, leaving it to their own discretion to say and do anything that they pleased, themselves. So the reporting gentlemen took their seats, got out their note-books, and went to work, writing down our depositions, one and all, first and last, asking us questions which we answered with the greatest pleasure. There was a good deal of amusement in the parlor that evening over the reporting business, I suspect arising out of the slavery question, and the whole of us being a lot of "runaways"!

In the meantime, when all had left, the girls and myself were completely worn out both in mind and body, with travel, fatigue and excitement. Tom saw us to the gate where we all took leave for the night, after which we steered for our cosy lodgings, and all got to bed as rapidly as possible, for we were as tired and worn out as soldiers after a hard-fought field!

The children and I had a grand, long sleep, and came down late to breakfast. There had been showers of warm rain in the early morning, and the breezes that blew over New Orleans were as well perfumed with the odor of Southern flowers and vegetation as ever lady's boudoir was with the perfumes and colognes. Fresh-cut flowers in vases stood on the dining-room table, and there were plenty of the fresh fruits of the Sunny South, which the family had brought in from the market in the early morning. The girls seemed quite at sea amid so many tropical pleasures, and my first-born exclaimed, as she looked around and viewed the plants, and flowers, and shrubbery in every direction, both in the house and out of it,

"My goodness, mamma; the people have good times down here in Dixie. Papa has a grand time in that fine hospital, reading the latest news from the front, and scenting the perfumery wafted from 10,000 flowers and shrubs! I just envy him so much happiness."

"Yes," said the younger child, "and he is here all the time."

To which her elder sister rejoined,

"Oh, my dear sister, I wish that mamma and papa would stay here altogether, and not go back to Buffalo!"

"What?" said I, in great surprise, "don't you know that there are 10,000

serpents among the grasses and shrubs out in the woods? Don't you want to go back to our sweet little church on Vine street, in Buffalo? And don't you want to visit the Gibsons, at Richmond Hill, once more?"

"Oh, yes, mamma," she replied, "I want to go back to class to the church on Vine street, Buffalo, and I want to dig up potatoes, and pull down apples and peaches at Richmond Hill, where those good Gibsons live, in Western Canada."

"But," resumed my oldest daughter, "you say, mamma, that there are 10,000 serpents in this part of the Sunny South; is that so?"

"Yes," I replied, whilst I cut another orange in two, "there are more than 10,000, I suppose; but take all the hundreds of species in the world, there is not one species in a hundred that is poisonous at all; and they will seldom or never sting anybody, if one does not go in their way, or trample on them in the woods. They generally get out of the way. But tell me, my dear, what makes you so fond of the South?"

"Indeed, mamma, I can hardly tell, unless it be that there is such a sweet and delicious feeling about all our surroundings here. Why, the very winds themselves seem to be fond of blowing about in this place."

"Yes," put in the younger; "the very winds are fond of blowing about in this place."

These latter remarks were heard by some of the family and guests, and we all raised a loud laugh, whilst the youngest added:

"Sister, please pass me another of those small, sweet oranges! I don't see for the very life of me why we could not live in the State of Louisiana. And then, mamma says the snakes are not very dangerous, and we could be careful, and look out for them."

"Oh, yes," rejoined her sister; "we could be careful, and look out for them. And would not the good Lord Himself protect us against them?"

"No doubt he would," remarked the other, "if Christianity can protect us against serpents about New Orleans."

By this time we were in a great state of merriment over the two girls, and rose from the breakfast table as if we had been leaving a successful entertainment, and walked out to see the garden.

After we had made the rounds of the garden, and regaled our senses with all that was most delicious in the Sunny South, we came back to the house, when a member of this good family placed before us on the sitting-room table, one of the New Orleans morning papers, which contained the following article. I think the good reporter who wrote this most grandiloquent article on myself, family and connections must either have been drinking too much wine, or else he is on the point of getting married! I can account for such high praise in no other way. But let us hear what he has got to say:

"ARRIVAL OF MRS. THOMAS LINCOLN AND HER TWO DAUGHTERS.

"It is an old and true saying 'that wonders never cease,' and again we are reminded of the words used by Paul against his enemies,—'Those who have turned the world up-side down have come hither also!' We Southern people, after this, need wonder no longer at the terrible war that the mighty North has brought about our ears! There arrived in the port of New Orleans yesterday, the wife and two daughters of Capt. Thos. Lincoln, an inmate of one of our hospitals, a captain of colored troops, promoted on the battle-field for bravery. Mrs. Lincoln is a perfect paragon among ladies, and seem to possess every accomplishment under the sun,—both mind and body. She is only twenty-seven years of age, and brought her children, two well-grown girls—along with her, having traveled by rail from Buffalo, New York, and from thence came on the 'Natchez,' down the Ohio and Mississippi to New Orleans. Their arrival was a great surprise to Captain Lincoln, and all the high authorities at the hospital; and a tremendous, warm welcome was what they all received from all whom they met. We ourselves heard of their arrival, hurried up to the hospital, met Captain Lincoln's wife and daughters in one of the parlors there, and were very much impressed indeed by this entire happy family, who appeared to us 'as fine as silk.' We found all four brimful of talk and intelligence; Mrs. Lincoln and the girls being expert hands on the piano, whilst the girls have evidently had splendid opportunities of getting a first-class training in every way. Indeed the intelligence of the great North has not yet been told by one half!

"We remember reading in the public papers, some nine or ten years ago, that this self-same Capt. Thos. Lincoln and Miss Beulah Jackson, now Mrs. Lincoln, made their escape from Riverside Hall, Kentucky, and were married on the evening of the same day at Cincinnati, Ohio. Tom Lincoln, as he used to be called, was general manager at the old baronial residence, and Beulah went by the facetious name of 'The Flower Girl of Riverside Hall,' and Beulah is 'Flower Girl' still.

"Mrs. Lincoln and the girls are very comfortably lodged at the house of some old friends where, according to present appearances, they will spend the winter,—a solace and a comfort to the brave husband and father, who is slowly recovering from the wounds he received on the banks of the Mississippi whilst heroically contending with the enemy up the river. The happiness of this now re-united family, and under such romantic circumstances, taught us that the age of chivalry has not yet gone by.

"We are all aware that this war sent by God himself for the downfall of slavery, was begun in Kansas, transferred to South Carolina, and then spread over almost all the Southern States. It was the abolitionism of the North aided by the anger and high-strung temper of the South that blew up the flames of war,

and brought on the present state of things that we now see! And there were not only men in the great abolition campaign, but a few intrepid women also, who traveled the Northern States, attended great meetings, where they played, and sang, and even made most eloquent addresses to fire the great northern heart, and thus these talented and warring women, these Deborahs of the great North, were a mighty factor in blowing up the raging fires of abolitionism, and driving the nation into war.

"Mrs. Thomas Lincoln herself was one of those moving spirits, and her great natural intelligence, splendid training, and good looks helped to put wind in her sails, and to stir up the war spirit of the dominant North in every kind of way possible.

"As slavery is almost dead and gone,—and what remains cannot exist much longer, we must accept the entire situation with as good a grace as we can! It can do no harm now to let the cat out of the bag and tell the whole truth! We have shown that not only is Capt. Thos. Lincoln a brave man, but his affectionate and beautiful wife is brave also; and she proved it about ten years ago, when she was only some seventeen years of age, and came to this very city of New Orleans, and 'stole away' her own handsome and accomplished mother out of one of the grandest houses here, marched on board the New York steamer with her, and conveyed her to Buffalo, New York, by way of Havana and New York City. Surely that was a great feat for a mere seventeen-year-old married woman, or 'big' school girl if you prefer it,—to perform,—that is travelling all the way by rail to Cincinnati, then down the Ohio and Mississippi rivers, and then braving the dangers of the Gulf of Mexico and the stormy North Atlantic and all this to have her own beloved mother under the self-same roof with herself—and she succeeded in the bargain! We are informed that her mother,—formerly called Harriet Jackson, was married some eight or nine years ago to Mr. John B. Sutherland, of Buffalo, N. Y. Under all these altered circumstances we think that the right thing to do now, is to accept of the changed situation with all the grace that we can,—turn over a new leaf, and do all for our former slaves, but now our freed brothers and sisters that lies in our power. It is clearly the will of God that men should be free. It will never do to talk about 'goods and chattels' any longer. If Tom Lincoln and Beulah Jackson had not left Riverside Hall in Kentucky, it is quite clear that had it not been for God and Northern Liberty, we would never have seen such a splendid development of things, as we now behold at the hospital which we have just visited, that is,—a brave and well-trained soldier from the battle-field and a mother and two daughters that possess all the gifts and the graces that can ever be claimed by the mistress of the 'White House,' at Washington, and the queens and ladies of rank of Europe.

"With all our hearts we welcome our visitors to the Crescent City of New

Orleans, and desire to make a good impression on their hearts and minds, trusting that their stay among us will be very pleasant indeed; and may they ever be much in love with the Sunny South."

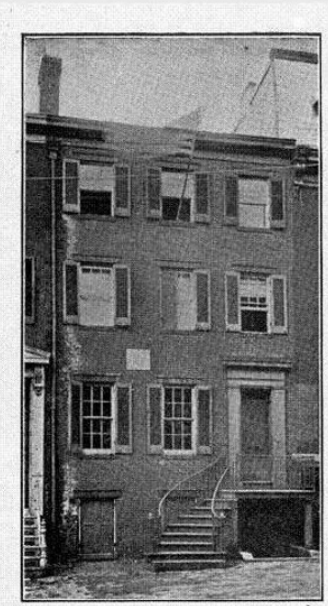
CHAPTER XI.

Grand Demonstration at the Military Hospital—Music and Speeches—The Armies Reviewed by President Lincoln—The War in Virginia—Fight at New Market Heights—Fall of Petersburg and Richmond—Flight of the Rebels—Their Surrender at Appomattox Court House—Rejoicing Over the Good News—The Lincoln Family Leave New Orleans, and Arrive Home at Buffalo.

As the hospital where my husband was staying was at this time one of the greatest attractions of New Orleans, the authorities determined to make the most of our arrival there, and in short get up a demonstration in force in honor of the colored soldier and the glorious deeds he had done on the far-extended battle-field, all the way from the Potomac to the Rio Grande; and it was decided that some high military general should be asked to take the chair at this great meeting in the largest hall at the hospital. As the newspaper reporters were once more on hand in force, it will be unnecessary for me to say any more about this grand demonstration, only I may say that men have a peculiar love for flattering the fair sex, and I think that newspaper reporters, at least those in the Sunny South, lead all the rest of the flatterers. I will here insert a copy from the article of the same paper that contained the glowing account of our arrival at New Orleans:

"GRAND DEMONSTRATION AT THE MILITARY HOSPITAL—MRS. BEULAH LINCOLN ON THE COLORED SOLDIER.

"It will be a long time before the citizens of New Orleans and Louisiana will forget the mighty gathering that took place last night at the Military Hospital, where the commanding general took the chair, and nobly presided for two hours over a mixed multitude of all races and professions, to be entertained by Capt. Thos. Lincoln, Mrs. Beulah Lincoln and their two daughters, all of whom are by this time well-known to the people of Louisiana. The colored soldiers, officers,


HOUSE WHERE LINCOLN DIED.

HOUSE WHERE LINCOLN DIED.

and general population were out in force, and between them and the white portion of the audience, standing room at last was a premium, and hundreds were turned away for want of room in the hall.

"All things being now in readiness, the chairman called the meeting to order by saying,—'Ladies and Gentlemen! We are assembled here to-night for an evening's entertainment from the Lincoln Family of Buffalo, and we may also consider this a public reception of the same family. And inasmuch as Mrs. Lincoln is a splendid hand on the piano, and a 'number one' singer in the bargain, and as I had the pleasure of hearing her myself, only the other day, going through the 'Mocking Bird' at a rate and in a way such as I have never heard—no, never, elsewhere—I will ask this accomplished lady to give us 'The Mocking Bird,' and sing to her own accompaniment at the same time.'

"When Mrs. Lincoln arose and advanced to the grand piano on the stage in front of the audience, a most tremendous outburst of applause arose from the audience, and almost brought down the roof. But our plucky and accomplished musician struck in without stint, and such a 'Mocking Bird' came forth from her lungs and off the chords of the piano as has not been heard for many a long day on the lower Mississippi. The attention was such as could be felt, and when she got through with the performance, the applause was simply indescribable. An encore was immediately called for with such vigor that the fair player was forced to comply, and with grand spirit and vim she gave us 'We Are Coming Father Abraham, Six Hundred Thousand More.' This really is a grand story, to which Mrs. Lincoln's clever hands and powerful, sweet voice did ample justice. Another encore was called for, but the gallant chairman interfered by rising and saying, 'We now call upon Captain Thos. Lincoln for a few remarks. Let us all give our most earnest attention to Captain Tom.'

"When the applause that had greeted his appearance had somewhat died down, Captain Lincoln went on to say, 'Ladies and Gentlemen, such a night as this makes up for all I have suffered in the cause of the Union and Freedom. When I first entered the army to assist in putting down the rebellion, I came down to the State of Louisiana and did my level best against the enemy along the lower Mississippi. While we in Louisiana and the colored troops in South Carolina under General Hunter, proved from our first blows that we could and would fight, the President and his Cabinet were deterred by many prejudiced men in the north and in the very army itself from enlisting colored men. A portion of the northern press were forever thundering against the enlistment of colored men, on account of the prejudice against the color of the skin, or at least against the inheritance of a few drops of African blood. They were envious and jealous lest the descendant of African parentage should fall side by side with the fair-skinned Caucasian, should die and be buried with him, or if he survived the shock of war, should receive the self-same honors as his Anglo-Saxon brother. Of course the white man of the north knew that we could fight quite as well as himself. Why not? But he was afraid of our proving that our claims to manhood were as good as anything he could claim for himself; and therefore he felt unwilling to give us a chance. Then again, not only did the slave-holders of the south desire the continuation of slavery, but there was an 'immense mixed multitude' of their sympathizers north of Mason and Dixon's Line, who took the same view of the situation, and who foresaw that, once the colored race marched to the field, slavery would come to an end. This opposition was rampant in the Union Army and throughout the north till the Southrons had given us dozens, if not hundreds of lickings on many a hard fought field, and the winter of 1862 saw the entire nation in a fearful state of depression. What was to be done?—The answer was

at hand!—As a matter of immediate military necessity call the colored men into the field,—free them,—and end the war! Then drilling of colored men began at once, from the Atlantic to the Rocky Mountains, and from the Great Lakes to the Ohio and Missouri rivers, and now I believe that we have some two hundred thousand colored men in the field and in the fleets together. Neither have we fought for pay nor from any other personal selfish motive; we have fought for the salvation of Uncle Sam and the freedom of the slave at one and the same time. We have not fought for ourselves alone, we have fought for others, and all the commanding generals have ever given us a good word, and never a bad one. They have uniformly praised our men with a good grace, and praised them without stint. Now the south is steadily going down, down, down. All they have left is a small section in the northeastern part of the confederacy, and they cannot hold out much longer. Still like rats, they will fight as long as there is one man left standing on his feet. I am afraid we shall have to kill every one of them for they are a stiff-necked and rebellious generation, and they will never surrender whilst they have a man in front who can carry a flag.

"'I ought to be in Virginia now myself, where so many of my friends and compatriots, under Grant, are wearing out the rebellion to a nonentity. I would like to be there, and would soon show the rebels and rebel sympathizers again whether I will fight or not. But I am not entirely recovered, even now, from the wounds I received up the river, and here I will remain until I am cured.'

"Captain Lincoln having thus spoken resumed his seat amidst a perfect storm of applause all over the hall.

"The gallant chairman once more arose and said, 'Ladies and Gentlemen. It is now my extreme pleasure to bring under your kind notice the two accomplished young daughters of Mr. and Mrs. Lincoln, two of the sweetest girls that I ever met with in all my life. They are regular attendants of a Christian Church at Buffalo, and have also received a first class musical education in the north. They will now treat us all to a fine duet on the grand piano.'

"When the commanding general had thus spoken, these two elegant girls advanced to the piano, took their seats, and commenced a duet which gave a world of pleasure to all assembled in the hall, both soldiers and citizens alike, and where and how these girls had got so much training and perfected musical education was a wonder to many. Be that as it may, the girls were not at all daunted, and played as quietly and collected as if they had been in a private parlor at home. When the girls had got through their lively and enthusiastic duet, the applause that followed was so great and continued that they were obliged to comply with the demand for an encore, which they accordingly gave, and which was, if possible, better than the one before it, and was rewarded with another tremendous round of applause.

"The chairman arose again and said, 'Ladies and Gentlemen, we have all listened with extreme pleasure to the two duets played by these two children. We will now call upon Mrs. Thos. Lincoln to address the house. She did splendid service during the Abolition Campaign that led on to the election of Abraham Lincoln; and thousands, who are now free, have already risen up and called her blessed. But we will now have the pleasure of hearing the lady herself.'

"Mrs. Lincoln on coming forward was met with a splendid reception from the audience, who even rose to their feet and cheered loudly. It was a glorious sight to see the meeting at this time, the handsome lady waiting on the stage, and soldiers and citizens like to go frantic with joy, as well indeed they might. When order had been evolved out of chaos, Mrs. Lincoln proceeded as follows:

"'Gallant General, Ladies and Gentlemen, it seems to me that this must be the happiest day of my life, thus to stand before an audience in the famous Crescent City in company with my dear husband and daughters. Most assuredly this is the red letter day of my life, if I ever had one, to address both soldiers and citizens at New Orleans.

"'And yet I am quite overwhelmed when I contrast the little I was permitted to do in the Abolition Campaign before the war with what many a brave man,—yes, hundreds of thousands of men have done since, and are doing now, both by day and by night. I feel quite overcome when I think even of these brave men all around me here, and remember the easy times by comparison, that we Abolitionists had as we travelled the Northern States, and were not always well received. Yes, small and puny was our work compared with that of the black and white heroes who have often met a most determined and even desperate foe, on many a hard fought field. The hearts of us poor women in the North have often bled as we all these years at home lay secure and safe, whilst our loved ones were fighting like giants against the enemies of human liberty, and mankind also. The bravest of the brave were in the field. White and black all fought alike well. They were the flower of all the men of the north. They were swifter than eagles. They were stronger than lions.

"'The war, no doubt, is now drawing to a close. The host of slavery is in their last ditch, even at Richmond in Virginia, where blacks and whites will have to finish them between them. And when this cruel war is all over, and those who remain alive return home again, then the country will begin to teem with chronicles and histories of the great rebellion. But will one hundredth part of the truth ever be told? I don't think it ever will; because it will never be known, and who can write the history of that which we don't know? Such and such things could be related, but there is no one to record them.

"'It is very true that we may catch a glimpse of things here and there, but for one item that is recorded, there will be a thousand lost. There are the marches,

and the counter-marches, the snow, the rain, and the hail of winter; the heats and droughts of summer; weakness and sickness arising from the want of all things, hunger and fatigue. O, there is none but the Lord from heaven Himself who can ever know all that our brave fellows have endured before they breathed their precious lives away in the service of their country. Just consider for a moment how their decaying bodies have been found weeks and months afterwards in the deep ravines, at the bottom of swamps and rivers, in the wild tangled thickets of the forest, upon every highway, and under every green tree. Here a poor wounded fellow wandering away by himself and perishing all alone in a strange land far from home and his native state, who knows all about the end of that man; and who shall write his heroism and the suffering he endured before the Lord put an end to his pains, and took him home to heaven to Himself? Alas, alas! There is no one to tell us how he suffered, fought and died. We only know that he marched forth to the field, in health and strength and vigorous life, and did his part in pulling down this terrible rebellion, a wicked rebellion indeed, built upon the broken laws of human nature, an outrage upon humanity, and a sin against God. But those gallant heroes who have fallen in the war often said, that it was simply their part to do their duty, and, if they fell, their wives and children would at least be free, and not forgotten by a grateful and Christian government. (They shall not be forgotten). When I look around me, and see the great advance along the whole line already in the way of human liberty, the results are perfectly grand and most inspiring. With the exception of a small section of the Confederacy, it may be truthfully stated that the armies of the Union have already freed all the slaves. From the Potomac to the Rio Grande one grand song of liberty has been sung by the emancipated race. Was there ever such a shout of joy heard since the Israelites escaped from Egyptian slavery, when Pharaoh and all his host perished in the Red Sea? Who would ever have imagined that in our own day history would thus have repeated itself? But it has done so all the same; and for the self-same reason our own poor, oppressed people have raised one universal shout to Heaven, and sung all along the whole line, 'I will sing unto the Lord, for he hath triumphed gloriously; the horse and his rider hath he thrown into the sea.' O, my brother! ye brave soldiers of the army of the Union, ye have deserved well of your God and of your country, and your honors will never fade while sun and moon endure. White and black soldiers, shoulder to shoulder, have marched to the field; they have overthrown their terrible foe, and they have cleared the way for the education, the Christianization, and grand enlightenment and intelligence of an emancipated race. Our sufferings have been great. The whole nation has suffered, but the sacrifice has not been made in vain, for generations unborn shall arise and call you blessed. Your labors, toils and sufferings will neither be lost nor forgotten. The entire emancipated race will bless you while life and time shall

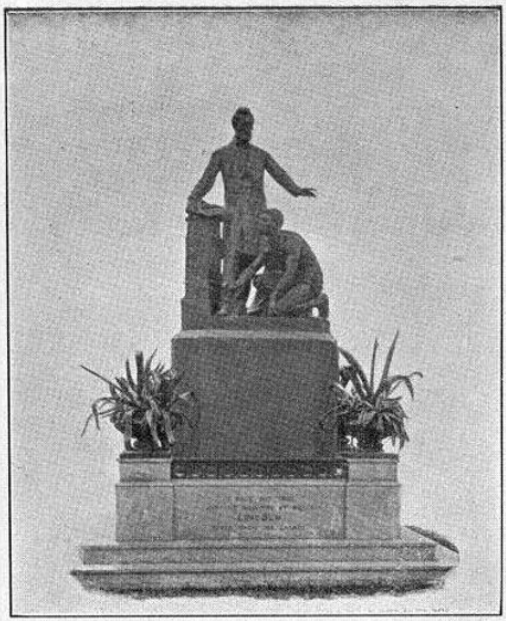
last; your names shall be inscribed upon the roll of fame, and all generations shall conspire to call you blessed. 'Be thou faithful unto death, and *I* will give you a crown of life.' 'Enter ye into the joy of your Lord.'

"'Mr. Chairman, Ladies and Gentlemen, I thank you very much indeed for your kind attention to my few remarks.'

"When Mrs. Lincoln had thus spoken, she resumed her seat amidst a loud and long-continued storm of applause. The gallant chairman then called for 'three cheers and a tiger,' for the Lincoln family, which were given with a terrible vim, when the meeting broke up, and we all scattered for our separate homes. But a grander demonstration was never gotten up in the city of New Orleans."

The last grand struggle of war was in Virginia, where General Grant gathered together many of the veterans who had fought in the South and Southwest, including 20,000 colored troops, one-half, at least, of whom were veterans, and there were also many powerful, enthusiastic recruits who desired nothing better than an opportunity to assist in knocking down the Confederacy! A goodly number of those brave young fellows had been enlisted in Maryland. It is quite amusing to recall the letters and chronicles of the times when the recruiting officers landed from their vessels on the shores of the Chesapeake, marched up to the slave-holder's estates, called for all the male slaves to be brought before them, when they picked out the strongest and the best, asked them if they were willing to fight for freedom and the Union, and always receiving the joyful answer, "Yes, master, I am willing," laid down their tools there and then, and marched on board the Union vessels with great delight. It was in vain that their rebel masters and mistresses pointed out their need of their slaves, to gather in their harvest, which was then about ripe (1863), or that the officers took their able-bodied "servants," who left their teams right there on the highways, the heads of the horses being turned round in the direction of the plantation. The rebel masters and mistresses were simply referred to Washington for redress—if any could be got there! "You must apply to the Secretary of War; we are merely acting under orders from the head of the department." In the meantime the delighted slaves marched on board, and were taken to the camp appointed for drilling, and thus many a splendid soldier was recruited who mightily helped to pull down the "Confederate States."

The children and I spent a delightful time, as I remember well, on the 26th of April, 1864, reading the glorious accounts in the papers of the grand march, the day before, past the White House at Washington, of the mighty army destined for the conquest of Virginia, and the destruction of the entire slave-holders' rebellion. That never-to-be-forgotten show-day was indeed one of the red-letter days for the army of the Union, among whom were thousands of colored soldiers who marched gaily past, and hurrahed lustily for "Father Abraham," who was smiling down upon them from the balcony of the White House. Although



EMANCIPATION STATUE BOSTON, MASS.

EMANCIPATION STATUE BOSTON, MASS.

they were not yet declared American citizens, still these brave young men were going to fight for the star-spangled banner. They had often heard the name of Abraham Lincoln, but this was the first time they ever saw him, and they swung their caps around their heads, clapped their hands, and shouted aloud for joy, "Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah for Mr. Lincoln! Three cheers for the President!" Long and loud were the rejoicings, as regiment after regiment marched past; powerful, enthusiastic men, who were once slaves, but now freemen, with steady step and even ranks moved in splendid order down the street past the White House on their venturesome way to the seat of war. The President had never seen a general review of colored troops before, but he was greatly pleased, indeed, and heartily acknowledged their enthusiastic shouts by bowing and waving his hand to them, and making himself agreeable and pleasant to them, as they marched

past.

Thus the whole army under review passed on, crossed "yon long bridge" over the Potomac river, and entered the State of Virginia. Poor, brave fellows! Many of them never returned alive, but they were the bravest of the brave, and performed their glorious mission.

The grand march was past at Washington. It was like the ball and dance before the battle of Waterloo, when the British and allied armies had that glorious night's revelry before they marched to the field to meet the French under Napoleon. And so some 20,000 men of African descent met on the soil of Virginia to contend with Lee and his Confederate veterans. It would require a whole volume to itself to relate all the marching and counter-marching of the next twelve months; the battles in the woods, the advancing and retreating, and the fighting at the fords of the rivers of Virginia. General Grant, poor fellow, lost many brave men, for the rebels were bold and courageous; they were on their own soil, and, worst of all, were fighting for slavery. The evolutions of the contending hosts these last twelve months of the war, remind me somewhat of a great "circus," where the horse and their riders fly along in one unending whirl, whilst Grant seemed to stand in the middle of the circus, and direct the evolutions of both riders and steeds. The colored troops came in for their full share of the work, bravely performed their duties every time, but, alas! there was many a brave man who was laid under the sod! Yes, it would take a whole volume to recount all the deeds that our brave brothers did, marching and fighting month in and month out, in summer's heat and winter's cold. It was in the end of September, 1864, that General Butler, at the head of a strong force of colored troops, carried the New Market Heights, and utterly defeated the rebels. Our loss was considerable, but our own men were completely successful. Many other instances of devotion and bravery might be given; but it would be nothing but an endless task. General Grant and all the other commanders had nothing but good words for our heroic brothers.

It was now the beginning of April, 1865. The bottom had almost been knocked out of the Confederacy by Sherman's march from Atlanta to the sea. General Lee and his determined rebel crew still held out at Richmond, but Grant and the Union armies were thinning them down and wearing them out. Then came the fall of Petersburg, the key to Richmond, and then followed the retreat of the rebels from Richmond itself. The intention of Lee and the rest of the Confederates was to betake themselves to the mountains, and there carry on a guerrilla warfare as long as they had a man left to carry the rebel flag and shoot a gun. But this was not allowed. Swift-footed white and black troops followed them up with unrelenting vigor day and night; with horsemen and footmen we hurried after them, and at last got right in front of them, and outflanked them also at

Appomattox Court House. The Confederates had been without food for three days and nights, and all things were coming to an end. Lee soon discovered that he could not break through the Union forces, under Grant, Meade and Sheridan. At one and the same time, he therefore dispatched fleet couriers to each one of the three Union generals to cease fighting, and stating that he would surrender himself and his army prisoners of war. Generals Grant and Lee accordingly met, when the surrender was made; and when the rebel forces in other parts of the South heard of the surrender of Lee at Appomattox Court House, they also laid down their arms. Thus the South was conquered, and slavery was destroyed. The shackles were knocked off 4,000,000 of our own beloved race, the Union was restored, and, as Lincoln said, "The Mississippi, Father of Waters, flowed once more unvexed to the sea!" Glory to God!

I shall never forget the excitement when the news arrived at New Orleans that Lee had surrendered. Among the rebel sympathizers it was a time of great depression, indeed; but among all Union people, and the entire colored race, most of all, it was truly a time of such rejoicing as only occurs once in a lifetime. People embraced and even kissed one another who had never met before; they shed tears of joy, sang, shouted, and gave glory to God. It was a perfect carnival both day and night. To the colored race, at least, it brought the deepest and most sincere joy, and all felt that the war had not been waged in vain, nor so many valuable lives sacrificed for nothing. In many parts of the Union the people met together in halls and churches for the purpose of giving praise and glory to God; and there was general rejoicing over the triumph of the armies of the Union. Thousands—I might say millions—never went to bed. That night was like the night when the Israelites came out of Egypt. It was the passage of the Red Sea over again. "Sing unto the Lord, for He hath triumphed gloriously; the horse and his rider hath He thrown into the Sea! Praise ye the Lord!"

The war also vindicated and proved the complete manhood of the colored race before the entire world. At least 200,000 of the flower of our youth had fought most manfully to save the very life of the nation; in fact, the late slave had earned his own freedom, and therefore had at least as much reason to thank his own powerful right arm as to Uncle Sam himself and the armies of the Union.

It now gives me great pleasure to inform the kind reader that Tom was now completely recovered from the effects of the wounds he had received up the river. It was now the month of June, 1865, and we were all longing to see our dear friends at Buffalo, and they also were anxious to see us. As Tom and the girls had never seen the Gulf of Mexico, nor the Atlantic Ocean, we thought it would afford us a pleasant variety in the line of travel to return home by Havana and New York City. So we all took a tender leave of our dear friends at the hospital, and throughout the city, many of whom came down to the New York boat to give

us the last sweet tokens of affection and see us off. As upon the former occasion, when Mrs. Sutherland and I came this way, we had splendid weather all the way to Havana, where we all landed and had a pleasant walk through the city of the capital of Cuba. It is wonderful what a good idea a person can get of a strange place, even in a few hours.

We got up steam once more, passed through among the Bahama Islands, and made a call for a few hours at the beautiful little city of Nassau, on the Island of New Providence. This belongs to the English, and is the most spicy and perfect place in all the West India Islands. Got up steam again, and passed Cape Hatteras in safety, and in due time landed at New York, after which we took the train for Buffalo, where we arrived after a long and weary ride on the cars; and Mr. and Mrs. John B. Sutherland and several other dear friends gave us a very warm welcome when they met us at the depot, and took us all to our own home.

CHAPTER XII.

Receptions at Buffalo—The Lincoln's and Sutherland's Visit to Canada—Their Grand Reception There—Our Sacrifices for the Union and Freedom—The Difficulties of Reconstruction—Good Work of the Freedman's Bureau—Universal Rejoicing of all the Redeemed Race—The Colored People Settling Down to Hard Work throughout the South.

The long and terrible Civil War was all over at last, and by the grace of God we had got our Tom home to Buffalo once more, all safe and sound. Our sea voyage from New Orleans to New York did us all an immense lot of good, and seemed to brighten us all up in a wonderful degree. It was at least a grand event in the lives of the girls, and is not forgotten even now.

By way of returning thanks and giving glory to God for the victorious end of the war, a regular reception was given to us one night at the A. M. E. Church on Vine street, when every member was present, and there was such a time of rejoicing and general jollification as I thought had never been exceeded since the world began. We were also called upon for short speeches; hymns of praise and

triumph were sung, and, indeed, there was a high time generally. "O give thanks unto the Lord, for He is good, for His mercy endureth forever!"

For the space of a whole month thereafter we just spent the whole time receiving friends at our house, and entertaining them, and going out and being entertained by them in turn. It was just one round of the purest pleasure, in which there was neither danger nor alloy. Tom had to do an infinite deal of talking, relating his wars and battles in the Sunny South, and the girls and I supplemented the same by giving our experiences of the Rivers Ohio and Mississippi, and the grand sea voyage all the way from New Orleans to New York. People were greatly taken with the two girls, as they were just as bright as two buttons.

After all this turmoil was over, we all sighed for some fresh air in the country, and new scenes altogether. The glorious Gibsons of Canada had been writing incessantly ever since we spent that never-to-be-forgotten month at Richmond Hill, and had most urgently insisted upon us three coming back the second time after Tom's return to Buffalo—and for us to bring Tom along with us. And Tom himself was not only willing but he was most anxious to go, for the tongues of our children had been going ding-dong hammer and tongs, about the glories of Richmond Hill and Western Canada. And when it was at last decided that we would take the road, and the day of our departure from Buffalo had been set, nothing would satisfy our anxious children but that they should write a conjoint letter to the Gibsons about our coming to Canada. And this they did in their own way, and with such an incredible amount of enthusiasm that the good Gibsons have been laughing over it ever since.

So we got already for our journey in the beginning of August, 1865, and when we were about to start for the railway station, what was our surprise when Mr. and Mrs. Sutherland, in travelling costume, marched back into the parlor, and said that they also were bound along with us to Richmond Hill and the Canadas! We were as much knocked down by this piece of information as if we had been prostrated on the battle-field by a discharge of grapeshot. We four all gave a loud shout for joy, made a general rush for them, and such a scene of embracing, kissing and congratulation followed as certainly can never be described by the pen. This unexpected turn of affairs put new courage into us all, and served its purpose as well as a tremendous victory over the enemy. The girls shouted, "Come on, father! Come on, mother! Grandpa, come on! Come on, grandma! There's a good time coming, and no mistake this time." The children set us all laughing. But business is business, and so we got our trunks into a conveyance, and all the presents intended for the good folk at Richmond Hill, and the conveyance rolled on to the railroad station, while we six happy travelers proceeded after it on foot.

We all reached the station in due time, and being in a very hilarious mood,

HAULING COTTON TO THE GIN.

HAULING COTTON TO THE GIN.

the weather being so fine, and with such pleasing prospects before us, we were taken for a wedding party, and no wonder! We got into the train, and soon was off for Canada. Having at length crossed over the Niagara river, we were fairly launched upon Canadian soil. All hearts were light, all eyes were bright, and nature's face was fair and gay. Our ride from the river to the railway station at Ingersoll was indeed perfectly delightful, and we had nothing to do by the way but sit back in our seats and admire the beautiful and well-cultivated country. As the girls and I had been here two years ago, it was not such a wonder to us, but the beautiful hills and dales of this land of refuge, to our oppressed people in days gone by, were a perfect inspiration, a wonder and a delight to the rest. In due course of time we arrived at the station at Ingersoll, where we were met by a conveyance from Richmond Hill; but as there were six of us in all, more than they, or even than some of our ownselves, had expected, we could not all get in, and Tom got another conveyance and divided the company in two. When we had almost completed our journey, the Gibsons at Richmond Hill saw us coming over the top of the last hill, as we issued out among the trees, upon which the entire family, dogs, cats and all, were seen leaving the house, and going down the field for the purpose of meeting our cavalcade at the gate that opened into the high-road. We cautiously descended the last hill, moved down the road that

leads to the Cedar Swamp, and met these good Gibsons at the gate. I have said hundreds of times since that the warm welcome they gave us put me in mind of heaven, and it seemed to me at the time worth going all the way to Richmond Hill to receive!

We all steered up the field road on foot, and when we came to Richmond Hill, and looked around us upon the country far and wide, we were all perfectly enchanted with the view, and one and all of us exclaimed, "What a beautiful land! Fair as the Garden of Eden before the Lord! Beautiful as Tirzah!" Then we all went into the house, where we disposed of our trunks, and all the rest of our things, after which we sat down and talked, and felt thoroughly at home. Indeed, there was a home feeling about the place that was irresistible. With true Canadian kindness refreshments were immediately placed before the young man who drove the hired conveyance, and after he had helped himself to his heart's content, he took his departure for Ingersoll, where I doubt not he arrived safely in a short time.

A good supply of bread and cheese and milk were set upon the table, and each of us took a snack only, because the afternoon was now wearing on apace, and supper would be ready in a couple of hours. In the meantime, we all put on our hats and bonnets, and accompanied by several members of the family, we took a walk up to the top of the range of hills that ran away above the house, from whence we could see the sloping lands and dales that lay away beyond them; and, indeed, we had a most complete view of the whole country as far as the eye could reach. There was something perfectly sublime in the scenery that lay all around us, far and wide. How we did admire the fair-faced forest land, where the streams rolled away for Lake Erie, winding round, and round, and round; and the forests grew on both sides all down their banks, and the rest of the country was under a course of careful, splendid cultivation.

We were so much taken with the glorious views of fair and fertile Canada that we felt in no hurry to return, but sat down on the hill-top, like a lot of birds of passage resting after a long flight, and inhaled the very inspiration of the joyous scene. But at last time was called for, and we all steered back to the house, where we found Doctor and Mrs. McKenzie, of the Presbyterian Church, to which the Gibsons go, in the little country town three miles off. The McKenzies live in a beautiful mansion among the trees on the hill-top opposite Richmond Hill. (We left the mansion on our right hand before we descended the last hill). They had heard that we six had come, and in our absence had arrived to pay us a visit. Dr. McKenzie and wife are excellent company; they are highly intelligent, and come from the highlands of Scotland. We had attended his church in the town upon our last visit in the autumn of 1863.

Supper was now ready, and we all sat down around the jovial board, which

was fairly groaning under an enormous weight of good things. Dr. McKenzie said grace; Mary and Margaret Gibson acted as waiters, and we had one of the best suppers that were ever served up even in hospitable Canada. After that we resolved ourselves into a sort of open parliament, and the night drove on with fun and conversation. One after another of the neighbors continued to arrive, and the enthusiasm of the night went on, grew and still increased. The piano was also brought into full play, and the girls and some of the rest of us played and sang, and a better time had never been heard along the sides of those peaceful and lovely hills. I am sure it was for all a time of extraordinary enjoyment.

During a lull in the proceedings of the night, Dr. McKenzie stated that it would be a great gratification to himself and wife, and to all their friends over these hills if a night's entertainment were given in the hall at the post-town, three miles off; and we could order the proceedings of the night in any varied way that we pleased. We informed the learned doctor that we would leave the matter entirely in his own hands, and whenever he called us up we would answer to the summons, and do our very best to please every man, woman or child who favored us with their presence.

In due course the grand entertainment came off, and what with songs, music and speeches it was declared to be one of the very best and most enthusiastic gatherings in all the chronicles of Canada.

We spent one whole month at Richmond Hill, the month of August, 1865. We walked the hills and dales, far and near, as on the occasion of our former visit we spent many a pleasant day at the homes of the dear Canadians, who never knew how to be kind enough, and a great many came even a long way to see us. We walked along the hill-tops, and sat down besides the purling streams in the forests, and read under the shade of the tall trees. Once more the two girls overhauled that grand edition of the "Pilgrim's Progress," and Tom was also taken immensely with the pictures.

But all things come to an end. We had a most glorious time among these good Canadians; we all felt greatly benefited by our visit to Richmond Hill, and Tom declared that he felt at least as well as he did before he went away to the war. So we gave the Gibsons a general invitation to come and visit us at our home in Buffalo whenever they got ready to do so. We took a fond leave of them at Richmond Hill, and some of them accompanied us to the railway station at Ingersoll, where we took the 10 o'clock train for Buffalo, and arrived there safe and sound the same afternoon.

The condition of the South after the rebel armies surrendered reminds me of the havoc wrought when a forest of great tall trees is swept down by a strong and mighty wind, and all the forest monarchs are flat on the ground. Their mighty roots are exposed to the gaze of every passer-by; an enormous quantity of earth

is torn up by the terrible wrench that has taken place; and the great branches are broken and jumbled together with the great crash of the now prostrate and ruined forest. Such was the state of the South after Lee surrendered at Appomattox Court House, in Virginia. He had, indeed, no great army to surrender, and what little armies remained to the rebellion elsewhere were but of small account, and promptly laid down their arms at last.

Whilst the South fought with a valor that was worthy of a better cause, and her slave-holders and followers actually laid down their lives in thousands and ten thousands for their darling "independence" and slavery, I am never able to think without regret of the dreadful sacrifice of human lives and treasure that we of the North were forced to make to restore the Union to its former state, and to secure the freedom of the last slave in all the land. Never since this world began did a defiant, haughty and valiant race of rebels so long and so successfully resist—I might almost say the wealth, the resources, and the physical strength of half the world. It was the "strong man armed," and in his own house, fighting there with all his might and main. And how did we knock down the house and kill him? Alas, alas! we had to sacrifice whole legions of our well-beloved, both white and black, that the Union and liberty might be where they are at the present day.

I have just above compared the condition of the South at the close of the war to that of a forest of mighty trees, all suddenly dashed to the earth by the force of overwhelming and irresistible winds—even the terrible winds that are swept upon the land from the wild and stormy ocean that breaks upon our shores. The question next was how were we to clear this forest land; remove all the trees with their great upturned roots; fill up the great cavities—in a word, "clear the land," and worst of all, restore the forest? What Abraham Lincoln might have done if he had lived—he and his cabinet between them—I am unable to say. A great many people are of the opinion that had Lincoln lived things would have gone ten times better with Reconstruction than they did. That may have been so, but the wish was father to the thought, and it has always been my opinion that there would have been a bad time of it for years and years to come, as there was without the great war President. Poor fellow! Because ever during his lifetime, and when the war was going on, there were many times when Lincoln himself confessed that he was almost at his wit's end, and did not know what to do for the best. With the Southerners going home, sullen, angry and defeated, and four millions of slaves redeemed from the curse of the "peculiar institution," for the very life of me I am unable to see that any one with much less wisdom than that which is divine, could ever had at once brought order out of chaos in a day, or even in a year. Even with the assistance of 10,000 giants, it must have taken time to clear away that fallen forest, fill up the awful gaps, and put a new forest in the

place of the one that had been knocked down!

In order to make a beginning at Reconstruction it was decided to place the late rebellious States under military governors, who acted in concert with the Bureau for Freedmen, Refugees and Abandoned Lands. This "Freedman's Bureau," as it was briefly called, was wisely established in the spring of 1865 for the purpose of assisting in every possible way those 4,000,000 of the African race whom the war had made free and turned loose on the country. Of course they must not be permitted to starve, and the Government at Washington wisely established the bureau to assist them in tiding over the crisis. Richmond and the Confederacy had not fallen yet, but the grand crash was at hand, and all things were in readiness for the mighty changes that were at the door of the nation.

But the freedmen were not the only people who had to be provided for. There was a host of white people—all sorts of refugees—who had also been rendered homeless and entirely destitute, who were in precisely the same condition as the recent slaves of African descent. These had to be looked after the same as the rest of the people, and all had to be clothed and fed, and encouraged to go to work at once, besides sending their children to public schools that were to be established all over the States lately in rebellion. Besides all these, courts of law were set a-going to try ordinary cases throughout the new military districts everywhere. And for the purpose of farming, it was decided to take the lands that had been abandoned by the rebels during the war, or confiscated by the government, and portion out the same to freedman and refugees, not giving more than forty acres to each, and that upon the easiest terms, for the space of three years, with the right of purchase afterwards, if the tenants wished to buy, when the easiest terms again would be granted. But right here I have something of a most unusual pleasant nature to relate. My indulgent reader, my book would come far short of the mark without it!

The war that had lasted about four years and a half was now all over and gone. The last rebel had been forced to lay down his arms, and slavery, that had existed under the most aggravated form for about two hundred and fifty years, had been swept from the land, and there remained not the shadow of a doubt that every colored man, woman and child were entirely free. Then, like the Jews of old, after the drowning of Pharaoh and his rebel army in the Red sea, there arose a loud and long-continued song of joy from the hearts of all the 4,000,000 of freed people all over Secessia—from Mason and Dixon's line to the Rio Grande river; and from the wild Atlantic waves to the State of Missouri in the far west. For some time after the close of the war, throughout the entire South, the entire colored race could think of little else but rejoicing, singing and dancing for joy. And I would think it a very strange thing if the redeemed race had not so abandoned themselves to such joy and rejoicing for a time at least. It was the natural song

of the captive, suddenly and unexpectedly released from his prison. Joy, joy, joy! Oh, nothing but joy! "I will sing unto the Lord, for He hath triumphed gloriously; the horse and his rider hath He thrown into the sea." For two hundred and fifty years the poor, dear, oppressed people of God had been under the lash of the task-master; but now they were free as the masters themselves! This was right, perfectly right, and accounts for all their joy, their songs and rejoicing all over the lately far-extended battle-field. "Oh, praise ye the Lord, for He is good: for His mercy endureth forever!"

When Abraham Lincoln was assassinated, Andrew Johnson, of Tennessee, who had been elected vice-president, became in turn the President of the United States. This man had been brought up in the South, and when Reconstruction came, all his Southern sympathies floated up to the surface. He entered into a direct quarrel with the houses of Congress, and vetoed almost every bill that ever came before him. But in all such cases, Congress passed his vetoes over his head, and they were of no effect. At last he was impeached and tried for his cross-grained, contrary measures, but escaped conviction by the smallest majority. But all the same he was one of the most destructive rebels that we had.

In the meantime Reconstruction went on in the late rebellious States in the best way that Congress knew how to do it, which was not much at the best. A race of men swept down from the North with their carpet-bags in their hands in search of fortune, who were nick-named carpet-baggers; then there were the middle class whites of the South, who were nick-named the scalawags, who assisted the carpet-baggers in ruling the South, all of whom, however, were under the eyes of the military generals, each of whom was placed in command of one of the States, and these generals in turn worked hand in hand along with an assistant commissioner of the Freedman's Bureau, Major-General O. O. Howard, at Washington, being the chief commissioner, and one of the best men that ever lived.

Immediately after the close of the war, many of the more pronounced rebels retired abroad, where they found employment in foreign armies, or more peaceful occupations. They had no heart for any further rule under the flag of Uncle Sam, which now, indeed, floated freely over all races of people from the Lakes to the Gulf. For such arch-rebels the Sunny South was a home no more. But many of the late rebel leaders preferred to stay at home and take their chance, hoping for mercy and pardon from the Northern government, which they had so terribly outraged. As a general thing they were cross-vexed and sullen, and had no heart whatever for the reconstruction of the Southern states, which was entirely conducted by legislatures, composed of loyal Southerners and colored men, all of whom were duly elected. These colored men were in all the lower houses of legislature, while in some of the States they were also in the Senate,

and in a few of the States they filled the office of deputy-governor. The heads and leaders of the late rebellion showed no disposition to lend a hand; they allowed the military and civil administrators to take their own way, assisted as the latter were by the colored senators and representatives in the State legislature, carpet-baggers and scalawags.

Whilst no doubt all of the above were doing the best they knew how, the entire race of 4,000,000 of freedmen had recovered from their dance of new and glorious liberty; had opened their eyes to the stern realities of the changed situation, and settled down to steady work all over the land. Many of them crowded into the towns, cities and villages, while a host of others went to work over all the plantations and farms—some working on shares with their former masters, whilst others farmed their own lands, and did wonderfully. Many a brave old "prophecy" had been uttered that the descendants of Africans were unfit for the pursuits of freedom, and that the whole freed race would fall to pieces like a ship on the sands; but the race went steadily to work, and with some aid from the Freedman's Bureau, they prospered from the very beginning. In short, the people now fairly began to see the beauties of personal liberty, and they had a mind to work. The American Government, however, never did a better thing than to establish that bureau, without the aid of which entire legions of colored and white people must inevitably have perished.

All things, however, did not work satisfactorily, and under the crooked circumstances perhaps that was more than was to be expected. Throughout the entire South the system of working on shares was not in favor of the redeemed race in many cases. The white man had got a notion in his head that he had been cheated out of his rights, and that somehow or other, the former slave still of right belonged to him. Some of them therefore thought themselves privileged in beating the freedman out of the fruits of their toil in every possible way. If such white men were thus aggrieved over the new order of things, their wives were worse, and could find no one to comfort them! The slave was now, at least, as free as themselves, and there was no power in the land to force him back to his former condition. So they took their spite out of him by cheating him on the division of the crops, and he was obliged either to stay on the lands and be imposed upon, or leave at a loss. The public papers were full of the freedman's complaints at the time. One way of defrauding him who did all the hard work was to open a general store for the sale of all kinds of groceries and other needful things. The accounts were cooked and managed in a way to suit the bosses, and almost everything was charged for far above the general prices of the country. Thus, when the day of settlement came, the laborer usually found himself from $50 to $200 in debt, owing to the system of thieving practiced on him by his betrayer. The Southern people generally were sullen, and almost inconsolable under the new

order of things, and they refused to be comforted for a long time. Indeed, some of them are not comforted yet, and never will be. Andrew Johnson, the President, did much harm in contending for the rebels in every way in his power. In fact, he went right over to them, and even obstructed Reconstruction itself in every way that he could.

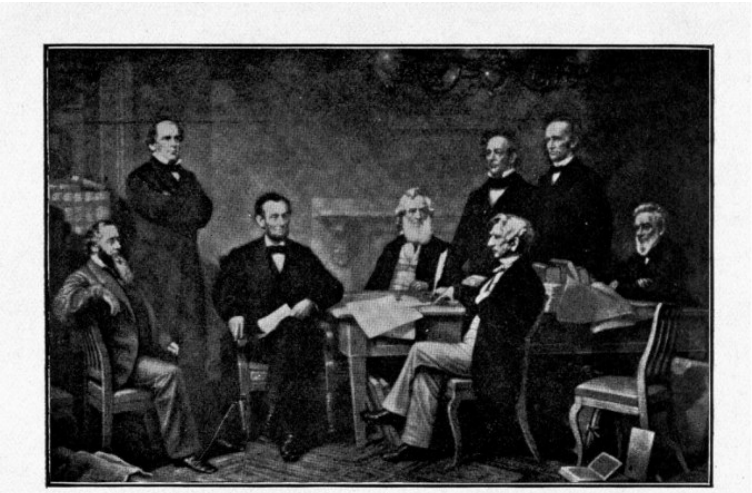
This sullenness on the part of the Southerners at last found vent in the organization of a secret and murderous conspiracy called the Ku-Klux-Klan—whoever was guilty of inventing such an ugly name! This Ku-Klux-Klan reached for their shot-guns, and went forth by night, and shot down the carpet-baggers and their like, like crows. This was soon after the first election of President Grant, an election, by the by, in which the rebels took no part, but they now determined to spoil that which they were unwilling to mend. These wicked Ku-Klux sought to obstruct the courts of justice, harass and trouble the colored people in every possible way, and cripple the local governments. The terror that spread all over the South at the time was perfectly dreadful. People were shot down everywhere, colored churches and school-houses were burned to the ground in the night, and the work of revenge and destruction went on night and day. It seemed as if the late rebel soldiers, who had been beaten in the field by the North, were once more trying to raise a rebellion in a new form. The writ of habeas corpus was suspended for a time, and Uncle Sam put his heavy foot down upon the whole matter. The powers of the day went forth; arrests were made; the trials and convictions of many of those bad men were secured, and some of the penitentiaries were filled with the enemies of law and order. Then for a time, at least, followed a pause in the obstructing work of the reconstruction of the late rebellious States, and the governments by colored legislators, scalawags and carpet-baggers went on as before. How much better it would have been if all parties, both white and black, had been harmonious and agreeable after Lee surrendered at Appomattox Court House! But instead of that the defeated rebel went home, nursed his wrath to keep it warm. Robbing and stealing from the injured freedmen followed, and then he went out working mischief after dark with the aid of his shot-gun.

CHAPTER XIII.

Reconstruction in the South—Great Progress in Education—The Fifteenth Amendment—Message of President Grant—Certificate of Mr. Secretary Fish Regarding the Same—Great Joy Over Amendment—It Goes to Work.

General Grant had been elected President of the United States in 1868 for his first term of office. In 1872 he carried the Southern States once more. He met with but little opposition in the South. Colored lieutenant-governors were elected in Louisiana, Mississippi and South Carolina, in which three States the colored population is far greater than the white. The States of Alabama, Georgia, Florida, Louisiana, Mississippi and South Carolina had colored men in their Houses of Representatives, and Mississippi had them also in her Senate House. Many of the most important offices in the Southern States were held by men of color. But by the year 1875 the white leaders in the Republican party had become intimidated by the Ku-Klux-Klan, and were quite driven out or destroyed by that deadly shot-gun. Thus the colored men in the legislatures were abandoned to their fate, and the presence of the United States Army became necessary to support them at elections, whilst they held office, and carried on the State governments. The whole South was in a bad way, and things had gone on from bad to worse. The sullen and stubborn leaders of the late rebellion had refused to lend a hand in building up the State governments once more, which they had torn down, and the Northern government of the whole nation had committed the reconstruction of the late rebel States to hands as yet far too feeble at such a time, and that was, namely, to colored men, many of whom had little experience before with carpet-baggers and scalawags. At the same time there did not seem to be any others who could be trusted by the national government to carry on the business of the Southern States. Even colored men, carpet-baggers and scalawags were either heartily or formally Republicans, and could be trusted by the Washington authorities in acting loyally and faithfully in the discharge of their duties at least. I am unable to see how the Washington government can be much blamed for committing the care of the Southern States to hands so feeble, so long as there did not seem to be anybody else to rule, and the late rebels themselves were still in too sullen a mood to lend a hand in the governments.

But during all these unhappy years that followed the close of the war there was one thing that did not miscarry, and that was the great march of the emancipated slaves on the road to progress, and everything that tends to elevate and ennoble a nation. The fostering national government, the churches of the North, and all that which was best in this great republic, were straining themselves to the very utmost to lift up the entire redeemed race by affording them the best



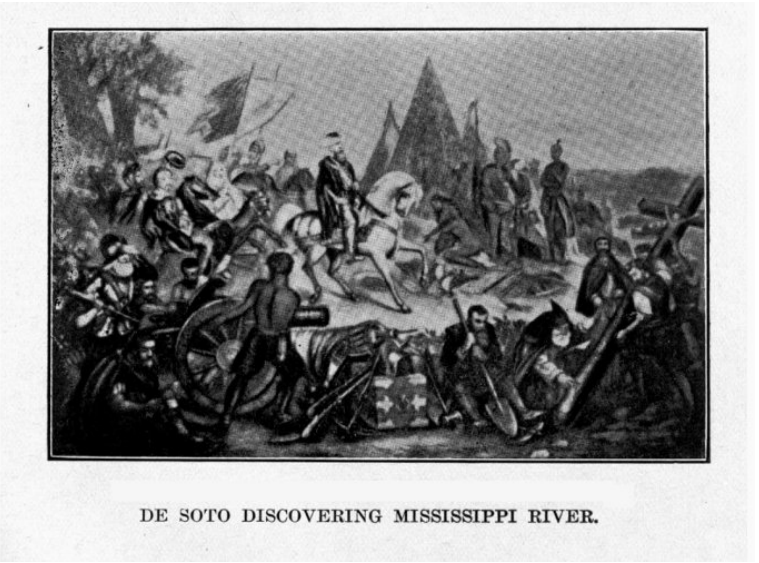
FIRST READING EMANCIPATION PROCLAMATION.

education that they could possibly bestow. Teachers still flocked down from the North in great numbers, all kinds of schools were opened, and institutes and colleges were set on float for the benefit of the boys and girls, and young men and young women, who wished to attend them. There was no branch of education that was not supplied to the white race that was not also supplied to the colored. And not only did children and youths attend those schools, but even men and women; parents and grandparents in thousands took up their spelling-books and first readers, and went to work with a hearty good will, and learned to read, write and spell with great rapidity. The progress that the emancipated race made in the line of education was perfectly marvelous, and astonished the whole nation. Even old preachers, who had been preaching the gospel for fifty years, went to work and learned how to read the Bible; they learned how to write letters and work arithmetic for the first time in their lives. It had been charged often enough that the colored race were unfitted by nature to learn this, that and other things. The studied policy of the slave-holders was, not to give them a chance, and then to tell a willful falsehood. But now that all were free, they rushed in at once, and showed the whole world that they were as capable of learning as any other race under the sun. Nay, more! They even crossed the oceans, and were recognized by all the nations on the face of the earth!

Nor did the people only learn how to read, write and work arithmetic, but all kinds of industrial schools were started throughout the South; first in one place, then in another, so that the young men learned different trades, and thus qualified themselves to learn a living in coming years. And they not only learned, but they learned well, were ambitious to excel, took naturally to it, and earned the good will and praise of their teachers. In short, after the war was over, the South was both cursed and blessed by a race of "volunteers," who came down from the North, and whose mission was to take advantage of the new state of things. The curse came in with those carpet-baggers, who came to take all they could get, and hold on as long as ever they could. It is true that they were not all bad, for indeed they ran all the way from good to middling. But they have generally been looked upon as a set of rapacious men, who came down to help themselves first, last and all the time; and when all was done, if anybody else could be benefitted by them, so much the better!

But with the teachers things were altogether different. They can in no sense be compared with the carpet-baggers, for they were a perfect blessing—all of them, or nearly all, being "volunteers" for the South, and for the benefit of freedmen, and for them alone. They were sent forth, as I have stated before, by the churches and societies of the North, and the national government encouraged them and their efforts in every possible way. And not only were public schools set on foot all over the land, but there were a great many who opened private schools, and thus the work went merrily on. And the walls of the new educational structure began to rise rapidly on all sides, "for the people had a mind to work," and, as the ancient Romans said, "Labor conquers all things."

And even to the very day and time whilst I am now writing, I have great pleasure in informing my kind reader that the work goes on, and still goes on well. Beginning gradually at the close of the war, nay, I might almost say, in some places before the close of the war—schools and colleges for all studies were set on foot, either South or North, some for the training of young colored men and women, who were destined to become teachers of their own race throughout the land; some were institutes or colleges for the study of law, medicine, music, elocution and a variety of other subjects. And the work still continues and extends in all directions, and promises to unfold itself more and more as the years go by. At the present time there are many beautiful private schools and seminaries in many parts of the South where young colored ladies exclusively are sent to be educated, and they are splendidly educated, too. And inasmuch as the colored race are born to excel in music, many of them have come to the front, and in the departments of music and song they have shone brightly in the nation, and in distant lands also, where they have no prejudice to contend with. But though the color line has by no means been wiped out yet, even in the Northern



DE SOTO DISCOVERING MISSISSIPPI RIVER.

DE SOTO DISCOVERING MISSISSIPPI RIVER.

States, it must in all fairness be stated that colored youths and maidens are freely permitted to pursue their studies in almost all the schools and colleges of the land; and it is only where race prejudice exists, and the last dregs thereof prevail, that the children of African descent are barred from entering. But time changes all things; God alone cannot be changed—new generations will arise who will entirely sweep the evil past away!

The Thirteenth and Fourteenth Amendments to the Constitution had been passed, securing the race in their personal and civil rights as freemen before the common law of the United States; but as yet colored men could not vote, and the Republican party, as a just and defensive measure, considered that it would be well to arm those who had formerly been slaves with all the rights of citizens, even as others. This brought up the question of a new amendment to the Constitution. It was to be a new dress in which the new citizens were to be clothed before the work was complete. There was opposition enough to this in some quarters; of course, it never was once intended to ask such men as Jefferson Davis and Robert E. Lee for their consent. Even if many of the colored men were uneducated, they were as good, if not better, than a wicked and intelligent rebel. The rebels (as they were still commonly called), would rather pull the

national government down to the ground than restore it, but the entire ransomed race desired to build it up. Politically, and also from a sense of gratitude for their freedom, they belonged to the Republican party, and therefore they were perfectly right in siding with the Republicans on every and all occasions. Besides, the right for colored men to vote was bound to come forward sometime or other, and it might just as well come now as hereafter. Ignorance on their part was much better than the studied opposition on the part of the rebels. And I doubt very much whether the most illiterate colored man did not know more about the American Constitution than those ignorant hordes of Europeans who are almost weekly dumped down on our shores, who neither know nor care anything about our Constitution, and who never even heard of the name of George Washington. If this was not so serious a matter, I could almost laugh at the thought of the ignorance of those foreigners.

Besides, if colored men were in many cases unfit for the franchise, it was no bad thing to give it them at once anyhow, because it would stimulate the nation at large to push their complete education along, and the race themselves would now have a far more powerful motive to acquire knowledge than they had ever had before. Therefore, there was a very great deal of interest taken by the nation at large in the passage of the new amendment to the Constitution that was destined to place black men upon the self-same footing with white men. The white Republicans also considered that they were indebted to colored soldiers for the restoration of the Union to the tune of at least 200,000 brave, heroic men, and that they owed them the right to vote.

The necessary three-fourths of all the States of the Union having voted in their legislatures in favor of the passage of the new amendment to the Constitution, President Grant deemed the new measure of such vast importance that he went out of the usual mode adopted upon such occasions, and addressed the following special message on the subject to Congress, for the purpose of still further enhancing its importance in the eyes of the Senate and House of Representatives, and, in short, of the whole American people:

"SPECIAL MESSAGE OF PRESIDENT GRANT ON THE RATIFICATION OF THE FIFTEENTH AMENDMENT.

"To the Senate and House of Representatives:

"It is unusual to notify the two houses of Congress, by message, of the promulgation by proclamation of the Secretary of State of the ratification of a Constitutional Amendment. In view, however, of the vast importance of the Fifteenth Amendment to the Constitution this day declared a part of the revered instrument, I deem a departure from the usual custom justifiable. A measure which makes at once four millions of people voters, who were heretofore declared by the highest tribunal in the land not citizens of the United States, nor

eligible to become so (with the assertion that, at the time of the Declaration of Independence, the opinion was fixed and universal in the civilized portion of the white race, regarded as an axiom in morals as well as politics, that black men had no rights which the white man was bound to respect) is indeed a measure of grander importance than any other one act of the kind from the foundation of our free government to the present day.

"Institutions like ours, in which all power is derived directly from the people, must depend mainly upon their intelligence, patriotism, and industry. I call the attention, therefore, of the newly-enfranchised race to the importance of their new privilege. To the race more favored heretofore by our laws, I would say, withhold no legal privilege of advancement to the new citizen. The framers of our Constitution firmly believed that a republican government could not endure without intelligence and education generally diffused among the people. The 'Father of his country,' in his farewell address, uses this language, 'Promote, then, as a matter of primary importance, institutions for the general diffusion of knowledge. In proportion as the structure of the government gives force to public opinion, it is essential that public opinion should be enlightened.' In his first annual message to Congress, the same views are forcibly presented, and are again urged in his eighth message.

"I repeat that the adoption of the Fifteenth Amendment to the Constitution completes the greatest civil change and constitutes the most important event that has occurred since the nation came into life. The change will be beneficial in proportion to the need that is given to the urgent recommendations of Washington. If these recommendations were important then, with a population of but a few millions, how much more now with a population of forty millions, and increasing in rapid ratio.

"I would therefore call upon Congress to take all the means within their Constitutional power to promote and encourage popular education throughout the country; and upon the people everywhere to see to it that all who possess and exercise political rights shall have the opportunity to acquire the knowledge which will make their share in the government a blessing and not a danger. By such means only can the benefits contemplated by this amendment to the Constitution be secured.

"Executive Mansion, March 30, 1870.

"U. S. GRANT."

On account of the vast importance of the Fifteenth Amendment to the Constitution, and its direct bearing upon the elevation of the colored race, and the immediate amelioration of their condition, I will here append the certificate of Mr. Secretary Fish respecting ratification of the Fifteenth Amendment to the Constitution, March 30, 1870:

"Hamilton Fish, Secretary of State of the United States.

"To all to whom these presents may come, greeting,

"Know ye that the Congress of the United States, on or about the 27th day of February, in the year 1869, passed a resolution in the words and figures following, to wit:

"A resolution proposing an amendment to the Constitution of the United States.

"Resolved, By the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled (two thirds of both houses concurring,) That the following article be proposed to the legislature, shall be valid as part of the Constitution, namely,

"Section 1. The right of citizens of the United States to vote shall not be denied or abridged by the United States, or by any State, on account of race, color, or previous condition of servitude.

"Section 2. The Congress shall have power to enforce this article by appropriate legislation.

"And, Further, that it appears, from official documents on file in this department, that the amendment to the Constitution of the United States, proposed as aforesaid, has been ratified by the legislatures of the States of North Carolina, West Virginia, Massachusetts, Wisconsin, Maine, Louisiana, Michigan, South Carolina, Pennsylvania, Arkansas, Connecticut, Florida, Illinois, Indiana, New York, New Hampshire, Nevada, Vermont, Virginia, Alabama, Missouri, Mississippi, Ohio, Iowa, Kansas, Minnesota, Rhode Island, Nebraska, and Texas, in all, twenty-nine States.

"And, Further, that the States whose legislatures have so ratified the said proposed amendment constitute three-fourths of the whole number of States in the United States.

"And, Further, that it appears, from an official document on file in this department, that the legislature of the State of New York has since passed resolutions claiming to withdraw the said ratification of the said amendment, which had been made by the legislature of that State, and of which official notice had been filed in the department.

"And, Further, that it appears from an official document on file in this department, that the legislature of Georgia has by resolution ratified the said proposed amendment.

"Now, therefore, be it known, that I, Hamilton Fish, Secretary of State of the United States, by virtue and in pursuance of the Second Section of the Act of Congress, approved the 20th day of April, 1818, entitled, An act to provide for the publication of the Laws of the United States, and for other purposes, do hereby certify that the amendment aforesaid has become valid, to all intents and

purposes, as part of the Constitution of the United States.

"In testimony whereof, I have hereunto set my hand, and caused the seal of the Department of State to be affixed.

"Done at the City of Washington, this 20th day of March, in the year of our Lord, eighteen hundred and seventy; and of the Independence of the United States the ninety-fourth.

"SEAL.

"HAMILTON FISH."

Thus, as will be seen above, the ever-glorious Fifteenth Amendment became a part of the American Constitution, and the same was made known to the remotest bounds of the Republic.

"Arise, shine forth, for thy light has come, and the glory of the Lord has risen upon thee!" Such is the language of Holy Scripture, and it expresses well the sudden outburst of the joy that filled the hearts of the entire colored race when the Fifteenth Amendment became the law of the land. Then, indeed, did the colored soldier feel that he had a country, and that he had not fought and bled in vain for the cause of freedom and the Union! Then did all colored men and women feel, indeed, that they were men and women among other full-fledged citizens of the United States! Then did they feel, in the celebrated words of Robert Burns, the Scotch poet, that "An honest man, though e'er so poor, is king of men for all that!" If the Emancipation Proclamation called forth a tremendous flood of thankfulness and gratitude, if even the fall of Richmond and the freeing of the last slave called for shouts of joy and rejoicing, much more—yea, ten times more—did the publication of the Fifteenth Amendment exercise the entire redeemed race from the very bottom of their hearts! Their forefathers had been stolen away from Africa; they had been brought here. This was their home, such as it was. They had no other country but the United States. Now, the new amendment to the Constitution had put the right to vote into their hands, the same as others—just the same as others, and they most loyally sent up a shout of joy that reached from Maine to the Rio Grande river, and that shout arose to Heaven and entered into the ears of the celestials.

Where, now, was the doctrine, indeed, "That the descendants of the African race had no rights that a white man was bound to respect?" Who ever gave "the white man" the right to use such language, unless it was wickedly presumed by his own presumptuous and lying arrogance? The white race only compose a small portion of the human race. According to tradition, Adam was as brown as a bun; and certainly our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ must have been a very dark-complexioned man? Does anybody mean to say that Adam and the Lord

Jesus had no right to be respected because they were as brown as a bun in complexion? Like the so-called "divine right of kings," such language was nothing but a wilful and deliberate falsehood, for the entire race of man have rights to be respected—the one as much as the other. How passeth away the glory of this world! Behold your millions of people gloriously set free, and after a long and fearful war pronounced full-fledged citizens, even as others! If the ransomed race formerly rejoiced when they felt their bodily chains fall off, much more did they rejoice when they were invested with the same rights as the rest of the American nation, and could vote like the freemen that they were! It is true that in the sight of God and all justice (both divine and human) they were always men, they had always rights that other men were bound to respect, but now we had the full confession of those rights from all the rest of our own compatriots, who fully and freely admitted, that all their rights were ours also and justice, though long delayed, was done at last!

The colored people were now in full possession of their political rights for the first time, and many new things happened that passed for a great wonder in the history of the nation. Hiram B. Revels took his seat as United States Senator for Mississippi on the 25th of February, 1870. It was from the self-same State that Jefferson Davis hailed, for he was Senator for Mississippi until he resigned his seat and went out with the rest of the rebels. Nine brief years had passed away; for four and a half years the civil war had raged; the curse of slavery had disappeared from the land, and now came Hiram B. Revels from Mississippi, from which the head of the Southern Confederacy had come in former days! Most assuredly this was the Lord's work, and it was wondrous in our eyes!

It was just one year from the day and hour when Senator Revels took his seat in the United States Senate that Jefferson F. Long, also a colored man, was sworn in as a member of the House of Representatives from the State of Georgia—the State of Alexander H. Stephens, who had been vice-president of the late Confederate States! It was that same Stephens who had put forth the idea in a speech of his own immediately after he was made vice-president, that slavery should be the corner-stone of the new government of Secessia!

Then the United States Government sent E. D. Bassett, a colored man from Pennsylvania, as Minister-Resident and Consul-General to the Republic of Hayti, in the West Indies. This was carrying things on at quite a lively rate, indeed. Nor was this all. President Grant then turned around, and sent J. Milton Turner, a colored man from Missouri, as Minister-Resident and Consul-General to the Republic of Liberia, in Western Africa. It is true that Hayti and Liberia are not nations of the first rank in power and population, but they are at least as respectable as any, and the time must yet come when ambassadors of the colored race will be appointed to the first nations on earth. President Grant was at least making

a good beginning, and as he had been a soldier, like the lion, he had nothing to fear!

About this time Frederick Douglass had been made a Presidential Elector for the great Empire State of New York, and he helped to cast the vote for that State for General Grant upon his election for the second term, in 1872. Times were indeed mightily changed with Frederick Douglass since he was a young man, and fled away from Baltimore in the disguise of a sailor, passing through New York City, which was then almost as much opposed to freedom of the slaves as the State of Georgia.

Well does the English poet say, "Slavery there has lost the day!" The ballot was now in the hands of the colored man as well as others. He had tilled the fertile soil of the United States for two hundred and fifty years; he had now lent a vigorous hand in three wars, and had completely won his right and title to full-fledged citizenship, with all the honors and powers that it carries with it. All Abolitionists and true-hearted Republicans rejoiced at the spectacle, whilst the late arch-rebels and others of that ilk were depressed at the changes!

CHAPTER XIV.

Joyful Demonstrations Over the Fifteenth Amendment—Processions in all the Cities of the Land—Departure for Louisville, Ky.—The Journey Thither—The River Ohio—Great Celebration—The Week at Louisville—The Return to Buffalo.

My dear, kind reader, as I have already indicated, the eventful year of 1870 had come, and the Fifteenth Amendment had become the law of the land. From Maine to Texas, from the wild Atlantic waves to the Coast of the Pacific Ocean, the entire colored race abandoned themselves to the most unbounded demonstration of joy and delight. I never saw the tide of delight running so high either before or since, as upon this most august occasion. Great mass-meetings, immense processions, music, dancing, religious meetings for sacred song, prayer and praise were the order of the night and of the day. Indeed, there was no outward form of joy and rejoicing that can either be conceived or described, that

was not observed upon this glorious occasion. We read in the Book of Esther about the joy of the whole Jewish nation, when they were all saved by the Lord from the wicked plots and schemes of the evil-minded Haman—the Jew's enemy. So great, indeed, was the impression produced upon the heart of God's ancient people that the feast of Purim is still kept up in commemoration of that terrible crisis through which all Israel had to pass. We ourselves—the colored race in America—had had our experiences in times past, as bad or worse than the Israelites of old. It was now five full years since the close of the war; we had had five years of national freedom; slavery here had lost the day; we could now vote like any other race, and therefore the free exercise of the self-same power was placed in our hands; the spring of 1870 was come, when the entire colored race abandoned themselves to singing, dancing and rejoicing in all ways in general; and, indeed, they had good cause and the right to rejoice, for they had waited a long time for it, and their patience had been sorely tried. Justice was long in coming, but it came at last.

In all the larger towns and cities of the United States, both North and South, immense processions were organized and carried out in the greatest and grandest perfection. It struck me as a truly wonderful thing at the time that the Democratic and rebel element that were so rank and strong even in former days in the North did not take mortal offense at such out-and-out demonstrations, carried out with such a high hand before the noon-day sun!

But our people were discreet, and neither said nor did anything purposely to cause any reasonable person to take offense. Of course, they stood upon their rights, and they claimed their rights of way as much as others, but all the same their lawful demonstration of joy and rejoicing went with a most tremendous swing, and nothing was done by anybody to mar the exultation of the grand occasion. So far as the Republicans were concerned, and all the brave old Abolition school, and every one of that ilk, they were well pleased to see the happy consummation of all their labors and toils.

I do not wonder so much that this tremendous colored demonstration passed off without opposition in the North, but what was really surprising was that the processions and other demonstrations of joy in the cities of the South, in honor of the Fifteenth Amendment, should not have brought on opposition, conflicts and riots. In brief, the entire white race, over all the land, submitted to the inevitable; they submitted to the results of the war. Their consciences at least bore witness that neither race nor color, nor previous condition make men nor unmake them; that one man is as much of a man as another in a general sense, and that the colored race had fought for their equal rights, and deserved them, and all seemed now willing to live in peace.

As we heard that a very great demonstration was to be made at Louisville,

Ky., in honor of the Fifteenth Amendment, and as my beloved mother, Tom and myself had been longing for a long time past for a sight of the dear old place upon the Kentucky shore, where we had all been born and brought up, we determined to take the girls and go along to the celebration, and Mr. Sutherland also consented to accompany us. He had never been in Kentucky, and so anticipated that it would be a great treat to him.

It was a fine morning in the spring when we took the road for the railway station, and soon we found ourselves all seated in the train. Mr. Sutherland and the girls were in a great way about going to Kentucky, and the girls had so long desired to see it once more. Ever since they awoke in the morning they had been humming and singing "The Old Kentucky Shore!" Nay, they even played it on the piano, and sang to their own accompaniments. Thus the whole house was ringing that early morning with the sounds of music. But to those of us who were older the children's hilarity, music and song brought other thoughts, for we were no longer children. Many dear old slave ditties had been sung about Kentucky, which was a slave State, as the dear reader knows very well. Thousands of fugitives had escaped over the river Ohio, which bounds all her northern line. Indeed, runaway slaves from States further south usually made for this river, and made their escapes into the free States of the North. Even my own dear Tom and I had made our escape over this river, and my own dear mother had been carried down and over its waters on her way to the Sunny South.

Thus our feelings that morning were rather conflicting. Mr. Sutherland and the girls seemed best off, for there were no dark shadows in the immediate past to cloud their brows, like mother, Tom and myself. But all clouds passed away sooner or later, and we happily forgot our old-time experiences in the pleasantness of the new day, the bright and warming sunlight, and even the joyous surroundings that were all around about us on our happy way. The girls having bought a couple of bright new picture books from the book-stand at the depot while we were securing our tickets, all things were now in readiness for our departure. We took our seats in a very contented and flowery state of mind at last, and our brave iron horse set out for the open road along the shores of Lake Erie, and soon we had left the city of Buffalo behind us. The dark shadows of the early morning had indeed departed altogether, and our eyes and thoughts were fixed upon the beautiful country as we flew past, and on the shining waters of Lake Erie, till we came to Cleveland, Ohio. Here we left the lake, and switched away towards the southwest of Columbus, the capital of this State. The rest of us had been over this ground before, as the dear reader will remember; but all was new ground to mother and Mr. Sutherland, who now greatly admired the beauties of the State of Ohio, adorned in all the charms of spring, and with all its fine woods and forests arrayed in their new mantle of green, that set off the beauties

IN DANGER OF THE OVERSEER'S LASH.

IN DANGER OF THE OVERSEER'S LASH.

of the hills and dales in great perfection. And whatever our thoughts and feelings might otherwise have been, on one point we were all united—we were going back to our dear old Kentucky shore, and the city of Louisville, to behold the glorious celebration of the Fifteenth Amendment to the American Constitution, and to such an outpouring of the colored race as had never been seen in Kentucky. That, indeed, made our hearts light; that was joy enough for all.

In due time we reached Columbus, the capital of the State, as nice a little country city as ever I saw. Here a small contingent of our own beloved people came on board the train for Cincinnati and Louisville. They were in a state of high excitement over the forthcoming events. Some of them, no doubt, had fled away from the curse and chains of slavery in Kentucky, and more remote States; but now they could return without fear. "Slavery there had lost the day!"

Continuing our journey, we all reached Cincinnati in safety, a fine city, of which Mr. and Mrs. Sutherland often heard, but had never seen; and they were quite captivated with its beauty, reposing so sweetly on the hills that line the northern banks of the "beautiful river," as the French discoverers delighted to call it. With what wonder and delight did Mr. and Mrs. Sutherland behold the beautiful hills and dells of Kentucky, just across the mighty stream! Mrs. Sutherland had of course seen the Ohio at Riverside, and all the way down to the Mississippi, but it was the first time her husband had seen the beautiful river of the Frenchmen, or even slave land, and it produced in his mind mingled feelings of pain and pleasure to behold it, for though born free himself, his forefathers had fled across the Ohio river as they made their escape from the South.

We decided to spend a night at sweet Cincinnati, where we paid a visit to A. M. E. Church parsonage, where my beloved Tom and I put up when we were married at the church there, and what was our surprise and joy to find the very same family there, the self-same reverend gentleman having been called back for a second time. What kissing, embracing and joy there was between the two families upon this happy, happy reunion! Heaven alone can tell, my dear reader, how very much good this meeting did us all. My goodness! this poor pen of mine is altogether unequal to the task. It was indeed a heavenly union!

There being a class that night at the dear, dear church, after tea, we all went along with the pastor and his family and had a glorious time, where we praised the Lord, for He is good, for His mercy endureth forever. Many old friends remembered us still, and gave us a warm welcome. O Christianity! Christianity! What joys has this world like them?

After this grand meeting was over, we all made our way to the private quarters, which we had engaged for the night, and where we had a most refreshing sleep. We were all quite amused with the girls, for they were worse than wild birds for sheer delight. The fine weather and the great events in the immediate future were mighty stimulants. Indeed the whole of us were completely carried away by our feelings, and we ran the city and suburbs of Cincinnati in all directions, our private boarding-house being our rendezvous at three o'clock in the afternoon, so that we could all start together for the boat that was to leave an hour or two later for Louisville.

It is a remarkable thing how rapidly some people become acquainted. By the time we had spent some twenty-four hours with the kind people at the boarding-house, we were almost as fond of one another as if we had been brought up together. Some of them even accompanied us to the Public Landing, where we were to embark for Louisville. I don't know what the neighbors along the street thought of us, for we were more excited and exultant and louder than a lot of barn-yard fowl, with laughing and one thing and another! Well, it was a

time for laughing, I think, and after two hundred and fifty years of slavery, I also think we had a right to laugh, and to laugh with all our might and main!

At last we reached the Public Landing, marched on board, secured our cabins, and settled ourselves down for our passage to Louisville, greatly admiring the scenery and traffic of "The Beautiful River."

A great many passengers came on board at Cincinnati, all bound for the great celebration. All eyes were bright with animation, and high-beating hope swelled in every human heart. The rush to the colossal exhibition at Louisville reminded me of the tides of people on the grand march to see a circus; but this was a circus of a most unusual kind. From the grand reports that had been circulated all over the country for weeks, we all expected a high old time, we expected the colored race and their friends at Louisville to make a mighty effort to place a great show before the whole State, and also expected to swell the mighty chorus and throng by our own presence. Many persons on board had never been back to Louisville since they took French leave of the same place; whilst others had numerous friends and relations whom they greatly desired to see. But all wished to behold the old Kentucky shore again, for who does not love the scenes of their youth?

We were now fairly launched out upon the great river. The sweet spring winds blew over us, and seemed to accompany and cheer us upon our way. At such times the imagination gives play to all sorts of sweet things, and the very surges of the Ohio river seemed to rejoice as they bore us along on their downward course to the Mississippi and the Gulf States. The sun went down, and the moon arose upon the fleeting scene. The night was now upon us, and all the hills and dells that lined both sides of the beautiful river enchanted the eyes and hearts of all beholders. A sweet peace stole into our hearts that came down from heaven.

With what interest did we view the little wooden cabins that lay along the shores of the river on the Kentucky side, and along the slopes of her hills! What tales of grief and joy those dear little homes could have told if they had been able to speak. My two dear children were awed into silence as they looked upon the passing scenes, for they had both read "Uncle Tom's Cabin," and many other plaintive books besides; and heard from us and from others a thousand tales of slavery in days gone by. Many eyes besides our own were wet with tears of love, sorrow and emotion, as we viewed those little cabin homes, and saw the lights that night on the "Old Kentucky Shore" of the poet, and in our hearts we thanked the Lord that slavery here had indeed passed away forever. It has been often a wonder to me that the Lord allowed the curse to continue so long; but then He knows what is for the best, and I am always willing to take things on trust that I cannot understand. "The Lord is good; a stronghold in the day of trouble, and

He knoweth them who put their trust in Him." How true, how very true, indeed!

We called at no place on our way, but at the beautiful little city of Madison, Indiana, that lies so sweet-looking in the edge of the Ohio river. Quite a goodly number of our own beloved people came on board here, whom we rejoiced to see. It was the same old, old story that I have told before. They were going to Louisville to swell the mighty throng, and help sing the songs of the ransomed of the Lord during the forthcoming celebration at that city.

After we left Madison, we all retired to bed for the night, and we were not long in falling into a sound sleep. The night passed away, on flew the waves of the beautiful river with our fleet boat on their bosom, rushing on for the general rendezvous, and about four o'clock in the morning our gallant craft tied up at the landing-place at Louisville, the metropolis of Kentucky.

All up once more, and in good time! We were careful this morning to give ourselves a thorough, good washing, and lay in a solid, substantial breakfast in preparation for the events of the coming day. All on board, bent on the same happy journey as ourselves, were in a high key of excitement. Indeed we could snuff excitement in the very air before we left the boat. But at last we got away, and came up the bank from the beautiful river, and entered the city before seven o'clock, where we found the whole place astir with great numbers of excited people, rushing and sweeping along in all directions—men on horseback riding rapidly up and down the streets; great crowds of men, women and children arriving by rail from different parts of the State, while men in uniforms, bands of music, with the town boys and girls scurrying along in all directions like the wild waves of the sea; flags, banners, streamers and ribands seen fluttering in the breeze in all directions—such was our introduction to Louisville, when we came up from the river, and looked up and down Market, Jefferson and Green streets, and made our early way to a place on Walnut street, where we had arranged previously by letter to take up our quarters for the week that we were to spend in the city. Here our dear old acquaintances of ante bellum days received us gladly. We were all much altered now, had grown older, were married and had children of our own; were now free, whereas formerly we were called "goods and chattels" in defiance of the truth of the Eternal Jehovah that we had all the same rights as others, but for the time being were held down by sheer physical force.

So much talk about a "Fifteenth Amendment" we had never heard in our lives, and it made us laugh to hear even the little children lisp "The Fifteenth Amendment!" Poor, dear little things! Theirs was a happy lot. They were all free, and had not come up by the rough side of the mountain like their oppressed parents. The glorious weather was immensely in our favor. We blessed God for that, and we blessed Him for all things. The sun was shining in all his beauty; the mocking-birds sang in the parks, and the light winds blew over the fair and

garden-like city on the Ohio. Thousands upon thousands of people still continued to arrive upon boats that came up and down the river, by the ferry-boats, and on all the heavily-laden incoming trains that arrived thick and fast. Even the old inhabitant was astonished at the tremendous crowds that at last packed all the main streets along which the procession was to pass, because we were now getting well into line, just as is done at a Presidential inauguration at Washington. Uniformed riders and fast messengers, ex-soldiers dressed in Uncle Sam's conventional blue, the fair sex as thick as the leaves of the forest, boys in the trees, all the windows full of sight-seers, and men and boys on the roofs of the houses—well, indeed, might the oldest inhabitant ask where all the people came from! Nobody could have given a complete answer to that question, for there were tens of thousands of people here this day who had never been to Louisville before. All had heard of Louisville, the beautiful metropolis of the State, but they were slaves then, and had no hope of ever beholding its beauties; but God is good—here came the war, here came victory and freedom, here came new laws and the Fifteenth Amendment, and here came they themselves at last to help on the good cause with loud shouts of joy.

Flags fluttered from thousands of windows, and the indications of joy were universal. And not only did the colored, but the white population packed the streets in thousands and tens of thousands; the crowds were good-humored to the last degree, and there was nothing but joy and rejoicing on every side all day long.

The outriders now began to move in advance of the procession; the first men in line followed next with a band of music, and these again were followed by a tasteful and beautiful float that promised mighty things in the rear! Bands of music at intervals, all the different societies, another wonderful and beautiful float came sailing on laden with rejoicing citizens, young and old, and a thousand other strange and wonderful features and devices of the triumphal march called forth loud shouts of joy, great outbursts of laughter and general applause. A beautiful colored maiden of sixteen or seventeen summers, named Miss Laura Claggett, stood up in a chariot during the entire procession, and she made a splendid living representation of the "Goddess of Liberty." It was said of her, as of the beauty of ancient Tyre, "Thou hast made thy beauty perfect." The interest that we all took in the long, splendid and varied procession was most intense. So much pains had been taken with all the necessary preparations that every part of it was complete, and the warmest approbation was bestowed upon all the preliminary arrangements, and the way in which they were carried out. Here was a true object lesson, indeed, that we were as fit for the highest civilization as the whites. This was freely admitted on all hands, with the exception, of course, of those blind persons who did not wish to see. We find them everywhere, and the

best thing to do is simply to ignore them altogether. It was wonderful, thrice wonderful, to look around, and see the people who had come from the remotest parts of the State to see Louisville and the great celebration. It was most pathetic to look at some of them—bent down in some cases with hard work, labor and toil of half a century. There was a feeling of unutterable thankfulness that was apparent to all observers—thankfulness that they could yet enjoy a few years of freedom before they went home to be with the Lord, and thankfulness that their children should be free for all coming time. "No more auction blocks for me!" was the sentiment.

Thus the whole glorious procession marched and counter-marched over the principal streets of the beautiful garden-like city of Louisville, and at last broke up and scattered like all other famous processions of the kind, whether at Washington or anywhere else. The whole city press were loud in their praises of the universal good conduct and splendid management of the new citizens, and of course the Republican organ brought out the whole truth flat-footed, and cast all its glories to the breeze without stint. It was a downright triumph in the interest of law and order, for the police authorities had little or nothing to do. The pastors of all the churches, and other leaders, had impressed it upon the hearts and minds of all the people to be good, and to act as citizens, and give the enemy no just reason to throw stones. For my own part, though I had by this time seen a hundred processions, at least, in my time, I am bound to confess that the procession and day's doings at Louisville were as good as the best in regard to law and order, and I understand that other cities behaved quite as well as they did in Kentucky, throughout the Union.

For a week or so the entire colored population at Louisville were en fete, and a high old time of it they did have, indeed. It was a perfect carnival—a general jollification along the whole line. Music and dancing, and grand tea parties, both in public and private, were all the go, and as our presence in town was soon well known, we were invited to lend a hand in the general festivities along with others. There was a good time all over the metropolis of Kentucky, and don't you forget it.

There is a poem that says in one place, "Joy's image may vanish, and griefs die away; but the scenes of our youth are recorded for aye,"—which leads me on to say that Tom, mother and myself had a great and yearning desire to revisit all those dear scenes and places round about the beautiful river that had been so deeply stamped into our hearts and memories in the glorious, youthful spring-time of life. Mr. Sutherland had no such longing to satisfy, and the two girls were not then born. The latter three, indeed, were born at Buffalo, on the Niagara river, in the great Empire State of New York. So Tom, mother and myself made calls on all those dear, dear friends of our earliest days who still remained alive, or

still dwelt in Louisville. But many changes had taken place. Some had grown old and almost past recognition; the children of others received us kindly, for their parents were gone to a better land, and there were other changes all around, too numerous to mention. With the exception of God Himself, and the course of nature, all things seemed to be altered, and it was a source of thankfulness to us all that something remained that could not be shaken.

When we had thus ransacked the whole city in search of old friends (Mr. Sutherland and the girls coming bravely along with us), we crossed the river to Jeffersonville, Indiana, where we made two or three calls, and then went down to New Albany, on the Indiana side, where we had grand welcomes from all whom we knew there. It was really astonishing to behold our mutual joy, and to tell our true tales of joys and sorrows, and hear theirs in return. Praise ye the Lord!

We now hired a boat, and had a glorious sail up the Ohio, and showed Mr. Sutherland and the children all the old familiar places up the stream where we had formerly been. Then we went down the river, passed through the canal at Portland, below the city, and came out upon the Ohio once more. There were six of us in the boat besides the two rowers. We had taken the precaution to borrow a variety of loud-sounding musical instruments; we kept close to the Kentucky side of the Ohio, and when we drew near to the place of our birth, that is, Riverside Hall, we struck up "The Old Kentucky Shore," which we both played and sang with tremendous force, raising more excitement than the Salvation Army! This brought out Mr. and Mrs. Jackson, and all the old retainers who chose to remain after the fall of slavery. There were new faces there, also. My father recognized us at once, and invited us in to receive the hospitalities of the house. Here we remained all day, saw everything once more, and returned to Louisville at set of sun. But we afterwards returned to Riverside, and spent another whole day in perfect love and harmony. It was a sweet time.

We were now all far, far more than satisfied. All things had gone well with us, and we returned home to Buffalo more thankful and gladsome than ever. Oh, what shall we render unto the Lord for all his goodness! Because His mercy endureth forever!

CHAPTER XV.

The Great Commercial Panic of 1873—Collapse of the Republican Government of the South—The Rebel Shot-Gun—The Force Bill—Rebellion at New Orleans—Dangerous State of the Whole Country—Election of President Hayes—Presumption of the Late Secessionists—Speech of Congressman Foster, in Ohio—The Solid North Against the Solid South—The Election of James A. Garfield—For the Sake of Peace.

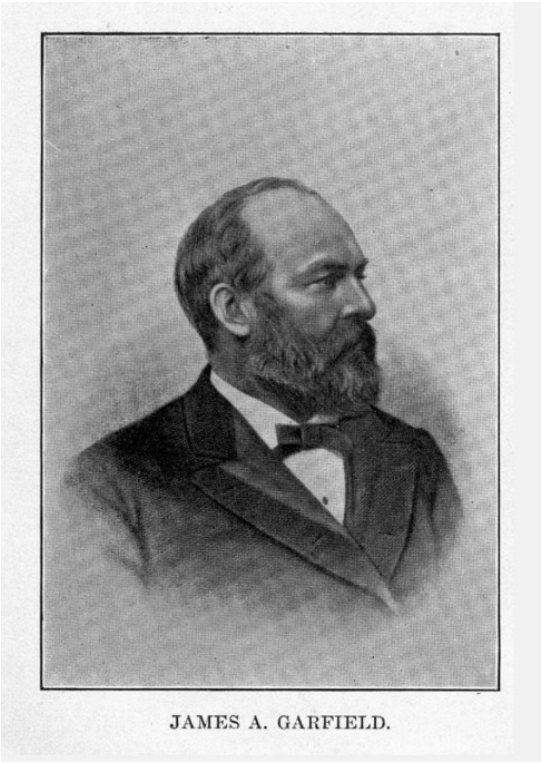
As I have indicated at the close of the last chapter, we all got home to Buffalo in perfect safety, and settled down once more to the duties of life. In the meantime we continued to watch the course of reconstruction in the South, which was run by the Republicans with but very few exceptions. We all seemed to think that things had settled down all right in those States. White and colored Republicans were mixed up pretty fairly in the Governments, and in all the different departments. There were about a dozen colored Congressmen at Washington, and numbers were also employed abroad in the consular and diplomatic service of the United States. All things appeared to have settled down in quietness and peace, but it was only to lull that which comes before the tempest, for the elements in Secessia were only awaiting a favorable opportunity to strike their favorable blow.

Up to the year 1872 (as I still remember well) this entire nation seemed to be running a course of unprecedented and joyful prosperity. Everybody was working, there seemed to be plenty of money in the country, and glorious good times, and immediately prospective wealth were the order of the day everywhere. Alas, alas! It was nothing but the inflation of a big balloon. In 1873 came a universal crash, and the balloon collapsed entirely! There was nothing but consternation over the whole nation, and the Northern States ceased for a time to keep their watchful eyes upon the reconstruction of the South, in order to attend to the dreadful troubles at home, caused by the complete collapse in trade. This was the opportunity for which the late open rebels had been waiting. They determined at once to take advantage of the sudden panic. The Ku-Klux-Klan now came to the front (of whom I have made mention before). They seized the shotgun, and wrote on their banners, "We must carry these States peaceably if we can; forcibly, if we must." Their first efforts were directed against the white Republican leaders, who melted away like new fallen snow before a warm sun. Their next effort was directed against the most intelligent and influential colored leaders, to whom they denied employment in almost every possible case. In a short time there were not many Republican leaders left, either white or colored, and the rank and file of the party could not then do much. Congress passed next an act empowering President Grant to use the army to suppress their domestic vio-

lence, and prevent bloodshed; also to protect colored voters in the constitutional exercise of the rights conferred upon them by the Fifteenth Amendment. But the South were up on their feet again, and offered the most determined opposition to the right and proper use of the national army. Like a high-strung, violent termagant, the lately-defeated rebels now clamored for the ruling of their own States in their own way, to the complete exclusion of the lawful rights of all others. In her anxiety and desperation to have her own way, "Miss Dixie" appealed to the sympathies of the Northern people, and, indeed, she was pretty successful in her unjust appeal, because she was aided by the "Copperheads" (Democrats) of the North, by many of the Northern papers, and even by the more luke-warm among the Republicans themselves. The ex-rebels clamored for what they called "a white man's government," though the Union was no more a white man's government than a black man's. Indeed, if this country belongs to anybody, it belongs to the Indians, from whom the wicked Spaniards and other European robbers first stole the lands away, and murdered the people.

The bill that was introduced into Congress to enforce order in the South was nick-named the "Force Bill," and it was not such a bad name, after all, because nothing but force seemed of any service in making Southern States do right. Things came to their worst in 1874, when the city of New Orleans was in a state of siege, the streets blockaded with State troops and White Line leagues, and an open battle was fought between the two conflicting parties. The rebels overthrew the Republican State government, and a new government was set up by physical force in its stead. But President Grant sent troops to New Orleans, and the lawful government was restored. State elections followed in the North in the States of Indiana, Ohio, New York, New Jersey, Connecticut and Massachusetts, which resulted in the defeat of the Republican ticket and the triumph of the Democrats. In their short-sighted way, the Bourbon Democrats of the South gave way to great exultation and joy, and behaved in the most cruel and shameful way to the white and colored Republicans in Secessia.

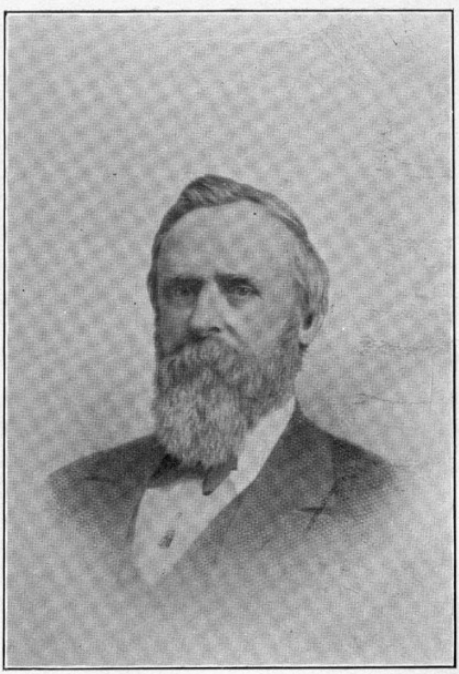
Nor did the mischief end there, for in their mistaken sympathy, many of the Northern legislatures passed resolutions condemning President Grant for sending troops into the South, although he only did so in the discharge of his most legitimate duty, and in accordance with the law. These movements caused the next Congress, which was the Forty-fourth, to be organized by the Democrats, when the very cabinet ministers themselves were divided upon the policy to be pursued towards the South, one half pulling one way, and the other half pulling the other way. To help on the bad cause still further, although a majority of colored people exists in Mississippi, and that State ought to have gone Republican, still the shot-gun policy of the rebels carried that State before them, and the Republican Government ceased to exist.



JAMES A. GARFIELD.

JAMES A. GARFIELD.

The country was truly in a dangerous condition; a portion of the Northern population were in favor of General Grant and his policy, and the rest were in favor of a change in the South. A house divided against itself will not stand: at least, it will not stand long. Men even deserted the grand Republican party, not for any ill it had done, but simply because others deserted it. It was even charged against the Grant administration that it was responsible for the ruin of the Republican government in the Southern States, and even for the great business disasters that had overtaken the whole country, North and South. It is easy to find a stick to beat a dog. Such puerile charges remind me rather of the tricks of children than actions of men. All those charges were entirely false, and the Democrats, both North and South, must have known it themselves. We still remember well the mischief that President Andrew Johnson did in his great sympathy for the rebels



RUTHERFORD B. HAYES.

RUTHERFORD B. HAYES.

after they had laid down their arms, and how the Southern States had been ruled by hands far too weak for the task; that is, by colored men, formerly unaccustomed to politics, by scalawags and carpet-baggers. The cleverest of the rebels refused to lend a hand in the work of Reconstruction, and sat sullenly at home nursing their wrath to keep it warm. They never moved a hand in the work of building up their own country, till they moved as the Ku-Klux-Klan, reached for the shot-gun, and murdered those who ruled the Southern States. The rebel legislatures were now made up of those very men whom the North had put down in the war. They thronged the State halls and corridors, dressed in the very same robes that they had worn on the battle-field when we were fighting for the Union and freedom: and they were as rebellious in heart as before!

There was one great man in the Republican party who might have done a

great deal for the colored people of the South, if he had tried, but he did not try; nay, he himself wanted to be President, and did not wish to hurt himself when his own selfish interests were at stake. This man was the Hon. James G. Blaine, of Maine. He opposed the Force Bill, and lost no opportunity of opposing President Grant's administration whenever the latter wished to do anything against the late rebels, and in favor of the people. But Mr. Blaine never became President, and it served him right, for he might have proved a bad one, as Andrew Johnson did.

General Rutherford B. Hayes was Governor of Ohio, and in 1876 the Republican party gave him the nomination for the Presidency. The convention met at Cincinnati. The Democrats ran Samuel Jones Tilden as their candidate. By the aid of the shot-gun the South had suppressed the Republican legislatures of the States lately in rebellion, and having gained an inch they went boldly on with the intention of taking a yard. They certainly did expect to carry things their own way, especially if Mr. Tilden could be elected, which appeared very likely at the time. Though really done by means of the shot-gun in several Southern States, it was still pretended that those States had been carried for Tilden and the Democrats, which was a most unblushing falsehood on the very face of it, for although returning officers came up as bold as rats from those very States that had gone Democratic by the aid of the shot-gun, and put in their claims, every child in the land, both North and South, knew where the truth lay. A long wrangle followed over the counting of the electoral votes, and as several Southern States had been carried unlawfully, they were flung out, and General Rutherford B. Hayes was declared duly elected President of the United States, and took his seat on the Fourth of March, 1877. Now arose a wild cry about injustice from all the Democrats of the land that what they called "a great steal" had been done. The rebel South (that cared for no rights but the right of their murderous shot-guns) was exasperated to the last degree. In fact they were ready to fight for what they considered their rights, that is the right to do as they pleased. They had hoped that with the restoration of the Democratic government at that time they would be able to collect their rebel war claims of the National Treasury at Washington, and even get the price of their lost slaves from the same source. They considered that they had a perfect right to all such claims, and that the very rebel soldiers wounded in the war ought to receive pensions the same as those who fought against them for the Union and for freedom. When colored girls called upon those old rebel ladies of Secessia at this time, asking for employment, those female rebels replied, "Oh, we will hire you from your masters or mistresses," thus clearly indicating that they fully expected the restoration of slavery itself!

So the Democrats of the North, and the Bourbon Democrats of the South settled down in a sullen mood to four years more of Republican rule. It was

nothing but right and proper that they should be disappointed of their prey. Even St. Paul, in the New Testament, tells us that no man is entitled to the prize unless he contends lawfully. Of course, the South neither cared for the opinion of St. Paul, lawful contention, nor anything else of the same kind. So long as they could carry the elections by the shot-gun it was all right, and good enough for them.

The South was still discontented and sullen. They had, indeed, knocked down the Republican governments of her several States, but though allowed to govern was not allowed all war claims on the treasury at Washington, and there was not one single ray of hope for the restoration of slavery. None, none whatever! That was settled for all time. "Dixie" sat down like a sulky, sullen woman by her own hearthstone, and refused to be comforted. While she was in sorrow, others were in joy. Uncle Sam, like a kind and tender husband, next tried the gentler arts of pacifying and pleasing his termagant wife—the wife who in former days, yea, even for fifty years, had always threatened to go out of the Union unless she could have her own way! So an ex-Major-General of the late Confederate army was called into the cabinet of President Hayes, and was given a portfolio for the purpose of trying what he could do to better the condition of the South. Then General Longstreet, also a leader in the army of the rebellion, was made postmaster at Gainesville, in Georgia, and was afterwards sent as minister to Turkey. Colonel Mosby, the famous Confederate guerilla, was sent to China, and Colonel Fitzsimmons was made marshal of Georgia. The South nevertheless did not show any signs of real improvement. They stuck together, however, in a certain fashion, like solid rocks of ice, all congealed and frozen tight and hard together into one lump, and became known as the "Solid South." They showed the greatest repugnance to the scalawags and carpet-baggers, and all white Republicans generally, who were intimidated, persecuted and driven out of all participation in the reconstruction of the States. Black Republicans were allowed to vote, but the Democrats of Secessia took the counting of the votes into their own hands, and secured the offices, all the same! At this time President Hayes was under the influence of Alexander H. Stephens, of Georgia, and Wade Hampton, of South Carolina. President Hayes expected much, but received nothing in return. The more kindness and consideration he showed them the more arrogant and ungrateful they became. The Southern leaders in Congress even tried to deprive the President of his Constitutional veto—tried to starve the army, and even to protract the session of Congress. The North was indeed holding out the olive branch of peace to the late rebel States, and these States were trampling the kindness of the North beneath their feet. Southern insolence went on, grew and increased. There were loyal Republican men at Washington, who could have assisted the President to steer the ship of state better than he did; but President Hayes did not seem to care for their advice; he preferred to shut himself up altogether in his own abilities,

and left his real well-wishers and friends on the outside. There was evidently no such thing as satisfying the demands of the South. With unthankfulness she took all that was given and demanded more, and never as much as said "Thank you!" She considered that she had done right to secede, and was only sorry that she had not succeeded with her rebellion. President Hayes refused to surrender his veto power to those arrogant and secessionist Congressmen at Washington. At last he saw clearly that the South was not capable of appreciating his kindness as she ought, and that all his good intentions had been flung away. He now decided to change front, being worn out with so much arrogance and ingratitude. Dealing out kindness to a gang of ex-rebel officers, who had once owned and whipped their slaves, was found to be very irksome work. The entire Republican party were now firmly and solidly united against the South. The Cabinet, which was a splendid one, became more and more unanimous than before; the administration was without fault, and other good things that followed in their train did wonders for the Republican party all over the land. Among these was the resumption of specie payment—a source of delight to the nation. Thus, at last we see the Republican ranks of the North were firmly united. They saw clearly that the arrogance of the South was simply unlimited, and that nothing short of the state of things before the war would satisfy her, unless, indeed, it was the complete extension of her darling slavery from the Gulf of Mexico to all the Northern States of the Union along the Canadian border.

There was one man in this country at the time who clearly saw what the country needed next to tide her over the present state of things. This clear-sighted man was the Hon. Charles Foster, Congressman from Ohio. Mr. Foster returned home to Ohio from Washington in the summer of 1878. He had been watching with eagle eyes the follies of President Hayes in the vain attempt he made to pacify the South by love and kindness. He had watched the governments of the Northern States slipping away from their allegiance to the Republican party one after another, and, indeed, he took in the whole situation, and saw what was needed to steer the ship of state through the right channel in safety. Mr. Foster saw that the South had been thoroughly disloyal in every respect; they had acted with treason to the Union; they had not shown the least desire to protect the new citizens, the colored voters at the polls, but in fact had purposely murdered them with the shot-gun; they had shown the whole nation that they were bent on rebellion, and nothing else.

On the first of August, 1878, Mr. Foster made a great and famous speech at Upper Sandusky, Ohio, when he raised a battle-cry that thrilled the entire North, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, "A Solid North Against a Solid South!" This speech was published in all the papers of the land, and was kept up till it elected Garfield, in 1880. On account of its immense influence during these two

years, I will here reproduce it. Such a battle-cry as this should be committed to memory.

Mr. Foster proceeded to say:

"I happened to be one who thought and believed that the President's southern policy, as far as it related to the use of the troops for the support of State Governments, was right. I sustained it upon the ground of high principle,—nevertheless it could have been sustained on the ground of necessity. The President has extended to the people of the south the hand of conciliation and friendship. He has shown a desire, probably contrary to the wishes of the great mass of his party, to bring about by the means of conciliation, better relations between the north and the south. In doing this he has alienated from him the great mass of the leading and influential republicans of the country. He has lost their sympathy, and to a great degree their support. What has he received in return for the measure of conciliation and kindness? How have these measures been received by the south? What advance can we discover in them of the recognition of the guarantees of the rights of the colored men under the Constitutional Amendments? We see Jeff. Davis making speeches as treasonable as those of 1861, and these speeches endorsed and applauded by a great portion of their press and people! We see also the declaration of Mr. Singleton, of Mississippi, in answer to a question of mine on the floor of the house, declaring that this paramount allegiance in peace and war was due to his State! No gentlemen from the south, or even of the democratic party has taken issue with him.

"We see also, all over the south, a disposition to resist the execution of the United States laws, especially in the matter of collection of internal revenue. To-day there are four United States officers under arrest by the authorities of the State of South Carolina, in jail and bail refused, for an alleged crime in their State, while in fact these officers were discharging their duty in executing the laws of the United States, in that State. Their State courts and their officers refused to obey the writs of the United States courts in the surrender of these United States authorities. No former act of this treasonable state shows a more defiant attitude towards the United States Government, or a greater disposition to trample on its authority. I trust the administration will in this case, assert, in the most vigorous manner possible, the authority of the United States Government for the rescue and protection of these officers. I have no bloody shirt to wave. If there is one man in this country more than another, who desires peace and quiet between the sections, I believe I am that man. Gentlemen may philosophize over this question until they are gray, but you cannot escape the discussion of this question so long as the Solid South menaces the peace of the country. A solid democratic south means the control of the country by the spirit and the men who sought its destruction.

"My own opinion is that there can be no peace. This question will not down until the menace of the Solid South is withdrawn. I had hoped that the policy of President Hayes would lead to the assertion, by a very considerable portion of the South, of their antagonism to Bourbon Democracy. I confess to a degree of disappointment in this, though I think I see signs of a breaking up of the Solid South in the independent movements that seem to be gaining a foothold in all sections of that country. But the effective way to aid these independent movements; this breaking up of all the Solid South, is for the North to present itself united against the Solid South. A Solid South under the control of the Democratic party means the control of the party by this element. It means the repeal of the Constitutional Amendments, if not in form, in spirit. It means the payment of hundreds of rebel claims. It means the payment of pensions to rebel soldiers. It means the payment for slaves lost in the rebellion. It means the abrogation of that provision of the Constitution which declares that the citizens of one State shall have all the rights, privileges and immunities of the citizens of other States.

"If my Democratic friends who seem to be anxious to bring about peace and quiet between the sections are sincere, and desire to make their expressions effective, they should act with that party which presents a solid front, a united North so long as we are menaced with the Solid South.

"If it could be understood in the South that they are to be met with a Solid North, I do not believe that the Solid South would exist in that condition a single year. They retain this position because they believe they can have the support of a fragment of the North; and thus with this fragment rule and control the country. I would have no fear of the control of the country by the Democratic party, if it were made up of something like equal proportions from all sections of the country. I discuss this question first, because I believe it is the most important question at issue in the pending canvass. I repeat, that it is the imperative duty of the North to meet the Solid South with a united front!"

The above little speech thrilled the North, and put new life into the Republican party. It was a regular battle-cry; it was passed along the line from city to city, and from State to State. It gave Mr. Foster the nomination for Governor of Ohio, and whereas the Democrats had possession of the State by a majority of 23,000, he reversed the whole question by a Republican majority of 17,000, and redeemed the State of Ohio to the Republican party. The rising tide of enthusiasm swept the whole country. That famous little speech was printed and set forth by all the papers of the land. Editorials were written on the subject, and orators all over the land took Mr. Foster's speech at Upper Sandusky as a text from which to preach their sermons. The whole country was aroused over the treasonable designs and aims of the South. Her intentions were to come as near back to slavery as ever she could get, or rather as near as ever she dared to come,

once more. But now the North was on her guard, and presented a solid Republican front against the Solid South, and in the course of two years more returned James A. Garfield as President of the United States.

You must have observed, my dear reader, in the last few pages, how the former secessionists arose in the South, and tore down the negro, or Republican, governments that ruled in the days of Reconstruction. You have seen the arrogance and insolence of the rebel brigadier-generals who vaulted into their places, and even came to Congress at Washington, and attempted to tie the hands of President Hayes by depriving him of the right to veto. You have seen how these selfsame rebels next began to talk about pensioning the very soldiers who broke up the Union for a time, or at least prevented the free course of law in the Southern States, and they next built their hopes on the payment of their own war-claims and the price of their slaves out of the United States Treasury at Washington. You have seen how all the above, and far more, welded all the Northern States into what was termed "the Solid North," and rolled back the great Southern waves of presumption and insolence, saying to the sea, "Thus far shalt thou come, and no further; and here shall thy proud waves be stayed!" Having said and done so much, and having awakened the Southern States to their proper senses, a person would have thought that colored men would have been restored to the government of these States, at least in cases where the colored men were clever men, and therefore well qualified to rule. But the aforementioned Negro, or Republican, governments of the late rebel States were not restored, though we had established the "Solid North," and returned James A. Garfield to the White House as the head of the great republic.

For the time being, therefore, and for the sake of peace, the North has not yet seen fit to enforce the Fifteenth Amendment, so as to compel the South to make room for the rightful share of colored men in the governments of the South. If this were France or England, colored men would to-day be sitting side by side with white men, and ruling the country together. But the South was like a termagant, fighting wife, who shook her fists in her husband's face, and exclaimed, "Look ye here Sam! This is a white man's government and I will rule it myself, or not rule at all; for these colored men shall not divide the power with me!" Then Uncle Sam, poor fellow, gave way, for a time, for the sake of peace, and ever since colored men in the South have kept away from this hateful contention with the white man there. It may have been for the best for the present, till we are more highly educated, and so more fitted and qualified to rule. In the meantime we are gathering knowledge like sands of the sea, and qualifying ourselves to hold any office on the face of the earth. Those rebels are rapidly passing away who sold "their own flesh and blood" on the auction blocks, and who fought for slavery on many a well-contested field, and at last were subdued by physical force. They

are passing away, and more intelligent and enlightened children are taking their places. And we are growing more and more intelligent every day of the year, and the time must come, and come soon, when we will get all the rights that belong to us, and one of this is the right for colored men to rule the entire Union, North, East, South and West, along with all other men. And, my dear reader, as sure as there is a God in heaven, so sure is it that we shall yet get all that belongs to us, and right and justice shall prevail and flourish from the Lakes to the Gulf!

CHAPTER XVI.

The Exodus of Colored People From the South to Kansas—Causes That Led to it—The Plantation Credit System—Reign of Terror in Louisiana and Other States—Trials on the Way to Kansas—Splendid Welcome by the State of Kansas—Good Beginning of the Pilgrims—"God Helps Those Who Help Themselves!"

No doubt my indulgent reader has often heard of the exodus of many thousands of colored people from the Southern States to the generous and hospitable State of Kansas. This was a truly remarkable movement, and began in the early spring of 1879. I have already pointed out some of the shameful causes that led to that exodus that drew the eyes of the whole nation, and elicited the most profound sympathy from all Christian and philanthropic people all over the North, and even in England. To trace this deplorable state of affairs to their foundation head, I need only allude to what was called at the time "The Plantation Credit System," when colored people worked on shares with the white owners of the land, and the latter kept stores of all kinds of provisions and clothing, and swindled the hard-working colored man out of the rightful share of the profits. The latter were always overcharged for their goods, and could never get a clear settlement. This system of robbery and swindling gave the laborer no chance, and made him sigh for a land of freedom.

That was bad enough, but there was something worse that began to show itself, even before those days when the Ku-Klux-Klan became regularly organized for the expulsion of the Republican governments in the South, and that

was a gradual and general adoption of the shot-gun policy, to make colored men understand that the whites were still lords and masters, and colored people must serve and obey, as they used to do before the war. This shook the confidence of the latter in the general government of the nation, for if great Uncle Sam could afford them no better protection than that, things might as well have remained as they were, and all their boasted freedom was of very little use to them, or no account at all.

In 1868 General Grant ran for President on the Republican ticket—Grant and Colfax—whilst Seymour and Blair were the nominees on the Democratic ticket. Although the rebel element had always been too rampant in the State of Louisiana, they grew ten times more as the day for the election for President drew near. It was particularly desired by the Democrats of the South to carry Louisiana for Seymour and Blair. The plan they adopted was the wholesale use of the shot-gun in the different "parishes" (or counties) of the State. The rebels began their work of murder, terror and intimidation in good time before the election day in November. Wherever the Republican votes were likely to be heaviest, there a great effort was made to kill, maim and scatter all those white and colored men who would be likely to vote for Grant and Colfax. These Southern thugs in Louisiana and other States of the South put in their fell work mostly after dark, killing, burning and destroying in every possible way. It soon became well understood that the rebels were aiming at the coming election; and for a fact, when election day came there were very, very few men in the different parishes of Louisiana that voted the Republican ticket, because they were afraid of their lives; and who need wonder if they stayed away from the polls when the United States Government afforded them no protection in casting their votes? All things had gone finely during the years of the Republican governments in the Southern States, when men owned their own land, and there was no one to trouble them, or to make them afraid; but these reconstruction governments were now tottering to their fall; the white man demanded the government, and the law, too, and evil days were in store for the colored race in the South.

The following lines from the pen of General P. H. Sheridan will help to explain the cause of the exodus. He was then in command at New Orleans, and writes under the date of January 10th, 1875:

"Since the year 1866 nearly 3,500 persons, a great majority of whom were colored men, have been killed and wounded in the State. In 1868 the official record shows that 1,884 were killed and wounded. From 1868 to the present time, no official investigation has been made, and in the civil authorities in all but a few cases have been unable to arrest, convict or punish the perpetrators. Consequently there are no correct records to be consulted for information. There is ample evidence, however, to show that more than 1,200 persons have been

killed and wounded during this time on account of their political sentiments. Frightful massacres have occurred in the parishes of Bossier, Caddo, Catahoula, St. Bernard, Grant and Orleans."

After this, General Sheridan went on to enumerate the murders committed on account of their Republican sentiments in the various parishes of Louisiana, and says:

"Human life in this State is held so cheaply that when men are killed on account of political opinions, the murderers are regarded rather as heroes than as criminals in the localities where they reside."

The man who writes the above is no ordinary correspondent. The writer is the famous soldier, P. H. Sheridan, and he is merely sending in his report as military commander in the State. And whole volumes of other testimony have been taken, as exactly as was done in the case of the massacre of Fort Pillow, which confirm in every respect the words of General Sheridan.

The documents in which these political murders have been recorded show that a perfect reign of terror existed all over the State in 1867, the year before the Presidential election. In the parish of St. Landry there was a massacre of colored people that began on the 28th of September in the following year, 1868, and lasted from three to six days, and during that time between three hundred and four hundred were killed. Thirteen captains were taken from the jail and shot, and a pile of twenty-five dead bodies were found burned in the woods. And what was the Democratic result in this parish of St. Landry? The registered Republican majority of 1,071 was completely wiped out, and when the general election for President came on a few weeks later, not a single vote was cast for Grant and Colfax, whilst Seymour and Blair received 4,787. What a spectacle was this for the whole civilized world to look upon only three years and a half after the fall of the Confederacy! All those murders were committed right here in free America!

In the parish of Bossier, there was just such another massacre between the 20th and 30th of September, 1868, and which lasted from three to four days, and during that time two hundred colored people were killed. The official register for Bossier parish for the year 1868 shows that the Republican voters numbered 1,938. But when the Presidential election came on, only one vote was cast! Such was the result of the shot-gun policy in Bossier parish.

During the month of October, 1868, the month before the election, over forty colored people were killed in the parish of Caddo. The Republican register shows that there were 2,894 votes, and yet when the election came on there was only one such vote cast out of all that number. And the same things happened all over the State.

During the months of September, October and November, the number of

murders, maimings and whippings that took place for political reasons were a thousand. The names of Republican voters in twenty-eight parishes amounted to 47,923; but when the Presidential election came on a few weeks later, only 5,360 votes were cast for Grant and Colfax, whilst the Democratic gain, from the shot-gun policy, amounted to 42,563.

In nine of the parishes, where most of the murder and violence was carried on, only nineteen votes were cast for Gen. Grant, though there were 11,604 names on the Republican register. In other seven parishes where there were 7,253 names on the register, not one vote was cast for the Republican nominees at the subsequent election in November.

In the years that followed 1868, when political lawlessness was held in check, these same Republican parishes cast from 33,000 to 37,000 votes, which proved that terrorism was the rebel policy of 1868.

Thus things went on from 1868 to 1876, when the Democracy of Louisiana desired to carry the State for Tilden and Hendricks. The candidates for Republican President and Vice-President were Hayes and Wheeler; and everybody knew that colored men would not vote the Democratic ticket. The same murderous policy was again adopted as in 1868, and the results were much the same. On election day, in November, 1876, there were in Louisiana 92,996 registered white voters, and 115,310 colored voters, giving a majority of 22,314 votes that should have been cast for Hayes. It would be quite unnecessary to quote the "returns" from the different parishes of Louisiana. It would only be a repetition of 1868 over again. And after all was done it did not profit the Southern Democrats any, for it was proven that they had carried the parishes by violence; and therefore the parishes were not counted in the returns.

And Louisiana was not the only State where the thugs attempted to suppress voting by violence amongst the colored men. It was the self-same policy everywhere throughout the South, and as a rule colored men kept away from the polls, in fear of their lives.

Now, my dear reader, I have placed before you the reasons that led our oppressed people to rise up in the early spring of 1879, and search out for themselves new homes, where they could dwell in safety, and where they would not be robbed, oppressed and burned out, and even murdered on account of their political opinions. Colored men could never be expected to vote the Democratic ticket. Besides, were they not free? And had they not the right to vote as they pleased, even as others had? They never dreamed of terrorizing the whites because they would not vote the Republican ticket. It was a most remarkable thing that President Grant, the great war general, who had conquered the South, was unable to devise ways and means to protect the lives of colored men on election days. So far as I have ever heard there was not even a semblance of protection any-

where in those States where it was desired to carry the same for the Democratic nominees. Thus colored men were left unprotected in all their natural rights by the very Government itself that had passed the Constitutional Amendments. In fact they were left like sheep in the midst of wolves. They had been swindled and cheated in every way, as I have already shown. The Government now failed to protect their very lives, and therefore they began to turn their eyes to other regions where they could at least worship God, and sleep in their beds in safety. The shot-gun policy was now beginning to recoil on itself, for who can till the soil of the South like colored men?

The State of Kansas possessed many attractions for our oppressed and wronged people. All had often heard of the long struggle there between the border ruffians from the South, and the free soil men of the North, as to whether Kansas should be enslaved or free; and how at last it had been won by the Abolitionists as a free State. All had heard how the immortal John Brown (of glorious memory) had warred and fought in Kansas for the liberty of all people, and how in 1861 the struggle between slavery and liberty had been transferred from the soil of Kansas to the rebel lands of South Carolina. Thus Kansas had a name that charmed all hearts, and letters that were written at the time by those colored families already settled down there and flourishing, like the green bay-tree, among a good and just white population, gave glorious accounts of the new State in the West, and invited all others to come and settle down on its fertile lands who wished for peaceful homes.

One thing was clear—colored people could not afford to remain in the old rebel States of the South, where there was no safety for their lives, and where even the national government appeared unable to protect them. Indeed, something must be done soon.

Here are a few questions and answers that will speak for themselves:

"Now, Uncle Joe, what did you come for?"

"Oh, Lawd, Missus, I follows my two boys and the old woman; and then, 'pears like I wants a taste of votin' before I dies, an' the ole man done wants no swamps to wade in afore he votes, 'kase he must be Republican, ye see!"

"Well, Aunty, give us the sympathetic side of the story, or tell us what you think of leaving your old home."

"I done have no home, nohow, if they shoots my ole man an' the boys, an' gives me no money for de washing."

A bright woman of twenty-five years of age was asked her condition, when she answered,

"I hadn't much real trouble yet, like some of my neighbors who lost everything. We had a lot, an' a little house, an' some stock on the place. We sold all out, 'kase we didn't dare to stay when votin' time came again. Some neighbors

better off than we had been all broken up by a pack of night-riders, all in white, who scared everybody to death, ran the men off the swamps before elections, ran the stock off, an' set fire to their places. A poor woman might as well be killed, and done with it."

Whoever read anything more pathetic than the above? Who can wonder any longer that a regular panic seized upon the people in certain sections on the South to go forth unto a land they knew not, where they could live in peace and safety among a better race of men? The number of persecuted pilgrims, those seeking a home in Kansas, is variously given at between forty and sixty thousand men, women and children. When the army of the Israelites left Egypt, they were well supplied, for they had been instructed to ask of the Egyptians anything they wanted; but these 40,000 or 60,000 people departed in most cases with absolutely nothing but the clothes they stood in, and they were often poorly clad, often hungry and exhausted, and in need of all things. Some, indeed, had teams of oxen that brought on all their earthly possessions, dragging their weary length along day after day, and week after week, and straining their longing eyes towards the fields of Kansas and liberty. Some of these pilgrims that came no further than from Texas were actually nine weeks on the road! Poor, dear creatures! How sweet to them must have been the hopes and anticipations of a peaceful home, when they were willing to make such tremendous sacrifices that they might cross over into the fair and fertile fields of Kansas! "Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood stood dressed in living green; so to the Jews old Canaan stood, while Jordan rolled between."

A great deal was written at that time, a great deal has been written since then, and a great deal will still be written about the sufferings of those poor, dear pilgrims; but the whole truth of what they really did suffer on the way, with all the hardships that confronted them in the days of their distress will never, never be told. Indeed, it cannot; it is impossible. One thing we all know—the colored race is preeminently a religious race. They will worship God. The germs of immortality are safe within the bosoms of all thinking men and women among them. They were always faithful to their God, even in the darkest days of slavery. Like Paul, they could say, "I can do all things through Christ, Who strengthens me." Indeed it is most marvelous what any of us may do, and can do, when we are put upon our muscle. The world has often been astonished at deeds performed by puny women, and even mere boys and girls. But such need hardly have been the case, for none can tell what they can do themselves until they are tried, and the grand resolutions of the soul arise like a hurricane to meet terrors and trials of the situation. There are always heroes and heroines in the world, ready when called for.

But although the grand and high-soaring resolutions of heart and soul

worked wonders—I had almost said miracles—among the pilgrims of this exodus; still, none of us are made of iron, and the strain proved too much for the bodies of some of those devoted people, for they died soon after reaching the Canaan of their hopes: they died in the consecrated soil of Kansas, and the angels of heaven came down and carried them home. A result like this was to be expected, and the only wonder is that more of them did not perish, even while they were on the way. The Lord knows those that are His; we shall meet them in heaven!

There was no time to be lost. News travels fast in the days of electric telegraph, and even of railroads and steamboats. The news of the tide of the exodus from the murderous sections of the Sunny South was swiftly wafted all over the land, and even crossed the broad Atlantic to mother England. Swift as the fleet winds, Christians and philanthropists were on their feet at once, and a relief association was organized. "They give twice who give quickly." A dear Quaker lady named Mrs. Comstock (whose name is written in the Book of Life) immediately put herself at the head of affairs, and aided by "The Kansas Freedman's Relief Association," she was just the right and proper person to manage the raising of money, clothing and relief in every shape and form. The name of Governor St. John, of Kansas, must be associated with this glorious work of swiftly relieving the pilgrims in the day of their distress. He will ever stand before the world as a Christian and a gentleman for his willing help at this time. We too often hear people speaking of "this bad world," but this world contains millions of friends—all ready for the day of trial!

The pilgrims from the South were not long in turning round after they reached the friendly and welcoming lands of Kansas. They felt safe now, and had no more to fear. They soon became self-sustaining, because they were willing, and had a mind to work. All their past sorrows were now happily forgotten; they took hold, and were most enthusiastic, industrious and frugal. The relief association at first gave them a supply of stoves, teams and seeds. In a little over a year about $40,000 were used, and 500,000 pounds of clothing, bedding, and so forth. "Old England" sent 50,000 pounds of goods, and $8,000 in money, which chiefly came from Mrs. Comstock's friends in "the tight little island" beyond the seas, who had known her there by her good works. Much of the remainder had come in small sums, and from the Christian women of America. The most noble and loyal Quakers furnished one-third. The State of Ohio gave more than any other State. The funds of the State of Kansas were not drawn upon.

The freedman at once set to work, and during the first year entered upon the cultivation of 20,000 acres of land, and they ploughed and fitted 3,000 acres for grain-growing. They also built 300 cabins and dugouts, and amassed $30,000 in money. We have heard of one Henry Carter, a colored man of Tennessee, who set

out from Topeka in 1878, and made his way on foot for Dunlap, which was sixty-five miles away; he carried his own tools, whilst his plucky wife carried their bed clothes. In 1880 he had forty acres of land cleared, and had made the first payment for the same. He earned that money by working on sheep ranches, and making himself generally useful. He built for himself and wife a good stone cottage, sixteen feet by ten, and then owned a horse, a cow and other things besides. Not only did the white people assist the pilgrims, as good friends and neighbors, far and wide, over all the broad lands of Kansas, but colored families pulled and hauled together, lent and borrowed, and most willingly assisted one another in every conceivable way. "Good Samaritans" sprang up in all directions, thicker than the grass of the field. These blessed eyes of mine, dear reader, were privileged to look upon many letters at the time, giving lovely accounts of the way, the doings and sayings of the good folks of Kansas. With what warmth of feeling did they praise all their neighbors, colored and white alike, and pressed upon all "to come out!" There were, of course, many who arrived at first at Topeka, and other large towns, in a sadly destitute condition, needing clothing, food, medicine and all things. But they were at once assisted upon their feet—they turned round at once like swift winds, and all were soon most industriously at work. None were ever arrested for stealing, and very few were found drunk. All at once "made tracks," as we say, for the Church of God, and the bible and the school-house. The colored children were at once admitted into the public schools, as the color of the skin was too paltry a matter to be noticed by the great-minded people of the State of Kansas. Industrial schools were also set going for all those who needed such institutions. May God forever bless the State of Kansas for her unsurpassed humanity and hospitality to our oppressed people in the days of their distress! This is a most uncommonly prosperous and well-to-do State. The Lord has smiled upon them, and remembered all their loving ways.

John M. Brown, Esq., was the general superintendent of the Freedman's Relief Association, and in February, 1880, he read a very interesting report before the Association, of which the following is an extract:

"The great exodus of colored people from the South began about the first of February, 1879. By the first of April, 1,300 refugees had gathered around Wyandotte, Kansas. Many of them were in a suffering condition. It was then that the Kansas Relief Association came into existence, for the purpose of helping the most needy among the refugees from the Southern States. Up to date, about 60,000 refugees have come to the State of Kansas to live. Nearly 40,000 of them were in a destitute condition when they arrived, and have been helped by our association. We have received to date $68,000 for the relief of the refugees. About 5,000 of those who have come to Kansas have gone to other States to live, leaving about 55,000 yet in Kansas. About 30,000 of that number have settled in the

country, some of those on lands of their own or rented lands; others have hired out to the farmers, leaving about 25,000 in and around the different cities and towns of Kansas. There has been great suffering among those remaining in and near the cities and towns this winter. It has been so cold that they could not find employment; and if they did, they had to work for very low wages; because so many of them were looking for work that they were in each other's way.

"Most of those about the cities and towns are with large families, widows, and very old people. The farmers want only able-bodied men for their work, and it is very hard for men with large families to get homes among the farmers. Kansas is a new State, and most farmers have small houses, and they cannot take large families to live with them. So when the farmers call for help, they usually call for a man and his wife only, or for a single man or woman.

"Now in order that men with large families may become owners of land, and be able to support their families, the Kansas Freedman's Relief Association, if they can secure the means, will purchase cheap lands which can be bought at from $3 to $5 per acre, on long time, by making a small payment in cash. They will settle the refuges on these lands, letting each family have from 20 to 40 acres, and not settling more than sixteen families in any one neighborhood, so that they can easily obtain work from the farmers in that section or near by. I do not think it best to settle too many of them in any one place, because it will make it hard for them to find employment.

"If our Association can help them to build a small house, and have five acres of their land broken, the women and children can cultivate the five acres and make enough to support their families, while the men are out at work by the day to meet the payments on their land when they become due. In this way many families can be helped to homes of their own, where they can become self-sustaining, educate their children, and be useful citizens to the State of Kansas.

"Money spent in this way will be much more profitable to them than so much old clothing and provisions. They will no longer be objects of charity, or a burden to benevolent people."

CHAPTER XVII.

Continuation of the Exodus to Kansas—Complete Success of That Grand Movement—Similar Governments Elsewhere—Resolution of the Hon. D. W. Voorhees in Congress—A Perfect Farce In Itself—The Story of the Exodus—Its End.

We are not to suppose, my dear reader, that the coming of so many colored people to Kansas was in the beginning cordially agreed to by every white citizen of that State. Indeed, the exodus of these poor pilgrims and refugees to their consecrated soil was at first met with the most determined and violent opposition by many. But the new immigrants were usually so active, sincere and clever in all their movements that they at once disarmed all opposition, and the white residents at once grounded the arms of their rebellion. With few exceptions, everybody was well pleased with the new-comers, and they were made thrice welcome to the soil of Kansas. Behold the hand of God in all this! St. Paul advises us to be hospitable and entertain strangers, "for some have thereby entertained angels unawares," he continues to say. Indeed, I know of no better way to draw down the abundant blessings of high heaven upon our heads than by relieving really worthy and deserving people in the day of their distress. Our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ Himself pronounced a splendid eulogy upon those who relieved the hungry, thirsty, the sick and the prisoners, and He winds up his glorious sermon by saying, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of these, my disciples, ye have done it unto Me; enter ye into the joy of your Lord!" If ever Christ's words were carried out to the very fullest extent, they were carried out by the welcome reception of our pilgrim host to the soil of Kansas. The Lord has a long memory for a kind act, and He has not been unmindful to shower His blessings on this flourishing State.

But after all, the season of agony, doubts and fears was but of short duration. By the year 1881, at the very latest, the regular tide of the refugees had discontinued to flow, the work of the "Kansas Freedmen's Relief Association" had entirely and successfully completed its work and disbanded itself, as the Union soldiers did when the Civil War was over. How glorious is all this now to sit down and think of! "As one door shuts, another opens." Very good, indeed. Let us thank God that the world is so big and roomy; and if we have plenty of enemies here, we have plenty of friends also. It was so in the old-time bible days, for in that blessed book we read how hosts of people, and even individuals, rose up, and departed in millions, in thousands and hundreds, and even in single cases, and went away from among "devils," that they might dwell in peace among better people. Thus history has simply repeated itself over and over again, and the exodus of colored people from the South is perhaps the most recent example of that

oft-repeated affair. And it is safe to say, when we consider the natural badness of the human race, that other exoduses elsewhere will follow. It may not be in this country, but it will be somewhere.

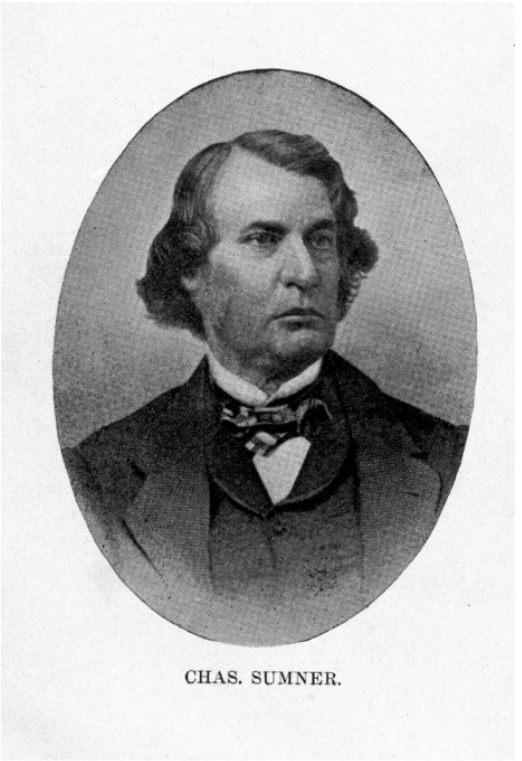
There is an old but true saying that "None are so blind as those who don't want to see," which leads me on to say that the Hon. D. W. Voorhees, United States Senator from Indiana, must either have been most dreadfully blind to the truth, or else he must have been in a very childish humor, when he introduced his famous resolution into the Senate at Washington for the investigation of "The causes of the migration of the colored people from the Southern to the Northern States." Now, since this world began, dear reader, when did any one of us ever hear of such a farce as this? To institute a national inquiry of the causes of the exodus of entire legions of men, women and children, when Mr. Voorhees and the whole population of the United States knew all about things before he ever asked the question? That inquiry cost the government thousands of dollars—flung away upon what every man, woman and child knew already! Verily, this was the greatest national farce ever heard of from the creation of the world down to the present time of writing!

While this inquiry was going on, money and clothing were sent to the State of Kansas by every train; and the refugees were rapidly scattered all over the different counties as fast as the relief association could secure homes for them.

The "Chicago Inter-Ocean" newspaper sent a special correspondent to Topeka, to report on the state of things in Kansas, in connection with the pilgrims from the Sunny South. This faithful man made the following report, which is so very interesting that I will copy it in full:

"TOPEKA, KANSAS, April 9th.

"During the last few days I have in obedience to your request been taking notice of the exodus as it may be studied here at the headquarters for relief among the refugees in Kansas. This is the third visit your correspondent has made to the 'promised land' of the dusky hosts, who fleeing from persecution and wrongs, have swarmed within its borders to the number of 25,000. In a letter written here in December last the number then within the State was estimated about 15,000, and since that date at least 12,000 more have come. In the 'barracks' to-day I found what seemed to be the same one hundred who crowded about the stove that cold December day; but they were not the same of course, but their places have been filled many times since with other hundreds, who have found their first welcome to Kansas in the rest, food and warmth, which the charity of the North has provided here. So efficient have the plan of relief and the machinery of distribution been made, that of the thousands who have passed through here, none have remained as a burden of expense to the Association more than four or five days before places were found where their own labor could furnish them



CHAS. SUMNER.

support. 'If that pure statesman of Indiana, (Mr. Voorhees) whose great heart was so filled with solicitude for the welfare of his colored brethren, that he asked Congress to appropriate thousands of dollars to ascertain why they moved from one State to another will come here,—he will be rewarded with such a flood of light on the question as could never penetrate the recesses of his committee-room in Washington. He need hardly propound an inquiry; he had, indeed, best not let his great presence be known,—for in the presence of 'Democracy' the negro has learned to keep silence. But in search of the truth, let him go to the file of over 3,000 letters in the Governor's office from negroes in the South, and read in them the homely but truthful tales of suffering, oppression and wrongs. Let him note how real is their complaint, but how modest the boon they ask; for, in different words,—sometimes in quaint and often in awkward phrases, the

questions are always the same,—'Can we be free? Can we have work? And can we have our rights in Kansas?' Let him go next to the 'barracks,' and watch the tired, ragged, hungry, scared-looking negroes as they come by the dozens on every train. If he is not prompted by shame, then from caution necessary to the success of his errand, let him here conceal the fact that he is a 'Democrat;' for these half-famished and terrified negroes have been fleeing from Democrats in the South, and in their ignorance they may not be able to comprehend the nice distinction between a northern and a southern Democrat. If he will be content simply to listen as they talk among themselves, he will soon learn much that the laborious cross-examination of witnesses has failed to teach him. He may take note of the fact that fleeing from robbery, oppression and murder, they come only with the plea for work and justice while they work. He may see reason to criticise what has generally been deemed by Southern Democrats, at least, unreasonable folly in a negro which prompts husband and wife to go only where they can go together; but he will find nothing to cause him to doubt the sincerity and good faith with which the negro grapples with the problem of his new life here. If he would learn more of this strength of resolution, and the patience which they have brought to search for a home in a free land, let him inquire concerning the lives of those refugees in Kansas. It may seem of significance, and worthy of approving note to him, that as laborers they have been faithful and industrious; that in no single case have they come back asking aid of the relief association, nor become burdens in any way upon corporate or public charities; that as citizens they are sober and law-abiding to such a degree that he would hardly be able to discover a single case of crime among them; and, finally, that in those instances where they were able to purchase a little land and stock, they have made as good progress towards the acquirement of homes and property, as have the average, poor, white, immigrant to the State. He will first learn then, from the refugees themselves, something of the desperate nature of the causes that drove them from the South; and secondly, from their lives here, with what thrift, patience and determination they have met the difficulties which they have encountered in their efforts to gain a foothold, and as men among men in the land of equal rights.

"From the Hon. William Reynolds, president of the Auxiliary Relief Association, at Parsons, I learn that the negroes who have come into the southern part of the State, mostly from Texas, are all either settled on small tracts of land, or employed as laborers at from $8 to $10 per month, and are all doing well. Mr. Reynolds' testimony to this effect was positive and unqualified. To assist these refugees in Southern Kansas,—over 3,000 in all,—only $575 has been expended.

"From Judge R. W. Dawson (who was the secretary of the association under the old management, and during the early months of the movement one year ago,

when 6,000 refugees were distributed throughout the State and provided with homes at a cost of $5,000) I learned much of interest concerning the welfare and progress of this advance guard of the great exodus. Judge Dawson, although not now connected with the relief work, feels, of course, a great interest in the welfare of those to whose assistance he contributed much, and loses no opportunity for observation of their condition while traveling over the State. He says he knows of no case where one has come back to the Association for aid; and that as laborers and citizens their conduct has been such as to win the approval of all classes. Four colonies have been established. State lands were bought by the Association, and given to the colonies with the understanding that to secure their title they must make the second and third payments on the land purchased on the one-third cash and two-thirds time payment plan. Two of the newest of these colonies are still receiving aid from the Association, but the others are self-sustaining, and will be able, it is thought, to make small purchase payments on the land as they become due.

"If our inquiring statesman is interested in observing in what spirit these refugees receive the aid which has made existence possible during the cold weather months, he may be profited by spending a few days about the city of Topeka. There are in Topeka alone over 3,000 refugees, and nearly all of them (paupers when they come) have found means in some way to make a living. In many cases it is a precarious subsistence that is gained, and in not a few cases among late arrivals he would find evidence of want and destitution; but compared with this, he cannot but be struck with the small number of applicants to the Relief Association for aid. Only 213 rations were issued outside the barracks last week to the 3,000 refugees who came here only a few months since without money, and frequently without clothing, to undertake what seemed, under the circumstances, the desperate purpose of making a living.

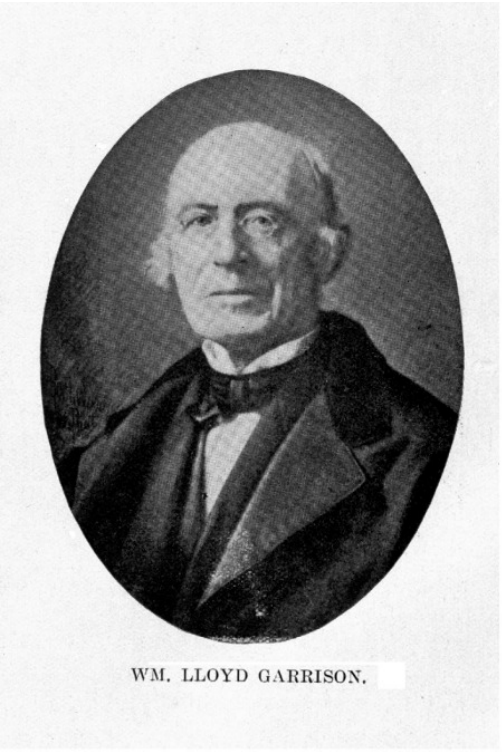
"The dangers and difficulties which beset the refugees' departure from a land, where even the right to emigrate is denied him, are great. He may learn, that is, Mr. Voorhees, however, from copies of letters over 1,000 in the Governor's office, that Governor St. John has never, in reply to their appeals, failed to warn them of the difficulties that would beset their way here, and has never extended them promise of other assistance than that implied in the equal rights which are guaranteed to every citizen of Kansas. Further than this, however surprising it may be to Mr. Voorhees' theory of the causes of the exodus, it is nevertheless a fact that this very Association, which is charged with encouraging the exodus, has sent the Rev. W. O. Lynch, a colored man, to the South to warn the colored people that they must not come here expecting to be fed, or to find homes ready, and to do all in his power to dissuade them from coming at all. Still, they come, and why they come the country had determined long in advance of Mr. Voorhees'

report.

"While we have Mr. Voorhees here, we would like to have him glance at a State document to be found upon Governor St. John's table, which bears the great seal and signature of Governor O. M. Roberts, of the State of Texas. It is a requisition by the Governor of Texas upon the Governor of Kansas for the body of one Peter Womack, a colored man, who was indicted by the Grand Jury of Grimes county, at the last November term, for the felony of fraudulently disposing of ten bushels of corn. From further particulars we learn that this Peter Womack gave a mortgage early in the spring of 1879 upon his crop just planted, to cover a debt of twenty dollars due the firm of Wilson & Howell. When Womack came to gather his crop, he yields to the importunities of another white creditor ten bushels of corn to be applied upon the debt. About this time this Peter Womack becomes influential in inducing a number of his colored neighbors in Grimes county to emigrate to Kansas. Undeterred by threats, and despite the bulldozing methods employed to cause him to remain a 'citizen' of Texas, Womack, with others, sick of a condition of 'citizenship' which is nothing less than hopeless peonage, leaves stock and crop behind to seek a home in Kansas. His acts inciting the movement of those black serfs are not forgotten, however, by the white chivalry of Grimes county. The evidence of this surrender on a debt of ten bushels of corn, mortgaged for another debt, is hunted up, presented to the Grand Jury of Grimes county, he is promptly indicted for a felony, and the great State of Texas rises in her majesty and demands a surrender of his body! The demand is in accordance with law, undoubtedly—Texas law—but if Texas would occasionally punish one of the white murderers who do not think it necessary to leave her borders, this pursuit of a Negro for selling ten bushels of corn from a mortgaged crop would seem a more imposing exhibition of the power of the commonwealth to enforce its laws."

The above extracts from the Chicago Inter-Ocean of the 15th of April, 1880, were clearly written by a humane and Christian gentleman, whose sole aim was to tell the truth.

Will my kind reader now permit me to sum up, in a few sentences, the results of this wonderful exodus? The departure of so many thousands of colored people from the different States of the Sunny South to Kansas and many other Northern States informed the whole world that the South was nothing but a land of thugs and common cut-throats and murderers. The exodus informed the world that 'Secessia' was no place for them to emigrate into, where even life and limb were unsafe. It represented the Southerners as a vindictive, barbarous and most uncivilized people; as a people, in short, who were unfitted to carry on the laws of their States in a civilized nation. It repelled the Christian world from them, instead of drawing them to them in love and friendship. The exodus, in short,



WM. LLOYD GARRISON.

gave the South a 'black eye,' to use a familiar expression common among pugilists, and afforded most abundant proof that the war had been a just and righteous one, as waged against so wicked and demoralized a race of men—men unfitted for civil government. Even the 'laughable farce' of Mr. Voorhees' Congressional inquiry into the causes of the exodus informed the whole world of the murderous state of mind of the Southern white people, who were unable to contemplate the sight of a colored man voting the Republican ticket of freedom without the wish of taking his life—the life of his neighbor citizen who had even a better right to vote than himself; for the colored man had certainly never been a traitor to his country, as these self-same murderous Southerners had been.

We are all perfectly well aware that colored men could get on better without the white man, than the white man could without him. The climate of the South,

and especially of the far South, is warm, and men of African descent are naturally better able to stand against the rays of the hot sun than the Caucasian race. It was for this express reason that the slave trade and slavery were so long carried on with such vigor and persistency, because the African was well qualified to work among the canebrakes, the cotton fields and the rice swamps of the Southern States.

The African was found to be strong-bodied, and through and by means of his diligent labor the cities and lands of the South had been built up and tilled respectively. The "poor white trash," as Caucasian laborers were termed, were not so well qualified to toil under a semi-tropical sky, and extract the wealth from the soil in the same degree. No part of the United States was so rich when the war began as these States. They had amassed an immense horde of silver and of gold by means of the labors of the slaves; although all that precious metal was thrown away upon cannon and gunpowder, and all other necessaries of war, and the cause for which they fought was lost after all. Still, the fact remains that the South had to a great extent been built up by the labor of the hardy and diligent African, who was so very useful and valuable that "Secessia" struggled on for four long years to retain the colored race in slavery, and even to make slavery itself the chief corner-stone of the Southern Confederacy. But crime could not be allowed to go unpunished, and the oppressed African was entitled to his liberty and his rights.

With the tramp, tramp, tramp of so many refugees from the Southern States upon their pilgrim way to Kansas and other Northern States, the leading white men of the country that they left behind at last began to open their eyes to the mischief which they and their minions had already done, and they saw that they had lost the confidence of the colored race. As from forty to sixty thousand men, women and children had gone to Kansas alone, and immense numbers had emigrated to other Northern States, both far and near, the leading men in the deserted sections now began to wonder to what extent this thing would grow. They saw that if things went on at this rate the Southern States would become depopulated, or at least as destitute of inhabitants as they were upon the landing of Columbus. Something must be done to stop at once this great rush of wronged and oppressed men for other States, where they could live in safety and freedom; and not only must the shot-gun policy of the Southerners be brought to an end, but that system of cheating and robbery, also, whereby white men had beat the colored ones out of their full share of the crops, on the plantations, and defrauded them in every way under the so-called "Credit System." It was most unmanly, cowardly, and even shameful to the last degree, for wise and intelligent white men to thus rob and plunder the oppressed and uneducated African. Such a devilish policy was simply adding insult to injury. Never was a more savage thing done through

the wickedness of the human race since the creation. It now became the policy of all thinking ex-rebels to put on their thinking caps, and study a better system than such sheer dishonesty.

The leading white men of the South, therefore, now went to work to reverse the system that had driven so many of the colored people out of the land, and to do every possible thing to regain their confidence, because there was no one who could fill the empty places, and do the needful work.

And not only was it now necessary to gain the confidence of the colored man, but even to regain the confidence of white men who had any intention of going South and settling down in that part of the country. There were many men of capital, besides thousands of accomplished artisans, who could both enrich themselves and the Southern States by going and settling down there, but who were now justly alarmed, when they saw whole hosts of orderly and industrious people of color moving away from these self-same States on account of robbers and murders by the very same men among whom they had been planning to go and settle down, to labor and toil, and there to end their days. It was perfectly clear to the most obtuse Southern mind that no Northern man would ever go South and invest his capital where those who ran his mills and cultivated his plantations were liable to be brought down by the shot-gun of the old soldiers of Lee and Jackson, because they voted the Republican ticket—if they even dared to go to the polls at all on election day! This was as bad, or worse, than despotic Russia or Turkey; and therefore Southern men wisely decided to reverse the policy they had adopted towards the colored population, for they now saw that if they did not do so, no capitalists or artisans would ever come South, but remain at home or go elsewhere.

On the other hand the exodus was a benefit to the colored race; at least, to a portion of them. Those who emigrated from the Southern States found an abundant entrance, and a warm welcome to the fertile lands of Kansas and other Northern cities and Western States, where there was plenty of land calling for nothing so much as cultivation, and where the oppressed pilgrims and refugees built up for themselves comfortable homes, and they and their children are there to this day. In Kansas and the other States whither they emigrated, the spirit of freedom and justice prevailed, and every man could abide under his own vine and fig tree without having any midnight thugs about to make him afraid. And those who remained behind were also benefited by the exodus, because there was now more room for those who were left there; and inasmuch as the white leaders of the South had decided upon possessing a wiser and more Christian policy, the prospect of good treatment in every respect was far brighter than ever; they need not emigrate to the North and West, as their brethren had done, but could remain at home in safety.

Thus, my dear reader, I have related to you the story of the exodus of our people to Kansas and other States, as it passed before our eyes about the years 1879 and 1880, as I very well remember. It was a wonderful object lesson set before the whole nation, and an outgrowth of slavery, and the war, and the violent passions of the vanquished. But good has come out of evil. The poor, oppressed pilgrim refugees were not forsaken in the days of their distress, for they were tenderly cared for by the most loving of mankind, and underneath them were the everlasting arms of the merciful God.

CHAPTER XVIII.

My Daughters' Weddings—Departure for England for the Honeymoon—The Voyage—Letter to the Rev. Mr. Carroll—The City of Liverpool—England, Wales, Scotland, Ireland—Return Home to America—Benefits of Travel.

This chapter will introduce the kind reader to my life and times in the eventful year 1876—eventful in the history of my own family, because my two dear daughters had now almost reached their twentieth year, were, therefore, come to the age when the fair sex turn their hearts to the thoughts of love, courtship and marriage; and, in short, my dear children were engaged to be married in the month of May, in the spring of the year 1876. The bridegrooms were both Christian, industrious and highly-respectable young men, and such as we knew would promote the happiness of the two dear girls as well as their own. All four candidates for matrimony were well matched in every way, having been brought up in schools and colleges where the most select members of the Anglo-Saxon race themselves have received their polish. Indeed, freedom and all the advantages that flow from a brilliant education, have polished our young men and maidens, until now they are as smooth as a mirror, and you can see your face in that mirror as well as the best looking-glass! Thus these young people had been trained and polished till training and polishing could not be carried much further; because they had had all the advantages that money and talent could give; they shone in the best society, and no company of refined young Christian people was con-

sidered perfect unless they were invited, enhancing the happiness of all by their presence. But the best thing of all was the pure, unadulterated Christianity that grew and flourished like the green bay-tree in every heart. My own dear husband and I were most profoundly thankful to see our dear children so well inclined by grace and training to every good thought and deed; and no less so to see, in their prospective husbands men who could encourage such dispositions instead of being obstacles in their way, like so many others.

The main points being secured, we gave our willing consent to the marriage and it was thought best to have them both together. Accordingly the double wedding came off the first Wednesday night of the merry month of May, and the A. M. E. Church on Vine street was packed to its utmost capacity. All the particulars of dress, bonnets, bouquets, etc., with all the latest improvements down to the eventful year, 1876, were duly noted by the reporter who was present, and who wrote a flourishing account of the weddings, which came out in the paper next morning. After the ceremony at the church was over, we all adjourned to our own house, where a reception was held and continued until a late hour. As my two dear girls (as I always call them) stood before the altar, I could not but reflect what their fate might have been had it not been for the Providence of God, and for the fact that their parents managed to get away from slavery, and gave them a good Christian education in a free State of the North. Verily, the present generation of colored men and maidens have something to be thankful for to that good Lord who sent the war, destroyed slavery, and opened the doors for them to enter in, and enjoy all the privileges that the white race possesses.

It is quite unnecessary for me to say that marriage is one of the greatest events in human life, and that their marriage gave each one of these four young people the most abundant joy. To still further enhance the happiness of the young people it was decided that they should spend their honeymoon upon the ocean, and in the British Isles, where some of our ancestors had come from; and my husband and myself decided to go with them for company, and have a good time generally. So all preparations were made for our departure to pay this delightful visit to John Bull and his Island, which made all feel as gay as birds.

Thursday morning came on apace—the day after their marriage—and we were all in a great bustle and high excitement over our departure for Old England, as it is called. Our trunks were packed, and all things made ready for the journey and voyage before us. We understood that dear mother and her devoted husband, Mr. Sutherland, were not going with us; at least they had said nothing about doing so to the rest of us—I dare say they intended to take us by surprise. And it was a surprise, indeed! Because when we were almost ready to walk down the street to the railway station, who came in smiling all over, but Mr. and Mrs. Sutherland! We were so much surprised that we all set up a loud shout of joy; and

the more especially as they seemed to enjoy the fun as much as any of us. It was a lively time that followed the next ten minutes, and we held quite a jubilee on the subject. The minister of the church and his good lady had come up to see us off, and a few other friends of the "inner circle" of our acquaintances; and all things being now ready, we walked down the street to the railway station, where we found all bustle and confusion. But at last we secured our tickets, took a tender leave of our dear friends on the platform, and having taken our seats we steamed away for New York, where we were to take the boat for Liverpool, England. We shed no tears on this occasion, because we all had to come back again in a few months. There was nothing but delightful novelty and unexpected joy before us, and therefore there was nothing for any of us to cry about upon the present occasion.

The following letter which I wrote after our landing at Liverpool will explain itself to the reader:

"LIVERPOOL, ENG., May, 1876.

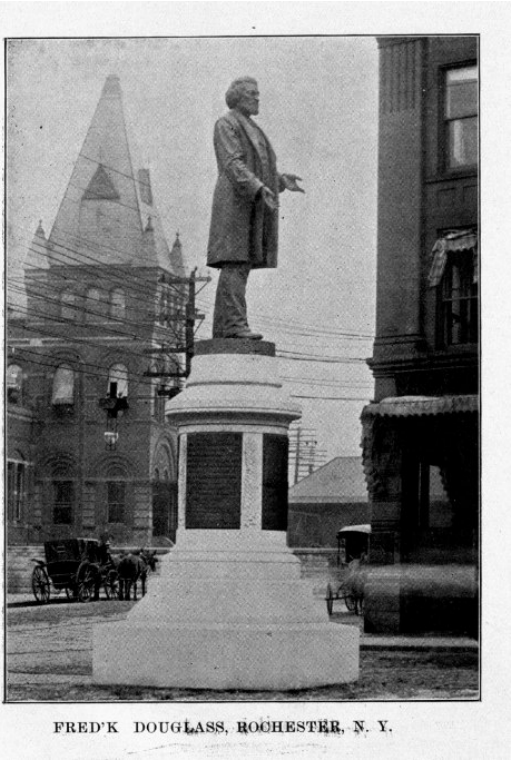
"Rev. Mr. and Mrs. Carroll,

"My Dear Friends:—I am quite delighted to inform you that we have crossed the broad Atlantic in perfect safety, and yesterday we landed at the great seaport of Liverpool, where nothing seems to be talked about but shipping and ships. We are all in splendid health and gay spirits, and it is quite a pleasing change for us to be in a land where color is unknown. We all send our best love to you both, to all your family, and to our dear church on Vine street, where we hope to find ourselves again in a few months, among the dear brothers and sisters there.

"We had quite a pleasant journey on the train all the way to New York, where we arrived on scheduled time, and found our way to the private hotel, where all things were in readiness for our reception. We spent a portion of two days in walking about, and enjoying the sights of the city, but the time rapidly rolled around for our embarkation, and we went on board the 'Sarmatian,' which is truly a splendid liner—indeed, one of the finest boats on the North Atlantic. The 'Sarmatian' is a British vessel, and strange as it may appear so soon, the feeling was so sweet and home-like upon this foreign ship that I could not but notice it. Officers and sailors who have been reared in a land where prejudice is unknown, are in no way interested about such paltry things as the color of the skin. Seated upon this noble British ship, I felt even now as if I were already in England!

"Indeed, we would all have quite forgotten that there was any such thing as prejudice in any part of the world had we not been reminded of it on board by the presence of a few Americans. But even they, on board a British ship, were obliged to keep their personal feelings well covered up; and here I may say, when we are abroad and traveling the wide, wide world, you meet with nobody who

objects to the color of your skin, but somebody from some port of the United States! But even American prejudice must die out, for all wickedness is subject to change, and God Himself alone changeth never.



FRED'K DOUGLASS, ROCHESTER, N. Y.

"In glorious May weather, and in the presence of a tremendous concourse of people, who had come down to the water's edge to see us off, we backed out into the North river at New York. The immense mixed multitude standing on the pier had sent up one tremendous cheer after another, waved their hats and handkerchiefs, and gave us a general grand hurrahing time. We replied in like manner as we came slowly away at first, accompanied by two or three tug-boats, that ventured out some distance to grace our departure. No doubt the passengers on board of them had friends and relatives on the Sarmatian.

"We settled down at once, and made ourselves at home in good earnest. We

were quite at home in our sweet, cozy little cabins, and the officers and attendants were all that could be desired. We walked about the deck, sat down to read or talk, and became acquainted with some of the most delightful people on the face of the earth—most of them on errands of pleasure, like ourselves. All were in high spirits, and anxious to visit different parts of Europe—the British Isles, Germany, etc.

"We carried on much the same at sea as we do home on shore. I spent most of my own time in conversation with our own party and other passengers, with reading new books, and with watching the play of the wild waves of the deep. Some slept a great deal of the voyage away, and others were busy courting, and that continually. I am informed that an immense number of marriages result from crossing the ocean every year. They get acquainted on shipboard, and marry after they come to land. The very seamen seem to be smitten by Cupid with a great love for the fair sex. 'Jack Tar' finds many a fair sweetheart on shipboard. Here at Liverpool you can soon see 10,000 of them walking about. A stranger in this mighty 'Modern Tyre' would be led to fancy that there was nothing in the world but sailors, ships and shipping. And who need wonder at it in the first port of the whole world, with that 'Great Landing Stage' at the entrance to the Mersey—upwards of twenty miles of dock along the right bank of the river, and ten thousand masts (10,000) hailing from every continent, and all the islands of the Ocean!

"When you come to sea blessed with splendid health, and strength, and vigorous life, with high-beating hope, and all things before your imagination of the seven colors of the rainbow; when 'all hearts are light, all eyes are bright, and nature's face is gay'—then, indeed, you are going to have a first-class time upon the rolling deep in the merry month of May. Life on the ocean wave has really ten times more charms than I am able to define. You must come to sea yourself to experience it, for it is indeed far too much for my pen.

"The sea! the sea! The broad, blue sea! What a glorious thing it is to look away as far as ever the eye can reach, and behold nothing but the big, blue waves of the North Atlantic heaving up and down, while our bold and plucky steamboat rushes fearlessly over those watery hills, and the bright and beautiful sun pours his warm rays down upon the rolling deep, and a fascinating and bewitching feeling floods upon your own heart, and there begets a feeling of enthusiasm that no language can describe!

"The porpoise is a lively fish, often seen from the deck of an Atlantic steamboat, and we saw plenty of them rushing through the waves like winged lightning. It was indeed a fine sight; but the best companions we had all the way to the British Isles were the bold, brave sea-gulls, that left the coast of America with us, and came all the way to Liverpool. The sea-gull acts more like a human

being than anything else to which I can describe him; cavorting about all over the main, and then coming down almost to the deck itself, to let you know that he is there, and trying to make you feel at home on the ocean.

"There seemed to be no end of sweet, peaceful enjoyment; the weather continued so fine all the way across the sea, our health was so good, and we had such pleasant companions on all sides around, and nothing happened to the ship to mar the general joy. It was, indeed, a downright holiday, most thoroughly enjoyed by us all.

"The Sabbath-day came around, and there were two church services in the Grand Saloon. We all went both times, which proved, as I thought at the time, the greatest treat in our whole life. The singing, the prayers, the sermons, and everything else combined to form a novelty that I am again quite at a loss to explain.

"And yet there were many on board who never went to a church service at sea, although it was the very joy of our lives, and a treat that turned our gallant ship into a floating heaven on the deep. It is just the same on shore. There are people who live next door to the church who never enter its portals once in their lives.

"We spent a good deal of time watching for vessels on the ocean, and saw plenty of them. We passed quite close to several, and spoke to a few. Some of them came so near that we saw everything on deck, and that was something when far from home.

"What a glorious sight it was to behold the red, red sun rising out of the waves in the East every morning, like a great, big, round, red cheese, and again to watch him at night going down in all his glory in the West, like a red and fiery wheel, flooding all the main with the splendor of his glory, as he sank down into his water bed! We used to stand on the open deck, and watch the 'glorious god of day' sink, sink, sinking, till at last he quite disappeared from view. Then the fair-faced silver moon, fair Luna, Queen of Night, arose in the East, and flooded all the ocean with her silver shining that was laid so entrancingly upon the rolling waves, whilst the thousand stars came out in ones, and twos, and hundreds, and bestudded all the skies. Thus again we would gather out upon the deck at night, and watch the starry heavens, and the moon, and listen to the wild waves of the North Atlantic rolling away, far and near; and when night came on, we found ourselves pretty well worn out after another long and busy day. But we slept well, as indeed we well might, for the good Lord and the sailors were ever taking good care of us all and the brave Sarmatian was battling her rapid way cross the North Atlantic.

"As I used to stand and muse upon the deck, it often occurred to my mind how all the ancestors of the colored race in America had been borne over the

waves of the self-same North Atlantic over which we were now sailing, though farther to the South. Over these waves, also, the great Fred. Douglass had passed several times on his journeys to and from the British Isles; for he is one of the great pillars of history, and has filled the whole world with his fame. His renown is bright all over the earth!

"Thus time passed on, day and night, and we all enjoyed ourselves to the top of our bent; at the grand piano in the saloon, watching the play of the wild waves of the rolling deep, etc., etc. The excitement in every bosom began to rise as we drew near to the land, and when the old head of Kinsale rose from the main in the southwest of Ireland, there was truly a most tremendous flurry in every heart. And as the Sarmatian passed rapidly along, one lofty, frowning headland after another rose from the waves, reminding one of grand lofty church steeples placed at intervals here and there; then the bold, precipitous coasts ran far away back into some estuary or firth, at the head of which a river came pouring down from the interior of the land. A heavy summer shower of rain came up all of a sudden, after which the sun burst out with indescribable splendor, and a mighty rainbow stood over the entire convex of heaven, with its great feet like elephant's legs, deep down in the ocean. Our American sea-gulls came bravely on, and in Irish waters were met by Irish sea-gulls, and countless wild sea-mews.

"The excitement that began when we passed the Old Head at Kinsale did not subside. It went on, grew and increased hour after hour, as we called at Queenstown, and then moved on to Liverpool. Nothing was now thought of nor talked about but John Bull and his Island—Britannia, the Pride of the Ocean, the home of the brave and the free! We noticed that we were no longer upon the big, blue waves of the North Atlantic, but ploughing our rapid way across the shallower green seas of the British Isles—quite a pleasant change in its way, after so much blue, because nature's green is a beautiful color.

"It was time for us to go to bed, as we approached St. George's Channel, that divides Ireland from Wales; but we were all up and fresh, and bright as buttons in the morning, when Holyhead, the Isle of Anglesea, and the bold mountains of North Wales arose almost perpendicular out of the Irish Sea, and dipped their feet, deep, deep into the waves.

"The excitement on board now among us all was simply dreadful! We were so near home, and yet not quite there! Hundreds of ships in all directions were moving about over all the sea; and no wonder, because we were close to the doors of one of the most famous queen seaports that this world has ever seen. At last we came up in front of the City of Liverpool, and having a tremendous traffic in full view, and here we had to lie till two o'clock in the afternoon, when the tide would be full, and we could cross the bar of the Mersey. We crossed the bar in due time, and got into that famous river, came up to the Great Landing Stage where

we landed in great excitement, for here at last was John Bull and his Island!

"Having landed and passed the custom-house officers, we procured cabs and drove to our appointed quarters in the city, where we received a most hearty welcome upon our arrival, and were ushered into our rooms, and we never felt more thoroughly at home in our lives. The good people seemed determined to make us feel all right, and to make a good impression on the Americans. The English tea time, 5 P. M., drew nigh, and we had toast and tea, with jams, etc., in the regular English fashion. It was delightful to have all things so nice in a foreign way. The fire was also delightful in the open grate, and that also looked most cheerful. Pictures of Queen Victoria and the royal family hung from the walls, and battle scenes by land and sea, and landscape pictures powerfully reminded us that we were now under the British flag, and in another part of the world.

"After tea, we walked out to view the city, the river, the mighty traffic of this modern Tyre, and 10,000 seamen talking far more languages than we knew anything about. Thus several days and nights passed away, and we found the people one of the most delightful in the world—frank, free, open-hearted and generous and hospitable to a fault. I am told that there is not a heartier people on the face of the earth than the half million inhabitants of Liverpool, and so far as my experience goes that is quite true. We accepted several invitations, and had glorious times among these people; we ran the whole town and saw many places of great interest and beauty. But from fifteen to twenty miles of dock, the busy river and the Great Landing Stage almost took our breath away. It is worth crossing the Atlantic to see the far-famed city of Liverpool!

"Everybody saw and knew that we had a wedding party along with us, and, indeed, my two daughters and their husbands were just like so many birds set free, when once they got ashore. Like the spirited singing birds of the British Isles, there was no end to their hilarity; and it was delightful to see them. Our entire party were very favorably impressed with all that we both heard and saw, and everybody was so very polite to us, and agreeable in all their ways. We now began to make excursions to see some of the fine sights of 'Old England,' and some of the grand castles and palaces of fame and renown. What seemed to impress us all most was the smooth, lawn-like appearance of the whole fair-faced country, which is the most polished upon the face of the earth. Beautiful England, indeed, reminds me of a well-cultivated garden, and it looks like a great garden, and nothing else. The houses and grounds of some of the nobility are flung open for the inspection of foreign visitors, and truly they are a delight to behold, with all their flower gardens, conservatories of plants, playing fountains, and other attractions too numerous to mention. Go where we might, nothing seemed more gratifying to our feelings than the polite attention and fine manners of all those with whom we came in contact. The sights and scenes round about

us, and so much to charm the senses in a foreign land, in the delightful month of May, delighted us to the core, and made us think of the Garden of Eden, and the fabled, golden regions of the blessed. The stately homes of England—how beautiful they stand!—amidst the tall, ancestral trees, o'er all the pleasant land! Such is England, that has been polished for 1,000 years, till polishing can do no more!

"All the world has heard of 'Beautiful Wales,' and we determined to pass a few weeks among her enchanting scenery. We visited the Vale of Llangollen, the Vale of Clwyd, the Vale of Conway, saw Bettws-y-Coed, the Pass of Llanberis, and, indeed, the best things in all North Wales, including lakes, rivers, waterfalls, and glorious romance without end. The warm-hearted, impulsive Welsh people almost carried us all off our feet with their unbounded enthusiasm, and the tremendous warmth of their welcome. They are the greatest singers in the world. Indeed, all Wales is one sea of song, and they sing well, and they even dearly love to sing. They are a God-fearing race, and we never heard a Welshman swear—no, not even once. Here was something for our young people to learn, for it was so sweet to hear the name of the Lord mentioned only in terms of praise. Wales always reminded our entire party of the 'Delectable Mountains' of the Pilgrim's Progress, for the Welsh mountains were delightful to us.

"After we got through with all we cared about seeing in 'Beautiful Wales,' and among its warm-hearted people, we next moved away to the North to become somewhat acquainted with what is truly called 'Bonnie Scotland.' We passed around the highlands and the islands of that romantic country, and beheld the famous lakes and the lofty mountains, her deep waterfalls and historic straits and glens. We visited the land of Burns, in the South, or Lowlands, saw Edinburgh and Glasgow, and the home of Sir Walter Scott, on the Lower Tweed. Of a truth, Scotland is a beautiful, enchanting and enchanted land, and her warm-hearted, enthusiastic people stamp their impress on the hearts of all those who visit them, for all coming time.

We found the whole of the British Isles overrun with tourists in the summer time; but few failed to see Scotland, which has filled the whole world with its fame. There is something so peculiarly romantic about the 'Scotch Borders,' that our heads were almost turned, and where all the land seemed to be enchanted ground. Sweet Moffat and its grand surroundings can never be forgotten, nor the impression that they made on all our hearts. We also descended the beautiful Esk river, from Langholm, till we came to headwaters upon Eskdalemoor, where the intelligent and hospitable people are mostly shepherds, and, like all the rest of the Scotch, most exemplary in their attendance at church. The parish minister is the Rev. John C. Dick, and we were royally entertained by him to tea at the manse, and we had a good time generally.

"After leaving Scotland, we made our way over to Ireland, saw Belfast, Dublin, Cork, the Lakes of Killarney, and, indeed, the best of all that was to be seen in the Emerald Isle. I don't know whether a people can be too enthusiastic and warm-hearted, but if they can, these are the Irish at home.

"My good friend and brother, I began this long letter upon landing at Liverpool, in May. It is now September, 1876. We have all come back to Liverpool—to our first quarters here. We have had a glorious time roving over the British Isles these four eventful months. We intend to embark to-morrow on the 'Scotia' for New York. I intend to keep a journal on our voyage, and yourself and lady shall have a reading of it at once. We are all quite well, and, indeed, the trans-Atlantic trip has had the most salutary influence upon the health of our entire party. My next greatest desire is to return home to Buffalo, and we all hope to visit the British Isles at some future day, if God our lives shall spare. With our united love to yourself, lady and all other friends, I am yours in all Christian affection.

"BEULAH LINCOLN."

CHAPTER XIX.

Eminent Colored Men and Women—Bishop Daniel E. Payne—Frederick Douglass—His Life and Times—Mrs. Frances Ellen Harper—Miss Louise de Mortie.

One of the hardest things in the world is to keep down a man who is determined to rise. He comes up like a plant of spontaneous growth, and the more we try to keep him down, the more he will persevere in his determination to stand upon his own feet like other men. This was often shown in the days before the war, when the bold, intrepid slave, who clearly saw that the whole system was wrong, made up his mind at least to be free, and the next thing we hear of him is a daring and successful attempt to shake off the chains of slavery, through his successful escape to the free States of the North, or to Canada, or even to Europe.

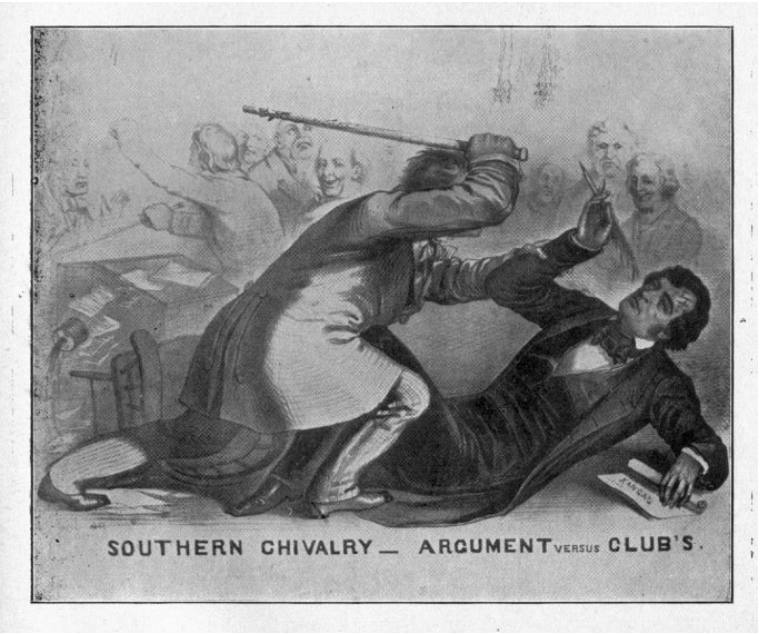
But this determined spirit to at least be free, did not confine itself merely to such adventurous and successful escapes, but assumed the form of acquiring an education also; and no better illustration of this can be given than that of the late

Bishop Daniel E. Payne, of the A. M. E. Church, who was born in South Carolina, in the year 1811. The heinous system of slavery in that rebellious State treated as a crime the teaching of any slave or free colored person whatsoever. But Daniel E. Payne had an unquenchable thirst for knowledge, and in order to flank the evil system that then prevailed, and to gain that knowledge to which he was as much entitled as the President of the United States himself, he procured the assistance of a friendly white man, who taught him in a cellar, where neither friend nor foe could see what they were doing. Daniel was an apt and clever student, and above all things, as the Bible says, "He had a mind to work," and an enthusiastic mind at that. It did not take this young hero long to take in the entire situation regarding slave lands and slavery when once his mind had begun to expand. Like Moses and many other famous leaders, the Lord had work for him to do, and he was preparing him for it at this time.

Young Payne saw that South Carolina was no place for him, and that the first duty he owed to himself was to get away as best he could, to the Northern States, where he could enjoy his own manly and manful rights. As fortune favors the brave, he succeeded in making his escape, and his freedom being now secure, he made all due haste to become that eminent scholar, who was destined by the will of God, to become a leader and an instructor of his people. He connected himself with the A. M. E. Church, and through and by means of that powerful body he did mighty things for the education of his own people, both before the war and after it. He has justly been called "The Apostle of Education," and what the great Fred. Douglass was in the political world, Daniel E. Payne was in the educational and intellectual world. Such a man as Bishop Payne should be revered as a philanthropist for all coming time. The colored race will never be able to say that they are out of his debt. At last he was made a bishop of his own church, and became the head of Wilberforce University, in Ohio—a glorious institution that had made itself felt by its influence over all this nation. Bishop Payne was sent to Europe for a time in the interest of his church, and his high qualities were everywhere honored by the Christian and scholars across the Atlantic.

Thus we see in Daniel Payne a diamond in the rough, in the slave State of South Carolina, but by the predetermined will of God, brought to the free North and polished, as it were, by the hand of the jeweler. We see all the work that the great Creator had given him to do, and how well he did it, too. And what we have said of Payne could as well be said of thousands of others—men in whom the spirit of right and ambition dwells; men who ever forge to the front: men whom God helps, because He sees that they are also willing to help themselves.

We next come to the far-famed and highly-celebrated Frederick Douglass, renowned over all the earth wherever honest worth is appreciated and valued by the civilized sons and daughters of Adam. The name of "Fred. Douglass," as he is



SOUTHERN CHIVALRY—ARGUMENT VERSUS CLUB'S.

affectionately called, stands out in alto-relief with that of John Bunyan, George Washington, and some few others who carry fame and goodness with them at one and the same time. Nobody seems to be jealous of them nor envy them, for their fame is far beyond the reach of jealousy or envy. It would be a difficult thing to find a village, valley or an isle of any ocean on the face of the globe where the familiar endearing name of Fred. Douglass has not been heard. The children growing up at their mothers' knees have learned to lisp it as a name to be revered; and when they grow up to man's estate, nothing will content them until they have read the life of the famous Fred. Douglass.

The opinion, or rather the belief, has prevailed in America that Fred. Douglass was the son of a white father and colored mother, and that white father has been supposed to have been his owner. But in the history of his own life and times, published a few years ago, Douglass positively affirms that both his parents were colored, and for my own part I believe that to be the truth. As men like Fred. Douglass are very few and far between, the wish among many of the anti-slavery school, at least, seems to have been father to the thought that so clever a

man could never have been the offspring of colored parents, but that his father, at least, must have been white. Not so, by any means! Fred. himself makes it quite plain that his father and mother were both colored, and he tells us all about it in his usual modest way.

Fred. Douglass was born in the region called Tuckahoe Neck, in Talbot county, on the Eastern Shore of Maryland, in the year 1817. There is something unusually sad and plaintive about the way in which the poor child was separated from his own father and mother, and how he came up on the rough side of the mountain of slavery. The poor lad was subjected not only to the purest barbarities, but had to undergo treatment that may be called sheer cowardice on the part of his tormentors. Well might the Prophet exclaim, "How long, O Lord, how long?" Whilst he was a boy, growing up at Baltimore, his mistress kindly taught him his letters, and went some way in giving him further instructions, till at last his master advised her to stop teaching him, as such things and slavery did not work well together. No, indeed! They did not work well together, especially in the heart and soul of a boy like Fred., who already began to look into the workings of the curse of slavery. To stop Fred. from learning was now impossible. One might as well dam up a mountain rill with one's hands—it would simply flow over the top of them, or round about them. Nature will have her way, and the great Creator had implanted the germ of liberty in the boy's heart, whose growth was not to be kept down. After many ups and downs on the Eastern and Western Shores of Maryland, when our hero had arrived at about the age of twenty-one, in the year 1838, he resolved to make a bold stroke for liberty; and accordingly, being dressed up like a sailor, he took the train at Baltimore for Philadelphia, luckily escaping detection, and having successfully run the gauntlet by the way, he landed upon the platform of the Quaker City all right. But he did not consider himself safe even here; so he left Philadelphia, still dressed in his sailor's suit, and came on to the city of New York.

"Arise! Shine forth; for thy light has come, and the glory of the Lord has risen upon thee!" Thus said the Prophet, and Fred. Douglass, in his last book—the history of his life and times—almost sets up a perfect yell of delight at having escaped from the horrors of slavery and being a free man. The few days he spent in New York City among the friends of the free must have been a perfect springtime of life to him—free, free, free, as the wild waves of the deep! Free to go where he pleased, and to read and study what he liked. Our glorious youthful Fred.—this splendid, well-built, stout-bodied young man of twenty-one, did a very sensible thing whilst in New York. He had a lady-love at Baltimore, a free young woman of color named Anna: but before he moved a step further he sent for her to come on to New York City. So to New York she came, and here the interesting young couple were married. This, indeed, was a very lively stroke of business on the

part of Frederick, but he was now at the golden age of twenty-one; it was best for him to marry now, because it would give him something to live and toil for, and also "give ballast to his ship of life." The Great Creator and his daughter "Nature" made no mistakes. My own marriage with my own beloved Tom has been no failure. We have never repented of it, either of us. We could have done no better. And so it was with Fred. Douglass and his beloved Anna, from Baltimore. There never was a more manly bridegroom than he. Above all things he was a Christian and a gentleman, in the very essence of his nature; a man of lofty honor and principle, and with such a man as that a young woman is forever in safety.

All this time, 1838, the Abolitionists were under full swing, led on by William Lloyd Garrison, of Massachusetts, and backed up by all those who beheld the dawn of freedom on the Eastern horizon. Garrison's paper, "The Liberator," sent forth its blasts all over the Northern States; but the North at that time abode in thick darkness as to the rights of colored men to freedom on the self-same footing with themselves. And not only did thick darkness cover the land, but entire legions and hosts of the people were almost as much prejudiced upon the slave question as the slave-holders of the South. They had no more idea of the grand, self-elevating capabilities of the colored race than the child that was unborn; and the ignorant masses of white people were certainly unwilling to give them a chance. And our poor, dear Fred., now a married man, had just to stand his chances, and run his risks with the rest, while the untutored North was in such a crude and chaotic state. Therefore, on account of the presence of so much ignorance and prejudice against men of color in New York City, the friends of freedom considered it unsafe for Frederick Douglass to remain there any longer, and advised him to move on to New Bedford, in Massachusetts, where he would at least be out of danger. We can never forget the honored name of Mr. David Ruggles, a colored gentleman of New York City, in connection with these events. It was he who mainly took charge of our hero and his wife in New York City, and sent them on to New Bedford. And when they arrived in New Bedford, they were met by one Mr. Nathan Johnson, a very intelligent and industrious colored man, a warm friend of theirs, who advanced them a sum of money to redeem their baggage, which was held for fare. He advised Fred. to drop the name of Fred. Lloyd, and to call himself "Fred. Douglass," as he (Nathan Johnson) had lately been reading of Douglass, in Sir Walter Scott's novels, relating to Scotland and the Scotch.

Being now in possession of his freedom, having a sweet young wife and a home of his own, he had something to live for! Douglass had learned the trade of the ship-builder, at Baltimore, but was unable to work at that trade at New Bedford, on account of the prejudices of the white workmen there against color, for had he taken his tools in among them and gone to work, they would all at once

have stopped work and left the yard. Such was the character of even Northern men in the year 1838, but Douglass was not the man to flinch. He was strong, hardy and handy at almost everything. If he could not do one thing he could do another; and therefore he picked up a living at anything that presented itself to him.

The whole colored race are preeminently inquiring, and possess a thirst and love for knowledge in the very highest degree. Fred. Douglass was a splendid specimen of this noble trait of character. Being now his own master, he literally devoured knowledge, and his splendid intellect expanded, flourished and grew on apace like the growth of vegetation in the tropics. He was no longer watched, or almost murdered, if he was found with a book in his hand! He was no longer the so-called "property" of a fellow calling himself his "owner," who robbed him of his week's wages, and then pretended to make him a present of a quarter of his own money to treat himself with! Oh, dear me, no! No more of that for him! When this brave young man, this hero of twenty-one had done his day's work, he came home to his beloved Anna at his cosy home in New Bedford, and after he had his supper, the way was clear for a grand time reading "The Liberator," which William Lloyd Garrison sent out every week, and that fired the warm, receptive mind and heart of young Fred., so that his fame as a brilliant conversationalist and a well-read man, spread rapidly throughout the town. He had been often listened to as an exhorter and unusually fervid speaker at the colored Methodist Church in the town, and all men with sharp eyes perceived that another star had risen in the intellectual heavens, and that some circumstance or other would bring him to the front some day. And it came to pass as they had prophesied!

In New Bedford Mr. Douglass had attended several meetings in defence of the poor, oppressed slave; and there he had heard the most unmitigated denunciation of the whole infamous system of slavery. The eloquent, burning language of the speakers went home to his heart. In the summer of 1841, when Douglass was twenty-four years old, an anti-slavery convention was to be held at Nantucket, Massachusetts, a place not far from New Bedford, and the convention would be under the management of the famous William Lloyd Garrison, whose weekly paper, "The Liberator," Douglass had been devouring week by week with such unwonted avidity. He determined to take a little respite from his hard work in the brass foundry, and attend this gathering of anti-slavery people. There was a great assemblage of people at Nantucket. The fires of enthusiasm on behalf of the oppressed slave burned hot and high. In the midst of the vast audience here assembled, there was one Mr. Wm. C. Coffin, who had heard the eloquent and burning words of Frederick Douglass as he harangued the little audiences of the colored Methodist Church in New Bedford. Mr. Coffin sought out our unknown hero, and gave him such a vigorous invitation to speak that his hesitancy, and

bashfulness, and backwardness were all entirely overcome, and Fred. Douglass, nothing daunted, now mounted the platform, and made such an oration as filled every thinking man and woman with astonishment. His simple, burning tale of his own wrongs and experiences completely swept his audience away, and like the Queen of Sheba, there seemed to be no more spirit left in them. Fred. Douglass had come to stay!

The name and fame of Fred. Douglass arose like a brilliant and new star in the heavens. He began to travel and lecture in different parts of the New England States, and paid visits to other sections of the North. His noble presence and splendid eloquence drew the eyes and ears of the whole country. His great name crossed the Atlantic, and spread throughout the British Isles. His powerful pen, in the columns of "The Liberator," and elsewhere, added still further to his fame. Everybody who hated and detested slavery desired to see him and to hear him speak. He was a power in the anti-slavery party, and he himself laid the axe most willingly with all his might and main. The question arose, "If one colored man can do so much, what can the whole race do, if they were set at liberty?" On account of the rising excitement all over the land on the slavery question, in the year 1845, the friends of Mr. Douglass sent him to England. In crossing the North Atlantic the passengers called upon him to make a speech on the question of slavery, and he complied. There were several gentlemen on board who most violently objected to any such attacks on their holy (!) institution of slavery; but the captain was master of his own vessel, and put down that Southern mutiny with a strong hand. These pro-slavery gentlemen tried to justify their conduct afterwards in the London papers; but John Bull would not hear them, and it was simply a splendid advertisement for the fair name and fame of Mr. Douglass.

For two years he travelled the British Isles, speaking upon the subject of American slavery. He was received well everywhere, and the fine spreading plains of Old England, the beautiful valleys of Wales, the green fields of Ireland, and the bold mountains of Scotland, all rang with the illustrious name of Fred. Douglass.

Such a man as he was did not belong to the colored race alone, and to the United States; he belonged to the whole world, and to all races. Such men can never be appropriated by one people, but they are, indeed, the common property of all. Douglass returned home, and founded a paper called "The North Star." He moved to Rochester, N. Y., and there he and his family took up their abode. The glorious work for the destruction of slavery went on, grew and increased, and at last brought on the war of secession, and freedom likewise for the entire enslaved race. Mr. Douglass then removed to Washington, and was honored with high offices in the services of his native country. He had the misfortune of losing his darling Anna, though after five years he married again, and went on

a wedding tour to Europe and the East, this being his third voyage across the ocean. He died at Washington in February, 1895, at the age of seventy-eight—no very great age, but then he had done the work of ten men, and that wears human life rapidly away.

Thousands of eminent men have arisen from the ranks of the colored race since 1865, and thousands are now upon their feet also. Their names have reached the ends of the earth. But Fred. Douglass was early in the field, and he was a very, very bright particular star. Like John Bunyan, George Washington, and some few others, he shines for all time, and for the entire human race. He did a mighty work for God and humanity. Of all those illustrious men who have been born of women, there has never arisen a greater man, in all the annals of time, than our congenial friend and brother, Fred. Douglass.

My dear reader, I have given but short sketches of two eminent colored men who elevated themselves head and shoulder above their fellows, for the purpose of showing what the race can do. And I could go on to any length in the same strain, and pick out and describe other eminent men whose fame has reached the ends of the earth, though not in the same degree, as Fred. Douglass. But I need not dwell further here in showing what we can do, especially now that we are set free. Though the whole world freely admits that we have done well, and very well, still, we are only now at the threshold of our advancement, for it is only thirty odd years since the close of the war. But in that short time we have beaten every other race in the way of progress, and the sun is only yet one hour above the horizon. By and by we shall have the full noon-day.

I have mentioned Fred. Douglass and Daniel E. Payne, and it is only just that a couple of other representative women should be singled out, to show what our women can do. We have had no bright, particular star among the gentler sex, like Fred. Douglass among men; but still the colored race, like other peoples, can certainly boast of a splendid galaxy of eminent and clever women, who only lacked better education and wider and greater opportunities to shine more than they did. The women have so far not had the same chances as the men, but they are getting them now, and they are coming to the front one by one—coming out, one here and another there, like the bright stars of the night. High-schools and colleges of all kinds are now thrown open for our daughters, and wherever there are genius and ability they will forge to the front, and make themselves known.

Contemporaneous with Bishop Daniel E. Payne and Fred. Douglass we mention the name of Mrs. Frances Ellen Harper, who was born in Baltimore, Md., in the year 1825. Her home for many years has been the Queen City of Philadelphia. Mrs. Harper is a noble woman among women, and impresses all comers with her unusual natural sweetness, and graceful, lady-like ways. There is a deal of magnetism about her that attracts all those who hear her sweet, well-

trained voice, and that draws us towards her by the comeliness of her graceful presence. We have all heard of "a bundle of love," but Mrs. Frances Harper is a bundle of natural and cultivated intellect, and of refined and polished manners. Her sweetness draws us to her, like the charming and fragrant rose in the flower garden. Born during the reign of slavery, when days were dark and friends were few, she did not have a right and proper opportunity of getting an early education, as the young ladies are getting to-day. But all the same, the great Creator gave her talents, and she has had a thirst for knowledge and a mind to work. This, indeed, is half the battle, and sometimes much more than half. Mrs. Harper applied herself most vigorously to study as she was growing up in her teens, and by the time she had come to woman's estate she was well educated. (Thus we see that nobody need despair of becoming well educated, for we can all learn if we only have pluck and ambition, and patience and perseverance with them to forge to the front, like the lady in question). This eminent woman soon became widely known for her brilliant talents, and all her sweet, lady-like graces, and admonished all Abolitionists and anti-slavery people what our race could do if they were once freed from their shackles!

Mrs. Harper possessed a great natural fondness for poetry, which she proceeded early to cultivate, so that she had become well-known for her sweet effusions in that line, and they have been published far and wide throughout the world, and prove that we have "birds of song" among us as well as others. She has written some pieces possessing much merit. She has a great natural facility for writing, and reminds me of a clause in Deborah's song of triumph in the fifth chapter of the Book of Judges, "Out of Zabulun came down those who handle the pen of the writer." For a facile, easy pen, Mrs. Frances Ellen Harper is a perfect Zabulunite, for she has shown that she also can handle the pen of the writer.

This gifted lady has also been a bright and shining light on the lecture platform, and, indeed, has appeared on many of the leading platforms of the nation, and crowned herself with honor and glory. She has proved to the whole world that a woman can do mighty deeds as well as man. There was a dark and doleful time in this world's history when a woman was regarded as little more than a mere serf, for man's will and pleasure everywhere. But those dark ages have passed away, and women have advanced to the front line, and taken their rightful places in the world. Mrs. Harper is a living proof of this nobility among women, and she has done yeoman service in trying to elevate her sisters of the colored race. Her splendid services will never be forgotten by either this generation or the generations to come. "Well done, good and faithful servant; enter thou into the joy of thy Lord!"

Louise de Mortie, of Norfolk, Va., was born of free parents in that place in the year 1833. As she was not allowed to receive an education at the home of her

youth, she decided to go to Boston, where she could get one. It was in the year 1853 that she took up her residence in that city, when she was twenty years of age, with life and all its opportunities before her in a free State. At once she took a vigorous hold, and availed herself of all favoring opportunities that presented themselves. She was a young maiden of great personal beauty, and possessed a sweet disposition and a most remarkably good memory. She took very high standing as a pupil in the schools and seminaries of Boston, and made a whole host of friends, won over by her graces and accomplishments.

In 1862 she came out as a public reader, and shone like a very brilliant star. She showed that she was a perfect elocutionist by birth, and had been polished like a rich jewel. Her natural beauty and personal graces, engaging manners and richly-toned voice, drew the eyes of the whole country. Just as she had come to be well-known, she heard of the great destitution among the colored orphans at New Orleans at the close of the war. Hither she hastened, and in 1867 raised funds to build an asylum for the colored people of that city. This she did in her spirit of Christian love, and she won the hearts of all those who beheld her, like another angel of mercy, at her good works. But the yellow fever struck her down on the 10th of October of the above year, 1867, when she said so touchingly, "I belong to God, our Father," and then expired. Thus was this brave young woman cut off in her thirty-fourth year. But she lived long enough to show to others a brilliant example that will never be forgotten.

CHAPTER XX.

Our First Great Men and Women—New Lights to the Front—Our Own Humble Beginning in 1865—Cleanliness and Industry—Music and Song—Immense Progress in Education, and a Mighty Advance Along the Whole Line—The Rapid Increase of Wealth—The Crime of Lynching—The Church and Sunday-School—The Colored Man's Right to Vote, and to Rule the Nation.

Though I have only sketched the lives of two most eminent members of color, and two famous women of the same race, I must confess that I feel greatly

tempted to go on with the subject, and speak of many others, some of whom have gone to their reward, and others remain alive unto the present day. At first sight the general reader might imagine that those first bright stars that shone in our intellectual firmament were brighter than the talented men and women whom we can see at this day and hour, walking up and down our streets, and shining like suns in their different professions, doing splendid service in elevating the colored race in America. We had Fred. Douglass, Bishop Payne, Mrs. Frances Ellen Harper, and some other bright, particular stars, who shone with apparently unusual brilliancy some fifty or sixty years ago, and they have been set down for the seven wonders of the world (Fred. Douglass, at least, was a genuine wonder for all time). But while we are inclined to look upon these worthies as towering geniuses, and most extraordinary lights in the heavens in but recently bye-gone days, we forget that the thick darkness that surrounded them went a long way in making their brilliance and splendor appear far brighter than they really were. This is quite true of all races, and is no detraction whatever from the real merits that were justly their own. I am safe in saying that 10,000 clever colored men and women, representing all the different arts and professions, could be picked out at this day, who would have passed for stars of the first magnitude, had they made their appearance upon the stage of time some fifty or sixty years ago. To shine to the same extent of brilliancy and glory nowadays would indeed be a very difficult matter, when the whole United States is flooded with a great tide of knowledge that was never known before.

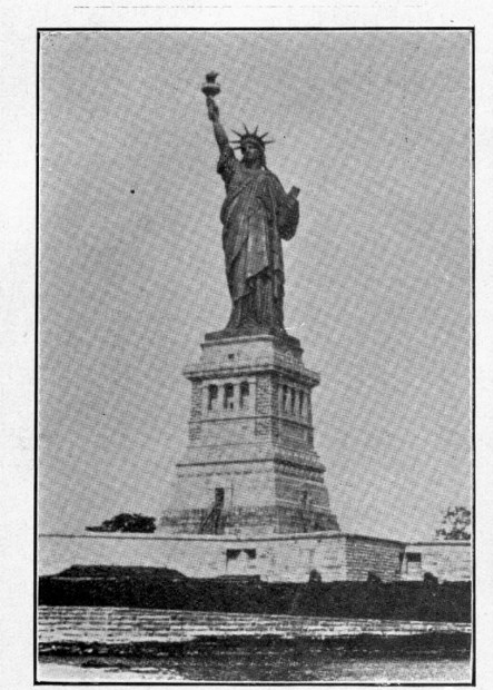
In these happy days of ours knowledge covers the land, as the waters cover the seas. It is perfectly laughable for me now to look back and remember the taunting expressions that were flung upon our dear people, saying that we had no originality, and that we could never rise above being mere imitators of the white man! In those days our people were in slavery, and had no opportunities of showing what they were capable of doing. But now we are free, and we can all go to school, and education can polish us like other races, in the same way as we polish the block of marble, and cut out the precious jewels of all descriptions. If we leave a diamond in its rude, rough state, like the colored race in the dark days of slavery, that diamond will continue to be rude and rough still; but place the precious stone in the hand of the jeweler, and we shall soon behold a bright and shining precious stone, indeed. It was not only cruel, but it was cowardly to taunt a whole race of people with incapacity and lack of talent, when our enemies had our hands tied, and were unwilling to give us a chance. But by the grace of God, and the blood of the Americans, both white and black, we are now all free, and thousands upon thousands of our dear people have acquired splendid educations, in all the different professions and walks of life, and they have proved to the whole world, both men and women, that there is talent and genius among

our sons and daughters who have forged to the front, who are self-made men and women, indeed—men and women who have risen from the ranks, just the same as officers and commanders start up from the ranks in the time of war.

My dear reader, we are often told that poverty is no disgrace, but that it is very inconvenient. Which is all true, indeed, too true; and what is still worse, it often cannot be helped. In days not so long since gone by, we used to be taunted with poverty, but if we had no possessions of our own in the days of slavery, we at least, like the apostle Paul, made others rich, and it was our oppressed people who built up the Sunny South—the richest section of the United States before the war. If we had had all the wealth that was thus stolen away from us and given to those who led on the great rebellion, we would never had been turned loose with nothing in our hands in 1865, and to begin life anew at the lowermost round of the ladder of prosperity. It is very true that even in the days of slavery there were colored men scattered over all the free States of the Union, many of whom had amassed vast sums of money, and who were invariably treated with great respect and honor by white people because they were rich. So long as they had plenty of money it was all right, and there was nothing either thought or said about the color of their skin. But if the whole race of colored people in the South were turned loose with nothing in 1865, they have at least made in the aggregate immense sums of money since then, and devoted it all to those noble purposes whereby the entire race has been raised up and elevated in the scale of nations. Above all other causes, religion and education have been thus spread all over the land, the money being supplied by a willing people, whose good natural inclination to give has never been surpassed, and very seldom equalled by any race under the sun. Immense sums of money have been put away in savings banks, and property in land is a noble feature of the wisdom of our people in the South.

Take the more than 8,000,000 colored people all over the Union, and behold what a vast number own their own houses, and have money to their credit stored up in banks against a rainy day. And then see the comfort, cleanliness and order to be observed everywhere in an untold number of dwellings. The colored race are unusually fond of cleanliness and order in their nice and cosy snug homes, when they can get them; and take the United Stages all over to-day, it is most astonishing to behold such a number of beautiful and comfortable homes as there are. I think, dear reader, that our own people taken as a whole, have been both industrious and thrifty since the close of the war, and, as the Bible tells us, they have succeeded in building up the walls of Jerusalem, because they have had a mind to work. Wherever there is a will there is a way. It is all very true that some among us are extravagant, lazy, shiftless, but that is quite true of the white race, too, only I think more so, and we never condemn a whole race for the faults of a

few.

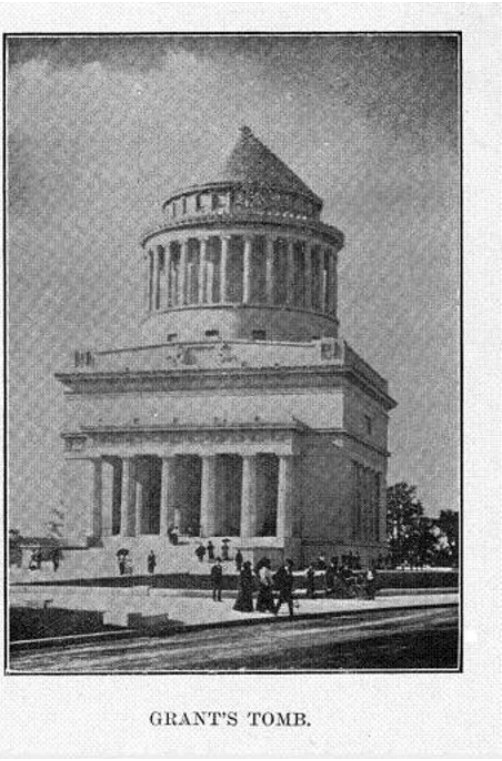


STATUE OF LIBERTY.

STATUE OF LIBERTY.

Let us then judge fairly, and award to the colored race what belongs to them by right. As in the days of slavery, so at the present day it is the colored man who still extracts the wealth from the soil of the South, partly for himself, and partly for the white man. He can stand the heat of the sun far better than the white tiller of the soil, and it seems that the rich white man would rather have him than the other. In the days of slavery we had to do the best we could. We had no Vanderbilt palaces to live in then. But now we have at least lots of comforts—nice furniture, carpets, pictures hanging from our walls, whole libraries on our book-shelves, and hundreds of other things too numerous to mention.

Music and song are more or less bound up with the history of every nation of which we have ever heard or read. Away back in the dark night of slavery in



GRANT'S TOMB.

GRANT'S TOMB.

America, the slaves in the field used to sing their mournful, plaintive, yet musical ditties to lighten their heavy labors, and cheer up their hearts. These ditties were songs and prayers at one and the same time. In the day of his distress, the African never forgot the God who brought Israel out of Egypt, and we know quite well that many of our own people confidently expected that day of happy deliverance that came at last to all. Therefore they sang praises unto the Lord, God of Israel, and, like the Psalmist, they prayed and sang at the same time; and we have it plainly on record that they had powerful lungs and most wonderfully rich voices, showing in advance what great and famous singers they would become if their musical talents were only fully developed like others. I have already spoken of the "Jubilee Minstrels," who were mostly born in slavery, many of whom indeed "came up by the rough side of the mountain," and yet who possessed such a

wealth of music and song within themselves that they surprised the whole country, and even crossed the North Atlantic, and rendered themselves illustrious for all coming time by performing and singing before Queen Victoria, the grandees and general population of the British Isles, and some of the royal families, and magnates and peoples of continental Europe. This was honor, indeed, with a vengeance! Old England and all the rest cared nothing for the color of the skin. They all at once set their seals upon the wonderful talents of the colored race in the musical line, and there was rejoicing among Freedom's friends over all the earth.

The time would fail to mention the names of all those eminent singers who have made themselves illustrious in these latter years in this country, and not in this country alone, but they have crossed the wide oceans in ships, and sung before the admiring audiences of many a foreign land. But among all these great singers of our race who have thus distinguished themselves, I will simply mention the name of Miss Flora Batson, who has justly been called the "Jenny Lind of America," and she can sing, indeed, before any audience in this nation—a veritable nightingale and queen of song. But leaving her and a whole host of other warblers on one side, there is a grandeur in singing of our church members and congregations on the Sabbath-day that has become the standing wonder of the country; and it is my own deliberate opinion, and the openly-confessed opinion of many of the white race, that for music and song, at least, we have no equals in the United States.

I think we may safely claim that not only can we play and sing, but we can play and sing well, there arising from the great congregation a grand volume of music and song that reminds me of the "voice of many waters," mentioned in the Revelations—a volume of song rising from powerful lungs, and helped on by the warm feelings and enthusiasm of the race. And as our oppressed forefathers whiled away the long hours in the field, and lightened their labors by singing, so our people nowadays bring home the latest new hymn or fine anthem of praise, and sing them at home to brighten up their domestic cares, and find a vent for that joyous nature and devotional enthusiasm for which the colored race are famed over all the earth.

The greatest blot at the present time upon the fair fame and name of the internal and domestic doings of the United States, as it appears to me, is lynching. And this lynching is not confined to any particular race, or any particular crime, but we find, to a greater or less degree, all over the land, from the Lakes to the Gulf, a mob spirit among the people to take the law into their own hands, whenever any flagrant breach of law occurs, and hang their victim on the nearest tree. The mob is unwilling to leave the matter in the hands of the regularly constituted authorities, and proceeds to murder the supposed criminal in its own way. I say

supposed criminal, because the man they are hunting after is often not the right man at all; an innocent man is put to death, and the guilty man escapes. It has also been proven beyond the shadow of a doubt, because we have "all seen the records of the same in the public papers at the time, that white men have been in the habit of blackening their faces when about to commit some heinous offence, and thus try to produce the impression that the guilty party was a colored man, and not a white man at all! Cases have thus occurred where innocent colored men have been lynched, and the real criminals made their escape by simply discoloring their faces. There is hardly a week passes but we find the hurrying mobs themselves discovering their own mistakes, sometimes in time to prevent the execution, but at other times too late. It is very true that on many occasions the really guilty party is taken, confesses his crime, and is duly executed by the wild and unruly mob of lynchers.

The chief fault, as it appears to my mind, is a lack of firmness on the part of the States, and I might also add of the central government at Washington. It is a perfect scandal to a duly constituted government to say that they are not able to carry out the law, or let the law take its course. Who would believe for a moment that England or Russia would allow any and every wild mob to take their victims out of the hands of the police, and, in fact, administer the law for them? Such a test of home authority would never run on for twenty-four hours in any foreign civilized land. If the Governors and the authorities would show a proper amount of firmness, and the central government at Washington would tighten up the screws a little all these lynchings would come to an end, and such a thing would be heard of no more. With regard to the Southern States, at least, where lynchings have been more common, the taunting question has been asked by foreign nations, "Are the Southern States fit for civilization, and ought they to be depended on to govern themselves?" Well, I think they are fit for self-government, but the screws ought to be tightened up considerably, and I think the sooner the better. If I had any power to advise the Houses at Washington, I would advise them to take the scandal of lynching by the wild mobs into their own hands, and put a stop to it in their own way. And let Congress see that all races and crimes are treated alike, and let the duly constituted authorities of the States administer the laws for which they are appointed and paid. Lynching is not only a breach of the law, but it is murder itself, and a horrible system of crime and public disorder that have brought this most shameful nation into great disrepute. Let us hope and pray that something may be done very soon to bring this national scandal to an end; and let public murder by infuriated mobs come to an end, and be heard of no more.

In the books which Fred. Douglass wrote of his life and times he always mentions the miserable and doleful processions of slaves who were driven, dur-

ing the darkness of the night, from the pens into which they had been gathered in Baltimore to the vessels which were to sail with them to Georgia and other scenes of toil and exhaustion in the far-distant South. Alas, alas! The Sunny South had no joys for them, and as they passed through the streets of Baltimore, during the night, they wailed and lamented their hard fate. This leads me on to reflect, my dear reader, upon the gloriously-altered state of affairs that freedom has brought around, and which we can see all around about us at the present day. One of the grandest sights that delights our eyes now is the great array of Sunday-Schools in every State and county of the United States. I have always called the Sunday-School "the children's church," and it is the children's church, indeed, and a glorious church at that, too. Far and wide, spread over all this broad land, running all along the way from the wild Atlantic to the mild Pacific, and from the Lakes to the Gulf, young, well-dressed boys and girls in thousands and tens of thousands may be seen wending their happy way to their own dearly beloved "Children's Church"—I mean their Sunday-School. The great and powerful wide-spread Methodist, Baptist and other grand churches, organized and carried on by the colored race to the utmost limits of the American Union, deserve the utmost praise for pains and labors they have been at to make such splendid provision for the rising generation of boys and girls, who thus go forth upon the Sabbath-day to worship the Lord in their own youthful, sweet and attractive way, well taught by devoted men and women, who rear their tender vines, and watch over them, and tend them well, as the careful and skilful gardener tends and ripens his precious plants in the hot-house.

What a glorious change for the better, my dear reader, has come over this Federal Union of ours in our own day! Well did the Jubilee Minstrels sing before the royal family of England, "No more Auction Blocks for Me!" For at the present day, instead of auction blocks and wronged and oppressed slaves being conveyed (in a fugitive way, under cover of the darkness of the night) from their pens to the ships, wailing and lamenting their sad fate, in the self-same city of Baltimore, at the present time thousands and tens of thousands of children, and men and women, wend their peaceful way to Sunday-school and church, walking the streets of the city in love and peace, on their pilgrimage to Jerusalem, the city of the Great King. And yet if anybody had told the slave-holder only fifty years ago that his darling "peculiar institution" was on its last legs, he would probably there and then have caused us to be lynched for our rashness of speech! As I have mentioned already in this book, preachers in the South in those days had even the audacity to preach sermons in the defence of slavery, and they were so bold as to select for their text: "This" (meaning slavery) "is the Lord's doings; and it is wonderful in our eyes." Very wonderful, indeed, I should say. And the war for the extinction of slavery was the Lord's doing, too, I suppose! And it

also was wonderful in our eyes, indeed! If those miserable slave-traders were to rise from their graves to-day; were to hear colored minstrels singing in the courts of Europe, "No More Auction Blocks for Me!" and then were to see millions of colored children, youths and maidens wending their way to the happy Sunday-schools on the day of rest—even they also would be compelled to admire the great changes for the better, and to exclaim in a different sense, "Truly these are the Lord's doings, and they are wonderful in our eyes!"

It has always been a matter of personal interest and importance for men to take a hand in voting and the ruling of their native State. Universal history shows us plainly that this has always been the case, unless, indeed, the nation was a monarchy, and therefore subject to the unlimited will and pleasure of one man as despot in chief, and those who served under him, and did as they were commanded. But in those lands where freedom ruled in the days of old, and all countries to-day where constitutional government prevails, men have always voted in one form or another, and they still lend a hand at elections, and this without regard to race, color or any such thing. Neither has there ever been any friction or trouble in legislative assemblies, and there is none now in foreign nations, where men of different races, colors, and even creeds, take their seats side by side, and proceed to work together for the good of all the citizens. We all know how it was in the South in the early years of Reconstruction after the close of the war, when the State legislatures were composed of white and colored men, who ruled the States together. We thought at the time that this thing would go on and that all parties had settled down in peace and harmony, for every man to vote as he pleased, and to send such men, black or white, to represent them in their legislatures, as were returned by the largest number of voters at the elections, conducted according to the constitution of the nation. But the white man of the South had almost always been accustomed to his own selfish, despotic way and sway in the days of slavery. The South had not only the rule of colored men, but even over white men in the halls of Congress! Unless that section of the Union could have her own dictatorial way there was no peace whatever in the House!

The North therefore felt herself often obliged to give way, which encouraged the South to take a mile the next time when we gave her an ell.

I have shown the reader of these pages how the Ku-Klux-Klan arose; how the new shot-gun policy brought the Republican governments of Secessia to an end, and how the very amendments to the Constitution, including the bare privilege of casting one's own vote, were all brought to an end—nay, more than that—the reader knows by this time how an immense number of colored men, women and children tore up stakes, and left the States of the South where they were born, and sought new homes in Northern and Western States, where the shot-gun policy of the late rebels did not prevail!

But where are representatives in Congress to-day, and where are the colored Senators and others in the legislative halls of the Southern States? For the present they have been wiped out, and so far Uncle Sam has given way, and backed down once more to the violent South for the sake of keeping peace in the house. It may be argued that coming but recently out of slavery, as we did, we were unfitted for the full privilege of freemen and voters. Perhaps there is some reason in that view of the question. As a nation we certainly could not be expected to be college-bred in 1865. But that is over thirty years ago, and both we ourselves and our children have been to almost all the schools, seminaries and colleges in the land since then. If we were ignorant in 1865, sure we cannot as a race be called ignorant now. In my own opinion, I think it is about time that the last three amendments to the Constitution were now carried out to the fullest extent, and that we should be no longer contented merely to vote for the white man, but vote for colored men, too, who run for office.

As the South has been so violent over the matter of ruling her own States to the exclusion of the colored man, the grand hue and cry among some of our own people has been raised, "Let politics alone, and attend to your own business, and let the white man rule!" So far as I can see there is neither sense nor justice in such a cry as that. If the white man has a right to vote, so has the colored man. To stuff the ballot-boxes with manufactured votes, or to throw out those that colored men have voted, is simply breaking the law, and the central government should punish it as such. If an ambitious young colored man desires to represent his country in the field of politics, it stands neither in law nor reason for any white man to presume to stop him. If he be a man of great talent, like Frederick Douglass, or John M. Langston, or Blanche K. Bruce, that is just so much more the reason why he should go to Congress, or represent his own country and State at home. The colored man must receive every fair play at the elections: his vote must not be tampered with any more than the white man's vote. By all means let him have his vote, for he will never be satisfied with anything less. Let every infringement of the law be pushed to the utmost extent; let a few examples be made, and tampering with other men's votes will come to an end. For the very life of me I can see no reason why colored men should abstain from politics any more than white men. There is no reason why they should do so if they wish to enter into political life. We can also attend to other business at home, like the rest of the population. To discharge our duties at the polls, indeed, is one of the very first duties of every citizen, and we have a perfect right to vote under the law of the land.

Every now and then some surviving rebel in South Carolina, or some other of the late seceded States, takes upon himself to raise the old parrot-cry, "This is a white man's government! Colored men shall not rule with us!" If the na-

tional government did its full duty, it would arrest such a man as this for trying to teach the rising generation falsehoods, and for disturbing the minds of the lieges. This is not a white man's country, nor a black man's country, nor a red man's country—but it belongs to all alike. We have only to go back four hundred years, when this country belonged to the Indians, and if it belongs by right to anybody at all, it belongs to them. But Spaniards, Frenchmen, Englishmen and others came over the sea, they murdered or drove back the Indians, and stole away their lands. Then the self-same Europeans went to Africa, and killed and kidnapped the nations, and by physical force brought our ancestors here—and here we are at the present day. The war of revolution came; the colonists secured their own freedom, but they did not set their own slaves free. They complained that they were in subjection under the king of England, but they winked at the thraldom of our ancestors, and left us to languish in chains and slavery till the Lord sent the Civil War, and made us all free, while the three amendments to the Constitution put us on the self-same footing with white citizens, and here we are in our own country, part and parcel of the entire American population. This country, then, either belongs to the Lord from heaven, or it is the property of the North American Indian, or else it has become, in some way or other, the property of the whole of us. We had better not examine into our rights too closely, for we cannot go back more than four hundred years to establish our claims, and four hundred years will not go for much, especially with the owner—the Lord of Heaven.

CHAPTER XXI.

A General Review of the Writer's Entire Life and Work, and an Optimistic View of the Whole Subject, With Reflections and Observations and Forecasts of the Near Future.

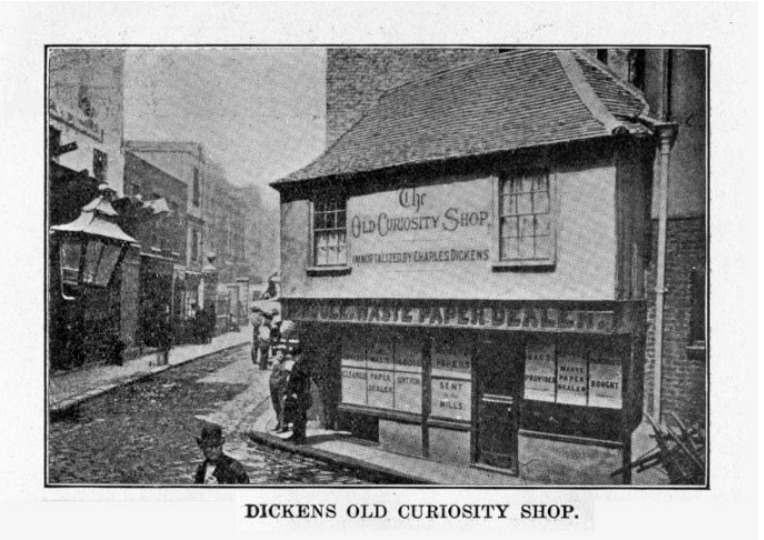
When I left the place where I was born, in the year 1855, and made my lucky escape to a land of freedom, in company with my fiancee, Thomas Lincoln, I had no idea whatever of the future that lay before us, and of all the pleasant ways by which the Lord would lead us. It was well for both my darling Tom and me

that we were the children of religious mothers, who taught us from our earliest infancy to love the Lord at all times, and to put our entire trust and confidence in Him. Tom and I had been accustomed to a delightful home at Riverside Hall, on the banks of the Ohio, and we knew nothing about the evils of slavery, like millions of others.

In the midst of such pleasant surroundings on the banks of the "Beautiful River," it seemed easy enough for us at the time to love the Lord and put our trust in Him; but whilst the great Creator was working out his sure decrees, we considered ourselves perfectly justified in taking the law into our own hands, and whereas we could not get our rights by fair means, to take them by foul. It has been well for Tom and me that we acted as we did; and the blessings thus vouchsafed to us in that way have descended to our dear children in a full state of freedom. But while we had little risks to run compared to many refugees, there were millions left behind us who could not get along. For what could frail and feeble women do surrounded as they were by every device and scheme that slavery and Satan could invent to keep their hold on what they presumptuously called their "property?" Thus our distressed brothers and sisters were obliged to wait for the coming of the Lord, and the wisest among them knew that His coming could not be long delayed, because the signs of the times pointed to a speedy deliverance, and a child could almost hear the loud and heavy rumblings in the heavens.

But, my dear reader, the "Lord works in mysterious ways His wonders to perform." We fondly expected and hoped to see freedom in our own day—"some sweet day"—but our minds were little prepared for its coming so soon. We heard the rumblings of the storm, indeed, but there had been other storms before, and they had blown over, and why should not this one go the same as they? That is the way that we poor, limited, erring human beings are likely to go aside and miss the mark. We judged of the rising storm of 1860 that it would be like those that had gone before it, but there was not a single being on the face of the earth who ever dreamed that we were at last drifting into a mighty war, that was to continue for over four years, and would sweep away slavery and all its belongings, as the mighty tides of the ocean wash away the foot-prints on the sands. It became clear as time and war went on, that the Almighty Ruler of the Universe had risen up to strike the earth, and that He would not smite a second blow, but finish things up now. He says in His sacred word that He will hear our prayers; our oppressed people had been crying to Him for many years, "How long, O Lord, how long!" The prayers of the distressed, their tears and cries, had been heard; they had all been duly chronicled in heaven; the day for settlement with the slave-holders had now fully come, and one of those mighty changes that have followed each other these last forty years with such rapidity was now at the door. Like the prompt

railroad train, or, better still, the tide of the sea, the Lord of Heaven and Earth was ready and armed from head to foot; freedom was at the door, indeed and in truth, and the doors must be opened that captives should go free!



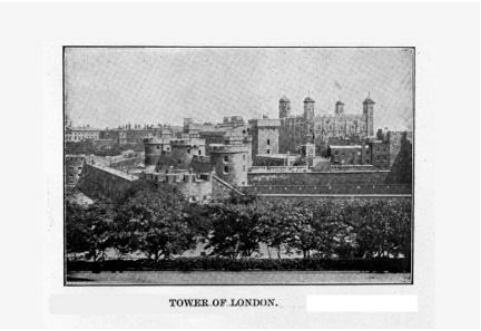
DICKENS OLD CURIOSITY SHOP.

DICKENS' OLD CURIOSITY SHOP.

"What hath not God wrought?" Those more than four decisive years, so heavy with fate and destiny, looked long, very long, in passing, but ah! they brought changes to the entire colored race, both collectively and individually; and as slavery had grown more and more even down to the very year when the war began, so was the joy all the greater when it was all over, and bright shining freedom came suddenly at last. There was joy and rejoicing all over the United States at the result; dancing and singing from the Potomac to the Rio Grande in particular. So much for the whole race taken collectively. To us individually as a family, that mighty upheaval, the war, brought great and varied experiences—both sorrows and joy. When the first rush of wild enthusiasm against the rebellion was over, we all found out that we had to settle down to hard work, and four full years of war and fighting were before us. Thus the children and I saw Tom leave for the seat of war, and after many a hard-fought field, Tom was wounded so badly that he lay for a long time at New Orleans. We had done an immense quantity of correspondence by this time, but more changes wrought through and by the war were at hand. The whole American nation was undergoing changes,

and so were we! The children and I longed with all our hearts to see husband and father once more. He was not yet well enough to travel to Buffalo; indeed, the military authorities forbade it, and so we three determined to tear up stakes at Buffalo for a time, and make a sudden and unexpected march on the city of New Orleans. This was not my first visit to the Crescent City of the Sunny South. As my dear reader is already well aware, I went there about the year 1856, and rescued my dear mother from slavery, which I consider one of the very best things that ever I did in this world! This journey to New Orleans was a most glorious experience, for the girls in particular, and they are even talking of it now. When we were in the Lower Mississippi, we had a good time to look about us and see what a mighty work the sword of the North had already done for that section of the Union. The colored people were all free, and thousands were flocking to schools just newly set up, and learning as people had never learned before. The rebels, and all those that sympathized with them, used to say that if the slaves were set free, they would turn in and massacre their former owners, and become regular heathens and savages. This was, of course, nothing but a silly parrot-cry that nobody seriously believed, as no colored man had any other intention than to become a peaceable citizen. But during our delightful residence in the Sunny South we saw those who had been slaves in that section all working away upon the lands, and in the towns and cities, in perfect freedom, and their lives were both orderly and exemplary. But what surprised us most was to see them going to work with first readers, spelling books, slates and pencils, and all the other appliances of education, and gathering knowledge like the sands of the sea. This, indeed, augured well for the future—to see people even seventy and eighty years of age learning to read, write and figure like the rest! Here was a field of bright promise for the near future. Here was a race of people, just set free, grasping at the lowermost round of the ladder of education, and ambitious to mount higher every day.

Behold, indeed, the mighty changes that the Lord has brought about in this dear land of ours! We have already lived long enough not only to see all the captives set free, but a second generation, fifty per cent. of whom are armed, from head to foot, so to speak, with education. We have already brilliant men and women competent to shine like stars, in all the different walks and departments of life, which my two girls and I saw such abundant promise when we went to Louisiana. In due course of time Tom was pronounced completely cured, was discharged from the hospital, and our two precious children and we took our homeward journey by way of the Gulf of Mexico, the city of Havana, in Cuba, West Indies and the Atlantic Ocean to New York, after which we took the train for Buffalo, where we all arrived safe and sound in due time, and had such a welcome home as is still green in our memories. This sea voyage and land journey were



TOWER OF LONDON.

delightful experiences in the young lives of our two daughters, and showed them what a great, varied, and beautiful world the great Creator had made. We thanked Him with full and grateful hearts for having laid our lines in such pleasant places, and giving us this sweet home of ours at Buffalo, where we have resided in peace, pleasure and plenty. Lo! these many years! and we are at Buffalo, still. It is a great comfort to our hearts and minds to think that the entire colored race are no longer compelled to reside, to dwell, and sleep where they are bidden, as in the bad old times of slavery; but that here again a mighty change for the better has come over all our people, inasmuch as many of them nowadays have comfortable and pleasant homes of their own, where beautiful furniture and musical instruments can be seen—yes, even fine pianos, along which the supple fingers of the rising generation can fly with the best! I bless and praise the goodness of the Lord for all these changes for the better. Instead of operating on the fiddle and the banjo, our clever musical sons and daughters can sing lovely accompaniments to the piano and the organ. The race is full of music, and their fame has reached the ends of the earth. Our churches and other institutions have a great name for sacred music and song, and I have heard good judges among the white population declare that there are no such singers as the colored race in the United States. We may at least congratulate ourselves that the entire press of the United States and the British Isles have completely endorsed the above sentiments of my own, and therefore I do not think that any conscientious man will dispute them. It is an old and a true saying that variety is the spice of life, and the beauties of the different races of people appear to the greatest advantage where their separate traits of character most differ from one another. Music and song, indeed, are quite a distinguished feature in the colored race, and there again we have seen mighty changes wrought out through and by our freedom, and again I thank the

goodness of the Lord for even such changes as these.

And yet we are only at the beginning of our improvements, associated as we also are with the white race of the United States—one of the most talented and ingenious peoples that the world has ever seen! It is well for us in a way that we are so associated, because our progress in these past years, and at the present time, is all the greater on that account. And yet when we consider that it is only yesterday, as it were, that all our people were set free, that our unbroken progress is still going on along the whole line, and that our progress will continue to be more marked in the future as the years gone by, who can tell to what glorious heights of elevation our people shall attain, even within the next twenty or twenty-five years? Because in our own day and generation, all the arts and sciences seem to be coming to the front; learning, education and inventions are farther and farther advanced day by day, and every kind of improvement grows and flourishes like the green bay-tree. Progress indeed must be made; things will not go backwards, but must go forward, onward and upward. Such is the inevitable fate of the colored race. With so very much accomplished already; with fifty per cent. of our entire people throughout the whole Union who can read and write and work arithmetic, we may well wonder at the advancement still in store for our race, when education shall cover the whole land, as the waters cover the sea; when the remaining fifty per cent., who are still destitute of education, are brought into the fold, as it were, and an ignorant colored man or woman will be difficult to find in our nation.

The unparalleled progress that we have made reminds me of the progress of a great river. Take for example the Mississippi. How small it is when it issues from Lake Itasca, away up at its headwaters in Minnesota. It is of truth very small indeed, when it begins its journey to the sea. But the river advances boldly upon its long way, and keeps on and on, and still on, while every now and then a branch comes flowing in, now on the right hand, now on the left, sometimes nothing but a small rivulet, then a large and swelling stream. Thus the Mississippi still keeps advancing on mile after mile on its journey, till the great Ohio swells its waters, and then the greater Missouri comes rolling down from the Rocky Mountains, and now the Mississippi is growing large, indeed—yes, very large. And here comes the Arkansas and the Red River, with many smaller streams from the east, and thus the mighty Mississippi, that began so small in Lake Itasca, has now reached the Crescent City, and whole fleets of ships can float upon its bosom before its great and swelling waters reach the Gulf of Mexico. And thus it is with the advancement that has already been made by the colored race along the whole line. We began, indeed, very small in the year 1865, when the war closed, and the appliances of education and improvement were put into our hands. But here is the year 1902, and, like the Mississippi river, we have advanced far, very far upon

our way; and yet we have by no means attained the goal of our expectations, by any means, but great changes are under way, and we are still advancing.

Many travelers have left it on record how they turned round upon the ever-ascending mountain way to mark progress, and see how far they had come. Then with fresh resolution they again turned their faces to the road that still lay before and above them, and that with renewed interest and courage. I don't know how it may be with anybody else, but as I am now about sixty years of age, I am at times given to look back, and to muse not only over all the way the Lord has led me, but also how He has led the entire race in my own days. The rising generation knows little of the thoughts and feelings, and the sufferings of their fathers and mothers on their way to freedom, and the present happy condition of things. But I am like that mountain traveller of whom I have just spoken, and I sit at times and muse and muse upon the tremendous excitement all over the North on the slavery question, and how the Abolitionists demanded freedom, and the South would not listen to any such thing. Then my mind runs back to Fred. Douglass, Henry Ward Beecher, and all those heroes and heroines who fought the good cause of liberty, and were faithful unto the end. We were in for a great and stirring time.

Little does the present generation know of the times we went through in the years immediately before the war, when I used to travel over the States of the North, assisting in the lecturing and agitation against slavery. It is a very great gratification to me nowadays to look back and think of all the wonders of that most wonderful and lengthened campaign when William Lloyd Garrison, and all the other "big guns" were thundering away, and the discharge of their mighty artillery shook all the land, even to the Gulf of Mexico! I am not so strong and supple in body now as I was in those glorious, Halcyon days; but I praise and bless the Lord that I was then endowed with health, and strength, and vigorous life to lay on the axe of liberty, and to help bring down that foul and deadly upas tree called "Slavery," that was the curse of the whole land—the public disgrace of the United States. Since then I have contributed many articles to the papers and magazines of the day to help my own people to rise up and start upon their feet; but there is nothing that I ever did that left so much pleasure upon my memory as the campaign wherein I played, sang and lectured against slavery in the South. Well, to be sure, how the surging crowds did come! It was a wonderful time that we had. The excitement was also most exhilarating. But above all, those mighty changes were on the road, that we see around us to-day. The Lord has done great things for us already, and still we can say that there is a good time coming!

Upon the whole my life has been a happy one—at least, as happy as could be expected in this shady world of ours, where ever-changing clouds and sunshine chase each other all through our pilgrim journey to our home in heaven. I have

tried to make the best of things, and to consign myself to the Lord's will as nearly as my infirmities will let me. Mercy and goodness have followed me all the days of my life, and I have been most abundantly blessed by the Lord above all that I could either ask or think. My dear reader will no doubt think that I am in a very contemplative frame of mind at the present time, thus looking back and musing upon the active years of my past life. No doubt the greater part of life's long day has gone by, and the evening and night are coming on. But in my time I have learned to trust in God, to lay hold upon eternal life, to keep hope alive in my heart for all times for myself and all my people, not only my immediate family, but the entire colored race.

I am therefore able to look forward with calmness, and even joy, to the time when the great Lord will take me home to Himself. But still, as the evening and shadows of life are coming on, I will converse with my own family and friends upon the stirring events of the past years, and keep musing upon them, also. If variety is the spice of life, I am sure I have had plenty of it for my own part. I can never complain of the want of variety. And it has been a downright blessing to me, too; for it has added to my knowledge and blessing in every way. My travels and varied experiences have brought me into contact with strange and interesting peoples, and countless individuals, worth far more than their weight in gold. My many delightful journeys to the dearly beloved friends in Canada, and their return visits to me, have been like glorious rainbows that spanned the heavens of my happiness on earth. Then there is the permanent love and friendship of the many brave and true hearts that have thrown light and pleasure upon my path all along the line—good and faithful friends who assisted in pulling down the powers of slavery, and who now rejoice, in common with myself, that the mighty work was done at last, and that all our grand destiny is still before us. Thank God for this splendid prospect before us! It has been the joy of my life to see the improvements introduced into the American Constitution in our favor, and the celebration of the Fifteenth Amendment all over the land, including the one we took a part in at Louisville, Kentucky, was a series of brilliant events that can never be forgotten.

As I am by nature a great lover of the ocean, I have made two voyages from New Orleans to New York, and have even crossed the great Atlantic, and visited the British Isles upon the happy occasion when my daughters were married. But above all things, I have had the pleasure of seeing the entire colored race set free; have seen them make incredible advances in every walk and department of life, and the promise is held out that they will still go on in the path of progress. We must still trust in God and ourselves, and march forward!

And now, my dear reader, wishing for you all that is good, health and prosperity, I am

Yours most sincerely,

BEULAH LINCOLN.

FINIS.

THE AMERICAN-SPANISH WAR—I.

Indulgent reader, I had grown accustomed to think that I should now live and die, and never see any more war, either foreign or domestic, on the part of the United States. All things were running smoothly on the part of our nation, and there hardly appeared the most distant cloud in our peaceful-looking skies. But, as Robert Burns, the famous Scotch poet, most truthfully says, "The best-laid schemes of mice and men gang aft aglee, and leave us nought but grief and pain for promised joy." In the month of February, 1895, the oppressed and robbed people of Cuba once more raised the standard of rebellion against Spain, and entered upon another struggle with the mother country. The tyrant Spain had broken all the promises she had made at the close of the Ten Years' Cuban War, in 1878, and thus it came to pass, after an useless truce of seventeen years, that the Cuban leaders once more decided to raise the standard of rebellion against the tyrant, considering it better to die in a war for freedom than to sit down any longer in a state of endless oppression.

As our own nation had had a fearful war with England, in the days of George Washington—a war that lasted over seven years—all citizens of the United States felt a great deal of sympathy for the Cuban leaders, and for all the Cuban people—"a people who now devoted their lives unto death on the high places of

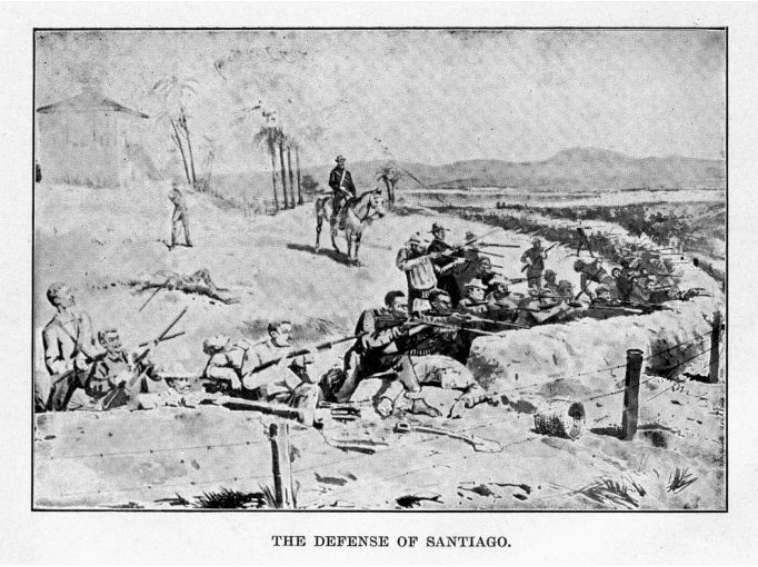
GEN. ANTONIO MACEO.

the field"—and myself, my own family, and all my beloved race, felt very, very deeply for them.

And not only did the people of the United States, but all lovers of freedom throughout the world felt the greatest sympathy for the Cubans. Thus long, weary months came and went, and poor, proud, decrepit old Spain, in her antiquated way, continued to borrow many millions of money at home and abroad, till at last "Pobre Espagna" (poor Spain) was hardly able to pay the mere interest upon the money she had borrowed, let alone the principal. The patriotic Cubans fought long, well and nobly; so did the Spaniards, but no real advantage was ever gained upon either side, because the Cubans had neither seaport nor fleet, and were never able to get the Spaniards out of their ancient and powerful fortifications, whilst the Spaniards were never able to beat the Cubans off the field,

get them out of their strongholds among the mountains, and their inaccessible retreats amidst their grand, primeval forests.

The Cubans of the United States, assisted by many of our own people, gathered money, and loaded filibustering vessels that ran the feeble Spanish blockade off the island, and safely landed an untold number of cargoes of arms and ammunition for the struggling patriots, while our own national feeling against Spain still increased as the days went by. It is very true that the Government of the United States did all that it was able to preserve neutrality, and to keep the peace with Spain—nay, more than that—we were at last obliged even to police the seas around the Southern States to prevent those blockade-runners from slipping away from our parts with their loads of arms and ammunition for that devoted island, and we were hardly able to stop them when we had done our best. Thus we were put to endless trouble to watch the seas for a foreign and cruel country, and that country was always laying complaints at our doors because we could watch no better!



THE DEFENSE OF SANTIAGO.

THE DEFENSE OF SANTIAGO.

When Campos was Captain-General of Cuba, the war for independence in that unhappy island was conducted with some regard to decency and civilized ways; but the Spanish arms made no progress, and the mother country sent over

the cruel General Weyler, usually called "The Butcher," and gave him a free hand in putting down the islanders in any way he saw fit. The mind of this bad man seems to have been imbued with all the old Spanish cruelties of the dark ages, and all that tiger-like love for cruelty and bloodshed for which Spain and the Spaniards have always been so notorious. The readers of the public press are no doubt well aware already of the treacherous acts, cruelties and medieval deeds of barbarism to which that monster and his soldiers resorted for the purpose of suppressing the Cuban rebellion. The worst of them all was his gathering the country people into seacoast towns and cities—mainly women, children and old men—where they subsequently died by tens of thousands; and thus the poor, oppressed Cuban nation was weakened at last to the number of at least 200,000, if not more; and by such cold-blooded deeds, and others on a smaller scale, quite as cruel, did that black-hearted Spanish butcher wear down the population of Cuba. He made war upon nature, and shocked the moral sense of the whole world. And yet, this Weyler had the entire approval of the mother country while he thus caused the non-combatant part of the Cubans to perish, when they had the unblushing impudence to carry on the barbarities of the dark ages all over the Island of Cuba, and right before our front door! The false and wilfully-lying messages that even this butcher sent home to Spain from day to day about victories that he had gained over the insurgents were usually contradicted by the American, and other foreign presses next day. Weyler excelled in nothing but writing false dispatches, while the hatred against him increased, both in Congress, and all over the United States. So great, indeed, was the outcry against the Spaniards, that the proud and scornful Dons kept sending more and more soldiers over the Atlantic, to give us to understand by that, that if we Americans dared to interfere between her and what she called "The Ever-Faithful Isle," she would there fight Uncle Sam to the death, and never surrender Cuba!

Captain-General Weyler's want of success, his cruelties and countless false reports were at last so revolting to the feelings of Uncle Sam that Spain decided to withdraw her faithful butcher, and send another Captain-General over, and his name was General Blanco. He was admonished to bring the Cuban leaders and the Cubans to terms by wiles, bribes and flattery; but the patriotic Cubans refused to swallow any such baits, and war went on the same as before—all our trade with Cuba being now destroyed, almost the whole island being reduced to the condition of a wilderness, while the silence of the grave seemed supreme everywhere. Spain continued to make more and more fresh promises from month to month, both to ourselves and to the Cubans—promises made in deceit and craft, which she never meant to fulfill.

It is calculated that at one time there were two hundred thousand Spanish soldiers in Cuba, when the Cuban troops became so numerous that they

even threatened Havana, and whipped the Spanish outposts in the suburbs of the stronghold. Affairs at last became so unsafe and threatening for the numerous American colonists in Havana, and throughout Cuba, that the United States battleship "Maine" was sent to the island, by way of protection, and she was duly anchored by the direction of the port authorities, in a certain specified position within the harbor of Havana.

Alas, alas! we little knew what we were doing! And yet, for the very life of me, I cannot but see that the hand of Providence was in some way or other connected with the anchoring of the Maine in the harbor of Havana. It is true that we might at some time or other have interfered in the Island, and there put an end to the medieval and murderous practices of "Old Spain," carried on at our front door here in the end of the nineteenth century; but war, in its best state, is a serious business, and Spain might have succeeded for a long time in gulling us with fair-faced promises she never meant to fulfill. In the pride of her heart she regarded the poor Cuban patriots as nothing but a gang of rebels, who, had they laid down their arms at her request, would have been treated as so many footballs—as deserving less consideration than mere dogs and cats. Thus it appears to me very doubtful whether we would have embarked upon a war with that proud, haughty and impoverished nation, that loves to talk of her former grandeur, four hundred years ago. But the Spaniards viewed the coming of the Maine to Havana with hatred and disgust. Whispers in high places in the Cuban capital declared that she should be destroyed, and so in fact she was, for on Tuesday night, the 15th of February, 1898, the Spaniards blew her up with torpedoes planted underneath her in the water.

This destruction of a splendid American battleship, with the accompanying loss of 266 lives, brought much comfort and joy to the cruel Spanish heart; for the head gentlemen of Spain at Havana were known to laugh and be jolly, and to drink champagne wine over the destruction of our devoted vessel! But with us it was otherwise. We were overwhelmed with the most profound sorrow and grief. Every man, woman and child in all Uncle Sam's far-spreading Union was bowed down under this sudden blow that supplied so much comfort to the heart of the Spaniard. He looked upon us as his enemy because of our own sympathy for the Cubans; and so that ship was another "enemy" out of his way. His mirth did not prevent our national grief over the sudden murder of our 266 men, and the loss of the poor ship, so we sat down and cried real, sincere tears, while the naval commission were in session at Key West over the cause of the destruction of the unfortunate vessel. The finding of the court of inquiry was that the vessel was not blown up from within (as the Spaniards pretended), but was blown up from without, and that by the hands of the Spaniards, and done on purpose by them.

Then we wiped our tears away, and every man, woman and understanding child, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and from the Lakes to the Gulf, arose and took an oath that that cruel and bloody nation of Spaniards should leave this hemisphere, bag and baggage, and that we should make them! Then the shout, "Remember the Maine!" was heard all over the land. Congress demanded Spain's withdrawal from American waters; or else that war should be levied on her forthwith. Now did the regent mother country send letters to all the magnates of Europe, begging them to intercede, and make peace between the Americans and Spaniards. But from all quarters came the same reply, "You and the Americans help yourselves; this is not our war. Hold the Ever-faithful Isle—if you are able!"

While the war clouds were gathering the Spaniards still ran around Europe, praying and screeching for help. Uncle Sam went swiftly to work laid down fifty million dollars instantly, and quickly bought up a number of newly-built and powerful men-of-war from foreign nations—bought and hired swift and powerful merchant vessels, and swiftly clad them round their sides and all over their decks with steel-mail, so that they might boldly plough the waves, and do as useful service as the very best of iron-clads of effete Old Spain. Uncle Sam made two swift calls for troops, and almost every white and colored man replied, "We come, we come!" So terrible, indeed, was the impression produced by the loss of our poor ship, and the murder of 266 men at Havana, that almost every colored and white man in this nation seemed even to sigh and thirst to go and fight with Spain! Women by thousands and tens of thousands offered themselves as nurses, and to be used in any way that the Government pleased. Our colored men, once slaves, or the children of slaves, but now loyal freemen, came forward almost to a man, and with quite as much patriotism as their white brethren, at least, offered themselves as ready, quite ready to march to the war. Uncle Sam's great difficulty lay in his having too many offers on his hands, so he picked and chose, and did his best. The fleet, of course, encountered a little more difficulty in filling up; but the flower of our youth—even the sons of millionaires among the rest—came trooping on in thousands, and our fleet was manned splendidly. Men were sent South by thousands and tens of thousands; the trains carried them down every day, accompanied with immense loads of ammunition, and all the appliances of war. Our new and old war vessels were gathered about Key West, etc., and others were placed near our great harbors, which harbors were defended by torpedoes and other means of offense and defense. By this time our demand upon Spain to get out of the West Indies had been received by the proud Dons, and had been refused by them, as we expected. So we moved on with the war, and our own four regiments of regular colored United States troops, the Ninth and Tenth Cavalry, and the Twenty-fourth and Twenty-fifth Infantry, which had been brought from the far West to Chickamauga Park, were brought down to Key West, in order to

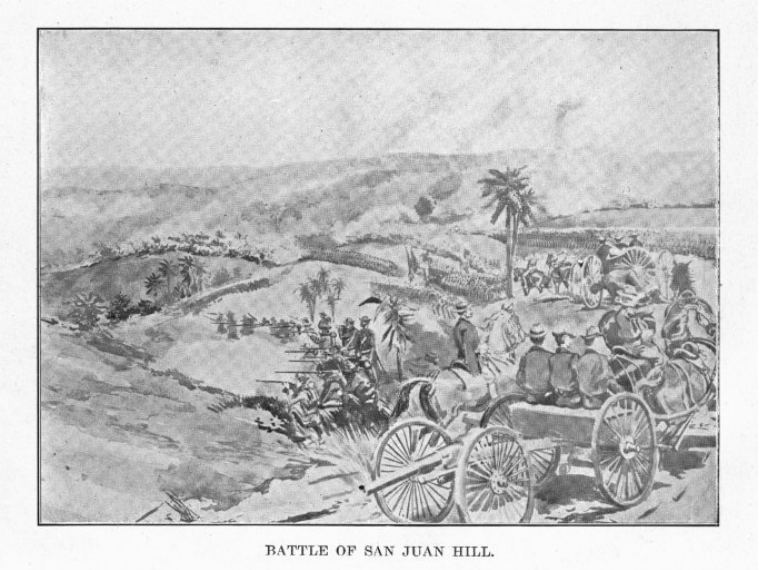
be at hand to sail over to Cuba along with their white brothers when the "Ever-Faithful Isle—Fair Cuba, the Queen of the Antilles," should be invaded by all the boys in blue.

I am not aware that even the most rabid misanthrope in the United States believed in his heart that there was one colored man who was not willing to go to the war, and also able to do yeoman service in knocking down the Spaniards, if he were allowed to get at them. It is true that charges were made against some of us, but charges were also made in the same way against the whites. It is true that some of our men made their marching to war conditional on their now having their own colored officers; but that demand was right, and they only asked their own.

Our hereditary enemies are not all dead by any means, yet! Either they are less formidable, or we ourselves are growing more independent. The small pettifogging journalist tried to make the usual capital out of our men holding out for his most undoubted rights, for what would a white regiment, indeed, think, if the law was that none but colored officers should be placed over white men? And yet, that was the very thing that certain men—white men—in our nation demanded, namely, that none but white officers should be placed in command of colored soldiers!

It is very true there were a few colored officers in the ranks, and colored chaplains; but, like angels' visits, they were few and far between. But the Spanish war was on, and colored men had to go or stay. Some demanded officers of their own race, seeing they were competent to fill such positions as the whitest of men. It was only the dregs of slavery in the bottom of the cup that were left. It was only the difference between a dark skin and a light one, don't you know. Well, quite a number of the governors granted the colored regiments their petitions; gave them all the officers of their own race, from Colonel down, and it has been proven that they have acted and succeeded as well as white officers could ever have possibly done. Other governors hesitated about granting their just demands, and claimed that white officers ought to be placed over colored men.

But, as I said before, the war was now under way, and as too much time could not be lost in wrangling in this unseemly manner over a matter, after all, no greater than the color of the skin, our brave fellows in some of the States said they were willing to give way, and go and fight the Spaniards under command of white officers. In some States there was no dispute. It is a well-known fact that colored men have often been greatly attached to their white officers, and in like manner, these officers have been greatly attached to their own soldiers, and thus they have got along harmoniously together at all times. At the same time, this knotty point has been settled once for all in many a State, and the men—colored men, I mean—have been allowed to have the officers of their own



BATTLE OF SAN JUAN HILL.

BATTLE OF SAN JUAN HILL.

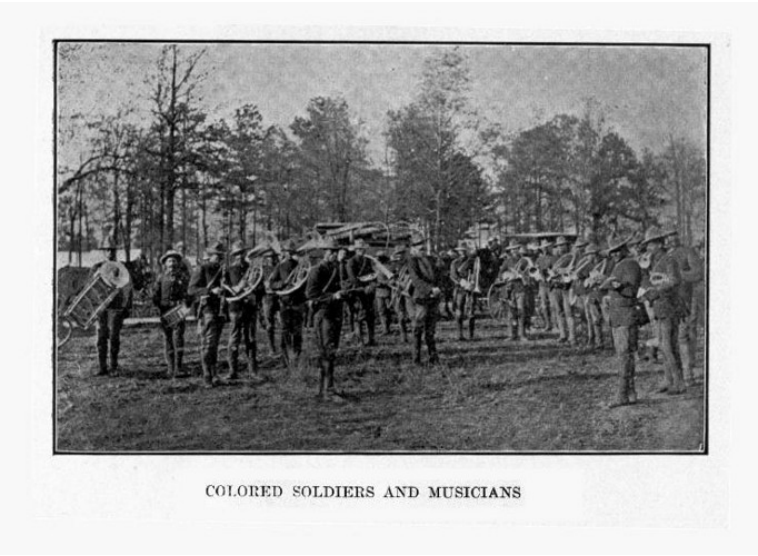
choice. No doubt the time will come when all these "trumpery distinctions" will be done away! The dregs of slavery washed out of the cup! The time will come in the United States when white men will be led by colored officers, and colored men will be led by white officers. Life is really too short for such foolishness as squabbling over small trifles like these. One thing I know, the Bible tells us that God has made of one blood all the races that dwell upon earth.

The readings in the public papers about the enthusiasm of colored men for the war against the Spaniards was most refreshing. Taken as a whole, white men of every walk in life, awarded them the very highest possible praise for their love of drilling—for their great willingness to be drilled, and for the great progress they made in drilling. Some of them, indeed, seemed to be drilling both in season and out of season, because even after their officers had given them all their needful drilling for the passing day, they would themselves get together and drill themselves for a whole hour, or for an hour and a half at a time. I must not forget a most unusually lively letter I saw from Key West at the time that our four regiments of regulars (United States) were lying there in readiness to sail over to Cuba. This letter stated that they were regiments of grand men; tall, powerful, splendid fellows; full of life, humor and enthusiasm, and that they looked as if

they would be able to lick three or four Spaniards apiece! No doubt our glorious fellows were far more than a match for the Spaniards, who only weighed about 130 pounds apiece, stood five feet, six inches in height, and few of them seem able to shoot straight; while our men stand six feet, are powerful, and can hit the mark almost every time.

Thus time passed on, while the entire colored race all over the land took the deepest interest in the war, calling upon the war department, or sending to the President, whenever there was occasion for the same. A Conference of the Zion A. M. E. Church, at the commencement of the war, sat in Baltimore, at which time a notice was sent forth throughout the nation that ten new cadets, for some military reason or other, were to be brought forward. The Conference here stepped forward, and did the right thing. They drew up a most respectful and patriotic address upon the subject to the President, and asked that three cadets out of those ten should be men of color. The address was then sealed up, and sent to McKinley. At Baltimore, also, under the leadership of Dr. Bryant, a regiment of colored men was organized and drilled in good earnest. At first many of these young volunteers were awkward enough, but we are all awkward in the beginning. So they persevered, and in the course of time became quite proficient; and I have no doubt, had the war lasted, and they had gone to the front, and met the Spaniards in the open field, that they would have whipped them hip and thigh, as other colored troops did later on. The spirit of all our people was most excellent; we were determined to see ourselves righted, and there were none but a few old soreheads that stood in our way.

While we are getting ready to give the Dons a proper knock-down on his own ground, it may not be amiss to notice the most unusual display of American flags—the "Stars and Stripes"—that was made here all over our beautiful city of Buffalo, where we still reside. At first we thought that "The Queen City of the Lakes," as our city is called, was simply ultra-patriotic, and wanted to be ahead of all our neighbors, but soon all eyes were opened wide at our grand mistake, for we learned that there was hardly a city, town, village or hamlet in the Union where the self-same grand array of "Star-Spangled Banners" did not obtain. It was flags, flags, flags, from one end of the nation to the other—nothing but flags! I think I am safe in saying that in any moderate-sized city of the Union there were ten thousand flags flying at least. And these national emblems of faith, loyalty and love were all sizes, from the smallest to the largest. And not alone upon the broad street did the banners fly, but in all the smaller streets and alleys—away up the narrow and crooked alleys, where the poorer families of both races were found, these self-same beautiful banners fluttered to the breeze, and plainly said, "We are here in defense of our native country! No more oppressive Dons for us! Freedom for Cuba, and for all the world. 'Tis the Star-Spangled Banner, O Long



COLORED SOLDIERS AND MUSICIANS

COLORED SOLDIERS AND MUSICIANS

May it Wave!"

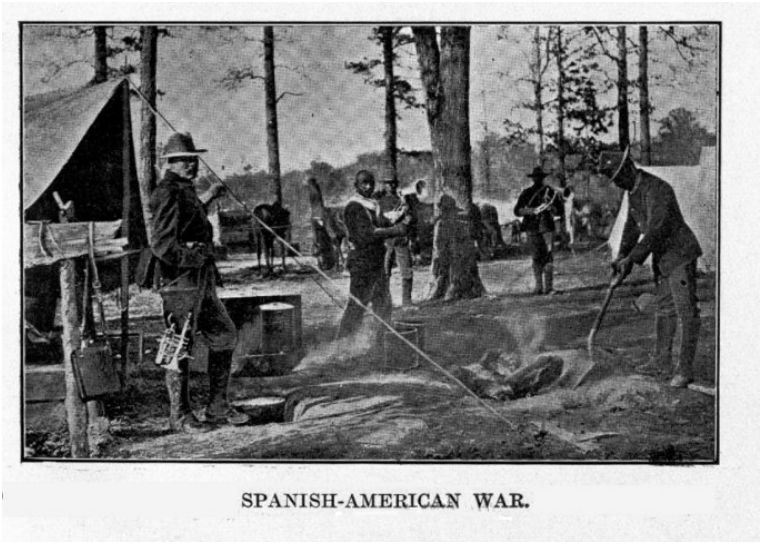
But the national feeling was exhibited in thousands of other ways besides the flags in the open streets. Great meetings were held all over the land; sermons were preached, and public prayers ascended to the Throne of Grace for the speedy triumph of our armies over the oppressive Spaniards. The very envelopes that went through the Postoffice were stamped with miniature flags, and pictures of the Maine were hung up in almost every house. No doubt many an ingenious man cleared a good, round sum by a newly-brought-out device that was cast upon the public, and eagerly bought up by almost everybody. An immense quantity of patriotic poetry was also written, and scattered broadcast to all the four winds of heaven; and it was read and quoted with most unbounded enthusiasm. Music came in now for its full share. All the patriotic songs we had were sung and played in public and private to their own well-known tunes. The Star-Spangled Banner, indeed, "took the cake," and seemed to be everywhere floating in the air. Even "John Bull," our true and faithful friend across the seas, fell into line with us, and he placed the Star-Spangled Banner from one end of the British Isles to the other. "Mother England," indeed, was most loyal to us, even before we struck a blow at the Spaniards, for she set down her foot against privateering on the high seas, and Spain submitted to her against her own will!

THE AMERICAN-SPANISH WAR—II.

The Brave Exploits of our Colored Regiments Around Santiago de Cuba—Their Rescue of the Rough Riders—The Wounded in the Hospitals—Regiments That Never Went to War—Great Flag Presentations at New Orleans—The Colored Chaplains—The Killed, Wounded and Sick of the War—Coming Home and Disbanding, Etc.—The Glorious Results of the War—Colored Men Did Their Duty—Glory to God in the Highest!

The reader will naturally expect an account of marching and countermarching, pitched battles, skirmishing, and all kinds of military operations, such as I have already described in the war of 1861-'65. And the reader is justified in such expectations; but this American-Spanish War was one of the very shortest conflicts ever recorded in history, for the whole affair was over in less than four months, having begun towards the end of April, and concluded on the 12th of August, 1898. The readers of my own people will now ask if there was no opportunity given us whereby we might show our prowess upon the battle-field, like our Anglo-Saxon brothers. Well, yes, we had opportunities given us to show of what kind of material we were made, and I believe that all the generals, officers and soldiers in the army awarded us the most unstinted praise for what we did, and they did it with a most hearty good will.

The heaviest fighting by land was done around the city of Santiago de Cuba, the second city of the island, and the old Spanish capital of the same. Santiago (which means "St. James," in Spanish) was very strongly fortified, and pretty well defended by the ancient and modern methods of an old nation going down in the world. On account of the great danger of assaulting a city built upon hills, and thus strongly defended by nature and art, Uncle Sam wisely decided to send his veteran troops there—not merely the pick and cream of the volunteers—but first of all, the old, well-seasoned regulars of the American standing army, of which



SPANISH-AMERICAN WAR.

there were four regiments of colored men, that is to say, the Ninth and Tenth Cavalry, and the Twenty-fourth and Twenty-fifth Infantry. Among the first that went to Santiago in General Shafter's expedition were those four regiments—brave, powerful, well-built fellows, big, brawny men, who could knock Spaniards over like ninepins, and smite them hip and thigh like the heroes of old. In the different engagements that took place while the enemy was being driven into his beleaguered city, and was being pushed back, back farther and farther, into the fortifications of Santiago, these colored regiments did splendid service, laying on with might and main, and making their enemy flee before them into his last retreat. Our troops were usually mixed up with the whites in the days in the end of June, and the beginning of July, and thus the history of the one is the history of the other.

Seeing, therefore, that they had been so well trained as regulars, we need not wonder that they acquitted themselves so well in the preliminary assault, that occurred before preparations were made for the final advance on the doomed city. That part of the operations of our men that caused most noise to be made in the newspapers and elsewhere took place when Colonel Roosevelt and his Rough Riders advanced up one of the hills that was overgrown with dense brushwood, where the Spaniards had dug trenches along the face of the hill, and had run pow-

erful wire fences along the front of those trenches, from which they fired upon the Americans as they came up the hill-side. The Rough Riders had a hard time of it as they advanced in the face of the showers of balls that were poured down upon them. Little progress did they make, although they lay down again and again to let those leaden showers pass over their devoted heads. Colonel Roosevelt had a horse killed under him, jumped off the animal before it carried him under as it fell, and advanced up the hill in advance of all his men, shouting to them to come on. Well, of course, the men did come on; but some were killed here, and others were wounded there; while as for the Spaniards, they went down like grass before the scythe. As a general thing they were bad shots—as might be expected of a dying nation still bragging of the deeds of their ancestors four hundred years back; and they themselves swollen with ignorance and pride, too haughty to be taught better ways! Thus the Rough Riders gravely struggled up the hill-side, cutting the wire fences as they went, clearing the retreating Spaniards out of the rifle-pits (or trenches, rather), lying down and advancing again and again as best they could. It was evident that they must suffer great losses, or might even fail altogether.

At this very crisis the Ninth and Tenth Cavalry, or United States colored troops, were ordered forward to the rescue of their dismounted brothers, and so dismounted, they advanced up the hill-side, laughing and hurrahing with as much trained ease, and as cheerfully as if they had been upon their old parade grounds in the far West! Success against the enemy was now assured. Our brave, well-seasoned veterans from the West fired, advanced, lay down, chatted and laughed with their white brothers, as they lay upon the ground, partly hidden among the brushwood, tall grasses and bushes of the Cuban jungle; and thus the day there was saved, and the white men were saved by the Ninth and Tenth Cavalry, just in the self-same way as white and black had often saved one another during the Civil War in the sixties. The wire fences were cut, the trenches were cleared of their occupants, the hill-top was gained, the Spaniards were set upon the run down the hill, on the other side, and now our men could see their enemies, and have a straight shot at them as they ran down the open, in full retreat and rapid flight. Our own trained heroes followed fast after them, dropping on one knee every now and then, to get a steadier aim at the fleeing Spaniards and thus they fell at a rapid rate before our guns.

While it is true that there was no desire among our own men to be vain of their achievements when they had thus timely assisted in saving and winning the field, still, the wild and hearty cheers that were there and then given to the black soldiers by their white comrades were very encouraging, indeed, to the hearts of the former. Many of the letters sent home and published in the papers were quite unstinted in their praise, and showed how the white men shouted their loudest

huzzas to the colored men, swung their arms and caps in the air, and made other demonstrations of mutual good will and delight. Most of the Republican papers, and even some of the Democratic and others wrote editorials and other shorter and well-pointed paragraphs, too numerous for me either to mention or extract. With the exception of the soreheads and those whose stubborn natures love to hide all such promising things and keep them from public favor, there were none who failed to do us that justice to which we were entitled.

As for the Twenty-fourth and Twenty-fifth Colored Infantry, they lent a hand in the different actions that were fought around Santiago, and are well spoken of by one and all whose duty, love or pleasure it was to record the details of the fighting that took place in the environments of Santiago de Cuba.

But what shall we say of all those many regiments of colored men who were raised in many different States, and drilled and put in a state of readiness to march forward to the war, and assist in knocking down the tottering powers of old and bigoted Spain? Did those men do nothing for their country, after all their drillings and other mighty preparations for the purpose of going to the field? What was the use of Camp This, or Camp That, or Camp the Other Place to them? Either for good luck, or bad luck, as it turned out, all those camps were of no use at all to them. And it was just the same with the white volunteers and their camps. All, indeed, were drilled, and lay to be called away at any moment—all were in perfect readiness to go, and even very greatly desired to go; but few went, for their services were not required, as the war came to an end on the 12th of August, because "Old Spain" was fast going to the wall, as the Bible says of the wicked, "I will laugh at your calamity, and mock when your fear cometh." In fact, most that had been done in the war so far had been done upon the sea. Dewey and Schley had sunk Spain's best war ships, which circumstance placed the Spanish peninsula entirely at our mercy. Then she was bankrupt and inferior to the United States in every way. We had lost 264 men in the war, who were killed outright; but how many thousands Spain lost, she is probably too proud ever to let us know. She probably lost at least fifty to our one.

A great deal has been written about the hospitals in and around Santiago, and the conduct and sufferings of the patients who were treated there. It has been universally stated of the colored men who were treated for wounds that they were most exemplary and patient in every way, and even ready and willing to give way in favor of those white soldiers who lay side by side with them, waiting to be treated by the doctors on hand. It is really touching to read in the public papers how our own men insisted on their unfortunate suffering neighbors being treated first, and that they themselves would wait. "He is worse than I am, I can wait!"—and—"He is shot through the body, while I am only wounded in the arms; save him first!" This is the very essence of all generosity. This, indeed,

is the most tender-hearted mercy and Christianity. If there is any bravery and nobility of character upon earth, this, indeed, is it. And the white Americans in the hospital were quite as generous as the colored men—to both their colored and white companions, according to the direct testimony and eye witness of foreign and domestic correspondents right there and then on the ground. There was no color line even dreamed of in the fields and hospitals of Santiago. It is only in the day of health and pride that people can afford to draw that line. But in the day of distress, and when death is hovering over us, then all that kind of foolishness is driven far away, and we only know that God has made of one blood all the nations upon earth.

It is quite refreshing to look back even now, and think upon the grand times we had when flags were raised on our houses, or flags were presented to regiments of volunteers getting ready to go to fight the Spaniards. I here select from the Southwestern Christian Advocate, of New Orleans, an organ of the M. E. Church, the following vivid description of the presentation of a flag to colored troops at New Orleans:

"A GLORIOUS DAY AND A GREAT CROWD.

"On Wednesday of last week, July 20th, there took place in this city, the most patriotic demonstration that it has ever been my privilege to witness. It was the occasion of the formal presentation of the regimental flag, the national colors, and a Red Cross flag to the Ninth Infantry Regiment of United States Volunteers, by the Afro-American citizens of New Orleans. Fully ten thousand people took part in what has been said to be the most enthusiastic gathering around the Nation's flag that has ever assembled in the Crescent City for years, if ever before. Political parties and denominational antagonisms were lost sight of in the fixed purpose to do honor to our boys in blue. It was thrilling, inspiring, to see a thousand black soldiers standing in line before the grandstand, with eyes to the front, and ears attentive to the words of the speakers.

"The committee on programme had done their work well in selecting such an array of talent for the occasion. The Hon. J. Madison Vance, was master of ceremonies. The grace and dignity with which he conducted the exercises were worthy of the occasion.

"Rev. W. R. Butler, pastor of the First Street M. E. Church, led in a fervent and earnest prayer for the protection of our boys, and the success of our army. Rev. Dr. Scott, the editor of The Southwestern Christian Advocate, was the orator of the day. His speech was scholarly, burning with eloquence, and full of patriotism, and words of advice for the black boys in blue. Again and again he was interrupted by the wildest applause by the vast concourse of people.

"I am sorry that space forbids the giving of the whole address. I simply give this. He said: 'We shall always look to you as our regiment, our boys. We are glad

to see you here; glad to have you respond so readily to your country's call; glad you had the opportunity to do so. We present this flag, hoping it will ever signify to you the interest we feel in you, and impress you with your responsibility to your country and your race. We are a part of a great nation, and there are many reasons why we should be patriotic and true. The strength of a nation is largely measured by its patriotism. If the citizens of a country are devoted to the highest and best interests of that country there is little cause to fear. Patriotism enlists armies and develops martyrs.'

"The flag was presented by Dr. L. H. Reynolds, editor 'The African Methodist,' published in this city. Dr. Reynolds is gifted as a speaker, and the thrilling occasion warmed his heart. His words, patriotic and weighty, stirred the entire assembly, which cheered him to the echo.

"At the conclusion of the address, Mr. Vance introduced Major Armand Romain, 'as a remarkable son, from one of the best homes of the South,' who received the beautiful and costly flag with well-chosen words. As the flag was unfolded, the cheering was deafening. The officers and soldiers joined with the people in cheering the colors of the Ninth Regiment. This flag was purchased by a committee of ladies and gentlemen organized for that purpose.

"The Red Cross flag was presented by Miss Emma M. Williams, who represented the donor, 'The Phillis Wheatley Club,' and it was received on behalf of the regiment by Lieutenant Barnett. The National colors were given by the Israel Lodge of the Grand United Order of Odd Fellows, and they were presented in a happy speech by the Rev. R. A. Alston, of this city. Major Harrison, in his characteristic and earnest way, received the colors for the regiment amid great applause. Colonel Crane, Major Harrison, and the other members of the staff, were called forward and given three cheers, most heartily.

"The Rev. T. A. Wilson, on behalf of the A. M. E. Church, presented the regiment with a number of small Bibles and song books. Resolutions pledging loyal support to President McKinley and the country were unanimously adopted.

"Among others who served on the programme were Miss E. V. Edwards, Miss Ida Cohen, Miss Naomi Kitchens and Mr. A. Lewis. The soldiers seemed happy over the way their friends and loved ones remembered them, and I am sure they will sustain the confidence of the friends at home—never letting the old flag touch the ground.

"R. E. J."

The above article is taken from the Southwestern Christian Advocate, of New Orleans, for Thursday, the 28th of July, 1898. There is more of it, but the lines that follow are only taken up with the names of those who were on the different committees.

The careful reader must have observed in the article given above what a

large share the preachers of the gospel had in the above flag presentations at New Orleans. And right here it may be proper for me to remark that the entire press of this country, so far as they have written on the subject, had given the greatest praise to the colored chaplains of the four regular regiments, United States cavalry and infantry, and mention what a deal their fatherly care and guidance had to do with the building up of the troops. And the same is equally true of those chaplains of those volunteer regiments that got ready for the field, but never went to the war, because they were not called upon to do so.

Although the war with Spain is now over, at this writing (September, 1898), I know not what may be the ultimate destination of the numerous colored volunteer regiments that were organized for the war, which will be retained for the country's service, and which will be disbanded and sent home. There is, however, one regiment from Illinois, all the officers being colored, from the colonel down, who have been sent to assist in the garrisoning of Santiago de Cuba.

The authorities at Washington have not been slow to reward bravery in the late war with Spain, as the following short article from an exchange will show:

"NEGRO BRAVERY REWARDED.

"Washington, D. C., August, 1898.—Six colored non-commissioned officers, who rendered particularly gallant and meritorious service in the face of the enemy in the actions around Santiago on July 1st and 2nd, have been appointed second lieutenants in two of the colored immune regiments recently organized under special acts of Congress. These men are Sergeants William Washington, of Troop F, and John C. Proctor, of Troop I, of the Ninth Cavalry; and Sergeants William McBonjar, of Company H; Wyatt Hoffman, of Company G; Mason Russell, of Company H, and Andrew J. Smith, of Company B, of the Twenty-fifth Infantry, commanded by Colonel Daggatt. These two Negro regiments were in the thick of the fierce fighting at El Caney and San Juan, and won high praise for their courage and efficiency. The Ninth Cavalry was also with the Rough Riders at La Quasina."

As the above extract will show, there has been a disposition shown at Washington to reward bravery, and reward it at once. People have not been wanting to point out who ought to be honored, and honor has been forthcoming on all hands.

While I am engaged writing these pages, the war is practically over, and a great many of the regiments are being disbanded and sent home. It is expected, however, that a larger army will be maintained at the national expense than ever before. We used to support 25,000 men, but now we have the Philippine Islands, Cuba and Porto Rico on our hands, besides home duties and the Hawaiian Islands, and therefore we shall need more men than before; at least, for some time to come. But all these things must be settled by the authorities at Washington.

While it is now my mournful task once more to revert to the 266 men killed on the Maine, and the 264 killed in battle, our list of wounded was much higher; while those who died of fevers contracted in the tropical climates, and came home sick, were, indeed, a mournful subject for us to think about. Our men were not used to the heat and rains of the East and West Indies, or even to the lowlands of Florida, and other far Southern States, which rendered them more helpless than children, so that many died far away from home, while others were too weak to be moved. Some died on the way, and many were carried into our hospitals as soon as they arrived at their destinations. Most of those who could stand the journey were sent on their way home, and all seemed to be glad that the war was over.

It is hardly necessary for me to say that this war has largely had the happy result of greatly elevating the character of the United States before the whole world. We are now a second-class naval power, and our praises are sung in all lands, from one end of the world to the other. Our armies that fought on shore at Manilla and Santiago have been honored by the nations of the earth, "Mother England," and all the rest—no matter whether they are willing or not. Immense good will follow to Cuba, Porto Rico, the Philippines, and, indeed, all mankind, for we will teach them what a moral, Christian and talented people we are. And we have done all this in less than four months—at the loss of very few lives, indeed, and not at much expense. I feel that Almighty God has been the head and spring of all this; and I am also proud that my own people have done their whole duty, and done it well.

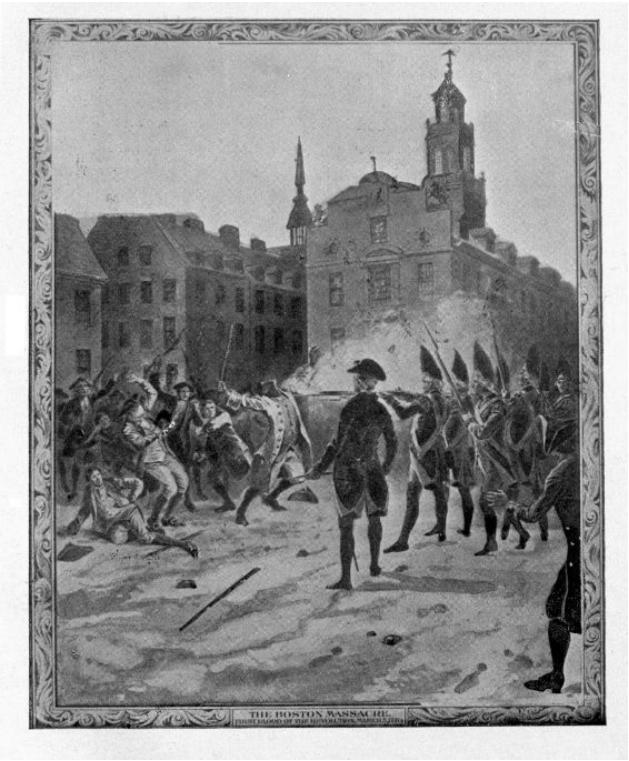
BEULAH LINCOLN.

FINIS.

BLACKS IN THE REVOLUTIONARY WAR AND IN 1812.

I now undertake to write a history of the part which the colored men took in the

great American Rebellion. Previous to entering upon that subject, however, I may be pardoned for bringing before the reader the condition of the blacks previous to the breaking out of the war.



THE BOSTON MASSACRE.

The Declaration of American Independence, made July 4th, 1776, had scarcely been enunciated, and an organization of the government commenced, ere the people found themselves surrounded by new and trying difficulties, which, for a time, threatened to wreck the ship of state. The forty-five slaves landed on the banks of the James river, in the colony of Virginia, from the coast of Africa, in 1620, had multiplied to several thousands, and were influencing the political, social and religious institutions of the country. Brought into the colonies

against their will; made the hewers of wood, and the drawers of water; considered in the light of law and public opinion as mere chattels, things to be bought and sold at the will of the owner; driven to their unrequited toil by unfeeling men, picked for the purpose from the lowest and most degraded of the uneducated whites, whose moral, social and political degradation by slavery was equal to that of the slave—the condition of the Negro was indeed a sad one!

The history of this people, full of sorrow, blood and tears, is full also of instruction for mankind. God has so ordered it that one class shall not degrade another without becoming themselves contaminated. So with slavery in America. The institution bred in the master insulting arrogance, deteriorating sloth, pampered the loathsome lust it inflamed until licentious luxury sapped the strength and rottened the virtue of the slave owners of the South.

Never were the institutions of a people, or the principles of liberty, put to such a severe test as those of the American Republic. The convention to frame the Constitution for the Government of the United States had not organized before the slave-masters began to press the claims of their system upon the delegates. They wanted their property represented in the National Congress, and undue guarantees thrown around it; they wanted the African slave-trade made lawful, and their victims returned if they should attempt to escape; they begged that an article might be inserted in the Constitution making it the duty of the general government to put down the slaves if they should imitate their masters in striking a blow for freedom. They seemed afraid of the very evil they were clinging to closely to. "Thus conscience doth make cowards of us all."

In all this early difficulty, South Carolina took the lead against humanity, her delegates ever showing themselves the foes of freedom. Both in the Federal Convention to frame the Constitution, and in the State Conventions to ratify the same, it was admitted that the blacks had fought bravely against the British, and in favor of the American Republic, for the fact that a black man (Crispus Attucks) was the first to give his life at the commencement of the Revolution, was still fresh in their minds. Eighteen years previous to the breaking out of the war, Attucks was held as a slave by Mr. William Brown, of Framingham, Mass., and from whom he escaped about that time, taking up his residence in Boston.

The Boston Massacre, March, 5th, 1770, may be regarded as the first act of the great drama of the American Revolution. "From that moment," said Daniel Webster, "we may date the severance of the British Empire." The presence of the British soldiers in King street excited the patriotic indignation of the people. The whole community was stirred, and sage counsellors were deliberating, and writing, and talking about the public grievance. But it was not for "the wise and prudent" to be the first to act against the encroachments of arbitrary power. "A motley rabble of saucy boys, Negroes and mulattoes, Irish teagues, and out-

landish Jacktars" (as John Adams described them in his plea in defence of the soldiers) could not restrain their emotion, or stop to inquire if what they must do was according to the letter of any law. Led by Crispus Attucks, the mulatto slave, and shouting, "The way to get rid of these soldiers is to attack the mainguard; strike at the root; this is the nest!" with more valor than discretion, they rushed to King street, and were fired upon by Captain Preston's company. Crispus Attucks was the first to fall; he and Samuel Gray and Jonas Caldwell were killed on the spot; Samuel Maverick and Patrick Carr were mortally wounded.

The excitement which followed was intense. The bells of the town were rung; an impromptu town meeting was held, and an immense assembly was gathered. Three days after, on the 8th, a public funeral of the martyrs took place. The shops of Boston were closed, and all the bells of Boston and the neighboring towns were rung. It is said that a greater number of persons assembled on this occasion than were ever before gathered on this continent for a similar purpose. The body of Crispus Attucks, the mulatto slave, had been placed in Faneuil Hall, with that of Caldwell, both being strangers in the city. Maverick was buried from his mother's house, on Union street, and Gray from his brothers, in Royal Exchange Lane. The four hearses formed a junction in King street, and there the procession marched in columns six deep, with a long file of coaches belonging to the most distinguished citizens, to the Middle burying-ground, where the four victims were deposited in one grave, over which a stone was placed with this inscription:

"Long as in Freedom's cause the wise contend,
Dear to your country shall your fame extend;
While to the world the lettered stone shall tell
Where Caldwell, Attucks, Gray, Maverick fell."

The anniversary of this event was publicly commemorated in Boston by an ovation and other exercises every year until after our national independence was achieved, when the Fourth of July was substituted for the Fifth of March, as the more proper day for a general celebration. Not only was the event commemorated, but the martyrs who then gave up their lives were remembered and honored.

For half a century after the close of the war, the name of Crispus Attucks was honorably mentioned by the most noted men of the country, who were not blinded by foolish prejudice. At the battle of Bunker Hill, Peter Salem, a Negro, distinguished himself by shooting Major Pitcairn, who, in the midst of the battle,

having passed the storm of fire without mounting the redoubt, and waving the sword, cried to the rebels to surrender. The fall of Pitcairn ended the battle in favor of liberty.

A single passage from Mr. Bancroft's history will give a succinct and clear account of the condition of the army in respect to colored soldiers, at the time of the battle of Bunker Hill:

"Nor should history forget to record that as in the army of Cambridge, so also in this gallant band, the free Negroes of the colony had their representatives. For the right of free Negroes to bear arms in the public defence was at that day as little disputed in New England as their other rights. They took their place, not in a separate corps, but in the ranks with the white man; and their names may be read on the pension rolls of the country, side by side with those of other soldiers of the Revolution."—Bancroft's History of the United States, Vol. VII, p. 421.

The capture of Major-General Prescott, of the British army, on the 9th of July, 1777, was an occasion of great joy throughout the country. Prince, the valiant Negro who seized that officer, ought always to be remembered with honor for his important service. The exploit was much commended at the time, as its results were highly important; and Colonel Barton very properly received from Congress the compliment of a sword for his ingenuity and bravery. It seems, however, that it took more than one head to plan and to execute the undertaking. The following account of the capture is historical:

"They landed about five miles from Newport, and three-quarters of a mile from the house, which they approached cautiously, avoiding the mainguard, which was at some distance. The Colonel went foremost, with a stout, active Negro close behind him, and another at a small distance; the rest followed so as to be near, but not seen.

"A single sentinel at the door saw and hailed the Colonel. He answered by exclaiming against and inquiring for rebel prisoners, but kept slowly advancing. The sentinel again challenged him, and required the countersign. He said he had not the countersign, but amused the sentry by talking about rebel prisoners, and still advancing till he came within reach of the bayonet, which, he presenting, the colonel suddenly struck aside and seized him. He was immediately secured, and ordered to be silent on pain of instant death.

"Meanwhile the rest of the men surrounding the house, the Negro, with his head, at the second stroke, forced a passage into it, and then into the landlord's apartment. The landlord at first refused to give the necessary intelligence, but on the prospect of present death, he pointed to the general's chamber, which, being instantly opened by the Negro's head, the Colonel calling the general by name, told him he was a prisoner."—Pennsylvania Evening Post, August 7th, 1777 (in Frank Moore's "Diary of the American Revolution," Vol. I, p. 468).

There is abundant evidence of the fidelity and bravery of the colored patriots of Rhode Island during the whole war. Before they had been formed into a separate regiment, they had fought valiantly with the white soldiers at Red Bank and elsewhere. Their conduct at the battle of Rhode Island, on the 29th of August, 1778, entitles them to perpetual honor. That battle has been pronounced by military authorities to have been one of the best-fought battles of the Revolutionary War. Its success was owing, in a great degree, to the good fighting of the Negro soldiers. Mr. Arnold, in his "History of Rhode Island," thus closes his account of it:

"A third time the enemy, with desperate courage and increased strength, attempted to assail the redoubt, and would have carried it, but for the timely aid of two Continental battalions despatched by Sullivan to support his almost exhausted troops. It was in repelling these furious onsets that the newly-raised black regiment, under Col. Greene, distinguished itself by deeds of desperate valor. Posted behind a thicket in the valley, they three times drove back the Hessians, who charged repeatedly down the hill to dislodge them; and so determined were the enemy in these successive charges that the day after the battle, the Hessian colonel, upon whom this duty had devolved, applied to exchange his command, and go to New York, because he dared not lead his regiment again to battle, lest his men should shoot him by having caused them so much loss."—Arnold's History of Rhode Island, Vol. II, pp. 427, 428.

Three years later, these soldiers are thus mentioned by the Marquis de Chastellux:

"The 5th (of January, 1781), I did not set out till eleven, although I had thirty miles' journey to Lebanon. At the passage to the ferry, I met with a detachment of the Rhode Island regiment—the same corps we had with us all the last summer; but they have since been recruited and clothed. The greatest part of them are Negroes, or mulattoes; they are strong, robust men, and those I have seen had a very good appearance."

When Colonel Greene was surprised and murdered near Point Bridge, New York, on the 14th of May, 1781, his colored soldiers heroically defended him till they were cut to pieces; and the Negro reached him over the dead bodies of his faithful Negroes. That large numbers of Negroes were enrolled in the army, and served faithfully as soldiers during the whole period of the war of the revolution, may be regarded as a well-established historical fact, and it should be borne in mind that the enlistment was not confined, by any means, to those who had before enjoyed the privileges of free citizens. Very many slaves were offered to and received by the army, on the condition that they were to be emancipated either at the time of enlistment, or when they had served out the term of their enlistment. The inconsistency of keeping in slavery any person who had taken

up arms for the defence of our national liberty had led to the passing of an order forbidding slaves, as such, to be received as soldiers.

That colored men were equally serviceable in the last war with Great Britain is true, as the following historical document will show:

"GEN. JACKSON'S PROCLAMATION TO THE NEGROES.

"Headquarters, Seventh Military District,

"MOBILE, September 21st, 1814.

"To the Free Colored Inhabitants of Louisiana:—

"Through a mistaken policy, you have heretofore been deprived of a participation in the glorious struggle for national rights, in which our country is engaged. This no longer shall exist. As sons of freemen, you are now called upon to defend our most inestimable blessing. As Americans, your country looks with confidence to her adopted children for a valorous support, as a faithful return for the advantages enjoyed under her mild and equitable government. As fathers, husbands and brothers, you are summoned to rally around the standard of the Eagle, to defend all which is dear in existence. Your country, although calling for your exertions, does not wish you to engage in her cause without amply remunerating you for the services rendered. Your intelligent minds are not to be led away by false representations. Your love of honor would cause you to despise the man who should attempt to deceive you. In the sincerity of a soldier, and the language of truth, I address you. To every noble-hearted, generous freeman of color, volunteering to serve during the present contest with Great Britain, and no longer, there will be paid the same bounty in money and lands now received by the white soldiers of the United States, viz: one hundred and twenty dollars in money, and one hundred and sixty acres of land. The non-commissioned officers and privates will also be entitled to the same monthly pay and daily rations and clothes furnished to any American soldier.

"On enrolling yourselves in companies, the Major-General commanding will select officers for your government from your white fellow citizens; your non-commissioned officers will be appointed from among yourselves.

"Due regard will be paid to the feelings of freemen and soldiers. You will not, by being associated with white men in the same corps, be exposed to improper comparisons or unjust sarcasm. As a distinct, independent battalion or regiment, pursuing the path of glory, you will, undivided, receive the applause and gratitude of your countrymen. To assure you of the sincerity of my intentions, and my anxiety to engage your invaluable services to our country, I have communicated my wishes to the Governor of Louisiana, who is fully informed as to the manner of enrollment, and will give you every necessary information on the subject of this address.

"ANDREW JACKSON, Major-General Commanding."

Three months later General Jackson addressed the same troops as follows:

"To the Men of Color, Soldiers:—

"From the shores of Mobile I collected you to arms. I invited you to share in the perils, and to divide the glory of your white countrymen. I expected much from you, for I was not uninformed of those qualities which must render you so formidable to an invading foe. I knew that you could endure hunger and thirst, and all the hardships of war. I knew that you loved the land of your nativity, and that, like ourselves, you had to defend all that is most dear to man. But you surpass my hopes. I have found in you, united to these qualities, that noble enthusiasm which impels to great deeds.

"Soldiers, the President of the United States shall be informed of your conduct on the present occasion, and the voice of the Representatives of the American nation shall applaud your valor, as your General now praises your ardor. The enemy is near! His sails cover the lakes. But the brave are united, and if he finds us contending with ourselves, it will be for the prize of valor and fame—its noblest reward."

Black men served in the navy with great credit to themselves, receiving the commendation of Commodore Perry and other brave officers.

Extract of a letter from Nathaniel Shaler, commander of the private armed schooner General Tompkins, to his agent in New York, dated—

"AT SEA, January 1st, 1813.

"Before I could get our light sails in, and almost before I could turn round, I was under the guns, not of a transport, but of a large frigate, and not more than a quarter of a mile from her! Her first broadside killed two men, and wounded six others. My officers conducted themselves in a way that would have done honor to a more permanent service. The name of one of my poor fellows who was killed ought to be registered in the book of fame, and remembered with reverence as long as bravery is considered a virtue. He was a black man, by the name of John Johnson. A twenty-four pound shot struck him on the hip, and took away all the lower part of his body. In this state, the poor, brave fellow lay on the deck, and several times exclaimed to his shipmates, 'Fire away, my boy! No haul a color down!' The other was also a black man, by the name of John Davis, and was struck in much the same way. He fell near me, and several times requested to be thrown overboard, saying he was only in the way of others. When America has such tars she has little to fear from the tyrants of the ocean."

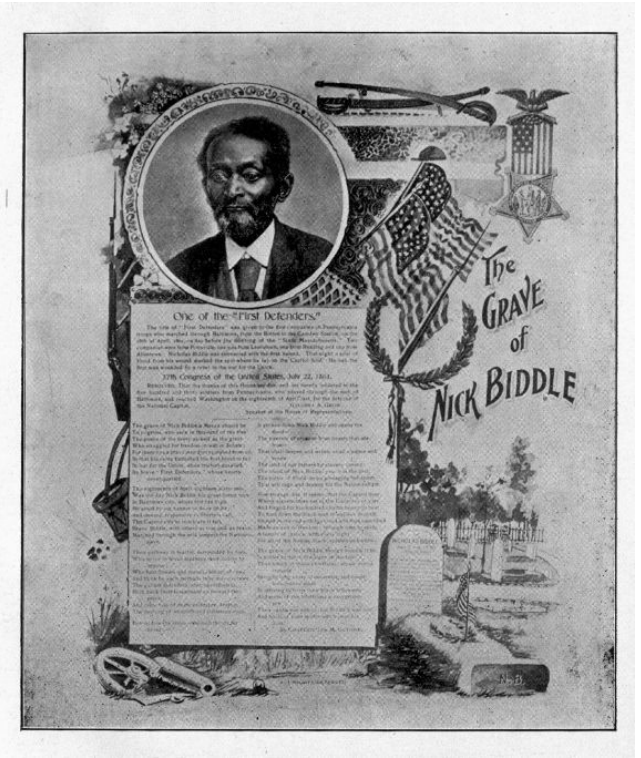
”NICK” BIDDLE.

The title of ”First Defenders” has been given to the five companies of Pennsylvania troops, two of which were from Schuylkill Co., one from Reading, one from Allentown, and one from Lewistown, Pa., that marched through Baltimore on the day before the Massachusetts soldiers were mobbed in the streets on the way to defend the national capital. After running the gauntlet of a furious rabble, the five companies reached Washington on the evening of the 18th, and were quartered in the Capitol Building. A pool of blood, which ran from the wounded cheek of ”Nick” Biddle, marked the spot on the Capitol floor, where he lay that night. It was the first blood shed in the war for the Union. His grave is in the colored churchyard in Pottsville, Pa.

The grave of ”Nick” Biddle a Mecca should be,
To Pilgrims who seek in this land of the free,
The tombs of the lowly as well as the great,
Who struggled for freedom in war or debate;
For there lies a black man distinguished from all
In that his veins furnished the first blood to fall
In war for the Union, when traitors assailed
Its brave ”First Defenders,” whose hearts never quailed.
The eighteenth of April, eighteen sixty-one,
Was the day ”Nick” Biddle his great laurels won,
In Baltimore city, where riot ran high,
He stood by our banner to do or to die;
And onward, responsive to liberty’s call—
The Capital City to reach ere it fall.
Brave Biddle with others as true and as brave,

Marched through the wild tempest, the nation to save.
Their pathway was fearful, surrounded by foes,
Who strove in fierce madness their course to oppose;
Who hurl threats and curses defiant of law,
And think by such methods they may overawe
The gallant defenders, who nevertheless
Hold back their resentment as forward they press,
And conscious of noble endeavor, despise
The flashing of weapons and traitorous eyes.
Behold now the crisis! The mob thirsts for blood!
It strikes down "Nick" Biddle, and opens the flood;
The torrents of crimson from hearts that are true,
That shall deepen and widen, shall clean and renew,
The land of our fathers by slavery cursed.
The blood of "Nick" Biddle—yes, it is the first,
The patter of raindrops presaging the storm,
That will rage and destroy till the nation reform.
How strange, too, it seems that the Capitol floor,
Where slave-holders sat in the Congress of yore,
And forged for his kindred chains heavy to bear,
To bind down the black man in endless despair,
Should be stained with his blood, and thus sanctified,
Made sacred to Freedom, through time to abide,
A temple of justice, with every right
For all of the nation—black, red men and white.
The grave of "Nick" Biddle, though humble it be,
Is nobler by far in the sight of the free
Than tombs of those chieftains whose sinful crusade,
Brought long years of mourning, and countless graves made;
In striving to fetter their black fellow-men,
And make of the Southland a vast prison pen,
Their cause was unholy, but "Nick" Biddle was just—
And hosts of pure spirits watch over his dust.

Deeds are indestructible; ideas are imperishable, and mind is immortal. "Children," says George Eliot, "may be strangled, deeds never; they have an indestructible life, both in mind and outside of our consciousness." It is not to be wondered at, therefore, that many of the ancients of the distant past should have predicated eternal life upon deeds and ideas. Deeds which are formidable, and ideas which



THE GRAVE OF NICK BIDDLE.

grow and expand, and gather strength, until they become the very life of the social, moral and religious structure of the nation. To my mind there can be no truer measurement of a man, or a race, or a nation, than the standard of ideas which formulate themselves into deeds. "Deeds and ideas," which, according to Disraeli, "render a man independent of his constituencies, independent of dissolution, independent even of the course of time."

Measure from this standard Theodore Roosevelt, the President of the United States of America, is the most unique figure before the American people to-day. No President since the days of Lincoln, the emancipator, merits in a larger degree the unselfish praise and devotion, not only of his countrymen, but of the whole civilized world. In the strictest sense of the term, he is a man of destiny. Born, like all true leaders and reformers, at a particular time, for a particular

THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

purpose; endowed by nature with a constitution which defies the encroachment of disease; with an intellect which craves the most rigid discipline; with a courage which knows no daring, and a conscience which repels the slightest innovation which might result to the detriment of his fellow-man, regardless of race, color or creed. It was for Abraham Lincoln to issue the proclamation of freedom, and thus save the nation from disintegration; it is for Theodore Roosevelt to preserve that proclamation, and preserve the amendments to the Constitution, which is the very life of the freedom guaranteed to the emancipated. From the time of President Grant down to the present time, there has been a persistent attempt on the part of the South to paralyze the spirit and practice of the Thirteenth and Fourteenth Amendments to the Constitution, without which freed men would have no legal standing in the nation.

The amendments received a dangerous wound during the administration of President Hayes. From the effects of this wound it hardly ever recovered. When, by a strange Providence, Theodore Roosevelt was called suddenly to occupy the place of the martyred President McKinley, a most lovable and peaceful man, black men and their friends, all over the country, rejoiced in the hope of a better day, when right and justice would succeed policy and conciliation. In this we were not mistaken. Not that Theodore Roosevelt loves the black man any more than any of his predecessors, but that Theodore Roosevelt has convictions and the courage of his convictions, regardless of consequences. The appended correspondence, which explains itself, will render him immortal, and will keep his memory fresh in the recollection of his fellow-men, and when future historians chronicle his acts, they shall speak of him as "Theodore, the Great and the Good."

COLOR IS NO BAR TO OFFICE.

President Roosevelt Defines His Attitude—In a Letter to a South Carolinian, Who Includes in a Number of Objections to the Appointment of Dr. Crum as Collector of the Port of Charleston the Statement That He is a Negro, the President Declares That He Will Continue to Appoint Colored Men of Intelligence and Standing—Incentive to Good Citizenship.

Washington, November 27.—The President has sent the following communication to a prominent citizen of Charleston, S. C.:

"Personal.

"WHITE HOUSE,

"Washington, November 26th, 1902.

"My Dear Sir:—I am in receipt of your letter of November 10th, and one from Mr. ——, under date of November 11th, in reference to the appointment of Dr. Crum as collector of the port of Charleston.

"In your letter you make certain specific charges against Dr. Crum, tending to show his unfitness in several respects for the office sought. These charges are entitled to the utmost consideration from me, and I shall go over them carefully before taking any action. After making these charges, you add, as a further reason for opposition to him, that he is a colored man; and after reciting the misdeeds that followed carpet-bag rule and Negro domination in South Carolina, you say that 'we have sworn never again to submit to the rule of the African, and such an appointment as that of Dr. Crum to any such office forces us to protest unanimously against this insult to the white blood,' and you add that you understood me to say that I would never force a Negro on such a community as yours. Mr. —— puts the objection of color first, saying, 'First, he is a colored man, and that of itself ought to bar him from the office.'

"In view of these last statements, I think I ought to make clear to you why I am concerned and pained by your making them, and what my attitude is as re-

gards all such appointments. How anyone could have gained the idea that I had said I would not appoint reputable and upright colored men to office when objection was made to them solely on account of their color, I confess I am wholly unable to understand. At the time of my visit to Charleston last spring, I had made, and since that time I have made, a number of such appointments from several States in which there was considerable colored population. For example, I made one such appointment in Mississippi, and another in Alabama shortly before my visit to Charleston. I had at that time appointed two colored men as judicial magistrates in the District of Columbia. I have recently announced another such appointment for New Orleans, and have just made one from Pennsylvania. The great majority of my appointments in every State have been of white men. North and South alike it has been my sedulous endeavor to appoint only men of high character and good capacity, whether white or black. But it has been my consistent policy in every State where their numbers warranted it to recognize colored men of good repute and standing in making appointments to office. These appointments of colored men have in no State made more than a small proportion of the total number of appointments. I am unable to see how I can legitimately be asked to make an exception for South Carolina. In South Carolina, to the four most important positions in the State, I have appointed three men and continued in office a fourth, all of them white men—three originally Gold Democrats; two of them, as I am informed, the sons of Confederate soldiers. I have been informed by the citizens of Charleston whom I met that these four men represent a high grade of public service.

"I do not intend to appoint any unfit man to office. So far as I legitimately can I shall always endeavor to pay regard to the wishes and feelings of the people of each locality, but I cannot consent to take the position that the door of hope—the door of opportunity—is to be shut upon any man, no matter how worthy, purely upon the grounds of race or color. Such an attitude would, according to my convictions, be fundamentally wrong. If, as you hold, the great bulk of the colored people are not yet fit in point of character and influence to hold such positions, it seems to me that it is worth while putting a premium upon the effort among them to achieve the character and standing which will fit them.

"The question of 'Negro domination' does not enter into the matter at all. It might as well be asserted that when I was Governor of New York, I sought to bring about Negro domination in that State because I appointed two colored men of good character and standing to responsible positions—one of them to a position paying a salary twice as large as that paid in the office now under consideration; one of them as a director of the Buffalo Exposition. The question raised by you and Mr.—— in the statements to which I refer is simply whether it is to be declared that under no circumstances shall any man of color, no matter how upright and

honest, no matter how good a citizen, no matter how fair in his dealings with all his fellows, be permitted to hold any office under our government.

"I certainly cannot assume such an attitude, and you must permit me to say that in my view it is an attitude no man should assume, whether he looks at it from the standpoint of the true interest of the white man of the South or of the colored man of the South—not to speak of any other section of the Union. It seems to me that it is a good thing from every standpoint to let the colored man know that if he shows in marked degree the qualities of good citizenship—that the qualities which in a white man we feel are entitled to reward—then he will not be cut off from all hope of similar reward.

"Without any regard as to what my decision may be on the merits of this particular applicant for this particular place, I feel that I ought to let you know clearly my attitude on the far broader question raised by you and Mr. ——, an attitude from which I have not varied during my term of office.

"Faithfully yours,

"THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

"Hon. ——

"Charleston, S. C."

[Transcriber's note: Original spelling varieties have been maintained.]

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