









## LABOR.

BY FERDINAND L. BARNETT.

THE colored people of America are striving for civil and political recognition, and national elevation. These are priceless boons, to be bought only by constant and zealous labors in the fields of culture and morality; but our own judgment must be our best guide in obtaining wealth.

Most people are born poor, and I may add, most of them die poor. Some, however, become rich, yet if we trace their labors from poverty to prosperity and affluence we will find nothing out of the range of most people's capabilities. We are too apt to regard such men as persons of extraordinary talents, and blessed with a mythical friend "good luck," but such is not always the case, very many rich men are quite illiterate, some very stupid, and some suffer many successive misfortunes. Wealth is not a myth that can be read of, seen and sought for without obtaining it. It is a book that can be had by nearly all who seek it. Every one may not become fabulously rich; but every one may accrue a comfortable competence by the judicious use of the powers given him, and carefully saving the means that he earns. Every young man of ordinary mental and physical ability, can become the possessor of five thousand dollars and upwards, before he has reached his thirty fifth year, and some during this time will have several times this amount. The question is, why is it that so few become rich? It is because they do not properly use the advantages

Every young man should make it the first object of his life to buy a home. Real-estate furnishes the best of all saving banks. Money invested in this way, rapidly increases and there is no fear of panics and bankrupts. Make an investment early in life, and labor to keep it increasing. Some men delay buying until they can pay cash for it; this is a needless precaution. Property constantly increases in value, and the way to get the benefit of the improvement, is to get it in your own name. To do this simply requires a first payment, and this is the bar that keeps so many persons penned up in poverty and obscurity. Necessity is the mother of invention; if a man will invest two or three hundred dollars in property, necessity will cause him to invent plans to complete the payment for the property he has partly acquired. By the time the property is paid for, it has increased to such an extent that the purchaser will look around for another opportunity. The future looks bright to him. He sees a handsome competence at his bidding, and he goes to work in earnest, and soon we find him a rich man.

The first steps are often the most difficult, and is said the first thousand dollars is the hardest to obtain; after he gets this start, the rest is easy. His name is established, his credit is good and he constantly grows in popularity. He will now borrow money and invest again, then labor to meet his demands.

Some people have scruples against borrowing money; but an honest man should have none. We would not hesitate to borrow a neighbor's



EIGHTEENTH ANNIVERSARY.



High Normal Schools.

NAMES OF GRADUATES.

High School.

AMELIA M. ACKERMANN.	MAMIE E. HARRIS.	RAYMOND A. PATTERSON.
MATEY C. AYRES.	FANNIE E. HASBROUCK.	ANNA M. PAYNE.
FERDINAND L. BARNETT.	ANASTASIA T. HEALY.	WILLIAM M. PAYNE.
EMMA BEIDLER.	KATIE M. HERON.	MARY E. PEPPER.
ETTA A. BELL.	THOMAS H. HOOD.	ANNA M. PHILLIPS.
WILLIAM M. BOOTH.	FRANCES S. JENESON.	FLORENCE ROBINSON.
CAROLINE BUECHELL.	M. EMMA JONES.	JOSEPH W. SEXTON.
MAGGIE E. CONLISK.	EDWARD F. JORDAN.	LIZZIE I. SHOEMAKER.
ALLAN M. CULVER.	LEMUEL KATLINSKY.	PAUL SHOREY.
HARRIETTE V. DEAN.	FRANK J. KITCHELL.	LAZELL D. SHOURDS.
JAMES R. DEWEY.	LAURA F. KITCHELL.	MINNIE G. SINCLAIR.
CHARLOTTE A. DODD.	LOUISA KROEBER.	M. LUCIE SPOONER.
JAMES A. DONEGAN.	JOSEPH T. LADD.	FANNY STAPLETON.
MARY R. DOWNS.	DORABEL LAING.	CARRIE C. STONE.
ALICE DUFFIELD.	CARRIE A. LEONARD.	CARRIE R. STONE.
CLARA E. EDDY.	PAULINE LIBERMAN.	HOMER F. STONE.
FRANKLIN P. FISK.	MARY E. LIVINGSTON.	H. IMOGEN TERRY.
WILLIAM E. GARD.	SARAH J. McELROY.	EMMA P. TUSTIN.
SARAH J. GIBSON.	HARRY McROY.	SARAH G. WENTWORTH.
GINEVRA GILLETTE.	LEVY H. MAYER.	CLARA M. WHITMAN.
ADA M. GREGORY.	MARY C. MORSE.	THOMAS W. WING.
FREDERIC J. GURNEY.		

Friday, June 26th, 1874,



The Third Annual Re-Union

OF THE

— CLASS OF '74 —

Chicago High School,

WILL TAKE PLACE

THURSDAY EVENING, DEC. 28,

— AT —

THE MATTESON HOUSE.

*You are earnestly invited to be present.*

# Programme.

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MUSIC.

Class Poem,

*Mr. Ferdinand L. Barnett.*

MUSIC.

Class Paper,

"The Lever."

*Mr. Wm. M. Payne.*

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Supper.

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Class Meeting.

MUSIC.

Class Song.

Re-Union.



## *Class Song.*

BY GEORGE HOWLAND.

Oh! the days too quickly ended,  
Days we now no more may know;  
With light and shadow sweetly blended  
'Neath tender memory's golden glow.

Soft the beams around us playing,  
Beams of friendship, warm and clear;  
The fairest blossoming displaying,  
Of hope and trust our hearts to cheer.

Though our lives by duty guided  
Their diverging courses run,  
By time and change still undivided,  
In heart and spirit we are one.

In life's pathway where'er meeting,  
On a near or distant shore,  
We'll ne'er forget a classmate's greeting,  
In memory of '74.

CHICAGO, Dec. 28, 1876.

## COLORED INTELLIGENCE NOT REMARKABLE.

Noticing a Literary Social of the colored people of Louisville, the *Courier-Journal* says:

"But few persons have any idea to what extent the colored people of Louisville have taken hold of the educational facilities afforded them. Their progress has been remarkable, and they seem to have very correct ideas of the manner best to enjoy what they have learned. A reporter took a glance at an affair of theirs Friday night. It was an entertainment by the "None-Such Club," and took place at the residence of John Dean, No. 172 Second street. The organization is composed of the bon ton element of colored society, and the entertainment was, of course, select and refined.

After the guests had collected in the parlor, President Mr. Charles H. Brown made his welcoming address. It was brief and to the point, the language was well chosen, and the delivery faultless. Mr. C. F. Adams followed with a sparkling selection from *Girofle-Girofla*, which was rendered with much expression. A song, "Dare I tell you?" by Miss Virginia M. Burks, a declamation by Mr. W. H. Seward, and a comic recitation by Mrs. C. A. Lamb, were well received. A vocal quartette, composed of Messrs. Gibson, Moody, Steward and Jordan, and a Shakespearian soliloquy from Mr. Horace Pearce, drew forth much applause. Others contributed their share to the enjoyment of the evening, but the gem of the entertainment was the "Skeleton in Armor," by Miss Sallie Bridgewater, a young lady and cultivated school teacher.

The costumes worn were very elaborate and handsome, indeed seeming equally as rich as those to be seen at entertainments of the whites. One of the number wore a Valenciennes lace over gros grain silk with feather trimmings. Silks, satins, diamonds and pearls were to be seen by the dozen, while the men flitted to and fro in swallow-tails, backed up by white kids and white neckties."

Observe how truthfully it remarks, "Few persons have any idea to what extent the colored people have taken hold of the facilities afforded them." However shrewd and keen-sighted the average American may be, there seems to be a beam which shuts out from the vision every excellence a colored man may possess. Blinded by the prejudice of centuries' growth, he fails to observe at all, or sees with a distorted vision, any act of a colored man that is not absolutely remarkable. It does not

10  
occur to him that the average colored man knows just as much as the average white man, that the average colored A. B. is quite as intelligent as the white man with the same degree. He could easily be convinced, by a visit to mixed schools, that colored scholars, far from being dull and indolent, frequently lead their classes. A stroll among artificers would quickly show that colored artisans work as rapidly and as well as their white co-laborers. A few hours spent in conversation with Swedes, Dutch, Irish, Chinese, or other emigrants, would quickly reveal to him that any Negro, whatever his occupation or wherever his home may be, has just as much common sense and intelligence as the untutored foreigners who crowd our shores.

But no! Your average American citizen can not see this. He grows from childhood nurturing an accursed germ of prejudice, planted by Christian parents. He is early taught to lisp, "mother," "father" and "nigger." He is made to believe that he is naturally a superior being, that a black skin has an inferior mind for its inseparable concomitant; that all Negroes are ignorant, indolent, and absolutely incapable of mental improvement; he grows up, his good nature tainted and perverted by the teachings of his childhood; business cares press his time; he never tries to test the foundation of his biased opinion, and never till a thunder-clap breaks forth from the calm horizon does he pause to wonder, "Can any good thing come out of Nazareth?" Not until some great burst of eloquence, Elliot-like, rings in his ears, dumbfounding him, and challenging his admiration, does he concede merit and color to the same person. Then he says, like the *Courier-Journal*, "It is remarkable." But he is mistaken. It is not remarkable to any one whose eyes have been open. We have read the account of the Louisville affair and fail to see anything remarkable.

In the President's welcoming address his "language was well chosen and his delivery faultless." Nothing remarkable! Had it been otherwise, it would have been remarkable. Would well chosen language and faultless delivery be remarkable in a young white man? If not, then we hold

## The Comet.

Many persons were unnecessarily concerned about the comet which has just paid us a visit. They saw in it a prediction of war. Can any enlightened person harbor such thoughts?

In comparing man with creation outside of himself, his relation to this world is of the merest atom's importance. In comparing our world with the countless thousands of worlds that people space, it is as a grain of sand to the number, upon the sea-shore.

Viewing ourselves and our habitation in our almost inconceivable insignificance can we for a moment suppose that our Great Creator would send us poor mortals a heavenly messenger—thousands of miles in extent—to inform us that we are to war with each other? We should say not! Granting it to be a prediction, can any believer state *one* benefit to be derived by the prediction? No! It is the ignorant spirit of past ages still at work. From time immemorial, the movements of the heavenly bodies have been watched with fear and trembling. A prominent instance is furnished in ancient history. Two great armies stood facing each other in battle array, eager for the fight, when suddenly the sun became eclipsed. The commanders of each army, thinking it a sign from the gods, made peace. Let us throw such superstition aside, it belongs to the past.

—The Ambrosia Social Club will give an elegant reception, Tuesday evening, at the residence of L. B. White, Esq., complimentary to Misses S. C. Bridgewater, G. A. Mead, M. Ford, M. Brown, of Jacksonville, F. Rankins, of Nashville, Tenn., and M. H. Graham, of Ann Arbor, Mich.

A good old proverb tells us that five cents saved is five cents earned; but how many of our young men think so? The average young man will make about \$40 per month, and he should clear at least \$20 over his expenses. Now, instead of taking care of this mite and adding another to it, he spends it in foolish, unpardonable extravagance. Most colored people live beyond their means. They consider elegant dress and fine living the great aim of life, while the fact is, these are the very things that circumscribe wealth, popularity and influence. When the illiterate foreigner reaches this country, his first aim is to possess a home, and to this end he constantly makes every opportunity subserve, until success finally crowns his labor. We stand and gaze and wonder how he became rich while we are not a cent better off. If our people ever intend to wield a power in this country, they must accrue wealth, for wealth and power are inseparable. Much depends on the coming generation. We must learn to abstain from present enjoyment for the sake of future remuneration. Until we do this we lack one of the highest attributes of civilization, stand in the shadow of our own ignorance, and are objects of pity.

ARDINE.

PROPOSALS wanted for two hundred pounds of fine waste paper. Blank on one side spring poetry on the other.

The Chicago *Conservator* has so far given us the report of the Press meeting in Washington. Our young friend F. L. Barnett is a born journalist, and while law may be a more lucrative field for his versatile genius, we take special pride in classing him among the very foremost of the members of the Press "gang." We hope to meet him in St. Louis next year.

My friend



## Fire-Arms.

F. L. BARNETT.

FROM the tenor of the many well written communications in the "Herald," I here offer a diversion, I wish to obtrude upon your space with a few remarks on the careless use of fire-arms.

Scarcely a day passes but we are informed through the press, of some poor soul being sent into eternity, by the careless use of fire-arms. He is the victim of his own stupidity or the criminal carelessness of some friend. A dear bought experience of yesterday will illustrate. Several colored men were seated in the grocery store of Pogue & Madison. The former gentleman with no doubt, perfectly honest intentions, picked up a gun, which he supposed to be unloaded, thinking to have some fun, he pointed it at two other persons, who remonstrated against such actions. Pointing the gun at Mr. Solomon Edwards he made some trifling remark, then drawing the gun back, struck the trigger against the counter, and the gun went off. When the smoke cleared away, such a terrible sight met the eyes of the bystanders, as time can never efface. The man, who a minute before had been a fine looking man, in the best of spirits, was now the most terrible sight you could possibly imagine. He received the whole load save two shot, full in the face, ranging from the lower right-hand corner of the mouth, to a point above the left eye. The left eye torn into fragments, the upper jaw-bone broken all in pieces, part of the

12  
left nostril shot away, besides scattering shot in the right side of the face, throat and mouth.

I saw him immediately after the accident, and his face presented the most sickening sight I ever saw, while his groans were heart-rending to hear. He is now lingering on the uncertain confines of time and eternity. His soul may be ushered, at any moment, into the presence of his Maker. If he lives 'twill be with the loss of one, perhaps both eyes—a terribly disfigured face in which a half-dozen shot is lodged.

Just think, of this terrible calamity befalling a good, peaceable, upright citizen, loved and respected by every one who knew him. All for no just cause! Oh, what a terrible warning this should be to all. Sure enough, it was an accident. Sure enough the gentleman is heartily sorry, and bitterly repents his rashness, but this can never compensate the unsightly face, the terrible suffering, and may be the loss of life, the fruits of his carelessness.

From this terrible lesson let us draw much profit. Let us learn, that, look at the matter as we will, *we can not be too careful in handling fire-arms.* And again, as fire-arms were not made to play with, we should never, under any consideration, point

them at any one unless we seriously intend to do them injury.

Hoping that your readers, will for a moment, consider the number of lives that are lost yearly by carelessly using fire-arms, and, that the above mentioned lesson will prove a whole some warning to all.

Paris, Mo., Dec. 23d, '75.

**The Following Correspondence Will  
Speak for Itself.**

F. L. Barnett:—

DEAR SIR.—Believing “Womans’ Suffrage” to be of as much importance to our own people as to the whites, I would like to discuss the question with you in the columns of THE WESTERN HERALD.

*Resolved.*—That woman should not have the right of Suffrage. I will take the affirmative. Do you dare take the negative?

Respectfully Yours,  
J. H. COLE.

J. H. Cole:—

DEAR SIR.—Your manifesto received, and accepted with pleasure. I am aware that I shall have to battle against both argument and prejudice. Nevertheless, I will do my best to prove to you and the readers of THE HERALD that women should, and of right, ought to have the right of Suffrage.”

Respectfully Yours,  
FERDINAND L. BARNETT.

THE recommendation of the Colored Teachers Convention at St. Louis, that a colored man be appointed Assistant Superintendent of Education in Missouri, has caused a host of candidates to appear. We are considerably acquainted with Missouri teachers, and take great pleasure in submitting the name of Prof. James H. Cole of Lexington, Mo., for the coveted position. He is a man of undoubted ability and integrity, and severely devoted to the profession he so successfully follows.

**MISSIONARIES.**

A FINE sermon was preached last Sunday night at Olivet Church by one of the missionaries among the southern freedmen. He gave glowing accounts of the results furnished, and said that unless the whites of the South aroused themselves, the negroes would soon show an intelligence equal to them. He contrasted the general habits of the races. While the negroes were busy upon the farms during the day, and poring over their books at night, the general class of whites were lamenting their misfortune, sitting around the saloons, drinking and damning the negroes. Any one can see what the result will be if such a state of affairs exists long. He spoke of the caste spirit as evinced by the southern whites. It has been argued that all good white people are treated with respect and cordiality, but he said it was not true. No one can raise his hand in favor of the black man and enjoy the respect and esteem of the whites. Missionaries, educated and refined, calculated to adorn any circle, are ostracised, as completely isolated from the white people as if in the wilds of Africa. Their great sin is “teaching niggers.” But they labor bravely on, and are meeting with glorious success.

Speaking of the christianizing of Africa, he related his experience in a meeting in South Carolina, immediately after the departure of the bark Azor. He said a remarkable degree of fervor and zeal was shown; they prayed for the emigrants and the people in Africa. Upon the subject of missionaries, one at prayer asked, “Who will be the first to go?” whereupon a dozen men, with tears in their eyes and voices showing the deepest emotion, cried: “I will go,” “O, Lord, send me!” “I will

CRITICISM.—We are told to "Prove all things," but we are not commanded to vaunt our criticisms into other people's faces. There is nothing more disgusting to a well bred person than to hear a conceited asinine specimen of humanity exhausting his limited vocabulary of words in praise or condemnation of something with which he is almost entirely unacquainted. When you criticise, do so for your own personal gratification. Do not intrude your opinions upon the contemplation of others, lest you merit the disgust above mentioned. You may be right, but even then it is dangerous. Its like a game, which if you win, you gain nothing while you run the risk of losing everything.

—Mrs. Harper, the popular and talented lectruss, said, in one of her recent lectures, that the name "Negro" was like a burn—it's a kind of a sore spot. It has been used so long as a synonym of ignorance and servility, that now, while we are striving to redeem it from its past ignominy, the mentioning of it in a careless and taunting manner serves to revive all of the old memories, and the wound bleeds afresh. That this is true none will doubt, but no one who has not actually experienced it can tell how very true it is.

PARIS, Mo. March 20, 1876.

1. When we look over a hot stove we see a current ascending. What is it we see ascending or vibrating, and how caused? 2. Please name six most noted male advocates of "women suffrage." 3. What nation or people allow the women to vote? Which of our States? Is it a success or failure in these States? 4. Was there a shadow of justice in the Senatorial action on the Pinchback question? 5. Can the colored people look upon it in any other light than a "cold-shoulder" from the Republican party?

AMETTA.

Answer.—1. The heated air. The heat of the stove, or pipe, causes a rapid expansion of the adjacent air, and the tendency of expanded or rarefied air being to ascend, the current upward is produced. 2. Theodore Tilton, H. W. Beecher, B. F. Butler, O. B. Frothingham, De Witt Talmage, O. P. Morton. 3. The territory of Wyoming is the only political division of our country in which the right of suffrage is now awarded to women, where, it is claimed, it has proved beneficial to the Territory for some fifteen or twenty years, but some years ago repealed the act, on the ground that it was a dead letter upon their statute books, the women almost never availing themselves of its provisions. 4. There may be some difference of opinion on the question of the right of Pinchback to his seat in the United States Senate. Whatever may be our own opinion as to the policy of the action taken, we do not believe the Senate of the United States would have taken the action they did without they supposed there was "a shadow of justice in the action." 5. We think they can. Whatever may be the preferences of the colored people, they have little reason to doubt the statement that the Senate of the United States has always been just to them.

ELDER DEBAPTISTE says that fire and brimstone are but faint representations of hell. If he is right, we don't want any of it in ours. We pass it over to Hamburg Butler.

PRESIDENT HAYES chose a Democrat for Post Master General. The Democratic California Legislature appointed a colored boy as page. The Democrats know how to repay a favor.

For the first time in the history of New York, says the PROGRESSIVE AMERICAN new and elegant residences have been put at the disposal of colored people. One more barrier overcome.

VIRGINIA has only four colored men in her Legislature. We wish there were more, but as we have not yet seen all the President may have in his policy, we appreciate the four and remain silent.

A South Carolina dignitary delivering a lecture in Baltimore, said he "thought Mr. Hayes' policy a God-send, and that he didn't believe it was well for the colored race to be propped upon bayonets." If said dignitary was "propped upon a bayonet" about twenty minutes, we believe it would improve his grammar.

One of our exchanges says that Lieutenant Flipper is out in a letter attesting his innocence of the crime whereof he stands charged. It then says if he proves himself innocent, it will gladly assist in his vindication. That is the average colored man's idea of justice. The white man believes every accused innocent until he is proved to be guilty. The colored man believes the accused to be guilty until he proves himself innocent. The judicial acumen of the colored race needs bracing up. We should be more charitable towards each other and like the white men, believe our unfortunate innocent until they are shown to be guilty.



### A VACATION TRIP.

A few days ago, being weary with constant work, we concluded to "drop dull care" for a few short hours, and visit the Canucks and Michiganders. It was a treat which we shall long remember with pleasure. The first important city visited was Ann Arbor, the site of the University of Michigan. We had the pleasure of attending the closing exercises. Class-day, June 25th, was a happy one for the merry Seniors, and the exercises were carried out with considerable *eclat*. The Commencement exercises were an innovation upon the old system. Instead of having the students display their abilities as essayists, they were called to act as auditors. V. Lathrop, a distinguished member of the Michigan bar, delivered the oration. It was a fine effort, and highly enjoyable. A great number of lady students graduated—two in Law and two in Medicine.

Four colored students graduated last year, two in Law and two in Medicine. In conversation with colored students of the past year, we were glad to hear that scarcely a vestige of the "caste" spirit is ever seen. They attend, or are free to attend, all of the meetings, educational and social, and are never made to feel as if out of place. There has never yet been a colored graduate from the regular collegiate course. Miss Mary H. Graham, whose matriculation in '76 created such a stir in Michigan circles, will be the first to achieve this distinction. She is now a Junior, and is notably proficient in mathematics and languages. Mr. C. Williams, a Sophomore and a young man of rare moral worth, is winning a golden name at the University. His has been an eventful life. He was born a slave, and at the age of seven, sold from his mother. When the war came, and he with his reb-

from the "blue-coats." The Federals, however, discovered their tracks and made it so warm that the refugees gave "leg-bail for security." The boy was left behind, and he improved "each shining hour" by showing the "Feds." where the provisions were stored. He came to be an immediate favorite, went all through the war, was brought North and adopted in a white family. His humane preceptors instilled in him the value of and a desire for an education. They assisted him through the common schools and also to graduate with honors from the Lapeer High School. He then determined to go through College, but being a man, desired to "go it alone" the rest of the way, and we are glad to say he is doing it bravely. He canvasses during the summer and earns enough to school himself during the winter. Last year his expenses for matriculation, fires, board, washing, books, etc., amounted to only \$165. He is held in a high degree of respect by the citizens and Faculty. In the languages he is most proficient, making them a particular study, as a means of increasing his powers when he enters upon his determined profession—the Law. Would there were more such young men as he,—Ethiopia might well rejoice.

Miss Katie Crawford, a colored lady well known and beloved in the city, graduated from the High School the 21st inst. She has been in constant attendance at school for the last ten years and has spent the time to good advantage. She will go South and carry light into its dark places. Her graduation will leave the high school without a colored student until Miss Alberta Graham enters next year. Three Spaniards attend the University, one of whom is so dark that he was rejected by an Eastern University because he was supposed to be a Negro.

see the wrongs, and accumulated woes of two hundred and fifty years. No one can tell what a day will bring forth. There can be no greater scourge than the outburst of an ignorant, wronged, majority, goaded to desperation by years of oppression, persecution, and butchery, clamoring only for revenge. We court no such scene, but if nothing short of this will wring from the Southern heart a peaceful proffer of liberty, we welcome it.

Just before the John Brown insurrection, an old Negro woman, to whose prophetic eyes the war was vividly revealed, sounded the trump of the great carnage. Clad in garments of scarlet hue, she could be seen at all times of the day and night with ever and anon a strange wild weird cry of "Blood or Liberty," "Blood or liberty." The trying scenes of a presidential contest will soon be upon us. We claim no prophetic vision, but we warn the Southern whites, that they need not expect such one-sided scenes of butchery in future. They will have to make a choice between Blood, the Brand and Political liberty.

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Poor Ben Butler is politically dead as the proverbial "door nail." Forty thousand people sat down on him, and he is as flat as the fiat money he advocates. Massachusetts may sit down on him as often as it is expedient, but the colored people cannot and will not forget his services; his brave, manly defense of the colored people in the hour of need. Yes, Massachusetts voters may sit on Ben and smile, but we remind them that they are sitting on the most delightfully dangerous man in America.

To the Board of Directors "Conservator" Publishing Co.—Gentlemen:

Owing to the increased and growing demand made upon my time by my individual interests, and feeling that I cannot do justice either to my private business or to my work on the paper and still retain my connection therewith, I hereby tender you my resignation, the same to take effect as soon as I can be relieved. Yours, etc.,

JAMES E. HENDERSON.

#### A CHANGE.

The above resignation has occasioned a change in the management of the CONSERVATOR—a change greatly felt, and therefore greatly to be lamented. But we must bear the inevitable. Mr. Henderson has been an invaluable aid upon the editorial staff, providing all that is best, which has been presented to our readers. He is too near us to admit a candid expression of our opinion, but the public, who in most instances were capable of distinguishing his editorials, will feel and regret his loss. We are happy to say that he, though relieved of the care and anxiety of the editorial chair, will brighten our columns by such communications as his sparsely measured time will permit. With manifest appreciation of past service and many sincere regrets, the resignation was accepted by the stockholders.

Rudolph B. Scott was elected business manager, the editorial department to remain in charge of the remaining editor.

Sept 7

# The Inter-Ocean.

## A COLORED MAN'S PROTEST.

A few weeks since an editorial appeared in these columns headed "A Colored Copperhead," in which copious extracts were given from the letter of a colored school-teacher residing in Missouri, who roundly denounced THE INTER-OCEAN for its course in defending his race. We have now received from another colored man, residing in Missouri, also a teacher, a reply to Jackson's letter. We print the reply very cheerfully, for two reasons: First, it shows how completely THE INTER-OCEAN is sustained in its statements of fact; and, secondly, it exhibits in a gratifying light the advancement which colored men are making in education and the free ideas so necessary to their continued progress. We get a good many letters from colored men displaying ability and thought, but we rarely receive communications from any quarter better written, both as regards style and penmanship, than that which we publish from this colored teacher in Missouri. As showing how tersely and correctly he expresses himself we publish his letter precisely as it comes to us, something rarely done in a newspaper office, and which could not be done in nine cases out of ten without violating a dozen rules of grammar, orthography, and punctuation.

The years are passing, and slowly but surely the colored men are demonstrating the wisdom of their emancipation and the justice of their enfranchisement. The question of their ability to govern themselves intelligently and take part in public affairs is practically settled. They are advancing in influence and in public estimation with a certainty that betokens the early disappearance of the prejudice still remaining against them. Before a quarter of a century has passed the colored men will occupy a place in political affairs hardly second to any other element in our midst. This is as certain as any event in the future can be, and all political parties would do well to recognize the fact and prepare to accept it.

Another Missouri Teacher Has to Say  
Him.  
To the Editor of The Inter-Ocean.

The extracts from a letter of a "Colored Copperhead" has brought shame and sorrow to the heart of every true lover of his race. It is the letter of an ingrate, who, overlooking the unwearied watchfulness of THE INTER-OCEAN over his welfare, casts opprobrious epithets in the face of his most unflinching defender. Your paper is known as one of the ablest advocates of the "inalienable rights" of man in this country. It advocates the black man's rights, not because he is black, but because he is a man. And because the black man is the most abused of all Americans it is most zealous and unyielding in his defense. In face of these facts an ingrate comes forward and applies epithets too demeaning and rude to be applied to Storey's Times or Pomeroy's Democrat. I am an obscure village schoolmaster; I am a colored man; I never "fire the public mind," but I sincerely desire to show the aforesaid ingrate that he is either a woeful dupe or an infamous liar. Let him get my address from your office and I will send him such proof of the following instances as will prove to his satisfaction that the South is not the paradise he depicts. A well-known colored man went from Chicago to Arkansas to teach. He soon received the symbolic skull and cross-bones. As he gave no heed they burned his school house. He taught in the open air with two revolvers lying on his table. Being a man of defiant spirit, he announced his intention to teach or die, and knowing he was certain to "save a man," they judiciously let him alone.

A highly accomplished colored lady of my native city went a few miles in the country to teach. White Leaguers went at night and demanded the "nigger" teacher. Being refused admittance, they went to the window, and in a moment more, she was weltering in her life's blood. Poor, dear, unfortunate girl, shot to death for teaching "niggers" in Mr. Jackson's paradise.

A personal friend of mine dared to "run for an office" in Tennessee. He gave no heed to the amicable persuasions of the skull and crossbones. So the leaguers went to visit him, as Mr. Jackson would say, with motives of purest friendship. But they went at night; they went masked; they carried revolvers and bowie-knives (all in friendship, you know), and peaceably surrounded his house. When called, he knew what was the matter, so he donned his clothes in a moment, put a large towel over his head, and seized his revolver. When they broke in the door, he mingled with the crowd, and then, passing out, made good his escape. As evidence of their good intentions, they tore up the floor, ripped open the beds, and told his wife, "We've missed him, d--n him, but we'll kill him yet." A white teacher and his sister taught within fifty miles of Jefferson City about three years ago, and they were as completely ostracised as if they had been among the wilds of Ethiopia. They went to church one night, and she was insulted before she left its sacred portals.

I offer these remarks in sincerity, to prove the falsity of Mr. Jackson's statements, and pledge myself, upon demand, to furnish name, State, and postoffice address of the persons mentioned, save the poor girl, to whose aged, grief-stricken parents I must refer.

Believe me, Mr. Editor, the colored people are as a unit in their appreciation of your unflinching zeal in our defense, and may the day soon come when our excellent paper shall find a place in our



" KNOWLEDGE IS POWER. "

*PREAMBLE.*

*Believing that an Association for debate and other literary exercises affords opportunities for mutual improvement not otherwise attained we do hereby organize ourselves into a society, the aim of which is the careful cultivation of the mental powers, and mutually pledge ourselves to be governed by the Constitution, Bylaws and Rules of Order of the Society.*

*PROGRAMME.*

1. Music *Lucy Quinn*
2. Criticism *J. A. Anderson*
3. Paper *Miss P. Cooper*
4. Declamation *James Lee*
5. Music *Lucy Quinn*
6. Prepared Debate *Nature & Art*  
*Miss C. H. H. & J. G. G.*  
*Miss A. G. & Mr. A. G.*
7. Essay *Miss S. Douglas*
8. Select Reading *Miss E. G.*
9. Music *Lucy Quinn*

19  
blood, were allowed to attend white schools. This half-measure of justice gave way to unrestricted privileges. The first colored graduate of the High School was hardly permitted to sit among the graduates, although she was entitled to the valedictory. Now the scholars require only personal worth in return for their friendship. Their daily intercourse is pleasant, and in their social unions they freely commingle. Colored teachers give instruction to white children and are respected and beloved by them. If the New York Board wish to see the working of a just system of public education, we invite them to inspect our schools, and feel satisfied that they will be convinced that the highest good will accrue to their efforts, if they act justly and fear not, in the important issue before them.

POTTER's pot full of plotters have been at work all the week, and have succeeding in making Anderson, their chief witness, tell enough lies to swamp a canal boat. Butler has grown somewhat in favor with Republicans, and we believe he will yet foil the conspirators. Congress will adjourn soon and then the committee will have all Summer to work their treason.

June 8  
SOJOURNER TRUTH is still alive and able to lecture. Her labors in behalf of the Slave are now necessarily ended, and so she is fighting the next great slaveholder—Intemperance. She is over 100 years old; 40 years of this time she spent in such ignorance that she did not know that Christ was any greater than Washington or Napoleon. She is now a devoted Christian, an interesting speaker and, in Truth, an aged Sojourner waiting for the change.

POOR "Shadrack, Meshack and Abednego" "caught it" last Sunday night at the Olivet. Reverence for the good old man forbids any harsh comment upon the "few broken remarks;" and it was reverence alone which kept many from walking out of the church before they were half given. Had the sermon been preached to some audiences, there would have been a happy time—heartrending groans, spasmodic cries, upturned benches, fainting females and annihilated waterfalls, but Chicago audiences are not given to such backwoods demonstrations. They go to church to learn. They have learned ministers, and look for good sermons. We hope our ministers will either supply their own pulpits or see that they are ably and acceptably filled. This practice of filling the pulpit of a first-class church with a fifth-class preacher, is a nuisance, and should not be tolerated.

Some of our exchanges are worrying about Hon. J. H. Rainey, and wondering if he will be elected Clerk of the House. He was nominated when the Republicans could not elect anybody, and colored people want to know if the republican party will repudiate him now that they are in the majority. We have no spirit of prophecy, but we believe we can read the end from the beginning. If the Republicans had supposed Rainey might slip in they would never have nominated him; as it is, they are in a bad fix, but that's a common thing for a white politician. Rainey will be beaten of course, and some soft white lie will be hatched up to blind ye colored brothers. But the blind won't work, don't forget that.—Chicago Conservator.

## CHURCH ETIQUETTE.

One of the truest tests of a people's advancement is the character of their churches and attendance. As a rule we are a church-going people, but we have contracted some woefully bad habits, and they are too serious to pass unnoticed. Last Sunday night we attended one of our city churches, and felt like weeping in sackcloth and ashes, over the poor order we witnessed. When eight o'clock arrived, instead of the church being full and ready for services, there were hardly a third of the audience assembled, and so the minister in charge very unfortunately, *indulged* the tardy ones by waiting for them to come. As a result preaching began at eight minutes to nine o'clock—Just about time to sing the doxology. The sermon was a good one, but there is not much appreciation in one, who goes at a reasonable hour and has to wait till bed time before it begins. When the sermon was about half through, the church became comfortably filled; Young ladies and their escorts who had been "billing and cooing" the entire evening, old people who had been busy chatting about their neighbors and forgot to look at the clock, the young scapegraces, who stand upon the street corners and disgrace their parents and themselves by their ruffianly conduct, all came rushing pell mell into church interrupting the minister, annoying the audience, and disgusting every one of sense. One man entered the sanctuary at twenty-seven minutes to ten o'clock and instead of taking the first seat vacant, he had to walk as far down the aisle as possible with a tramp that indicated large size 27 Brogans. About this time people were sleepy. Who could blame them: it was bed time. One brother in Israel did some nodding, that would make hide his face—while about

20  
the middle of the church a sober-sided sister leaned up against the soft side of the iron pillar and took a regular old camp meeting snooze. But there is an end to everything, so with the service, but oh what a disgusting close. Of course it was late—three minutes of ten—but that was no excuse. As soon as the choir began the Doxology, about one-half of the audience broke for the door, just as they do when the curtain is about to fall at the theatre. All through the doxology a continual stream poured out the doors, and the deacons stood and looked upon the shameful conduct without a remonstrance. They should have closed the doors. If people have forgotten their manners a judicious reminder is always in order. At last the benediction was pronounced over the faithful few who went early—went to *serve* and not to be seen. We dislike to show such an ugly picture of a Chicago Church but we must look at the facts squarely. In the first place our ministers should begin their services on time. There is no earthly excuse for delaying the sermon. The more indulgence the people get the more they require, especially in warm weather. If once they know that service begins at eight they will be on hand. Again, early service, short sermons and prompt dismissals will obviate all napping in church, and a determined stand taken by church officials will stop this scandalous, unmannerly, theater-like dismissal which disgraces our city churches. Let us hope that these thoughts, which however harsh they may seem, are candid and with good intent, will cause our people to remedy these existing evils.



The next step is intellectual excellence. Knowledge is power, and the extent of our power is circumscribed by our amount of knowledge. This being the case, we should ever be on the search for wisdom. Each person should look above self and consider that he is one of the component parts of a downtrodden but aspiring race; that it is not only a personal duty, but a national obligation to educate himself. Nothing should deter him; he should make every apparent hindrance a greater incentive. Let clouds of misfortune and blighted prospects gather never so thickly and black, but press on, keep the goal in view. Nothing is won without labor, and the greater the labor, the sweeter the reward.

To our youth I appeal: educate yourselves. Consider no sacrifice too great to make for education. The immediate results may not be apparent but a few years will bring forth the fruit of your labors, bearing honor to your name and people.

Wealth is still another essential. Richest men generally wield the greatest power. The wealthiest communities are the most enlightened and powerful. We are not a nation of money makers; we stand and gaze upon the illiterate foreigner, how he becomes rich, while we are not a cent better off.

If we ever intend to wield a power in this country, we must acquire wealth, for wealth and power are inseparable. We must learn to live within our means—to abstain from present enjoyment for the sake of future remuneration. Until we do this, we lack one of the great attributes of enlightened civilization, stand in the shadow of our own ignorance and are objects of pity.

Our future, then, will be as we make it. We are upon our own resources. We need not look for any further legislation, nor could we intelligently

ask it; we are citizens, enjoying all the rights and immunities of citizenship. Henceforth, what we do not do, will, and of right should, remain undone.

We must gird ourselves, and begin to win a place among the people of this country.

Let us acquire and practice that degree of moral greatness that will challenge the respect of all men. Let us attain to that degree of intellectual

*Excellence which will entitle us to the admiration and recognition of the most learned and refined of any people and to these great essentials let us bring the influence of wealth and its accessories. Battling with these we can never fail*

*We will lay aside every weight, overcome every hindrance, and, toiling with patient perseverance, we will ultimately reap a bright and glorious reward, prove ourselves equal to the duties of citizenship and worthy of all the honor the title confers.*

*Fulton June 1875*

#### Our Colored Cadet.

Charles Minnie, the Colored Cadet, has left West Point. Minnie won the appointment at a competitive examination in New York, and his excellent scholarship gave promise of great honor to himself and his people. But he grew tired of the relentless persecutions, gave up his position and went home. Sad but true.

OFFICERS.

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E. H. Lee, *Vice President*,

S. C. Beard, *Secretary*,

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INVESTIGATING.

Misses F. Cooper, C. Meade, M. Atkinson.

EXECUTIVE.

*President, Secretary, Critic.*

(THE)  
GOLDEN LINK  
SOCIETY.

*Miss M. E. G. G. G.*

You are most cordially invited to  
attend Meeting No. 23 of the Society to  
be held Thursday, Dec. 17<sup>th</sup> 7.45 P.M.

At *So. 182<sup>nd</sup> St. Ave*

FERDINAND L. BARNETT,

*President.*

BY FERDINAND L. BARNETT.

THE PRESENT status of the colored man imperitively demands him to take advantage of everything that tends to his enlightenment and social elevation.

By nature, we are the equals of every and all men; but owing to the dire influences of long continued oppression and deep-seated prejudices, we are numbered among the inferior races. The ban rests upon us, and we need not expect that any amount of extraneous efforts will free us from its yoke. It may be removed, but only by our own exertions. Knowing this to be the case, we should make it our special business to seek for, and employ, all the means that tend to the one great aim—our social elevation as a race.

Among the many means within our reach, few exceed, in point of practical importance, the literary society. Many a noble character dates his first efforts back to some obscure Literary organization, where, stuttering, stammering, and greatly confused, he made his first attempt to address an audience. His timidity is soon dispelled, his cramped dictation and pump-handled gestures soon give way to a pleasing and easy flow of rhetoric, accompanied with gestures natural and graceful. His prominence soon gains him a local notoriety and rising by degrees, he soon proves a successful disputant for national honors. Such instances are not uncommon; most of the great speakers of the present can attest that such was the course of their lives from obscurity to national prominence.

Literary Societies are of great importance in districts not well supplied with schools: ideas are exchanged—errors in language and delivery corrected

and speakers acquire an increased amount of self-control. A city, town or hamlet containing colored people should not be without one of these great aids to the dissemination of knowledge among our people. The present era is of vital importance to the black man. We must either rise by our united and untiring exertion, or, slothfully passing away our time, be consigned to a place in the estimation of humanity far below the standard of the day of slavery—receiving the contempt and taunts of those who hate us, and the pity and commiseration of our friends. Let us go to work, then, in earnest, and organize societies whose sole aim shall be the social elevation of our people.

As an instance of a successful organization of this kind, I will cite the Douglas Lyceum, of Fulton: it has grown in popular favor since the very first, and when the proposition for a lecture course was submitted to the society, it met with a hearty endorsement. The result was the engagement of two excellent speakers, who have filled their engagements with great credit to themselves and lasting benefits to our people. The first lecture was by the Rev. John Jeffers, who spoke upon "The Excellencies of Man." He labored mainly to show our people the imperative necessity of greater excellence of mental and moral character. It was a striking address and highly appreciated by the audience. The next speaker engaged by the Lyceum was the Rev H. H. White. The gentleman's name is an ample warrant of the worth of his lecture. His subject was "The Old and the New." He hastily reviewed the history of the colored man in America, then spoke with great care and excellence on his present and future. His lecture abounded in excellent illustrations, kindly given criticisms, and good, sound logic. He was frequently and heartily applauded. The appreciation shown for these lectures and kindred literary attempts, prove our people to be highly interested in the work of self-elevation. In like man-



## SCHOOL DAYS.

How pleasant to me are the scenes of my school-days!  
 Upon them my memory constantly dwells,  
 How we romped in the yards, but were marched up the  
 stairways,  
 The Skinner, the Washington, the Jones, or the Wells.  
 We gladly departed those mansions of learning  
 Where corporal punishment aided the rule.  
 To freaks of those days we ne'er thought of returning,  
 For now we are members of the Chicago H. School.

The first year we spent in fruitless dissections  
 Of governments, countries, and people as well.  
 We ruined our patience with quadratic reflections;  
 As to the "errors" we got 'twere a pity to tell.  
 Our Second-Year duties we mastered like heroes.  
 Ah! well we remember Munroe and his Greeks;  
 Our Doctor of History; Frau Ried and her zeroes;  
 And Payne in his queer geometrical freaks.

We hastened to Slocum with feelings of gladness  
 Mrs. Meatyard revealed us the literary stars;  
 We listened and laughed, sometimes to our sadness  
 To "Soda," who gave us philosophical jars;  
 A "News" paper mania seized Billy. 'Twas Payneful!  
 Those days of his folly he'll never forget.  
 He was murdered and buried! 'Tis true as 'tis baneful!  
 By his foes and his rivals of the Slocumville Gazette!

Time brought us to King George's dominion,  
 A ruler quite pleasant and kind, yet exact.  
 How oft does he give us his "candid opinion"  
 Of the way in which High School Seniors should act;  
 Then Westcott came up with his "buggy" discourses;  
 Miss Misch taught us how we must read "William Tell;"  
 And "Soda" convinced us of chemical forces;  
 While Miss Annie E. taught us to draw very well.  
 We soon shall look on them as flowers of the past.  
 The essays are given to scholars befitting;  
 We breathe the once more freely since this die is cast.  
 We leave these dear halls for our future vocations.  
 The happiest days of our lives are now o'er,  
 But may we, Oh! never, what ever our station,  
 Forget our old classmates of Seventy-Four!

*School days as all things are vividly fitting*

THE Olivet Baptist Church has secured the old Shields Mission, corner of Wentworth avenue and Twentieth street, for a place of worship until the church is finished. The Mission is being thoroughly renovated, at a cost of \$600. This, with an incumbrance of \$2,000, is the amount of its cost. When the church is rebuilt this can be sold at a great advance.

It will be occupied for the first time, Sunday, Sept. 6, on which day a union of the Sabbath-schools will be held.

24  
 The concert which occurred on Tuesday evening, the 30th, in Providence Baptist Church, was a complete success. The Golden Link Society and their President, Mr. T. L. Barrett, deserve the highest praise for their noble and successful effort, for which they have the unanimous thanks of the congregation. They also give their sincere thanks to Mr. J. Van Amringe and Mr. E. P. Overman, who were solicited by their highly esteemed and much beloved Christian friend (who has labored with them in their Sunday school for the past six years), Theodore I. Elmore, who not only kindly furnished his celebrated Decker Bros. piano, but also gave his time and influence, to make the concert a success, all of which they are thankful to say has resulted in realizing \$79.56 for the church.

## A POOR BEGINNING.

The bark Azor, which sailed for Africa a few weeks ago, bearing away a large number of colored emigrants to Africa, has met with anything but success. On the passage, disease and death played sad havoc among the passengers. After arriving at Sierra Leone the English steamer Ethiopia was engaged to tow the Azor to Monrovia. This agreement the captain of the Ethiopia saw fit to break, and left the Azor to get to Monrovia as best she could. After a great amount of suffering, it reached Monrovia. There, in an unfavorable climate, with no implements for work, discouraged by misfortune, wasted by disease, three thousand miles from home and absolutely penniless, they can lament at leisure the folly of one and the last great step of their lives. For few will ever return to tell the sorrows they have so needlessly borne.

## BILLY'S CAT.

A parody on Poe's "Raven," by Barnett.

"The Lever is dead, yet no man mourns!"

—SHAKESPEARE.

Once, upon a midnight dreary, Dimple Bill lay weak and weary,  
He had writ so many pieces that his hand was stiff and sore;  
But while nodding, nearly napping, suddenly there came a  
tapping,  
As of some one gently tapping, tapping at his chamber door.  
"Wonder who's that rapping, tapping, fooling 'round my  
chamber door?"

This he said, and nothing more.

For the silken, sad, uncertain rustling of each ten-cent earthenware,  
Filled him with a ghostly terror he had never felt before.  
Then to quell his heart's quick beating, took a dram, and stood  
repeating:

"Must be Homer standing, eating peanuts at my chamber door,  
He or Gard stand there entreating entrance at my chamber door;

This it is, and nothing more."

Presently his soul grew stronger, and his bob-tail coat grew  
longer,  
And he stood beside the panel—full forgiveness to implore.  
"Pardon, boys, for I was napping, and so gently you came tap-  
ping,  
And so faintly you came tapping, tapping at my chamber door,  
That I scarce was sure I heard you"—here he opened wide the  
door,

Darkness there, and nothing more.

Deep into the darkness peering, Billy stood there shivering,  
fearful,  
Crying, dreaming Payneful dreams that never mortal dreamed  
before.  
In there stepped a feline stately—big black Tom cat, tall and  
stately—  
Seized young Billy who so lately stood a shivering at the door.  
Ah! that Tom cat shook poor Billy, shook him till he felt right  
sore,

Never felt so bad before.

Now, our hero waxing rily, reached behind him, very slyly;  
Grasped a jug of Nitric acid; poured it in the creature's ear.  
Fighter clung those claws around him, deeper sunk the teeth  
that ground him,  
Till he thought it was astounding, and that creature was a bear.  
Then they fainted, but reviving, each one took a cushion chair,  
Each with a defiant air.

Then our dimpled-check star gazer grasped a peanut and a razor.  
"Devil!" cried he in a fury, "why can'st thou within that door?"  
"I'm a prophet," spoke the stranger, "see that thou restrain  
thy anger;  
Come to warn thee of thy danger, here within thy chamber door.  
Hear me youth and heed the warning, which I give within thy  
door."

Thus he spoke, and something more.

"Tis because you are a Senior, from this danger I would wean  
you.  
I'd advise you to surrender to The Press of Gard and Stone,  
For the fact is, we all need it, and the fates have so decreed it.  
And 'twere folly not to heed it and to thanklessly write on.  
is a favor when'er granted, but 'tis best the sooner done."

Billy looked 'round for his gun.

"Never mind your gun, but listen, while thy fiery eye-balls  
glisten,  
For my spirit tells me you are growing lunny, more and more,  
And your Lever fast is failing, while its editor is ailing,  
And your enemies are railing at your dry and feeble store.  
Now a warning I would give you: Stop your Lever! Write no  
more!

Only this and nothing more."

Thus the prophet spoke with sadness. Billy smiled a smile of  
madness,  
While the tears as big as rain drops, stood a trembling in his  
eye.  
As the prophet withdrew slowly, Billy vowed a vow most holy,  
That he'd stop that Lever, surely as the sun shines from on  
high.  
Billy kept his vow last Wednesday. Now no tear will dim his  
eye.

Henceforth, Dimple Bill, good-bye.

— The occasion of laying the corner stone in  
our Custom House was one that will long be  
remembered by all. The colored population  
were handsomely represented by worthy repre-  
sentatives, not only in the line of march, but  
our esteemed citizen J. Jones, Esq., was one of  
the Committee of arrangements. We appreci-  
ate this just recognition far more than we can  
express, and greet it as a welcome herald of the  
bright day just dawning, when a man shall be  
recognized as a man irrespective of any physi-  
cal peculiarities.

— The Golden Link Society, the leading  
colored literary society in this city, will give a  
Parlor Concert at the residence of Hon. John  
Jones, on Ray Avenue, Thursday, July 9th, at  
8 P. M. Judging from the previous efforts of  
the society, it will be an enjoyable affair, and  
it is anticipated with much pleasure.

— The Ladies of the Providence Baptist  
Church will give a festival for the benefit of  
the Church Friday, July 3d. They anticipate  
a pleasant time.

ONE of our colored citizens drew a  
prize of \$1,060 in a lottery lately.  
He will be wise to leave the lottery  
business while his name is up and his  
pocket full.

The Uniques (colored), one of the  
finest base ball nines in the Northwest,  
won the second prize at the Peoria tour-  
nament.

there is an absolute necessity that we should improve the powers so bountifully bestowed upon us, and take advantage of every opportunity that presents itself.

We, as a race, especially need to make use of our endowments and opportunities. We have passed a dreary night of suffering and abject misery. The sun of Liberty and Justice has just dawned upon us, and we now enjoy the first light of a perfect and unrestrained freedom. We are babes, possessing all the endowments of other infants, and susceptible to culture and refinement as well as they. The dawn of our maturity will occur during the next century. Then our works will begin to bear fruit; and the anxious question of each colored person should be, "What kind of fruit shall it be?" Bright, luscious and vigorous, with unceasing labor and care, or foul, bitter and dwarfed, from slothfulness, vice and neglect. One or the other, it must be dependant entirely upon our own actions while yet in infancy. Our young people are the means, and the only means, of our elevation as a race. Our parents are incapacitated, mentally and physically, to perform the duties necessary to bring us to a state of culture which shall command the respect of the white race. We must win the place ourselves. Universal intelligence is the surest and quickest way whereby we may gain general respect and recognition. In order to obtain general knowledge, there must be a vast amount of individual exertion.

Here is a vast field, and can be cultivated best, by getting young hands and young minds. There is no better method of recognition than a good education. The time will soon come, when color will be no bar whatever to individual and national elevation.

Alexander Dumas, one of the greatest of French writers, was a mulatto, and his features plainly showed it; yet there is not a man in America, from the President down, that would not have been honored by being his guest. These same men who would

26  
cross the Atlantic if they but thought such an honor awaited them, look with scorn and contempt upon men of this country, whose veins do not show half so much negro blood as did Dumas'. Why is this so? Because in Europe a man is classed according to his worth; nationality is never considered. And as soon as the Americans become fully civilized, it will be the same over here.

Then as intelligence is the chief means which determines our social *status*, let each colored person put to good use every opportunity that is presented,—constantly improve the natural indowments he possesses, and in a few years the black ban of prejudice will be removed from us, and we will stand forth in the bright light of a merited excellence, social, military and civil equality.

—The Jubilee Singers, the first of the slave concert troupes, have returned to their homes in Nashville, Tenn. Success has attended them all along their journey both in our country and in Europe. It is a praiseworthy fact, that all of these troupes are spending their time and talent for the sake of providing schools of learning. It shows that they are earnestly seeking the light of intellectual excellence which has been denied them for centuries. But But the Southern people cannot educate themselves without assistance, and the colored people of every Northern City should deem it their bounden duty to furnish some tangible proof of their interest in this work of enlightenment. Hundreds of anxious and apt students might be educated by the northern people without any perceptible expense. Chicago has began the good work—it remains for her to continue, and others to follow.

#### SURPRISED.

A very enjoyable surprise party occurred Monday, Aug. 24, S. W. Scott, Esq., being the recipient of the party's favor. The guests took charge of the house, summarily, at 10:30, and kept it until 3 A. M., and, as a compensation, fed the family on the delicacies of the season.



and return it, why hesitate to borrow a hundred dollars and return it again? Nations pride themselves upon their ability to borrow money, and it is the same way with individuals. It is a tribute to a man's worth and power, to be willing to lend him a part of your money, for you would not lend it save to a person in whom you placed great confidence. Moreover, a debt is a stimulus to greater energy and effort. A man will labor more earnestly to save what he has, than to make what he has not, and if he will keep laboring to accomplish some object just in view, his labors will finally be crowned with success.

How shall I make money? What shall I do in life? Are questions that present themselves to every young man. Some answer these questions by selecting some occupation, and going to work, and laboring with all their powers to become efficient men, while some others look around listless and undecided until they finally conclude that they are too old to learn a trade or profession, and thenceforth they go beating around the world like a storm beaten ship with neither sail nor rudder.

A great fault among our young men is, they all seek something easy, very easy. They never think of learning to be mechanics. They say if they learn trades they will not be employed. This should not deter a young man, merit will make its way, and if our young men will become efficient workmen, they will not need employment.

Prejudice is fast removing, and we stand in great need of able mechanics to take place with white men. We

are taunted with being a nation of barbers and waiters, and such is the odium attached to these occupations, even among our own people, that a young man of ordinary capabilities and a due amount of self respect, will not select either of these occupations for a permanent method of earning a livelihood. I do not mean to say that such labor is dishonorable, for there is a dignity about labor that will command respect from everyone. Circumstances change many resolutions, and the man who will remain idle and suffer rather than labor, no matter what the labor is, cannot be called a man of good sense; but there should be a discrimination in choosing trades, the most profitable and honorable should be chosen, and the two mentioned are certainly not in the list.

Parents can do a good work by inducing their children to aspire to excel in some branch of industry. If the child can be educated, give him a profession, but if not give him a trade whereby he can make a living, and merit the esteem of his fellow men.

Every few years, some fanatical fool talks up the idea of Colonization and talks of sending the negroes out of America. The absurdity is easily seen. To do such a thing, even if it were possible would bankrupt America. The negro is indispensable as

*producer in the Southern States, but in the North such is not the case. In the South he is an active in valuable worker; but in the other sections we must go to work, or else the fault will sooner or later be*

BY FERDINAND L. BARNETT.

Itself, viz. we might be colonized without inconvenience to anyone. Then let us put our hands to work, make a nation of mechanics, farmers, and professors, that we may no longer suffer the taunt of being lazy, idle, and lacking energy and self respect. The art improving mentally, very fast. But let our hands keep pace with our heads and in a day not very distant, we shall be accorded the same place in Society that other men are dependent wholly upon our talents, and we shall be wealthy and influential, just as other men do - by their judicious and proper use.

## Not for John.

The Senatorial Committee of California have presented a memorial to Congress praying relief from Mongolian immigration. Do not the learned gentlemen know that class legislation is directly adverse to the spirit of our government? The Negro has long been the bone of contention, but the Chinaman bids fair to take his place. Having suffered the effects of class legislation, we cannot think of countenancing it even against our heathen "man and brother." Congress can no more prohibit Chinese immigration than English or German immigration. Our Constitution knows no man by his race or color, as to the Jews as to the Gentiles must our laws apply.

THE colored people of America are beginning to earn a warrant of their worth and right to citizenship. Hitherto we have had no opportunity to attest our worth on account of the cursed effects of slavery. Our past is a dark spot with scarcely a redeeming ray of light. Our present is but little better. We have but few men whose names seem to lessen the gloom that two hundred years of ignorance, misery and degradation have thrown around us. While some of our people, raised at the North, being borne along by Northern civilization, have arrived at a praiseworthy degree of culture and ability, it cannot be denied that the great mass of our people are yet groping in darkness.

The Emancipation Proclamation created nearly four million citizens. That these former slaves were lamentably ignorant, is not to be wondered at. But little has been done since then to ameliorate their condition. Great efforts have been put forth, but the harvest is so great and the laborers comparatively so few, that the results do not show to great advantage. As we have no past and only a poor present, we must make a bright future. To do this we must acquire moral greatness, intellectual excellence and wealth.

Moral greatness is an absolute essential to national worth and prosperity. Degraded manners and loose morals are hindrances to national as well as individual greatness. Here is a labor for parents. Much depends on the coming generation. "As the twig is bent, the tree is inclined." Train your children in the paths of rectitude. Teach them that character is a gem of priceless value, a flaw in which can never be removed. Imbue in them such ideas of morality that time nor circumstances can never erase. This done and we have advanced one step in our national elevation.

# Western Herald.

MACON, MO.,

TUESDAY, JUNE 15, 1875.

## Opportunities.

FERDINAND L. BARNETT.

OPPORTUNITIES are the golden moments of a man's life-time. He would think a man very foolish, if he allowed nuggets of gold to wash by him without an effort on his part to obtain these rare gems of beauty and worth. Likewise, we should consider the man foolish who allows the golden moments of time to pass by, without an effort on his part to wrest from their embrace some of the crude gems they bear. It is the golden moments that make the golden lives. Some men's lives are as bright in their splendor, as other's are dark in their gloom. Many of the great deeds of history are the result of seizing upon golden opportunities and improving them. The fame of Cæsar and Napoleon rest not entirely upon the execution of well formed plans, but also upon their great tact, shown in taking advantage of unforeseen opportunities presented them. The history of the rise of the Roman Empire furnishes a striking example of the power to be gained by a judicious use of opportunities. She never missed an opportunity to strike a blow for the accession of new territory; and 'twas by this increasing activity that she finally became the mistress of the world.

During one of the voyages of Columbus, he fell into the hands of the Indians and was in imminent peril of death at their hands. The moon was to be eclipsed that night, and here was an opportunity. He told the natives that the Great Spirit was greatly displeased with their conduct,—so

much so, that He would hide His face that night, and bade them watch with him to see the verification of his assertion. When they saw the moon partially, then totally eclipsed, they were convinced and alarmed. Columbus was immediately released, thus saving his life by an ingenious use of a common event. Newton, seeing an apple fall from a tree, found an opportunity to set his master mind to work to search out the cause of this hitherto unexplained action. This insignificant opportunity, by being judiciously and skillfully used, evolved one of the greatest discoveries in the history of the world. Thus it is, that countless opportunities present themselves to each individual and the one that makes the best use of them is generally the most successful in life.

As a race, we are the victims of opportunities, taken advantage of by others, to our great sorrow, degradation and misery. Black men's opportunities have generally been used by the white man with great advantage to himself. This has been the case so long, that some colored people think that nothing will prosper unless there be a white man to urge it on. the sooner this insane idea is eradicated, the better it will be for us as a race. Children never grow strong by depending upon seniors. Mental and physical worth come only by the careful instruction and judicious exercise of the powers within us. Most men are equally endowed at birth. Few have gifts peculiar to themselves, or far excelling those of others.

Nature bestows her gifts equally and bountifully, and there is a reason why some men are rich while others are poor, some are famous while others are unknown, some are ignorant while others are learned, some are bright lights of exemplary conduct while others are detestable objects of commiseration and shame. The great cause of this varied state of society, lies in the use that men make of their natural endowments and consequent opportunities. This being the case



## Woman and the Ballot.

Reply to J. H. COLE by F. L. BARNETT.

*Resolved*, That woman should have the right to vote.

**T**HIS is a vexed question, and I must beg my readers to lay aside their prejudices and calmly and impartially consider with me the claims of women to the full enjoyment of one of the greatest boons Christianity and civilization confers,—the right of Suffrage.

Let us take up my learned opponent's paper, and see what he has said. Well, its nothing more than his co-adjutors have said, lo, these many years. Not that he is unable to say anything, but rather, there is nothing for him to say. He reiterates the same old doctrines, the gist of which may be stated thus: 1st, Women ought to stay at home and mind the babies. 2nd, They have n't enough sense to choose right from wrong. 3rd, Their husbands will take care of them. 4th, It would be a terrible exposure for a woman to go with her husband to the polls. The same old, illogical, unwarranted prejudice-engendered doctrines. But let us take his summary as he makes it.

He first delivers a learned exergesis on government, preparatory to his illogical deduction, that women would misuse the ballot. He does not say how she would misuse it, whether she would "scratch" on the wrong side, scratch out the right name, or not scratch out at all. Two names being given her, would she always select the worse, or would the innate love of honesty in woman make her too parsimonious about selecting the best? Would

31  
she vote with an eye single to the welfare of her household, or, following the example of her noble and capable "lord of creation," barter it away at the corner saloon? I am sorry we are not told *how* she would misuse it. The accusation is too general to be entertained without specifications. It is an unjust and puerile reflection upon the mothers of this country, to say that they who train their sons to manhood, are, themselves incapable and unqualified to exert the power which they teach their children to wield. I resent the imputation, and, in behalf of the pure minded and intelligent women in this country, and those who hold them in too high reverence to see their names slightly spoken of, I demand the gentleman to prove his assertion or retract it.

The second deduction, that the grant of suffrage would not promote any condition of our country, is nothing more than a one-sided theory; No fact is given to warrant the assumption that such would be the inevitable result. *No such fact can be given.* I believe I can show its fallacy. For example, the whisky law is a good one. It is calculated to make a nation of sober, industrious, moral men. This none will deny. Let us note the most reasonable action of a father and mother. The father loves his son, but he has not the same jealous, painful, prayerful anxiety that agitates a mothers' bosom. He leaves his boy at home, goes to the polls knowing full well the issues at stake. He thinks but little of the foul fiend that threatens his household. He votes against the Whisky Law because it will make times better, and

the enigma of African christianization to his mind was solved. The colored people are the ones to carry the Gospel into Africa. He said white men could not stand the climate. Of five white missionaries lately sent to Africa, two died, two returned home, their constitutions ruined by sickness, and the other had been lost. But the colored men could live there—it was their home.

Now, our friend means well, no doubt, but the conclusion reached was as erroneous as it was hasty. The christianization of Africa is a work for christians and not *Negroes* alone. In God's work there should be no color-line. To say that Africa, with its population of 203,000,000 is to be christianized by a few missionaries sent by five million poor, ignorant negroes, is to speak little for the universal obedience accorded by christians to the command, "Go ye into *all* the world and preach the Gospel to every living creature." The gentleman doubtless reads the passage, "Go ye into all the world, except Africa, and preach the Gospel." Africa is a great field for missionary work, but we doubt the christianity of those people who say to the colored people, "Africa is your home—you ought to go there. It is a blessed field. It is sickly there for us, but you can stand it." It's too much like the monkey which used the cat's paw to get the chestnuts out of the fire. If white christians are so anxious about Africa, let them go there. If their discretion gets the better of their anxiety, let Africa alone. It will keep. The field of the American Negro is at home. The gentleman said in his sermon, it would be fifty years before we would be the intellectual equals of the American whites. He might have as truly said a hundred years. Then, what's the use of going to Africa to die? We are no more able to stand the cli-

mate than the whites. We are not *Americans*. We are Americans. We have no talent to sacrifice in Africa. Many of the Southern people are trying to show that freedom is a curse to us, that we were better off when we were slaves, that we are unfit for anything but manual labor, that we are incapable of mental improvement. What time, then, have we to spend in Africa? What talent have we to spare? If the dozen colored men who so fervently expressed their willingness to go to Africa, will go to school a few years, and devote their lives to educating our ignorant people at home, they will show much more common sense and accomplish far nobler results.

—Rev. J. C. Booth will return from the East this week with his bride, a lady of more than ordinary ability and very high social standing. She graduated from the New Haven High School, rank two, in a class of forty-two scholars; and so efficient had been her work while in school, that her application for a position in one of the city schools was readily granted. She was placed as principal of one of the schools, which, there as here, are mixed, and had for an assistant a white lady. She taught until this fall, when, having in view a smaller but more agreeable school, she resigned. Of the fortunate possessor of her hand it is needless to say much. He is too well known. He is a B. D., of Yale Theological Seminary, and one of the most learned ministers of the M. E. Church. He is most proficient in the languages, being well versed in Latin, German and Hebrew. Our citizens will gladly welcome the estimable couple, and only regret that adverse fate, in the shape of Methodist itineracy, will in a short while deprive us of their presence.

because every man has a right to do as he chooses. It's none of his business who drinks and who does not. So he votes, little thinking that his single vote may consign his son to a drunkard's grave. But with the mother, how different! Give her the ballot and there is no wavering. She leaves a kiss of pride and affection upon the lips of her boy, and goes to the polls. There, with a mute prayer to God to bless her single effort, she deposits her vote for the Whisky Law, for peace, order and plenty.— Suppose seven million women in this country were permitted to exert this privilege, dare the gentleman say our country would be no better?

As to the third conclusion—*i. e.* "Experience on the Western frontier proves the non-essentiality of the ballot," challenge him to prove it. Facts, Professor, facts! I deny the assertion *in toto*. Bring your proofs. If you do not, I will help you.

The last assertion, that women are represented and cared for by men, is too weak to dwell upon. Thousands of women in this country have no husbands. Tens of thousands have husbands who are such drunkards and reprobates that they cannot take care of themselves, while a great number of other women have more good, sound sense, and better cool, calculating judgment in a minute, than their husbands can master in a week.

To these assertions my opponent adds a few words regarding the exposure and degeneracy entailed by the ballot. This is a common error and needs but a few words of refutation. The mistake occurs in our considering the change taking place

under the present plan, whereas, things would be new. Does one suppose that all this brutality would happen at the polls then? No, there would, then, be a refining influence. What makes our churches, halls, hotels and parlors places of elegance and refinement? The answer is woman. Women have a refining power that holds sway, wherever she goes, and if she went to the polls, it would assert itself there, and instead of being an organized Pandemonium, as is often the case now, it would be a place of peace and sobriety, and anxious effort for the welfare of mankind.

My argument thus far has been confined to the refutation of assertions made by my opponent, but now for my own side of the question:—

1st. Women have to contend against a prejudice old as the hills. It has its foundation in barbarism. The barbarian considers his wife fit for nothing but menial services, and the idea is transmitted to us, and advocated by Prof. Cole in a but slightly modified form. Woman was made a help-mate for man; why does he seek to degrade her and make her his servant? Witness the efforts continually put forth to debar women from honorable and lucrative situations, but in spite of prejudice and oppression, their claims are fast becoming recognized. Massachusetts is said to have the best educational system in the Union, and women serve upon the school Boards with honor and distinction. The National Government employs women throughout the land and they give unqualified satisfaction.



2nd. Women do not generally demand the ballot, simply because they are used to depending upon the men to make the laws. Invest her with the right and power to see that wise and just laws are made for herself and her children, and the apathy will immediately disappear.

3rd. Taxation and representation are inseparable. This is a principle our forefathers fought and died for. It is as broad as the universe, and to abridge and circumscribe its meaning so that it shall apply only to man, is unworthy of the pen of a scholar and a man. Granted the majority of woman have husbands to legislate for them, what becomes of the inalienable rights of the minority? Are they to be trampled upon, derided and ignored? In the name of Justice, I answer NO!

4th. Women are endowed with reason, and are as able to choose between right and wrong as men. Will my opponent deny this?

5th. Mothers in this land would lend neither aid nor countenance to laws in any way calculated to bring dishonor or misery upon their children, but the ballot once in their hands, they would hold it a sacred duty to wield it in reference to the hopes of their future days—their children.

In conclusion, I must remind my opponent, that his first paper has but feebly helped his cause, his argument rests wholly upon assertions, not self-evident in themselves, nor evidenced by facts, brought to our notice. I implore him to bring proofs to his rescue, lest my next paper leave him, like a boy across his mother's knee, in a delicate situation.

Paris, Mo., March, 1876.

## MIXED SCHOOLS.

34  
COMMISSIONER STRAND, of the New York Board of Education, moved, in a late session, to abolish colored schools and permit the children, white and colored, to attend the same schools. This action was taken after long deliberation, and will open for discussion the propriety and feasibility of its accomplishment. Of the right there is no question. Public schools are for the public, and it is a malignant wrong to exclude one class of citizens from the enjoyment of their guaranteed rights. The old prejudices are gradually wearing away, and under the benign influence of a higher civilization, men forget their childish aversions and follies, and seek to know and do the right. But there will be a struggle. Nations are not educated in a day, nor principles established in an hour. Prejudices, however insane they may be, are hard to remove. The white people of New York will be loth to admit the Negro to such social equality as the mixed school system inevitable entails. They are unused to it. The millionaire's daughter will not like the idea of standing below the drayman's son in scholarship, when the latter is a black—one she was taught was her inferior, fit only for patronage and menial employment. But experience will teach them, as it has the people of this city, that there is merit in a black man, and equal privileges being granted, equal results will follow. There is no doubt that ultimately the mixed school system will prevail over this entire land. The time will come when wealth and wisdom will determine the social status of every American citizen. But it will require patient and persevering effort to reach this end. Our Chicago schools are doing a noble work in enfranchising the minds of both races, of the slavish prejudices which once fed upon them. First, children with a fraction of colored

## Procrastination.

BY FERDINAND L. BARNETT.

MUCH has been said about opportunities and actions, while one of our direst foes—Procrastination—has been left unassailed. It is one of the little sugar-coated vices. It draws the poor, unsuspecting victim into its treacherous embrace, and, lulling him into calm repose by oft whispered assurances of "Time enough," carries him to destruction, allowing him to arouse from his lethargy only to witness and lament his doom.

There are few causes that tend to enervate and ruin us more than this. Once in its soothing embrace, we are dead to every feeling of duty and right. Our intentions may not be poisoned, but however good they may be, they are systematically frustrated by this evil genius.

"There is a tide in the affairs of men, which, taken at its flood, leads on to fortune; neglected, all is lost."

How many promising lives are blasted by delaying action! How many brilliant victories have been changed to disastrous defeats by the loss of a few valuable moments! Everything depends upon seizing the opportunity and delaying for nothing.

This tide in the affairs of our race is at its flood now; by carefully making use of its power it can but lead us on to fortune, but let us neglect it and all is lost.

Political affairs in our country are approaching a crisis. Slavery was the rock against which our noble ship of state was nearly destroyed. By providence the rock was removed, and the good old ship sails proudly on.

The abolition of slavery was the triumph of the Republican party, and the consequent defeat of the old hard-  
-hearted, copper-bottomed Democrats.

The Republicans have held undisputed sway ever since the war, but now comes the reverse action.

Our Congress is Democratic, our state Legislature are largely democratic, and near two thirds of our governors are democrats.

Verily this is a momentous time. How will it fare for the black man? Much depends upon his own actions. Now is the time for honest unanimous, unwavering exertion. Let there be no rivalry, no jealousy, no chicanery, no procrastination. Let us find the right way and go to work vigorously. Hold the cause of our people dearer than exalted individuality. Labor with zeal for the highest good of all. Be not alarmed by the threatenings of

brazen-faced democrats, nor deceived by the artifices of weak-kneed republicans. Watch the men that have our interest at heart and put them in office. Do not in blinded zeal, put an ignorant and unworthy colored man in office. When we elect colored men to office let them represent our intelligence, not our ignorance.

Ah, this ignorance is the bane of our existence, and we must begin to eradicate it now. We have no time to lose.

United action is the great desideratum. Every person, through whose veins one drop of negro blood courses, should rally with power, and help our cause, by acquiring and disseminating knowledge among our people. If you can read and write, practice until you are proficient, then take the step higher. If you can neither read nor write, get a book and pencil before the next sunset and *make a start*. Urge the children to begin now, do not wait until to-morrow, but begin to-day. In the name of our poor, downtrodden race I appeal to every unit thereof to begin this work of general enlightenment to-day.

all the cities and towns in Missouri should be able to boast of at least one well organized literary society, its members laboring diligently, and employing all the means that tend to elevate our standard of mental and moral excellence—the chief elements which determine our social status as a race.

### Sabbath School Union Pic-nic.

The Union established between the three Sabbath Schools of this city, has realized the most sanguine hopes of its founders. Through its instrumentality the churches have been brought into a closer and more friendly relation than ever before. The last union was held in the Olivet Baptist Church. The house was crowded to repletion, and the exercises unusually interesting. The address of Mrs. Harper and the re-admission of Providence School were features of the day. The pic-nic given under the auspices of the Union was an exceedingly enjoyable affair, and the vast assemblage of happy-hearted people left the grove for the city at 6 P. M. At Englewood, news of the fire reached the train, but did not gain credence until the smoke was visible. Then, there was sorrow, fear and anxiety depicted upon every face, and when finally the train arrived at the depot, the scene was heart-rending. The frantic assemblage looked forth upon the space where a few short hours previous they had left their homes, but now one sea of livid, insatiable flame. Many families attended the pic-nic—they returned with the key of their homes in their pockets, but the homes were in ashes. The excitement of the fire is now over, and it is remarkable to see calmly and submissively the colored people bear their losses. The conviction that it was for the better is universal—the loss of the three churches is alone deplored. United in a common prosperity, they are banded in a common disaster; but it is a matter of great felicitation on the part of all that the last Sabbath School session of the three churches was held in one, where brotherly kindness and amity of feeling was more manifest than at any session previous.

### LETTERS FROM THE PEOPLE,

#### Open the Doors

To the Editor of The Evening Post.

After reading a criticism in this *EVENING'S* Post concerning Miss Cushman's *Queen Catherine*, I would like to lay a complaint before your readers, and leave them to judge whether or not it is just. I complain against the custom of theatrical managers in allowing colored people no seats in their houses, save those in the pit. The white people say, "Now that the negro is free, let us see what he will do." They expect him to attain moral and intellectual culture equal to any other man. Notwithstanding this, they throw every possible impediment in the way. The stage is one of the most useful educators. Its actors being well versed, conceive and point out innumerable beauties in a text which the reader would overlook. One cannot help admiring the force and sublimity of Hamlet when reading it, but how much grander does it seem when every passage is shown to you by an actor who makes its study and rendition the business of his life. We see him as a real Hamlet tortured with shame, distrust, hatred, and desire for revenge, and hear him vent his feelings in the author's lines, which forcible and sublime at any time become infinitely more so by their interpretation. And so with all the works of other authors. Their correct rendition is lost to the colored scholar. He may idolize Shakespeare, read and re-read his matchless productions, yet he cannot see them correctly rendered save by becoming accessory to his own degradation by admitting that the "pit" is good enough for him. Thus Booth, Adams, Jefferson, Cushman, Neilson, and all the other great artists come and go, while no colored student has the pleasure to enjoy nor the privilege of learning from their representations. Few colored ladies ever see inside of our places of amusement, for no gentleman would take a lady and seat her in the "pit."

Is it not time that managers should consider that the shade of one's skin does not effect his qualities as a gentleman? 'Twould not hurt patronage. No white gentleman would object to a colored lady and gentleman being seated near him. The children sit together in school. Why place some of them in the "pit" when they are grown.

Let us hope that, as the whites expect us to prove ourselves worthy of their highest esteem, they will cease to subject us to such unjust and degrading customs.

As *THE POST* is ever found upon the side of truth and right, will it not use its influence in trying to remove this odious custom from the most patient, quiet and unobtrusive, yet most abused of all American citizens.

ONE WHO FEELS THE YOKE,  
CHICAGO, Oct. 21, 1873.



# Ferdinand L. Barnett Esq

Was born in Nashville Tenn A.D.

He was deprived of his parents in early life and being an orphan was found till of age Being very industrious he was, after his fifteenth year allowed to have his own time for which work he rendered a yearly compensation. Until 30 he remained a Bachelor. He then married a young widow Martha Ann Moss Being a settled man he went to work and soon accumulated a comfortable competence. His wife has blessed his home with seven little erring immortals - two of whom survive it is to be hoped a solace in their old age.

The stringent laws against free people together with desire to educate his children caused him to leave his dear beloved home for Canada Apr 60. Thence he removed Sept 8. 60 to Chicago. By dint of arduous labor and perseverance he has acquired a home for himself and family and rendered invaluable assistance to his son Ferdinand in his pursuit of knowledge.

Lays griefs grim and buck lightly the locks now silver with age but may Peace Prosperity and Happiness crown his remaining days May Heath his last hours his  
— Bright and best

There is to much of this dreadful procrastination among us; we are too apt to delay until to-morrow, what should be done to-day. But we must arouse ourselves, for we are losing ground. Every one should ponder the subject well. Am I idling my time away? Am I a victim, fawned and petted by procrastinations, witching ways and shall I some day wake to the terrible realization that my life's best days are gone, that the future is nor can be aught else than a barren waste, unproductive of the golden harvest of seeds that I might have sown. The sun of my existence has passed its meridian and is now sinking in the darkness and obscurity of old age. No ray of light shed by brilliant bygone deeds cheers my feeble way, my name is known by no one save my immediate friends. My people never refer to me as an example for more youthful ones to follow. My wilful waste of youth has incurred the proverbial woeful want in old age and in neglected indigent and helpless dotage I am left to lament the folly of my mis-spent days. How keenly then will be the realization of Whittier's truthful couplet:

"Of all sad words of tongue or pen

The saddest are these—it might have been."

Such an unhappy end we must avoid. We must work now—"act the living present," and indulge none of procrastination's fanciful yet delusive dreams. We must begin *now*. Work with all the energy we possess, gain all the knowledge we can, make friends on every hand, be living, speaking monuments of talent, energy and perseverance; then instead of a miserable dreary dotage, the last days of our earthly career will be our best.

The golden grain of well cultivated fields will be garnered with pleasure and pride, the untarnished light of brilliant achievements will brighten the pathway, revered by strangers,

blessed by friends, rewarded by an approving conscience and an approving God, we can peacefully, cheerfully, resignedly, fold the drapery of our couches about us and lie down to pleasant dreams.

#### MISCELLANEOUS.

##### HIGH SCHOOL EXAMINATIONS.

The examinations at the High School were continued and concluded yesterday. The classes acquitted themselves as upon the preceding day, with great credit.

The examinations extended over the higher branches of study including geometry, trigonometry, the ancient and modern languages, English literature and political economy, history, philosophy, geology, zoology, and physical geography. The examiners for the ancient languages were Messrs. Washington Hering, and Franklin MacVeagh, who complimented the classes for the decided proficiency displayed by them in their Latin and Greek. There was a larger attendance than upon the former day, and the scholars did not fail to appreciate the interest shown, by giving answers to questions and problems, with more spirit and accuracy.

The stimulus of disclosing the knowledge which they have acquired by hard study to those who feel a pride in their efforts should not in any instance be denied to scholars. Parents are apt to neglect their duty in this respect, and to suppose that they have fulfilled all the requirements if they are present at the commencement-day exercises. This is entirely a mistake, for, though the latter day is full of enjoyment for each, the real results of the pupil's application to study is much better seen in the examination.

The paintings, and crayon and pencil drawings, which adorn the walls of the High-School are well worthy of attention and notice. Perhaps there is too much time devoted to mere fancy sketching, and, if criticism were in place it would be just to say that there is a field of practical art in this direction, which it would be better to cultivate than to waste abilities on that which may be termed an accomplishment rather than a utility. Judged by the usual standards of minor pictures, the scholars, however, have shown excellent results. There can be no complaint of their merit, but only of the direction in which their powers are trained. The examinations closed at 3 p. m. Thursday afternoon commencement exercises will be held at McVicker's Theatre.

THE Golden Link Society having postponed their concert from the 9th to the 23d, was rather disconcerted by the ravages of the "Fire King." But the shock was only momentary, and Providence and the fire permitting, the concert will take place about the middle of August. We are sorry to learn that the Society suffered a severe loss by the fire, the whole amount of its money being lost, amounting to considerable more than a thousand dollars.

## ANNIVERSARY.

The second anniversary of the Golden Link Society was celebrated by a parlor concert, August 2d, at the residence of John Jones, Esq.

The Golden Link is a literary society of juniors, and dates its organization back to August, 1872. It has a membership of 41, and in point of popularity is the first in our city.

The exercises of the evening were commenced at 9:15, and were alike interesting to the audience and creditable to the performers.

After the reading of the paper, the President of the Society hastily reviewed its history, stating its aims and attainments, and with a few advisory remarks gave in his resignation. The exercises closed with the singing of the quartette "Sunrise," after which the company regaled themselves with an ample repast spread for their benefit. The remainder of the evening was spent in social enjoyment. The large and excellent company, composed of the *elite* of our city, dispersed at 12, expressing themselves as highly pleased with the entertainment.

The officers during the past six months were: F. L. Barnett, President; H. D. King, Vice; Miss F. Hawkins, Secretary; Miss E. Cooper Assistant; Miss G. Meade, Treasurer; Miss F. W. Cooper, Editor.

It is to be hoped that it will be revived in the fall, and ever grow in worth and popularity.

THE burned district is being rapidly rebuilt, and in a style worthy of the city's pride. One of the most serious losses of the fire was the elegant and commodious school, corner of Harrison street and Third avenue. This school—the Jones—was burned during the fire, and was rebuilt in a style second to none in the city, and had not more than one or two equals.

Arrangements are now being made to secure some building for the hundreds of children rendered destitute of school accommodation.

—The Hampton Students sang in Quinn Chapel Sunday evening, June 21st. It was the first time they ever sang in a colored church. The instructor addressed the audience, stating, in a few brief remarks, the aims and attainments of the Hampton Institute, touching cursorily upon the condition of negroes in the South. He said that liberty was the greatest boon ever bestowed upon them, but without the aid of education, it would prove a curse instead of a blessing. He concluded by asking the audience to furnish some young student with one year's tuition free. He was followed by the Rev. J. Booth, who stated some of the wrongs which the colored people have endured, but under the benign influence of liberty and education, he now looked forward to a better day. He ably seconded the appeal for money. After his address a collection was taken up, amounting to \$71.58. Thus Chicago has furnished one scholarship at the institute, and \$1.58 to spare. It is needless to say anything in reference to the singing, as the excellence of the Hamptons is too well known to need comment.

**Our Colored People.**—Rev. H. H. White, of Jefferson City, delivered an excellent lecture to our colored citizens on the 29th, ult. The Douglass Lyceum, composed largely of the public school scholars, has had a very pleasant and interesting session during the past winter. The initial lecture of the Lyceum course was delivered by Rev. John Jeffers, who spoke upon "The chief excellencies of man." The lecture was an able effort, and consisted mainly of timely suggestions and excellent advice. Mr. White was the second speaker of the course. His subject was "The Old and the New." He spoke ably of the past history of the negro in America, and with great power and excellence upon his present and future. His effort was happily received and heartily applauded. The evening's entertainment concluded with a guitar solo, and the large audience dispersed in the best of spirits. The third lecture will be delivered the 26th, inst., by Ferdinand L. Barnett, subject, "The Colored Races of America."



The fireside is the place where the memory should love to linger. We should be loth to forget the bright sunny faces and the bursts of merry laughter which, ringing, innocent and clear, thrilled our hearts with joyous delight. 'Tis the place where the mother watched many a sleepless night with her loving babe. 'Tis the place where, later, the child received from the lips of anxious, loving parents, words that bear fruit for time and eternity. Here the innocent parlor games are learned and the parent tries to render his fireside more tempting than the cold world outside. Here every feud is banished and no words spoken save those of love and cheer. This is the fireside that is the brightest spot in life. It stands like an evergreen oasis 'mid life's blinding storms. But how few households have such a fireside! Instead of being a place of loving remembrance, it is resorted to only with pain. Instead of being a place of happiness, quietude and love, it is a scene of anger, turmoil and strife; and the various games that should endear the youth to his fireside and home are banished as though they were the deadliest of evils. The parent forbids the child, even though arrived at the age of discretion, to entertain an associate with chequers, cards, dominoes, etc., for to permit such things would be an unpardonable sin! When will people learn that human nature is not made to run in the same channel from blooming youth to grave old age? The fatigued body and the overtaxed brain must have relaxation and pleasure. Then why ostracise these pleasant games fitted only for the fireside? Are they immoral? No. Then why? "Well," says the parent, "I belong to the church, and must not allow my children to play them," and thus the poor deluded parent, in striving to prevent an imaginary evil, provokes a real one. Being forbidden to enjoy himself openly at home, he does it by stealth. Then follow eye-service, then prevarication, then open disobedience. How

many young men, being forbidden to thus entertain their associates at home, take them to the corner saloon, and spend their hours amid drunkenness, misery and crime. Many a young man's downfall dates to an influence such as this. Parents should make the fireside inviting, and thus keep the obedient child at home and win the wayward back. To be zealous, parents, is praiseworthy, but be not over-zealous. It was the same blinded zeal that led martyrs to the stake that robs numberless homes of their happy firesides and Christianity of half its grandeur.

AMRETTA.

THE Christian Association of Quinn Chapel gave a varied and interesting entertainment for the benefit of the pastor, the 26th inst. It is to be hoped that the proceeds were equal to expectation, as the beneficiary is well worthy of an excellent testimonial.

It is a lamentable fact that there is less interest taken in our schools by the colored people of our city than ever before. The parents seem to be a little indifferent for their children's welfare; and, one would think, instead of urging them to complete a course in the common schools at least, discourage any efforts towards attending school. In this large city, where educational facilities are almost unlimited, not one boy is in the first grade, and not a half dozen girls. The fault must be in the parents. Do not let your child leave school whenever he sees fit. Few children care to attend school when there are so many pleasant paths to lead them away. But it is here that the watchful parent is needed. He must show to the child that the pleasures to be gained in leaving school are fleeting and vain; but that remaining at school for the present, even though attended by serious difficulties, will in the future reap a reward as beneficial as commendable, and as lasting as themselves. Parents, look to the welfare of your children, and see that more than one scholar enters the High School next June.

AMRETTA.

that it is no more remarkable in a colored man. Evidently the reporter looked to see the president's chair occupied by a Hottentot, and was surprised to find its occupant a gentleman of culture. Miss Sallie Bridgewater's selection may have been the "gem of the evening" and yet not remarkable. Miss Bridgewater has often read in Chicago. We admit she is an excellent reader, but not at all remarkable. He doubtless supposed she would read the "Skeleton in Armor" as he used to recite "Little Bo-Peep." "The costumes worn were elaborate and handsome." Remarkable, wasn't it? He surely expected to see calico dresses and head handkerchiefs. These have long ago been discarded, and if the Courier-Journal had spent more of its time in encouraging the laudable efforts of its colored citizens to improve their opportunities, and less in abusing, discouraging and vilifying them, it need not, at this late day, confess its ignorance nor consider their improvement remarkable.

#### COLORED SOLDIERS.

Col. Shafter, U. S. A., in his examination before the committee on Military Affairs, gave great praise to the colored troops in the far West, highly commending their "excellent discipline, their good behavior under fire, and their obedience." He testified that an erroneous idea was prevalent that the colored troops were officered by those who stood lowest in their classes. This fixed a badge of disgrace upon every officer of colored troops. He said that the only way to prevent this was "to break down the color line entirely in the organization of the army."

Colonel Shafter is right. Men who are noble enough to mingle their blood upon their country's altar should certainly be free from petty, ignoble prejudice. The blood of the colored soldier flows fully as red as that of his Caucasian comrade. In the hour of peril our country knows no color-line, but calls for MEN. Colonel Shafter righteously recommends that the same be done in time of apparent security.

CHICAGO, JAN. 19, 1878.

#### TO OUR FRIENDS.

With many misgivings we sent to you the CONSERVATOR, a creature born of our enthusiastic desire to benefit our people rather than any latent motive of self-aggrandizement or pecuniary profit. With hearts aching from anxiety we awaited the result. Few times have we ever had greater cause to rejoice than we now have. Endorsed by the people, encouraged by the press, supported by friends and aided by strangers, the CONSERVATOR enters upon the first year of its existence with prospects unusually bright and favorable. Although only two weeks old, the CONSERVATOR has four-fifths of the number of subscribers necessary to place it upon a self-sustaining basis. We earnestly thank those who have so kindly befriended us, and soliciting their continued support and the assistance of others yet unknown, we go to work with increased courage and renewed determination to merit the favor so lavishly bestowed upon us.

—Mr. Frank Washington, a very enterprising citizen of St. Joseph, Mich., has chartered the Steamship Menominee, and will run her during the present season, from Chicago to Mackinaw—as second-cook.

—We have the pleasure of announcing the marriage of Mr. R. M. Mitchell, to Mrs. A. Coleman, which occurred Thursday night, in a very quiet unostentatious manner. We wish them a happy voyage through life, many seasons of continued prosperity; and if troubles do come, we hope they will only be little ones.

## THE NEGRO AND THE DEMOCRATIC PARTY.

The great unsolvable question of the past decade has been, "What shall be done with the Negro?" His abilities having been a matter of conjecture, his ultimate sphere in the American family has consequently been a matter of doubt and discussion. His political status has, however, been generally conceded to be unalterably Republican, but even this has become a matter of doubt. Feeling a deep and lasting obligation due to the Republican party, for its bold espousal of his inalienable rights, he has, until now, invariably given it his undivided support. So invariably has he used his power for the perpetuation of Republican principles that a Negro politician, avowing other principles than Simon-pure Republicanism, is an object of distrust and general contempt. Nor is this to be wondered at. The principles of the Republican party are such as appeal to the better natures of men, wherever they may be. It has been the champion of the oppressed and the foe of the oppressor. It has been an able advocate of universal enlightenment, a strong hand in time of war, and yet a willing messenger of peace. It has constantly sought to bring about that harmonious action between rulers and subjects which is so essential to good government. No wonder then that the Negro has shown it an allegiance so implicit and unchangeable. The Democratic party on the other hand has invariably been found on the side of the oppressor. Its mission seemed to be to augment the misery of the oppressed, to check the tide of general enlightenment, and to encourage the friends of disunion. In every important measure brought forward, for the amelioration of the condition of the Negro, the Republican party has been its champion, and the Democratic party its most inveterate foe. The conflict was waged with vigor to the end. Triumph rested upon the banners of the Republican party, and so far as law can rectify ages of error it has done so. Now that the conflict is over and every American citizen stands vested in all the rights and immunities guaranteed by the constitution, we may reasonably ask: Shall the Negro forgive and forget? Must he let the wrongs of

42  
by-gone days rankle in his bosom and cherish resentment towards those who, seeing the folly of their past deeds, may be willing to show him friendship. The last platform of Democratic principles adopted at St. Louis embraces every right the Negro can ask. Guarantee the faithful observance of its principles, and what longer excuse can there be for a color line? There can never be perfect peace in America so long as a man's color is *prima facie* evidence of his principles. His opponents invariably overlook the principles and fight the man. The Negro, like every other citizen, must show his manhood. Independence engenders respect. Just so long as the colored voters can be counted as so many sheep, just so long will he be to his enemies an object of contempt and to his friends an object of commiseration. Brought suddenly from the gloom of bondage into the bright light of freedom, he felt cautious lest by some unguarded act he might do an injury, years would fail to undo. Naturally he clung to the hand that helped to break the shackles and lift the weary yoke. If there is one element of his nature pre-eminent over others it is gratitude. That he has shown gratitude, deep, lasting and sincere, no one will deny. But years have passed and gone. The child who clung to his guardian's hand and saw through another's eyes, respectfully asks to stand alone and see through eyes of his own. He does not see things as he did in days gone by. Acts which then appeared to be the disinterested promptings of generous hearts are seen to be clearly the interested efforts of self-preservation, and while he has nothing but gratitude for the friends of his infancy, he feels that he can only enjoy the respect of men for men by exerting the inseparable attributes of manhood.

Whether the Negro vote will divide depends upon the course of political parties. The deplorable condition of affairs in the South is due in a large degree to the color line in politics. Should the Democrats, Independents, Conservatives, or other parties vie with Republicans in showing an interest and appreciation of the colored vote, and guarantee to him a suitable and a commensurate representation, the color line—the great bug-bear of American politics—will be certainly and effectually eradicated.



## THE JEWELS AND THE SWINE.

Many hundred years ago men were warned against throwing pearls before swine, lest they trample them under foot and turn against the giver. Of the wisdom in the warning there is no question, still men go on, daily casting their jewels, and receiving the prophesied reward. Such has been the case in the recent political affairs in this country. Comparisons are odious, and such a comparison must be extremely odious to the swine creation, to which we make our due apology, but we make the comparison because it aptly expresses the action of the Southern people and the present administration.

When President Hayes assumed the powers of his office, he felt that he would be able to speedily reconcile the Southern implacables. In his power he had a few jewels which he dispensed with a lavish hand. He delivered to them two Republican States. They have since striven to brand him a usurper and oust him from his seat. Upon their promise of peaceable government, he removed the detested signs of national authority. They have inaugurated a system of sanctioned rioting and butchery, and dare the President to interfere. They promised to protect the citizens in the use of their franchise, and have since visited death upon those who chose to use it as men. He offered them the olive branch of peace. They stripped it of its leaves and used it as a lash for their political opponents. He appealed to their manhood and trusted to their honor, but it proved to be an appeal to an assassin with his shot-gun, and the trust in the honor of a masked marauder.

He supposed he was dealing with honorable men, but time has shown him his error. They have proved

43  
themselves capable of the blackest ingratitude. They have fed upon his favor, until they were fat with power, and then spat upon the hand that fed them. Their promises and oaths have been broken with impunity; as liars and perjurers they challenge the world for successful rivalry. Nor is the end yet. Every vestige of political freedom will be driven from the South, even if the streets run blood to secure the consummation. A Democratic Congress will goad the patient, forbearing North to desperation. Then will ensue another struggle, in which humanity will again triumph over cunning and brute ferocity, and the lesson of the pearls and the swine will never be forgotten.

## DEATH AT THE ALTAR.

A most appalling accident occurred at Court street Church, Richmond, Va., Wednesday evening, October 17th. The house was literally jammed with friends of Miss Malinda Boshier and Mr. Thomas Johnson, who gathered to witness their nuptials. The bride and bridegroom passed in the church. The solemn marriage rite began. Each had spoken the marriage vows, and the minister was in the very act of pronouncing them man and wife, when a crash was heard. A large portion of the plastering fell from the ceiling, and the panic which ensued was indescribable. Men and women jumped from the galleries and from the windows; some were instantly killed. A man jumped from the gallery and fell upon the bride, killing her instantly. Mr. Boshier, the bridegroom, was knocked down and trampled to death. It is certainly the saddest accident we have been called upon to record. About one dozen persons were killed or mortally wounded.

## POTENT YET PACIFIC.

The colored people of the State of Illinois are comparatively few in number, but so evenly are the parties matched that the colored people hold the balance of power. A gentleman in the Republican Campaign Committee said, Tuesday morning in a speech, that the colored people deserved representation, and were justly indignant because it was refused them. He said there was no doubt that they formed the balance of power in the State, and if they were mean and depraved enough could throw the State into the hands of the Democratic party. He was right. We are an important factor of the body politic, and we know it, but we have never once used our power to defeat the party which lays claim to our gratitude and support. We vote the Republican ticket year in and year out, and with such regularity that the Negro vote is always counted solid Republican.

We have no desire that it should be otherwise. We do not wish to change just for the sake of changing, but we are glad to see a spirit of independence manifested, which prompts us, like other nationalities, to see and demand our rights. The Republican party need not fear a loss of our votes so long as a due regard is paid to our acknowledged rights, but when it counts upon us as a matter of course, and refuses to consult our wishes, there will be exercised that potent influence we are known to possess, and which so far we have held in peace.

## SOUTHERN VALOR.

A dispatch from Louisiana gives an account of the massacre of a few Negroes in a race riot. Of course there were no white men killed. White men consider discretion the better part of valor. They will not attack armed colored men, but if they can fasten a

44  
hundred in a house, they will fire the building and shoot the escaping victims. They will suffer themselves to be invaded by a Negro camp-meeting or an unarmed political mass-meeting, and shoot a dozen Negroes in self-defense. They will mask themselves, go forth and murder an educated colored girl in the bloom of womanhood, because she dares to teach her people. In peace they show discretion; they also do in war. They will hoist the flag of truce, and under its protection gain an advantage; then indulge their love for butchery to the fullest extent. Theirs is the discretion of the devil. Their valor would shame the brute.

## GOING TO RUIN.

We very sorrowfully call attention to the fact, that a number of our young girls and boys are on the road to ruin. The boys rioting in the Clark street, and 4th Avenue dives, laying foundations for lives of thieves, thugs, and murderers, and the girls walking the streets in gaudy attire— attracting notice—exciting comment, and rapidly linking their lives, with those whose "House is the gate of Hell, going down to the chambers of death."

How sad it is to see the girls we have known in their innocent childhood, change their lives, just when life's days should be the brightest; change from piety, virtue, and happiness, to vice, dissipation and woe. Mothers are you blind? Fathers are you deaf? Christians are you asleep? For the sake of God and Humanity, let some one rescue these young lives from dissipation's perpetual gloom.

THE plague is rapidly dying away, and the southern white people, being released from active duties of burying their relatives, will manage to occupy their leisure winter hours by gunning Negroes. We hope the best gunners have had an engagement with Yellow Jack and have been defeated.

ble signs of Negro blood, but as his language is decidedly Spanish he ranks among the Caucasians.

The University buildings are spacious and elegant and well worthy the care of the State. Several of the colored citizens are large property owners. The Chronicle barber shop, the finest between Chicago and Detroit, is kept by Mr. M. C. Shewcraft, a young man of more than ordinary business ability, formerly of Windsor, Ont.

Arriving at Detroit, we met many of the citizens and talked THE CONSERVATOR to them with a will. We were glad to see the interest being manifested. Spent a short time in Canada, noted a few signs of life in the Canadians, and became convinced that the average Caucasian Canuck is about as mean, contemptible and prejudiced as ever. Listened to some interesting temperance addresses Sunday, particularly by Mrs. Simpson, the colored lectress, and Mr. Thomas Crissup, the colored lawyer.

Met the Onaway Club Monday night and endeavored to present the necessity of an active, progressive press for our race welfare. The Onaway is composed of the city's *elite*, and is such a society as Detroit should be proud of. We have in no city met a circle more intellectual and refined. The Club room is the finest we have lately seen. A Brussels carpet of elegant design covers the large hall, which, together with handsome furniture, dressing rooms, &c., make a meeting place at once elegant and convenient.

Returned home via some smaller cities, refreshed and ready for the summer campaign.

45  
We clip the following from the Lexington Visitor (colored democrat):

"THE NEGRO AND THE DEMOCRATIC PARTY."

Under this heading the Chicago Conservator expatiates to a considerable extent, pleading with and demanding of all colored men a unanimous support of the Republican party, and asks: "What shall be done with the Negro?" In our mind if the Negro stands, as we have stood in days by-gone, faithful to the Republican party, nothing will be done with him; he will, in a hundred years from now, stand just where the colored population of to-day stand, on a platform rotten as perdition.

The person who wrote the above comment, is either a dolt or an ignoramus. No article "pleading with and demanding of all colored men a unanimous support of the Republican party" has ever appeared in the CONSERVATOR, and doubtless never will. We advocate Republican principles, and as long as that party is true to its professions, we are true to the party, but when it forsakes its principles it loses our support. We never asked "What shall be done with the Negro?" The Negro is willing to do for himself, and asks no especial favor of either party, but confidently looks to the time when both parties will seek his influence and support. It may be the Visitor cannot understand pure English, if so it has our sincere sympathy. More probably it has wilfully misrepresented us, in which case, we detest the sin and pity the sinner. By all means, we beseech you, brother Visitor, be HONEST if you are a democrat.

July 6



## LIMBS OF THE LAW.

### Commencement Exercises of Union Law College.

OF DOUGLASS AND NORTHWESTERN UNI-  
VERSITIES.

The graduating exercises of the Union College of Law were held on Wednesday evening in the audience room of the First Methodist Church, with a large attendance present.

Judge Booth, Dean of the Faculty, presided, and introduced the Rev. Dr. Anderson, President of the University of Chicago, who offered prayer.

The Hon. Henry Strong was then introduced. He delivered an able address. Subject: "Advocate and Citizen." He showed that no one could be a good lawyer unless he was a good citizen. He urged the young men to make themselves conversant with the topics of the times and not devote all their time and talents in filing bills of exceptions and securing retainers. His effort was listened to with rapt attention and was pronounced to be one of the best yet given before the college. After his address, Judge Booth introduced the Hon. Thomas Hoyne to award the prizes due two members of the class. The gentleman spoke of the general excellence of all the essays, but the opinion of the committee was that the prize was due to C. A. Pendergast, who wrote on "The Law of the Land." The second and third in order of merit were on "Legislation Affecting the Use of Private Property," and "The Development and Influence of the Civil Law." The Callaghan prize for the best examination was awarded by vote of the Faculty to Frank H. Scott. Both of the prize-winners were loudly cheered on coming forward to receive their checks.

Judge Booth Dean of the College, then delivered a touching valedictory address, to the graduating class. He spoke of the obstacles which would naturally be encountered, and gave such advice as thirty-four years spent in the profession warranted.

As the conclusion of the address he turned to the class in a few remarks commendatory of their past years of study, and bespeaking a successful future, conferred the degree of Bachelor of Laws upon, Henry W. Ames, Chas. E. Anthony, Ferdinand L. Barnett, Chicago; Frank Prentice Bothwell, Ligonier, Ind.; Charles Wesley Carter, Vandalia, Ill.; Daniel Clingingsmith, Barry, Ill.; Eugene J. Colgan, Chicago, Thomas H. Coppinger, Alton; Chas. Lybrand Davidson, Algona, Ia.; Jos. Oscar Devolt, Chicago; Olin J. Gary and George R. Grant, Chicago; Arthur Lee Hereford, Secor, Ill.; Harry Higbee, Pittsfield, Ill.; Charles Edgar Jennings, Centralia, William Reid Manierre and Walter Mattocks, Chicago; Samuel Chesney McPherrin, Clarinda, Ia.; Alice D. Merrill and Robert E. Morrison, Chicago; George W. Murray, Englewood; Richard John Prendergast, Chicago; James Manly Phelps, Warren, Ill.; Marion Pickett, Englewood; Benjamin Windfield Pope, Du Quoin, Ill.; George Mills Rogers, Chicago; Milton M. Rowley, Crystal Lake; Frank H. Scott, Evanston; John Scott, Ligonier, Ind.; Lucien Sangers Seaman, Somonauk, Ill.; Stephen G. Swisher, Lost Creek, W. Va.; Alfred N. Tagert, Burlington, Vermont; Edwin Stewart Wheeler and T. Brock White, Chicago; and John G. Worthington, Pittsfield, Ill.

47

#### OBITUARY.

Mrs. Sarah Brooks, at 1497 Portland avenue, Wednesday, Sept. 25th, at 12 M., aged 80 years.

Deceased was born in Virginia in the latter part of the last century. She was twice married and was blessed with two children. She moved from Virginia, when about eighteen, to North Carolina, thence to Nashville, Tenn., where she lived nearly forty years. Here her daughter was married to Ferdinand L. Barnett, Sr., and with the family she has ever since resided, removing, in 1859, to Canada, and to this city in 1868. She has enjoyed reasonably good health for the last ten years. Her death was very sudden. She was in usual good health, attending to household cares and visiting around the neighborhood during the day. About 10 P. M., her older grandson returned home from work, for whom, as was her unvarying custom, she had kept supper. This she prepared for him, conversing pleasantly, and without a symptom of illness. About 10:30 she lay down, and in a few moments thereafter she was in the valley of the shadow of death. Scarcely could the neighbors be summoned before her spirit had taken its flight. Old age and an asthmatic affection had wrought the change. She was an earnest, consistent christian, a member of Quinn Chapel, a loving mother and a kind, indulgent grandmother.

Funeral services were held at the residence, Friday, at one o'clock, P. M., Rev. G. C. Booth officiating, assisted by Rev. R. De Baptiste and Rev. Jos. Moore. Interment at Oakwoods Cemetery. In a ripe old age she was called from the loved ones on earth to meet the loved in heaven.

Mary  
Hadden  
mother

## MORAL HEROISM.

There have been many deeds of heroism enacted during the visitation of the dreadful scourge at the South. Nor have the heroes been all white men. The Negro, though grievously maligned and vilified by the Southern press and dispatches, have stood at their posts, constantly and assiduously caring for the sick, while curses were being heaped upon them by those blessed with health. But the right will assert itself—merit will be recognized. Among the many nurses in Memphis the *Avalanche* awards the palm to a colored man named Henry Williams. It says of him, "True as steel Henry is one out of ten thousand. Long may he wave a brave and honest colored man."

The papers of that city were forced to yield the highest praise to the colored militia and policemen of that city for their noble actions in time of need. Not only in the humbler spheres did the colored people show their noble spirit of self-sacrifice. In the medical fraternity we had a representative of whom we are justly proud.

Dr. R. H. Tate, of Cincinnati, a colored man of noble bearing, genial-hearted and highly educated, ably represented us among the physicians of that city. His talent made him respected, his devotion to duty gained for him the admiration and appreciation of all. Like Dr. Green, of Vicksburg, he sacrificed his life for the welfare of others. Nobler examples of moral heroism are not to be found. The *Memphis Avalanche* pays the following tribute to his memory:

"Dr. R. H. Tate, the colored physician from Cincinnati, one of our hardest workers, a noble fellow who has been here almost from the commencement of our great plague, died yesterday and will be buried at 10 o'clock to-day, by the Howard Asso-

ciation. Dr. Tate was an educated physician and one of nature's noblemen. Born and reared in the North, he came here to help us in this the hour of our dire extremity. He died that we might live, and God rest his soul."

A DESPATCH from Conshatta, La., says: At a recent democratic convention the Negroes appeared in force, making incendiary speeches and threatening the convention, which adjourned. It adds "one Negro is reported killed." Queer riots they have down there, one side does all the fighting and dying, the other side does all the shooting and all the lying.

REV. JOHN JASPER proved by the Bible that the "sun do move." Commodore Decatur announces he will prove by the same authority that the earth moves. We will pay a big price if either of these gentlemen will show us how to move some of our subscribers to pay their bills.

THE yellow fever rages in Murfreesboro. Notwithstanding this, the jail was visited twice last week and each time a prisoner was taken out and, without trial, much less conviction, brutally hanged to the nearest tree. We are sorry to see that the yellow fever is not doing its full duty.

—A despatch from Newark, N.J., states that, in the Reformed Episcopal council, Thursday, Rev. B. F. Stevens, a missionary south, recounted his labors about Charleston. Fourteen colored churches have been organized there, and the work is popular among the colored people.



## COLORED CASTE.

The Superintendent of Public Instruction in Louisiana says upon the subject of mixed schools: "The desire to enter white schools is peculiar to children of mixed white and colored blood. These children undoubtedly merit special consideration, and as they have a strong aversion to association in the schools with children of darker hue, it would seem wise to establish a separate intermediate class of schools for their instruction. This has already been done by establishing Academy No. 4 in charge of competent and deserving colored teachers."

We are glad to see the Louisianaian (Pinchback's paper) raise its voice against this outrage. Why do the quadroons and mulattoes "merit special consideration." They are no better mentally nor morally than their brothers of a "darker hue." They are not higher esteemed by the white race. If you have Negro blood in your veins you may as well be black as a mulatto; it is all the same to a white man. It is not the color that makes the Negro an object of aversion, it is his condition. The ignorant and servile are always objects of aversion and prejudice, be the color what it may. The "blue-veined" Negro who looks condescendingly upon his dark-hued brother, and arrogates to himself an inborn superiority, is too despicable and contemptible an object to "merit consideration." We have enough prejudice to combat as it is. If such "blue-veined" schools are established, the very flood-gates of vituperation and vilification will be opened. There are families in which some children are light and some dark. Such schools would array brothers and sisters against each other in relentless warfare, and would prove the greatest curse ever imposed upon our unfortunate race. Let the people of Louisiana rise and condemn such an ungodly discrimination. The Freedmen want education, but if they can obtain it only through such unholy means, it were better their teachers were trained to husbandry, and their school houses reduced to ashes.

49  
— We are pleased to add The Advance, an ably-edited democratic paper of Montgomery, Alabama, to our list of exchanges. James A. Scott, a colored man, is Editor and proprietor. Ten years ago no colored man would dare to espouse Democratic principles. The Advance espouses and advocates them. We have only words of good cheer for our worthy brother. If dividing the colored vote will extinguish the color line and all its attendant evils, we welcome a division. We welcome every honest effort to elevate us. If the Democrats are willing to treat us as people and help us to improve our condition, we are willing to close our eyes upon "the dark postern of time long elapsed" clasp hands across the "bloody chasm" and be friends.

## J. M. TURNER'S FIASCO.

Personally, we do not know Hon. J. M. Turner, and therefore we dislike to judge him harshly. We supposed him to be a bold, aggressive, undaunted advocate of the rights of the colored people, but his unceremonious weakening in a recent convention, has not strengthened our suppositions.

Mr. Turner is a colored man of pre-eminent ability, mentally, morally, and socially. As an orator he holds first rank, and the colored people are naturally proud of him. Knowing that they were justly entitled to a representative of their own choice, the colored citizens of his district in St. Louis called a meeting and formally requested him to represent them as their candidate for Congress. He acceded to their requests, and entered the contest with the hearty support of the colored people and colored press. Considering the undisputed ability of their candidate, there was no possible excuse for his rejection by the Republican Convention, and only upon the ground of prejudice, could he be rejected.

We were pleased to notice a spirit of independence manifested, which we thought would not brook an insult, but if he was rejected by the Convention, he would be run as an independent candidate by the colored people. But in spite of his unqualified endorsement and his plain duty to his people, Mr. Turner went into the Convention, and after the nomination of candidates, withdrew his name. We subjoin his letter of declension:

*To the Honorable, the Chairman of the Third District Republican Convention:*

SIR: Having been a candidate for the nomination of this Convention, and being satisfied at the expression given, that my candidacy is not in the interest of the Republican party, to whom no personal sacrifices I can make are too

50  
great, and more than I can or will cheerfully render, I therefore have the honor to withdraw my nomination from use in that connection, and proffer my services to the party and its candidate during the canvass. I am, sir, yours for liberty, equality and justice,

MILTON TURNER.

It may be that we are too far removed to understand the case, but to us it appears a disgusting piece of cowardice, entirely unlooked for in such a man. There is in the letter a savor of dogged dependence absolutely nauseating. It reads like the subterfuge of a craven,—the plea of a Judas,—the fawn of a sycophant. What excuse was there for such a letter? From the time the colored people in mass convention assembled, called Mr. Turner to represent them, and his acceptance, he should have sought to obey their wishes, but he did not. Instead of going into the Convention, and with his masterly powers, wrenching from its unwilling grasp, one position of honor for his people, he "sat like a lamb, dumb before his shearers," because forsooth, his candidacy was *not in the interest of the Republican party*. What matter if it was not? He was not sent there in the interest of the Republican party. He was sent there to represent the colored people. The Republican party is able to take care of itself. Mr. Turner should take care of his people.

There were no "personal sacrifices too great" for him to make for the Republican party. That was his own business, but he should have remembered that he went into the Convention, not as John M. Turner simply, but as the *representative of the colored people*. When he made his personal sacrifice, he sacrificed the energy, independence and merited representation of every colored man in the district.

At last, as if to add insult to injury,

51  
this chosen representative of our race, *proffers* his services to the party and its candidate. The idea of J. Milton Turner proffering his services to men who *snub* him because he is black! What must the rank and file do, when our leaders show such craven servility? It is this spirit which has made us such ~~woeful dupes of political scoundrels.~~ It is this spirit which has made us the contemptible and unrecompensed followers of the Republican leaders, who count upon our vote, as upon the concerted action of so many sheep, and it is this spirit which, unless speedily checked, will bankrupt our remaining store of candor, independence and manhood, and make us what too many Republicans believe us to be—creatures fit never to govern, but always to be governed.

In the proceedings of their convention the Nationals certainly exhibited a more just and consistent spirit towards our colored citizens, and their just claims upon the citizens of our entire State, being constant and oppressed laborers, than any other party or class of citizens. The colored man they nominated for representative, John B. Bosley, is an educated and an intelligent business man, was reared in our midst, and would doubtless make a good member of the Lower House.—*Nashville Pilot.*

The National Convention at Nashville was wise as well as just. There is no reason why the colored candidate should not be endorsed. If he is educated, intelligent, honest, and has good business qualifications, what more is there to be desired. Must we withhold our support from an honorable colored man, because he is not a Republican candidate? Certainly not. If so we will be able to support but few colored men, for our chances to have colored Republican candidates are growing rapidly less. If the National party,

with its unexceptional platform, (save the financial plank,) opens its doors, and offers to the colored man that representation which is justly due every honest, intelligent, law-abiding citizen, why should he hesitate to take it?

There is nothing in a party name. The Republican party has a noble record, but something more is needed. It does not satisfy a hungry man, to tell him of feasts he has previously enjoyed. *He needs food now.* We are sensible of our debt of gratitude. We remember the heroic acts of the old line Abolitionists. We remember it was the Republican party which was forced into the war, and it was that noble band of patriots, who, in their dire extremity, helped us free ourselves. It was the Republican party which gave us our suffrage, and since that time it has had an unquestioned monopoly of the same.

We remember these deeds of disinterested heroism, and are duly appreciative. They gratify us but do not wholly satisfy us. We believe that we have in a great degree compensated the party for its benignant watch-care, and feel that we would henceforth rather have a little less of the watch-care of infants, and a little more of the courtship due to men.

We do not espouse the National cause, but recommend our people in all sincerity, to look out for number one. The advancement of the colored people mentally, morally, socially, and politically, is of much more importance to us, than the success of any political party. As soon as we vote for self-advancement, rather than the enhancement of the interests of others, we will be of some importance in the political arena, and not till then.



## GOD IS JUST.

A colored man, Trotter by name, was brutally murdered, in cold blood, last week, at a Republican political meeting, by a white man by the name of Reese. This was the most cold-blooded murder that has blackened the fair name of our State since the murder of Charlotte Harris, last March. We have seen colored men shot down and slain in the streets of this beautiful city, by white men, and, to-day, those white murderers are walking free in our midst, unwhipped of justice. Remember! God is just!—*Va. Star.*

What a religious people we are! For the thousand ills our race is heir to, we find a panacea in the thought, "God is just." Of course He is just, but if we wait for a thunder-bolt to be dispatched from a clear sky, and kill the demons who hang a woman on suspicion of burning a barn, or murder a man in cold blood, because he speaks his principles, we shall wait in vain. God is just, and for that reason he gave us arms to defend ourselves. If we choose to suffer all the impositions heaped upon us, it is our fault. If white men murder the colored people of Virginia, and the law of the State refuses to punish them, the justice of God sanctions the use of the right inalienable to all men—the right of self-protection. Should the colored people assert this right a few times, the justice of God will be quickly apparent. But they may see their relatives murdered in cold blood, and shriek, "God is just," 'till doomsday, and there will be no change.

When white men are oppressed, they depose the tyrants. When they are murdered, their deaths are avenged. God's justice they interpret, "Blood for blood." When colored men are oppressed, wronged and butchered, they find consolation in, "God is just." There must be a change. The white murderer must *not* walk the streets. In

God's justice he should go to be food for the worms, and if this can be secured only by retaliation, then retaliation is justice.

## THE LESSON.

The elections occurred Tuesday and the result was a surprise to every one. Every Northern State spoke in terms too plain to be misunderstood. If we are to have a SOLID SOUTH we will have a SOLID NORTH! The Northern people are slow to anger. They have seen the result of the pacification policy. Hampton and his lying cohorts have satisfied every honest man that the South will sacrifice manhood, honor, wealth and blood, to get possession of the government. Suffrage in the South is a misnomer. Every means is being exerted to grasp the reins of government. But just as the red-handed murderers think they have everything their own way, the Northern people speak in trumpet tones, "*Thus far shall thou go and no farther.*" When New Jersey, Connecticut and New York wheel into line, and administer such a rebuke to the Southern aristocrats, there need be no doubt as to which side will lose, when the battle comes between the Solid South and the Solid North.

Judge Bradwell, Independent candidate for the legislature from the Second District, made a very close run, but not enough to win. For a while the prospects were good for the three republicans to run in, but final returns give the democrats a place.

THE colored people of New York city object to mixed schools, and the *Christian Recorder* says that it's a question whether or not colored schools, having colored teachers, should be replaced by mixed schools. A question of what? Surely not a question of right. What claims have colored people to separate schools, that Irish, German or Swedes have not? The *Recorder* is wrong, likewise the colored people of New York. Public Schools are for the public, and no school board can justly portion off the colored scholars, and give them colored teachers to pacify them. With equal justice could they isolate Irish scholars and supply them with Irish teachers. All classes are taxed to support the schools. There are no colored tax lists and there should be no colored schools.

Abolish the colored schools, and let the colored children attend the white schools. It has been tried in different places and it works well. In Chicago we mix both pupils and teachers and there is no trouble.

If a rock bottom Democrat or copperhead Republican does not like to send his child to school with colored children, he sends him off to college. If a saddle-colored aristocrat refuses to send his children to school with "poor white trash," he sends them off to some colored school; and still the sun rises just as usual. No, the colored people of New York are making a great mistake. If the white people are willing to accord them the inestimable advantage of the same school facilities they should accept them with hearts full of joy and gratitude. We hope their eyes will be opened and they will see that there is no question of right. None whatever. There is, however, a question of expediency, but it appears to us that the colored people have suffered enough at the hands of expediency, and can well afford to stand a little justice.

2 min

## OBITUARY.

Died, at Lyons, France, March 4th, Henry O. Waggoner, jr.

Thus is briefly announced the death of perhaps the most brilliant and promising young man our city has yet produced. Mr. Waggoner, or Henry, as he is best known to his countless friends in this city, was, at the time of his death, about twenty-eight years old. He was a young man of rare natural abilities, which, combined with his acquired knowledge, made him an honor to himself and people. His father, a gentleman of culture, early instilled in his son, that spirit of noble emulation which ever afterwards prompted him to constant application to his duties. The family left this city about 1868, and settled in Denver, Colorado. After remaining in that city for three or four years, the subject of our sketch sought the busy scenes of Washington. He entered Howard University and graduated with honors from the Law Department, and entered upon life with a brilliant prospect of success. He did not follow the profession he had chosen, for, being a ready scholar, he easily obtained a clerkship in the treasury department. An excellent opportunity being offered, he accepted a clerical position under Hon. E. B. Washburne, Minister to France. He remained with our French Minister until he received an appointment as United States Consular Clerk at Lyons. This position he accepted, and filled with credit. At the time of his death he was acting-Consul at Lyons, the Consul having been recalled, and for quite a year he has had the management of the Consulate affairs. During this time he performed the duties to the perfect satisfaction of the powers to whom he was subject. Thus have we lost from the ranks of our noble, aspiring young men, one of the brightest and best. He was an untiring student and an accomplished scholar. He delighted in the study of France, and his friends hoped to hear of him some day carrying off honors as a Francier. He was an excellent linguist, a master of the English language, and spoke with fluency and ease both

German and French. His character was above reproach—many times has he been held up to us as a worthy example for every young man. But he is gone, like a brilliant meteor that flashes into existence and as suddenly disappears. Alas! that one so young, so full of promise, should die so soon. But while we mourn over his loss and sympathize with the grief-stricken father and bereaved sisters, we must not forget that God in His infinite Wisdom, doeth all things well.

## The Way they Talk.

Several of the Southern papers are advocating a revival of the terrorism and bulldozings of 1876; openly expressing the belief that in this way only can they carry the coming elections.

Yes, let them go on, the colored men are preparing for that little game. They don't intend to call on the government for protection, they are going to protect themselves. If one old cow by kicking over a lamp could burn Chicago, we think fifty colored men in each county with a box of matches will make things very lively for awhile and the insurance companies will not want to take many risks on Southern property when they see how Negro killing pans out.—Colored Citizen.

That's just the kind of 'righteous means,' the colored people of the bull-dozed districts need. Conventions are powerless. The law is impotent, justice is blind. Force must be met by force, terror by terror. An eye for an eye, tooth for a tooth, a life for a life; nothing else will bring the bull-dozer to terms.

—Among the colored men whom Mr. Henry C. Barrett has engaged to appear in "Uncle Tom's Cabin" in England, is James Freeman, at one time Speaker of the Assembly of South Carolina. Is he going up or down?



The stand taken by the Independent, the Advance, Harper's Weekly and other leading northern journals, in the recent S. S. trouble is truly gratifying.

These journals denounce the course pursued by Whidby, in unmeasured terms. They doubtless reflect general Northern sentiment in regard to this most grievous outrage. The conductors are certainly men of principle, integrity and imbued with the spirit of Christianity. As to men of Whidby's stripe we fail to see how they can reconcile the niggard contemptible, selfish disposition, which actuated this insult with the broad philanthropical spirit of Christianity.

As a sample of many editorial notices we present the following from the Advance one of the leading religious journals of the country. Speaking of the affair it says:

"A man named Whidby, the local Chairman of the Committee of Arrangements, at Atlanta, inferring from the name of the church that Mr. Arnett might be a colored man, had the effrontery to write and tell him that he had better not come, as it might make trouble. The chairman and secretary of the Ohio delegation informed Mr. Arnett that if 'he saw fit to go' they would stand by him. So far, that was well on their part, but we do not see how, in the circumstances, they can be acquitted of some degree of moral cowardice in not doing more. They ought to have bidden him come, as a matter of course, or else have stayed away themselves. If they had reason to believe that Mr. Whidby was acting irresponsibly, his base hint should have been indignantly ignored; if they had reason to believe that he represented the controlling sentiment in Atlanta and among the Southern delegates expected there, they should have concluded it no place for them, and stayed away! How is it possible to imagine a more flagrant piece of hypocrisy than it would be for a religious convention, which makes its boast of being not only national, but international, and of combining all sects and all sections, and aspires to include all latitudes and all longitudes, in a common scheme of studying God's word, to allow some officious official to notify colored people that they were not wanted!

We hope the following notice from the National Monitor is as deserved as it is complimentary:

#### America, not Africa, Our Country.

[The following article is copied from the Conservator of Chicago, a new paper started by our colored friends, whose initial number gave assurance of ability, judgment and taste, as well as sound principles, which subsequent issues have fully justified. Our earnest hope is that the Chicagoans will abundantly sustain the new enterprise. So creditable is its appearance to the conductors that a failure to support it handsomely, will be all the more reprehensible. The contribution to its columns from our friend Miss Newman is in keeping with the general character of the paper.]

THE Southern Review is authority for the statement that a company of eighty persons removed from Lexington, Ky., to Kansas the 19th inst. Rev. J. F. Thomas is the leading spirit in the highly commendable enterprise. They will name the town after our noble friend Morton, and this is one reason why we hope it will prove a signal success. But there is a more potent reason why such a movement should meet with success. It will prove to our poor blinded bonanza-hunting busybodies that in America, and not in Africa, are we to reach the climax of our mental worth and personal influence.

THE authorities in Jamaica are taking steps towards establishing free schools throughout the island. When freedom was declared, the newly enfranchised were left to battle with prejudice and its attendant ills, in their deplorable ignorance. The authorities have lately learned, however, that educated men make the best citizens, and have wisely concluded to educate the children of every creed and color. Unlike their American Brother of Southern proclivity, they see no need of separate schools. They know no color line.

## PUBLIC ENTERTAINMENTS.

TO THE EDITOR I presume that there will be few, if any, who will question the fact of an sincere desire upon my part to improve the morals and respectability of our people resident in this city. Consequently I have no fears but that a criticism by me of the communication and editorial in the last number of your paper will be understood as not courting a discussion of the question of a needed improvement of our social affairs, but a desire to resent the captious fault-finding which pervades both articles, without either case suggesting a remedy, or investigating the causes of the evil complained of. I have the desire or inclination to apologize for the seeming recognition which is explained of as being given to certain characters at such places, and I view such contact as highly demoralizing, yet you suggest no remedy that will be efficient. I am of the opinion that the entertainments referred to are given by the various bodies who do give them, for the pecuniary benefit of the societies with which they are identified, and, as such, are to be viewed from a purely business point of view. The proprietor of a place of business would be deficient in proper business capacity did he allow the character of his customers to become a barrier to the proper prosecution of such business, provided such customers observed the proper rules of courtesy upon his premises: so, in the entertainments referred to, being only of a business character, it would be insane in the parties interested in their pecuniary success to insist upon a certificate of good moral character so long as the parties maintained the proper decorum. The inadvisability of such exclusiveness in entertainments of an entirely public character, was fully exemplified in the financial result of a select public picnic given recently by a Masonic lodge, in

which they endeavored to consult good morals and correct taste by issuing invitations, with the result of a greatly diminished exchequer. The majority of reputable people invited remained at home, and those upon whom they might have depended for a proper sustenance were not among the elect. It cannot be denied that the contact sustained in these public affairs is, to a certain extent, contaminating, but the remedy is as plain as the evil. Let those who feel that they are not sufficiently secure in their respectability refrain from contact with the offensive rabble. Let proper entertainments be instituted upon a more select basis and for social benefit alone, not to replenish a depleted exchequer. The desire expressed for a superior class of entertainments is a proper one, and should receive the proper encouragement, but the sanctimonious cant contained in the communication referred to, is the nauseating repetition of the objection to young men participating in the amusements provided at these entertainments. This refrain has been repeated so often, with no suggestion of a remedy or effort to supply the lack of proper amusements, that to one who sincerely desires the improvement of our society, it is positively disgusting. With a city crowded with young men and but one society of a social character that tolerates dancing, for a person of professed respectability, knowing this deficiency, to censure these persons for indulging in such a pastime, is to present objections so flavored with sanctimonious hypocrisy as to be almost unbearable.

Why does not your immaculate correspondent institute a series of amusements for their benefit, and when they show a lack of appreciation, then censure them. They must have amusement, why censure them for this indulgence, when you and your compeers, in your immaculate and exalted sphere of social exclusiveness, make no attempt to supply the deficiency? I make no objection to their indulgence, as I fear that I am fully as responsible for the fact that there are so few avenues of amusement open as many others of the older citizens, who have had it in their power to cater to the social enhancement of their young friends, yet have avoided all efforts in that direction.

rection. The responsibility should be placed where it belongs.

Your correspondent objects to miscellaneous dancing, and at the same time censures the interminable oratory indulged in. Would he rob us of all our amusements? Take dancing from the profane, and public speeches from the goody-goody, what will be the result?—such social apathy that we will only have church-going as a recreation, and there listen to, in many instances the senseless tirades which you so aptly characterized in a late number of your paper. How many citizens are there who offer these young men the amount of hospitality which should be extended to them to prevent their seeking questionable amusements? How many social clubs are there in existence which are not so permeated with the religious cant that pervades our social structure as to not view with holy horror the crime of dancing, while at the same moment crimes against society are committed and screened, which those whom they censure for public dancing would shudder to tolerate, much less commit. Place the responsibility where it belongs. Upon one hand we have a religious element which affords no amusement for the young, save that afforded by some of their grotesque, fanatical church performances, and on the other, a highly exclusive element which can, but will not, provide the recreation which should be given the younger portion of our social world.

I accept whatever responsibility I may be under for any over-exclusiveness in the matter considered, and scorn to censure these persons for indulging in such amusements as myself and others should afford them upon a more exclusive and refined basis; which provision would remove the probability and excuse they now have for committing the great social outrage which has so excited the sensibilities of your correspondent.

LEWIS B. WHITE.

ANSWER.

Our correspondent says it is ap-  
picious fault-finding to raise our voices  
against associating ourselves, our  
mothers, wives and sisters with the  
most degenerate inmates of the lowest  
dens of prostitution. Chicago society  
has so long tolerated this festering  
evil that it now finds excuse and pallia-  
tion. What greater proof do we need  
of its degenerating influence? Talk of  
finance! Better that all the societies in  
our city go into bankruptcy than that our  
sensibilities be so blunted as to  
tolerate the presence among respectable  
families of pimps and prostitutes.

Our gentleman cites the Masonic  
picnic which proved a financial failure.  
But we refer him to the picnic given by  
the Sunday Schools, where no invita-  
tions were sent, and still no improper  
characters allowed, and which was a  
marked financial success; also to the  
first of August picnic, where his theory  
was fully carried out, and as a result  
the disgusting doings of that day have  
been published to the world, and  
brought shame to every colored person  
in the city. From his argument one  
would infer that our society finances  
must be furnished by these poor unfor-  
tunates. The cause of this seeming  
necessity is, that societies cater so much  
to their wants that they alienate respect-  
able people, and that Christian societies  
often do harm by their over-zealous en-  
deavors to do good. We can see no  
reason for refusing to allow ladies and  
gentlemen to dance when they feel so  
disposed. It is a precaution rarely ta-  
ken in white circles, and their social  
status is a good guide. But because  
we cannot have our enjoyment as we  
wish, is no excuse or palliation for the  
association of good and bad, as we  
have above mentioned.

When do we ever find the re-



of the avenues mingling with the denizens of the gilded hells of infamy. Did our correspondent ever see a white gentleman publicly recognize a fast woman? Did he ever see a white gentleman introduce his wife into their presence? Did he ever see him leave his wife and lose himself in the whirl of a merry dance with a "soiled dove" in his embrace? Can white gentlemen do so and maintain their social position? Certainly not. Can we afford to lower our social status? What respect will white people have for us, if they know we mingle freely, good, bad and indifferent all in one motley mass, for the sake of money? Is not morality above money-getting? Must decent people become the consorts and associates of prostitutes, that a society may prosper? We answer, *no*. If societies cannot give entertainments and protect their respectable patrons from the jeers and elbowing of street-walkers, let them come out squarely and give fast balls, and respectable people will protect themselves by staying away. As it is, they carry on a perfect imposition. They advertise a "grand entertainment," have half-a-dozen speakers and thus draw a respectable audience. Speaking over, this audience should be allowed the pleasure of dancing,—but no; at 12 o'clock the scene changes. As if by magic, the house is filled with white and black prostitutes, and the "grand entertainment" degenerates into a fancy house ball. The gentlemen asks for a remedy. There is no remedy save in prevention.

There is only one place where decent people and outcasts can meet on a level, and that is the grave. Elsewhere there is a gulf unalterably fixed between them, and all the financial sophistry and policy-schemes in the world cannot bridge it. The invective of our "immaculate correspondent" (truthfully so-

called, for she is a lady of the first circle in our city,) may be "sanctimonious cant." We may be guilty of "captious fault-finding." Our objections may be flavored with "sanctimonious hypocrisy" but we are proud of our "exalted sphere of social exclusiveness," and we will labor to create a public sentiment that will scorn to tolerate the presence of prostitutes and their paramours among decent people. We will endeavor to tear the gilded sophisms from vice and show its monstrous mien, and to establish a social line, on one side of which is purity, virtue and happiness, on the other, *certain social death*.

#### Here or There.

We certainly admire the Christian heroism and devotion of the four missionaries who left Fisk University to labor in Africa. But at the same time we sincerely question the advisability of going to Africa, when we have so much darkness at home. The status of the Negro race among nations, is to be fixed by the progress of the American Negro, and not by the African. It will require hundreds of years and thousands of lives to barely Christianize Africa, to say nothing of bringing it to the highest plane of civilization. We must first win for the American Negro a proud position among the nations of the world, and then we, in common with all humanity, will be able to "carry the gospel to every creature." We are now in a struggle for life, and can not afford to send our talent to perish upon the infectious shores of Africa, while thousands at our door are crying for light.

At a meeting of Baptist ministers held in this city Feb. 25th, this question was ably discussed, and the sense of the meeting was, that "the colored people of this country had not yet attained to that intellectual and religious condition which would fit them for this great work." Rev. R. De-Baptiste, the only colored member of the Association, read a paper sustaining this idea, which is pronounced a very able effort.

## THE NEGRO IN POLITICS

To the Editor.

In an issue of last week one C. H. Reeve, of Plymouth, Ind., uses a column of your valuable paper to air his prejudices against the negro. Some of his statements deserve a passing notice, and as one of the "injured innocents" I beg leave to reply. After describing very scientifically the evolution of a laugh to a grin, and thence to a sneer, he looks back over the past "to find one fact on which to base a change of belief or modification of opinion, or see in what respect any benefit has resulted to the negro from political or philanthropic action as it has been directed or applied."

Now, Mr. Editor, Mr. Reeve is not the only one who claims to see no beneficial result of past "political or philanthropic action" as applied to the black race. Let me enlighten him. In 1794 and 1800 acts were passed by congress which prohibited citizens of the United States from engaging in the foreign slave trade. By act of congress the importation of slaves was forever prohibited after Jan. 1, 1808. The Missouri compromise prohibited slavery north of parallel 36 degrees and 30 minutes, and finally, the thirteenth amendment forever forbade slavery in the United States. Not a score of years ago the negro was a chattel, a mere thing, with no protection vouchsafed to him save that prompted by the selfish interests of his master. He was not allowed to enter schools, and was scourged if found attempting to learn to read. Justice turned a deaf ear to his testimony against a white man's word; his oath availed nothing. He could make no lawful contracts; civil rights were unknown to him. To-day he is a man. No longer a chattel in the eyes of the law, he is earnestly endeavoring to fill the new sphere in which he finds himself. Schools are no longer closed against him, but all over the land public schools, colleges and universities throw open their inviting doors and bid him enter. Justice, partially aroused, assures him a fair degree of protection, in the north, at least, and her benign influence will ere long be felt throughout our domain.

But a few years emerged from bondage, he has learned representatives in most of the liberal professions, and skilled mechanics in whatever vocations they have been permitted to enter. Not a few worthy men have deservedly won national fame; their voices have been heard in the halls of congress; even the chair of the senate chamber has been filled by a scion of the black race. Will the gentleman look at these facts and still see no benefit to the negro during the past few years? If so, he is one of those who, having eyes, see not.

He next says that negroes cannot maintain a government, and cites Liberia as an instance. Since when has Liberia failed to be a government? The world knows nothing of it. It is generally said to be one of the finest colonies in Africa, and a striking illustration of the ability of the negro to govern himself. A standard authority says: "The Americo-Liberians have a regular system of schools, and are progressing in all branches of civilization." Since the formation of the republic, history fails to record any failure of its powers as a government. It never countenanced slavery. None of its presidents have been assassinated. White-league assassins have never intimidated the voters. They have never used tissue ballots, nor heard of a "returning board." But the government is a failure, nevertheless, according to Mr. Reeve. "He himself hath said it," but it will be a credit to his credit to prove it. He also

says that Hayti and San Domingo "show what the world would be with such people only." According to Johnson the inhabitants of Hayti consist of French, Spaniards, creoles, mulattoes, mestizos and negroes. Now we venture to say that the negroes would conduct affairs in good order, if the rest of the people would behave themselves. As to San Domingo the mixture of negroes and bad white men precludes the possibility of a stable government.

Because the negroes in these islands cannot keep perfect peace he concludes they should take no part in government. For, says he, "It is folly to permit people who cannot make and maintain government for themselves, to take part in the management of government." The gentleman's name suggests Irish ancestry; granted the conclusion true, and the Irish people would be without a voice in this country. Because the ignorant peasantry cannot make and maintain a government in Europe, that race, educated and Americanized, should have no right to vote in America. Fine logic, isn't it?

The remainder of his communication is devoted to informing the community at large that the negro must and will remain a follower and never can or will become a leader. Upon this he grows eloquent, displaying much more regard for rhetoric than for truth. He seems to be amazed because the negro "looks for that which some one else has laid up." What has the chivalry of the south done for over two hundred years, but look for and live upon what the negro laid up. Will Mr. R. inform us what he looks for that some one else has not laid up? And yet he abuses the negro for doing what white men believe it a duty to do. No; prejudice blinds him, and nothing the negro has done, nothing he can do, will gain for him an honorable mention.

But, Mr. Editor, one assertion of the writer I most heartily sanction. He says of the negro: "His own abilities must be left to demonstrate what position he can attain, and every fit that is given him beyond what he can attain himself, only puts him in a false position which he can not maintain." This assertion none will dispute, and none realize its truthfulness more than the negro. Sir, we ask no lifts. True enough, we deserve it. Centuries of servitude for the white man have justly created a claim of some recompense, but we would willingly quit-claim the American people of every debt if they will grant us peace and equal justice. We want no lifts; we ask only a fair field and no favor.

We have suffered enough from class distinction. We wish to have only the same privileges which other citizens enjoy. With these we will work out our own salvation, or sink into a merited oblivion. The negro is a source of continual strife. The legislative halls have our case for almost constant consideration; the executive head of the country is worried with our importunities, and the judicial department is perplexed over the question of our rights. But, sir, we would not have it so. We cannot afford to be a constant bone of contention. We desire to sink out of sight as far as possible until general intelligence and worth shall bring us deserved recognition. We ask only equal privileges with other men. If our mechanics apply for work, do not deny them because they are black. When our boys and girls seek apprenticeship, do not ridicule them because they are colored. When our talented young men apply for positions as clerks, bookkeepers, salesmen, etc., do not deny them, simply because they are black—give them a chance to earn your regard and prove themselves worthy of such positions. If one proves false to his trust, do not blame the

entire race. His detection proves that he is a bad man, and not that the entire race is worthless.

Finally, Mr. Editor, the negro is here to stay. We are in politics and nothing can take us out of it. We have been mistreated by the American people, and have received great favors at their hands. We wish to become more worthy. We are peaceable, industrious, law-abiding citizens. We never strike; we never threaten; we do not tear up railroads nor fire cities. We wish to rise. We have a heritage of poverty and ignorance that only centuries of patient industry can dissipate. But does it become one of the superior race to taunt us with our failures? Is it reasonable to suppose that in a score of years after emancipation we should become equal to the proud Caucasian race with its thousand years of perfect freedom? Certainly not. We cannot lead; we do not attempt it. For the nonce we are content to follow. We wish no "lift" to any station, but being granted the rights and privileges theoretically incident to American citizenship, we are willing to work out our own destiny, and accept whatever station our achievements merit.

FERDINAND L. BARNETT.

**MORE AND MORE.**—The exodus continues notwithstanding the Voorhees boom. While the great son of Indiana is making four-hour speeches in the Senate trying to make sane people believe that the exodus is caused by Republicans who are endeavoring to overrun Indiana hundreds of poor, ignorant, but determined fugitives are passing through this city bound for Kansas, Iowa, and other western Republican States. But all Americans are not politicians, and even among politicians too much fairness prevails to accept this Hoosier "idea." To get a fair knowledge of the people, one should visit the levee and talk with them. Many of the families are able to pay their own way, but a number are entirely dependent upon the charity of the world for sustenance. We regret that such should be the case, but no one can appreciate the true condition of affairs South who has not been there. A talk with the refugees shows to the most skeptical that the colored people of the South are in a state of absolute unrest, and that instead of the exodus decreasing this lull is only the ominous silence which precedes the storm. The forces are at work and soon will break forth with greater violence than before. No American can look upon this movement with unconcern. The colored people are directly interested, but in little less degree than all other classes. The ultimate result of this gradual shifting of such great masses from one section to another is an experiment over which even the wisest heads are puzzled. One thing is certain, theories will never stop it. Only actual and

stem the tide. Political schemes may avert the southern mind from the true cause and remedy, and blind partizanship may cause them to overlook their true interest, but the day must soon come when a disgraced section left without labor, deficient in capital, and rich only in enervation, indolence and bragadocia, shall read the handwriting on the wall and realize wherein it has been found wanting. Until that time, the refugees will continue to flee from their flocks, their firesides, and the graves of their fathers; and while we regret to see them exposing themselves to the regions of an almost unknown country without money or friends, we can only say they still in the hands of a beneficent Father unnoticed by whom not even a sparrow falls.—*Freeman's Journal*.

Our advice to colored voters is, vote according to your interests. If you live on government pap, vote for it early and often. Have no scruples, give up your manhood, ask no questions, act as a machine, be a tool in the hands of the political wire-pullers above you. Vote as they say, go about your business and draw your salary. But if you are an intelligent thinking citizen, consider your interests, those of your race, and vote to subserve them. Select the good men, scratch the bad ones, and thus show your honesty and manhood. Be slaves to nobody, for in liberty alone is our highest good.



## WEARY IN WELL DOING

A certain class of men calling themselves Republicans seem to think—in fact, they so express themselves—that the party has done enough for the Negro. . . . It seems to be the policy of some who claim to be the leaders to ignore the colored Republican entirely. The Negro is not so blind but that he can see that he is not treated fairly, and he has grown tired of being treated by those who profess to be his political friends little, if any, better than by the Democrats who announce themselves as his political enemy. —*The Bulletin, Louisville, Ky.*

Our Kentucky brother tells the plain truth. For a long while the colored people have been content with the crumbs that fell from the Republican table, but the time is about past. On every hand the colored newspapers are preaching the gospel of political independence. Not that we are weary of Republicanism. We are not. Not because we are Democrats—we are not—but because higher than allegiance to any ring or any party, we hold our duty to our race. We are learning to look out for ourselves. We love the Republican party well, but we love the colored man better. Herein must we find political salvation.

The editorial from our contemporary speaks plainly. A great many Republicans are tired of the Negro. They are tired of him at mechanical labor, for they refuse to hire him. They are tired of him as a soldier, for they shave his head and split his ears. They are tired of him morally, for they snub him in their churches. They

are tired of him politically, for they give him nothing but scraps. They are tired of him socially, for they had as soon entertain the devil. In every imaginable field of action they show by their actions how very tired they are of the Negro. And yet they claim to be Republicans. They claim to be our friends. They say they freed us, and we should never forget that debt. They say that the debt is so large we can never pay it, still they ask and will accept only one kind of service—that of our franchise. They will not receive the labor of our heads, nor hands, nor hearts. *Political slavery is our only acceptable service.* We must vote blindly at all times according to their dictates or they pronounce us ungrateful and unworthy of the freedom they gave us.

Together with all the colored papers we call for a settlement. If any party whatever thinks that the Negro was freed from the lash to become the slave of the ballot, it is greatly mistaken. We proclaim ourselves as free and independent as any other nationality under the Stars and Stripes. We need no bosses. We will have no masters, and we heartily repudiate the thin-skinned, Negro-hating Republicans who profess to do our thinking. We are now thinking for ourselves, and we thank no man for his guidance or advice unless his actions prove his friendship.

We are tired, too. We are tired of false friends. We are tired of doughfaced patriots, who are all the time telling how "we freed

the niggers." We are tired of the political scalawags who earn their scanty subsistence upon their "influence" with the Negro vote. We are tired of the ward rats and gutter-snipes, both black and white, who claim to have all the brains and carry the Negro vote in their pockets. And we are tired of the moguls of the party, who are lifted into honor and wealth by our votes, and then straightway forget us. They are tired of us, and we are tired of them.

We have one interest at heart above all others, and that is the colored man's interest, and we want all parties to understand it. If the Republican party will get back to its first principles of equality, freedom, and justice, we are willing to clasp hands. Their God shall be our God. Where they go we will go. We are willing to share their adversity, but they must make us partners of their prosperity. This is our creed. It is sound Republicanism, too. If the leaders do not think so, we can't help it. He serves best who serves his people best, and we shall preach the doctrine best adapted for the colored man's welfare, help or harm whoever it may.

—The Conservator. 8-20-82

Sunday Stein

Washington D.C.

## WITHOUT A LEADER.

From the Chicago Conservator.

Perhaps the worst feature of the political life of the colored people is the lack of leadership. No colored man, either in national or local politics, by virtue of his power as an accredited leader is able to place men of his own race into public positions of honor and emolument. It is our disgrace that our political power wielded for white men is immeasurably great, but once applied to help ourselves is so disgustingly insignificant. To test the matter, let some colored man apply for a position, and rely solely on his merits and the endorsement of the colored people. He will find that the average white politician never considers the will of the colored people, but appoints solely upon the recommendation of some white men. All the colored people in Chicago might petition for a place for a worthy colored man, five thousand colored men might sign the petition, yet half a dozen white men in this city could prevent this appointment and supply the place with a scapegrace, perfectly odious to every voter in the community. The influence of the colored people in their own behalf is worth less than nothing, unless some white politician stands as voucher, their demands and rights are alike ignored. Nor does time bring any change. The Republican party, for whose interest our strength is always wielded, seeks to perpetuate this state of political imbecility by every means possible. We charge the party with base ingratitude in this endeavor to keep a million voters in political serfdom. The political leaders do not want us to play the part of a significant figure, but to act only a cipher—always worthless unless combined with some white man.

Of this we are tired and disgusted. We want leaders of our own, and we demand that the dominant party shall bestow our representative positions so that our prominent men may have absolute strength of themselves in their localities. Our representative positions thus far received have always been totally void of patronage. In national politics no colored man has received an office where he could employ a dozen colored men. Douglas had but little patronage as Marshal, Langston went to Hayti, Symth to Liberia, and neither had anything to give their people. Nearly every appointment thus far made has benefited only the individual immediately concerned. White men are appointed to positions that have power in appointments, colored men rarely ever. This is not neglect nor a coincidence. It is a well defined plan to "keep the Nigger

in his place." With the appointment of two or three colored men to representative positions, the ring politicians claim that the suffrage of a million voters has been amply rewarded. All other positions are the gratuitous offering of unselfish officials. We have had enough of this hypocritical patronage. If the Republican party has the love for us it so frequently professes, let it be manifest by helping us to become powerful of ourselves. Let it discard the policy of considering every colored man, high and low, a mere nothing unless vouchered for by some white man. Let us have representative positions that patronage at their disposal, so that the head of the department will have a following.

The power of every politician is reckoned by his following. The white politicians reason thus: "No colored man in this community has any interested following, hence no colored man in this community is worth anything. If he wants anything let him come to us for it." This sort of work must have an end. If we are to do any good at all, let us assert ourselves by beginning the work at once. Let us look less to power of white people and more to our own strength. Charity is a great virtue, but it begins at home with ordinary mortals. The colored race cannot afford to be an exception.

### THE COLORED CITIZENS.

The colored citizens of Chicago assembled in Quinn's Chapel, on Fourth avenue, yesterday at 4 o'clock, for the purpose of participating in memorial services in honor of the President.

The chapel was well filled by representative colored citizens, and, after the breaking up of the grand procession, many members of the various colored societies that had marched in the line entered the chapel and listened attentively to the remarks of the speakers. The chapel was appropriately draped; a canopy of black crape being suspended over the pulpit platform, and long streamers of the same material hanging pendant from the tops of the high windows.

MR. F. L. BARNETT

acted as master of ceremonies, and upon calling the meeting to order, he said that all present realized that they had been called together under circumstances exceedingly sorrowful. The calamity which had caused many days of mourning throughout the Nation seemed to rest especially heavy upon the colored people, whose warm friend and counselor James A. Garfield had ever been. The meeting had been called for the purpose of giving expression to the feelings of the colored people of Chicago in reference to the tragedy, the shock to the Nation, and the high estimation in which the President was held by all classes of people. Nothing could be more

appropriate than to open such a meeting by singing a hymn that had been a favorite one with him whose tragic fate they had gathered to mourn.

The hymn, "Jesus, Lover of My soul," was announced, and its sweet and sacred music was voiced by the entire congregation.

### THE MEMORIAL.

Mr. Barnett said it had been deemed appropriate to present a memorial for adoption by the meeting, and he read the following:

Touched by the deep sense of our great loss, drawn together in tears by the tie which to-day "Makes all humanity sorrowing kin," recognizing our obligation to the great and good man who to-day passes forever from human sight, we, colored citizens of Chicago, have assembled here to mingle our tears with those of his family, the Nation, and the millions of sorrow-stricken people throughout the civilized world.

We bow in humble submission to the dispensation of an All-wise Providence, through which his sad affliction has come, well knowing that out of our deep distress unseen good will ultimately obtain. But we are human, and the tender chords of love and sympathy draw strong around our hearts, while we refer in reverent to the noble characteristics of him whose untimely death we so deeply deplore.

He was poor. Born in poverty, the days of his youth were marked by hard-fought battles and well-earned successes. Subsequent years brought their insignias of victory, but they were leaves of laurel, not of gold. His honest heart disdained to tamper with questionable matters. Preferring always to be right, rather than rich, he traveled the rugged road from the pioneer's hut to the President's palace, barely earning a competence.

He was learned. Through the long lists of great men who have been called to the chief position of the Nation not one can be found so scholarly as he. His culture was broad. Literature found in him an ardent admirer, politics a skillful exponent and oratory a most illustrious son. In the school of arms he was a victor, in the halls of legislation a Solon, and in Religion a disciple of the "Man of Sorrows."

### HE WAS BRAVE.

In humbler life, when winds of adversity threatened to overwhelm his frail craft, his brave heart never quailed. He knew no fear. In the forum, when intellectual giants rose and opposed him by keen shafts of logic and towering wisdom, he never failed to vanquish his opponents. On the battle-field he was always foremost in the fight. Where blast of bugle, the roar of musketry, the tread of cavalry were heard there he was found contending with his country's foes. Up to the very mouth of cannon, belching forth death and destruction, he led his heroic followers to battle-scarred victory. He was brave. He was the Nation's honor. To-day the whole civilized world bows with reverence as his form fades from view. Kings, queens, and the potentates of each mingle their tears with those of his afflicted countrymen. Combining successfully all the noble qualities of heart with magnificent culture and unswerving disposition to do well whatever was worth doing, he stood as the living embodiment of the great possibilities of American citizenship, honoring alike both himself and his country.

### HE WAS THE FREEDMAN'S FRIEND.

Noble and just on all questions it is not to be wondered at that our sorrows, our afflictions, our discouragements should touch his tender heart. When the red hand of slavery laid hold of the life of the Nation, and the freedom of our race could be bought only by the blood of millions, he bared his breast to the leaden hail and shed his blood to make us free. When the great question of reconstruction came he was foremost in council to protect and elevate. And since those fateful days, when and wherever foes have assailed, or false friends betrayed, he has been ever ready to espouse our cause and lead it to success. His kind consideration of our cause, voiced in his inaugural address, made the



our people rejoice with exceeding great joy. God only knows what he would have done, but we bless him for the past, and honor him for an unselfish friendship that would have ripened into deeds of incomparable worth to our race. Great God, our father and friend, help us to cherish his memory, and upon our hearts let the example of his pure manhood be so deeply engraven that our children's children shall catch the inspiration of our love and perpetuate his memory as benefactor and friend.

### TIME'S CHANGES.

Mrs. Prudence Crandall Phillis, the Quaker woman who in her girlhood, horrified the town of Canterbury, Conn., by undertaking to teach some colored children, is living in Kansas. She is now a widow of nearly seventy-eight years. The great progress of American civilization, can be seen at a glance, when one considers the terrible ordeal that the beautiful Miss Crandall had to go through in order to teach a few colored girls how to read and write. When she began her school she was socially ostracised and driven from the streets. Her colored charges were dear to her heart and she suffered bravely for them. Finding ostracism availed nothing, the christian people of Connecticut refused to sell them anything for miles around. All of the food, raiment and fuel, had to be brought from a distance. At last the villagers resorted to a desperate means. The girls were insulted, reiviled in the streets. The house was assaulted with stones and the defenseless women were subjected to such inhuman treatment, that they were obliged to break up their school and move away. Thus were the proud white citizens successful in driving out a brave little white woman, and a few colored girls, whose only fault was a desire to be educated. But times are changed and now colored pupils vie with and excel in scholarship, pupils of the best families in the state. Colored graduates from white schools are numerous, and white descendants of that early day, have received their instruction from colored teachers. Verily it is a change.

### PRESIDENT ARTHUR.

The change has come. The choice of the Nation for its highest honor has lain aside the sceptre of power. Commending his family to the tender care of a mourning people and bequeathing to us the lustre of his great name he has gone to solve the mysteries of the unknown world. So great was the affection of the people for him that he upon whose shoulder the mantle falls must himself be a noble man to wear it in the love of the people and the favor of God. At present we can but hope for the best. Few men have had so full a measure of greatness thrust upon them under circumstances so trying to both head and heart. That he will succeed in the discharge of his manifold duties with credit to himself and benefit to the Nation should be the sincere wish of every heart. Nor are we without cause to hope. President Arthur has proved himself to be a man of marked business capacity, honesty of purpose and integrity of both private and official life. During the trying scenes of the late affliction he has been the cynosure of critical eyes and the target of tatling tongues, whose highest pleasure it would have been to slander and malign. That he has escaped without a word of blame, is due to no negative qualities. It was the nobility of his manhood and the keen sensibility of his gentlemanly nature rising to every emergency, silencing criticism and putting slander to shame. With this evidence as a key to his past success, we can look forward to the future with full assurance that President Arthur will round up the full proportions of a great statesman. His hand is laid at the helm of state at a time when deep glooms hovers over all; when a restless sea of human hearts wait only a pretext to break forth in fury, when even the advice of trusted friends may prove a will

# THE FREEDMAN'S FRIEND.

(For the CONSERVATOR.)

## I.

Hear the deep-toned knell! From far and near  
It calls the Nation to its Chieftain's bier.  
With tear-dewed eyes the millions see,  
Attesting their grief o'er this sad decree.

## II.

Draw nigh to the bier in angel's care.  
Tread soft, for the ground is holy. 'Tis there  
That his greatness is justly esteemed,  
And by tears are the faults of his opponents redeemed.

## III.

Thus all o'er the land the millions weep  
For him who now lies in death's arms asleep.  
Unlike their's our sorrow, for in sadness we bend  
And weep for the martyr—the freedman's friend.

F. L. B., Chicago.

## THE HIGHER LIFE.

THE warfare is waged. The anxiety is over. President Garfield, the soldier, the statesman, the Christian, is dead. In common with afflicted millions we approach with sorrow too deep for expression the bier of our lamented President.

For many long weeks his strong, manly form withstood the ravages of that terrible wound, but death came at last. The assassin's bullet had been too surely aimed, and its flight too deadly swift for human life to withstand. The symptoms of approaching dissolution began last Saturday. The chills which then made their re-appearance were certain signs of early death. Sunday the temperature was below normal, the pulse above 130, and each chill was followed by almost complete exhaustion. Monday the battle against death began anew. Physicians remained at his bedside, applying every remedy suggested by the highest medical skill. The loving family stood by to assist and cheer the sufferer by words of sympathy and encouragement, while without, millions of loving hearts prayed that the dreaded death angel might pass harmlessly by. But no avail. All day the bulletins indicated changes for the worse, and at night multitudes went to their homes fearing that ere the sun should brighten the

the wisp, leading on to undiscovered doom; but he must not falter. He will honestly determine the course to pursue, and we believe he will find the true one. Let us be patient, and, however threatening the aspect of affairs may be, let us find consolation in the weighty words of our lamented chieftain:—"God Reigns, and the Government at Washington still lives."

—The following is a portion of an address made by Mr. F. L. Barrett at the recent Press banquet in Chicago, the peculiarity of which is that it contains the names of most of the colored newspapers: "Finally then, my dear friends, in behalf of the citizens of Chicago, I congratulate you for the good you have done, and beseech you to continue in the good work. Do not not stand as an idle *Spectator* who, with a *Gazette* in hand, hears only the *Echo* of a coming *Express*. We have no time to reverse. This is a *New Era* and we must *Press* onward. Be watchful as *The Tribune* of old. Be brave as the *Sentinel* who, with *Blade* in hand, takes *The Right Way* and maintains it. Whether a *Louisianan* in the *New South*, or a *Missionary Messenger* in the chilly regions of Canada, be a careful *Observer* of every *Item* of interest to our race. In every *Enterprise* of path and moment be *The People's Advocate*, *The People's Guide*. Remember that there is a *Monitor* who notes your every act, a *Recorder* who reads every *Bulletin* and interprets every *Signal*. Be upright. To this end take a *Weekly Review* of your *Journal of Progress*. Led by the *Star* of hope, strive, conscientiously, for your teachings must either *Elevate* or *debase*. Be a *Leader*, and keep in the *Advance* if possible. If not, do not be discouraged, for on this great *Globe* of ours, there is work enough for all. If you use well the power that God has given you, be an honest *Conservator* of the rights of our race, you will at last receive that welcome commendation, 'Good and faithful servant well done.'" *Chicago Recorder*

Sept 1-1891

26  
The colored Knights Templar, Norfolk, Va., have ordered one hundred and thirty-five suits, with regalia, costing \$135 each, for their parade on the occasion of the Yorktown centennial. What folly! Here we have an outlay of more than eighteen thousand dollars just for a few hours' parade. Perhaps not a half-dozen of these men own a foot of ground or have a bank account. We venture to say that no such instance of supreme stupidity can be found in any other nationality on the American continent. Norfolk needs a fool killer.  
—*Conservator*.

One of the five colored representatives of the Tennessee Legislature is making it lively for the legislators of that State by the way he is pushing his "coon bill." Mr. Cassells is a Memphis lawyer. Seeing the unnecessary stringency put upon intermarriage in Tennessee, he resolves to make it equally uncomfortable for white men who support colored concubines. He therefore introduced a bill making the cohabitation of a white man with a colored woman a felony, punishable with a term in the penitentiary. The bill has the support of some of the strongest men in the legislature, and will probably pass. It should pass and be enforced. Southern white men protest against intermarriage; colored men should punish to the extent of the law those who may be found guilty under the "coon bill."—*Conservator*.



succeeding day the spirit of our noble President would take its eternal flight.

And so it proved. About six o'clock the attendants were notified that death was very near at hand. The whole family were then housed under the roof of the dying President. Mollie Garfield, the dearly-beloved daughter, went in his room. The sight of her dying father, the close room, and the pent-up feelings of her almost breaking heart were more than her frail nature could stand. She fainted and fell, striking her head upon the railing of the bed. The loving father saw it, and full of melting tenderness he expressed a heart full of sorrow as he sadly whispered, "Poor Mollie!"

Even then he was dying. The immortal part of James Abram Garfield, which for days and weeks had been hovering upon the uncertain confines of time and eternity, hesitating, as it were, between the love of angels and of men, began its certain ascent to the higher life.

Thus, surrounded by those who were near to him in counsel of state, ministered to by those unspeakably near and dear to him by ties of holiest and tenderest earthly relationship, consoled by the thought that his noble manhood was deeply enshrined in the sad hearts of fifty millions of awe-stricken freemen, President Garfield passed from labor to reward.

Alas, he is gone! The deep-toned bells rang out upon the silent evening air and told the mighty Nation that the great heart of its chieftain was motionless in death. Pure, noble, and upright, his influence will not be quickly lost, nor his example fade from sight. He has shown how possible it is to be both good and great; how one can dignify the circles of the highest and still be the friend of the poor and needy; how one can be the guardian of a great Nation and the idol of his happy little home.

From the lowly paths of life he had risen by his wonderful powers until human greatness stood uncovered in his presence. Who dare not say "'Tis well?" There is no earthly prescience which can fathom the future. Subsequent days may have brought their untold ills, for

"—— in light and shadow, sunshine and gloom,  
Sorrow and joy, this life path leads along."

Providence left no gauntlet for his greatness to run. In the fulness of his abiding love, in the happy

possession of all his faculties, at the very pinnacle of earthly glory, he rested from his labors.

What time more opportune to die? The sun, or the light, or the moon were not darkened; nor did the "clouds return after the rain." The keepers of the house were brave; the strong men bowed not, nor were "the daughters of music brought low." The days had not yet come when he could say, "I have no pleasure in them." His last days were his best. Death had no sting, nor has the grave a victory.

Let these thoughts soften the bitterness of our tears. We loved him while living; we lament his death, but we inherit his honor, and will cherish his memory. May his example bless and inspire us, and may we in our less exalted stations be true to our trusts as he was to his. May his whole life be to us a beacon light, illuming our ill-starred paths, discovering to us and making possible for our faltering feet the highway which he dignified and ennobled.

Commencement Sept 25-1961

## CIVIL RIGHTS.

The trouble in Nashville, Tenn., growing out of the insult and violence offered to two colored ladies last week, has caused the manager of the road to come to terms. He caused the following notice to be posted in the smoking car:

This half of the car is exclusively for the use of colored passengers, and no smoking or obscene language will be allowed.

D. W. C. ROWLAND,  
General Superintendent of  
Transportation.

"This half of the car!" How kind is of Mr. Rowland to separate the colored ladies from the smoking white blackguards, by a notice. When a colored lady went to Nashville, two years ago, sick with consumption, she was refused a seat in the regular passenger coach and was obliged to sit in the smoking car. During the entire route the southern gentlemen spent part of their time in this smoking car enjoying themselves with coarse jests, loud laughter, and by filling the air with smoke. The almost dying colored woman was treated with no more consideration than a gentleman would extend to a brute. They did not know, nor did not care to know that she was their intellectual peer, and that she had, in other lands, been the guest of royalty. It satisfied their inhuman instinct to know that she was colored. This made her an outlaw to all the amenities of southern civilization(?)

This state of affairs must come to an end. The colored people of the south have stood innumerable and unexpressible hardships without complaint. They have been hoping that a sense of justice would finally prevail and teach southern people a reasonable degree of decency. So far we have been disappointed, and patience is no longer a virtue. The colored people of

69  
Nashville have expressed a determination to demand their rights. They have made a vigorous start, and we sincerely hope they will continue the fight until they succeed in wrenching from barbarian monopolies and blue veined ruffians, that amount of courtesy to which human beings are justly entitled.

In this fight there is only one final result possible, and that is success. Disappointment may dishearten at first, but the great heart of humanity will one day beat true to itself, and the wrongs of an abused people be righted. But it will take time and tireless efforts. We will await the result of legal action, in the hope that it will bring about the desired result. If however, peaceable means fail, the southern people may expect strife. Freedom has brought to us an aggressive independence, without which a man is little above the brute. A chivalrous defense of woman, is a sentiment universal in the human breast. Men will not permit womanhood to suffer insult without redress. If we do so, we are not men. We will not suffer it. Southern people will do well to consider this, there is a redress for every grievance. If patience, protest and persuasion fail, there is a resort to law. If the law fails, there is a resort to violence. The southern people must choose to which remedy they will yield. The Negro will have his rights.

Conservative Oct 15, 1881



Republican Executive [Committee of Mississippi has addressed a letter to the honest men of the country detailing the outrages committed at the last election in that State. Of the truth of the charges there is no doubt. Political proscription and the suppression of fair elections is not denied by Mississippi. They are admitted and justified. "This is a white man's government," says the Mississippi Bourbon, and his policy is maintained by the bullet, the bludgeon and the unblushing frauds perpetrated without even an attempt at concealment. The chivalry of that State bear the undeniable charges of honest people, and ask with the utmost *sans froid*, "What are you going to do about it?" And this really is a perplexing question.

What can be done? The sense of honor is held in absolute abeyance by Mississippi Democrats, whenever elections are held. They consider suppression of votes, altering of returns, perjury and assassination severe, but absolutely justifiable means to perpetuate a white man's government. Men whose heads are white with age, and upon the escutcheon of whose personal and business honor rest not a blot of disgrace—excuse, justify and encourage the commission of the blackest of crimes, in the interest of Bourbon supremacy. Such being the case, how can the evil be overcome?

Certainly not by moral suasion. The moral grounds of the Bourbon apostles are to them insufficient. They say the Negro is inferior being—if human at all—and that the culture of a thousand years can not and ought not be made subject to the barbarism of centuries, and the added depravity of human slavery. Who can convince them to the contrary?

Certainly not by education, for the South claims a civilization of its own which neither seeks light from the North nor accepts that which is proffered. The descendants of Clay, Calhoun, Jefferson and Jackson spurn the thought that they are not to themselves a sufficient light. Education will not overcome present ills.

Most assuredly not by force of arms. Ex-

The guardian care of the Federal bayonet sought and given, but of no avail. American institutions have their foundations rock-rooted in the will of the people, and powers that the people will not tolerate, cannot be perpetuated at the bayonet's point. What then? If moral suasion, education nor force of arms cannot eradicate the election frauds of the Bourbon Democracy, which at the present time constitute the foulest blot in our political history, when will they end?

When the parties drop the color line. Then and not until then. Men must not be Democrats simply to oppose Republicans, and men particularly colored men, must not be Republicans, simply to oppose Democrats. Let live issues divide the parties. As a race let us forget the past so far as we can, and unite with other men upon issues liberal, essential, and not dependent upon color of skin or texture of hair for its political gravamen. The color-line has been our bane. It is to-day. Party politics divided upon the vote of the black race, will, while it lasts, sink us in depths of misery, and condemn us to the death-dealing acts of infuriated men, unsupported by even the sympathy of those who, in our success, would reap their richest reward. Away with the color line in politics, and away with the clinging subserviency to party names. Let us unite with good men to eradicate the cause of our present Southern troubles, even at the loss of all present party affiliation, and subsequent years will crown our action with a diadem of beneficial results.

Grove Farm 7-52

Very respectfully

B. C. Bourne

## SCRATCH BACK.

The average colored politician is a moral coward. He allows white men to dupe him, then bluff him after his eyes are open. He must reform, and that quickly. Last week the Ohio election occurred and illustrated the ability of the soft shell Republicans to scratch the colored man. Colonel Robert Harlan was one of thirteen candidates for the election to the Ohio Legislature, from Hamilton county. The twelve white men were elected, the single colored man was defeated. Now who scratched? It is a Republican county. Colonel Harlan has always been a Republican, and he was on the regular Republican ticket. Republicans nominated him—Republicans scratched him—Republicans beat him. Now what are we going to do about it?

*Scratch back.*

But in this we are hindered by the weakness of the colored voter? White politicians bamboozle him by shouting Republicanism until he is such a thorough and irredeemable dupe that he believes it a positive sin to vote anything but a straight ticket. He honestly believes that the perpetration of his right as a freeman depends upon his unquestioning support of every scoundrel and scalawag that proclaims himself a Republican. The colored voter is the arch dupe of American politics.

Either this or else he is a coward. His years of implicit obedience to party dictates have destroyed his manhood, and he does not dare to look a white man in the face and speak his opinion if contrary to ring rule. If there is a murderer on the Republican ticket, endorsed by the ring, the colored politicians can find numerous reasons to support him. If a colored man runs on the ticket and the ring say "scratch him," the craven obeys. Away with such suffrage.

If liberty is worth having, let us have it. If deficient in common sense and bankrupt in manhood, let us yield the ballot of those worthy of it. Let us break away from the duplicity and cowardness of to day and show ourselves thinking freemen. Let us do as white men do—look out for our own interests. They give the example. They elect a colored man or defeat him—just as they please. They acknowledge no power superior to their convictions, and they vote accordingly. They choose whatever ticket suits them

best, then scratch to their heart's content. *They always scratch a colored man.* With all their Republicanism and high-sounding philanthropy, they always scratch the black man. Let us scratch back. Not that we are to become Democrats nor forsake Republican principle, but let good sense and moral courage dictate a course and then let us follow fearlessly. If there are hypocrites on the Republican ticket, scratch them. If the Republican party mistreats us, let us protest by word and deed. If other parties do us justice, let us acknowledge it and accept it with appreciation. Let us be for the race first and party afterwards. Let us fight any and every party that withholds our rights, and support the party which gives us full justice. Let us keep a political scrap-book, and make a record of the good Republicans who refuse to vote for a colored man. When they come before us for suffrage, let us snow them under with such a shower of "scratched" ballots that not even their political graves will ever be seen. Henceforth our political rule of action must be, *you scratch me and I'll scratch you.* Nothing less than this will bring us our rights.—*Conservator.*

Mrs. HENRY HARDING, a highly respected colored lady of Nashville, Tenn., went to the Chattanooga depot at Nashville for the purpose of going to Shelbyville. She attempted to enter a first-class coach but found it locked. Rather than take a second-class coach she resolved to stand on the platform. The depot policeman ordered her to get off the train or go into one of the "gim crow" coaches. She refused, whereupon he laid violent hands upon her. The General Superintendent tried to make amends but her husband demands the remedy at law. The policeman was arrested on a charge of assault and battery and the Railroad Company is defendant in a suit for \$20,000 damages.—*Chicago Conservator.*

## GROWTH.

If any unbiased person desires to test the growth of the colored man intellectually, recommend him to take a half-dozen colored papers of last week and compare their leading editorials with those of the best white papers of the country, including, if you please, the New York and other metropolitan dailies. We do not pretend to say that the editorials in the colored papers are equal to those in the white journals; but we do claim that in the comparison one can hardly realize that the colored papers are the product of less than twenty years freedom. Considering our disadvantages, we gladly consent to and indeed challenge the comparison. We will not suffer by it. The editorials of the colored papers are thoughtful, forcible and elegant. They are not stilted in style nor imitative in subject matter. They show originality of thought and power of expression that only the very best white journals excel. We are proud to be able to say this. We are not boasting, but feel warranted in saying that upon the current topics of the day the colored papers are free to express their opinions, and are not ashamed or afraid to stand comparison.—*Chicago Conservator.* **Denver Star**

CHICAGO, Nov. 3.—[Editor of The Tribune.] You have given much of your valuable space recently to the discussion of the late civil-rights decisions, and your comments have been decidedly prejudicial to the colored race. THE TRIBUNE, of all papers, cannot afford to be unfair to any race, least of all can your influence operate to misrepresent and harm that victim of universal oppression. As one who has felt the force of criticism, I desire to call your attention to one phase of editorial comment.

THE TRIBUNE holds that the Civil-Rights bill was a social rights act; that it operated to give the negro, social rights; that colored people are clamoring for social rights instead of civil rights—all of which is false and undeniably prejudicial. You say that our claim for equal rights on cars, in places of public resort, as theatres, and in hotels, are demands, not for civil, but social rights. This is far from true.

What are civil rights? They are such rights as accrue to every citizen by operation of law. They do not exist by courtesy, hence cannot be abridged at will. They are the reciprocal rights existing between the individual and the public. The public extends a certain right, franchise, or license to a certain individual, who in return extends certain rights to the public—not to certain races comprising the public, not to all races comprising the public, save one only, but unreservedly to the public and every member of it. Take for example railroad corporations, keepers of public resorts, innkeepers. Their rights and franchises come from the public. They open their doors to the public. Special enactments are made for their benefit by the public and in return they agree to serve the public. For that reason the public has valid, legal rights which these caterers must respect—not social favors to be shown one member of the public and denied another, but an unquestionable right based on their respective relations. You say they are social rights.

What are social rights? In the sense used by THE TRIBUNE there are none. You say the bill gave us rights to associate with white people. We ask nothing of the kind. No such rights exist. No man has a social right which he can exact of another. There are social privileges which exist by courtesy, and which every man may extend or abridge at will. They are not rights; they are favors. They are not public; they are private. They have no law, ask no advice, acknowledge no censor, nor tolerate infringement. They seek the paper and repulse the king. These are personal matters which every man regulates for himself. In this sphere every man is a kingdom unto himself.

Do we want social favors? Not by any means. The colored man is as independent on this score as any man that walks. He asks to go in no white man's house, attend none of his receptions, meet none of his friends, nor obtrude upon him in any social relation of life. We choose our companions and the white man does the same. In his private realm we never ask to go, but in the public walks of life we will not play the craven and sacrifice our rights to gratify his whims.

Where is the trouble? With the white man. It is his false logic which confounds rights with favors. It rests in his attempt to legalize his sentiments of caste. It is his fight for white men's theatres, white men's railroad-cars, white men's hotels, a country with public rights for white men only. It is his attempt to form an aristocracy based upon color. But it is a great mistake. Too many wars have been waged, too many millions have been spent, and too many noble lives have been sacrificed to form a Government by the people, of the people, and for the people. We ask no favors, but we do demand our rights, and there is a sentiment of equity and humanity that decrees we shall have them. It is a sentiment too wise to be hoodwinked with the specious plea that we ask for social recognition; too just to allow one class of its subjects to plant its foot upon the neck of another; and powerful enough to overcome all opposition, the United States Supreme Court not excepted.

FERDINAND L. BARNETT



“Ladies and gentlemen—It gives me great pleasure to introduce to you, one of the most original poets of this century, Prof. Thomas Jefferson Beeswax. The gentleman named went forward and said:

“Mr. President, ladies and gentlemen, I am an author and poet and my name is Beeswax. I was born in Virginny, raised in Arkansaw and do poetry for a livin’, here’s my card.” With this he gave out a few cards of the following style:

**PROF. THOMAS JEFFERSON BEESWAX,**

**Death-bed Poet,**

Answers calls at all times of the day or night. Tender emotions of the dying caught up and embalmed in verse. Reductions made for whole families

Striking what might be termed a poetical position, the Death-bed Poet continued:

“Ladies and gentlemen—I do poetry for all occasions, with prices to suit the times. I furnish a poem to order in a few minutes, easing the pain of the love-sick maiden, dryin’ up the tears of a cast-off lover, soothing the sorrow of a neglected wife, or bracing the courage of a hen-pecked husband. I can be relied on in every emergency. But, my friends, like other great men, I have a specialty, and that is

**DEATH-BED POETRY.**

There’s where my genius is. In that line I am alone and unapproachable.

Death-bed poetry is a new riddle. Nobody never thought of it before me. But just stop and think of its usefulness and you will admit that humanity owes me honor for my discovery.

Sposen your mother-in-law (died of lock-jaw, the most terrible disease a mother-in-law ever had, and sposen you are heart-broken o’er it and just as the last flittin’ breath is about to fleet away you want to leave some sweet verse to put on your tomb-stone, or leave for your friend’s autograph albums, how are you goin’ to git it? Your’e dyin’ mind you; you wasn’t born a poet, you never learned the business, and now you aint got no time to think. What are you goin’ to do? Why just send for me. I’ll get there soon as the doctor. I know what you want. From your glistenin’ eye I’ll catch inspiration, from the lips, emotion and from your sighs, the

sentiment of your soul. Some like this verse would be the result. My moments swift are sliding by,

And I a Rearback stranger,  
Will meet my Mother-in law on high,  
And never think of danger;  
No wave of fear will cross my breast,  
Her jaws are locked, I’ll be at rest.

How does that catch you Deacon?  
Did ever a man have a mother-in-law who couldn’t appreciate that verse?”

Deacon Rearback declared that ’twas as true as preachin’.

“Sposen you are a young woman and has been a flirt all your life, smilin’ on this man, sighin’ over that, and sasshain with another. When you come to die, you will nearly go crazy. A hundred bleedin broken hearts will haunt you. What are you going to do? Why send for me and the minister. Death-bed religion and Death-bed poetry goes together. When you are converted I can read the joy in your face and exclaim for you:

Old Satan’s mad, and I am glad,  
He missed one flirt, he thought he had,  
And I’ll ride up in the Chariot in the mornin’.

How’s that for a dyin’ sentiment?  
Sister Pullback smiled and said she should blush to hesitate.

“Sposen you is a father with a wife and seven children and sposen you’ve been around all your life and aint got nothin. Now you’re dyin’, what are you goin’ to leave your family? You can’t leave no bank notes, no reputation, no property,

**LEAVE ’EM SOME POETRY.**

Somethin’ to guide their tender feet and soothe their solemn sorrows. It beats nothin’ all hollow. Of course you can’t do it. Send for me. I’ll embalm your dyin’ thoughts for the benefit of the living, I would give you something like the following:

Beloved ones, take my advice—  
Be honest, kind and true;

Stick to your friends as you would have

Your friends stick unto you;  
Don’t lounge around the beer saloons  
And pray don’t get to fightin’;  
Let “policy” alone—Goodbye,  
I’m goin’ to heaven a-kightin’.

“Ain’t that immense?” asked Prof. Beeswax. “But that ain’t all, ladies and gentlemen. Whenever you feel like dying give me a show. I’m a dandy when the spirit’s on me. Please give me a call.

President Nibbs declared that the meeting had been delightfully entertained, and he took great pleasure in extending the freedom of the club to Prof. Beeswax for next Tuesday night. The meeting then adjourned.

## THE PICKWICK CLUB.

### An Ancient Story of the High Sheriff and his Baker.

This interesting circle of literati met in regular session Tuesday night. Roscoe Conkling Smith called the meeting to order and stated that he had received a very ancient document from one of the club members now traveling in Europe. He suggested that the regular order of business be suspended and the document be read. Deacon Rearback interposed no objection, so the suggestion was concurred in. The secretary then proceeded to read the following tale of

### The High Sheriff and his Baker.

Now it came to pass in the days when Rutherford ruled that there was a great commotion among the people and they counseled among themselves to choose leaders throughout the land.

And there was a mighty tribe upon the great plains of whose possessions extended to the blue sea and whose deeds were the glory of the nation.

And their wise men said let us choose here three leaders. The Keeper of the Seal, the Dead Watch and the High Sheriff; and they were chosen and offered to the people. And they pleased the multitudes who rejoiced with exceeding great joy, for the elect were good men, pure and without guile. But Orrin, the High Sheriff, was the beloved, for his heart was with the people, even with the poor and despised.

And it came to pass that the sons of Ham counseled together and said: This is a good Mann, let us cleave unto him. Let not our hands be idle nor our tongues be still until the victory is won.

And they sent messengers to Orrin the Great, who told him what things had been done.

And Orrin was exceeding glad so much that he could not refrain himself before them.

And he fell on the neck of the leader and said, "I will give thee a fat office, yea, two fat offices will I give unto thee."

And Orrin loved the children of Ham, and he did eat with them and drink with them and did ask about their babies. And the children of Ham were pleased with him and they did do much work for him and the fat offices. And it came to pass the leaders were all elected and there was joy throughout the whole city.

see a N. Hampshire. New Jersey. And the High Sheriff was a truthful Mann, and he did keep his word and of the tribe of Ham did he select a bailiff and a Baker. And the Hamites were happy.

But the days of their rejoicing were few, for it came to pass that the Captain of the Guards grew sick and he was nigh unto death. And the Chief Priests and the sons of Japheth and the politicians gathered about him and they ministered unto him.

When the High Sheriff heard these tidings he hastened to the bed where the sick man lay and straightway he enquired, "Good Captain what aileth thee and wherefore art thou sick?"

And the Captain answered and said unto him, "**Too Much Ham.**"

But the High Sheriff did not understand and again he asked, "Wherefore art thou sick?"

And the Captain of the Guards pointed to the Baker and said "**TOO MUCH HAM.**"

And when the High Sheriff understood him he said "I should smile."

And the High Sheriff arose and went his way to his office.

And he called his chief priests and politicians who counseled together and decided that **HAM MUST GO**. And he sent for the Baker and said unto him, "Hail! Sir Chief of the Sons of Ham, I do love thee and would save thee from this great work, I will give thee a rest." But the Baker answered and said unto him, "All the days of my life I have been used to work, and love it. Be not deceived, good sir. I need no rest. Let me only remain in peace."

And the High Sheriff answering, said, "Marvel not, the years of thy inheritance have been three score and ten, and thou art too old for such hard toil."

And the Baker answered, "Thou hast known me many years and wot not I was too old. Before the last election I was young enough. How art thine eyes so sudden open. Be not deceived, good sir. I am not too old." And the Baker perceived that the High Sheriff was giving him taffy. And the High Sheriff knew not what to do, for he feared to be openly unjust lest the Baker should give him away at the next election.

After the third day the High Sheriff called the Baker again and said unto him, "Thou hast been faithless, and did neglect thy work. Give me thy keys. Here are thy walking papers. Get thee out upon the bricks."

And the Baker answered and said, "Good sir, you do me wrong. I have not been faithless, nor has my work been neglected. This I can prove by the mouth of many witnesses." But the High Sheriff would not hearken unto him nor hear him. He demanded and took the keys, and gave the Baker the Grand Bounce. Straightway the Captain of the Guards recovered. And it came to pass that the children of Ham heard it, and they were exceeding wroth. For they did love the Baker. And when they saw him walking to and fro upon the bricks they felt exceeding sore and did murmur, and they have not forgotten it to this day.

Clarksville, Tenn. visited last Sunday by a terrible fire. The business portion of the town was burned, leaving a mere shell of suburban residences in place of the great tobacco mart of Tennessee. It is supposed to be the work of incendiaries and the colored people bear the blame. When the city was burning, they gathered in little knots and crowds; discussed the situation, witnessed with a good deal of manifested satisfaction, the strenuous efforts to suppress the fire, but would not lend a helping hand, for love nor money. We are loth to advocate lawlessness. We deplore the necessity of resorting to arson and rapine, but if such things must come, let them come. If the colored people of Clarksville did fire the town, we regret the necessity, but not the act. If they have been denied the rights and privileges of men, if by studied persecution, their hearts have been hardened, if goaded by oppression to desperation, they have lost all their interest in, and love for their homes, we are proud to see them have the manhood to be the willing witnesses of its destruction.

The colored people of Clarksville were incensed over a multitude of wrongs. Not long ago a colored man was lynched upon the charge of an attempt at outrage. An attempt mind you. This is a comprehensive term in the South. It embraces a wink by a colored man at a white girl a half mile off. Such a crime is worthy of lynching, but a beastly attack upon a colored girl by a white man, is only a wayward indiscretion. The colored people have stood such discriminations long enough.

The people of Clarksville have broken the ice, God grant it may extend from Virginia to Texas. Still later a

colored man was brutally killed by policeman, and ever since the people have given forth mutterings, not loud, but deep. At the fire, they showed that even the patient submissive black, will some day, turn upon his oppressor. The murderous policeman is kept in jail with a guard of fifty specials to protect him from the exasperated Negroes. We are glad to see this spirit of outraged justice rising Nemesis-like, and will not sorrow, when we hear of even greater destruction.

Since our enfranchisement we have been most foully dealt with. There have been more colored men murdered, butchered in cold blood, since the war than slain in any battle during the war.

All possible means of protection have been tried by northern men. They have appealed to Southern manhood, to the their innate love of justice. They have tried legislation. They have reluctantly resorted to armed interference and lastly to pacification and reconciliation. But every effort has been in vain. There is left the last and only resort—in the black men themselves. The people of the North are tired of hearing the cowardly cries of an oppressed majority. They will never respect the Negro till he makes a blow for himself. Then and not till then need he look for help. Hayes has plainly told the colored people they must make peace at any price: We repeat it, but with a different signification—they must make peace at any price. It may cost treasure, it may cost blood, it may cost lives, but make it, be the cost what it may. The chivalric son of Southern soil must learn that rapine and murder are game that two can play at. That there is such a thing as a 'last feather,' and woe unto the man who lays it on. The southern people tread with reckless feet upon a moral volcano under a crust of



small eggs, be-  
minutive ther  
76 L dynam  
SPELL IT WITH A CAPITAL.

We have noticed an error which all journalists seem to make. Whether from mistake or ill-intention, we are unable to say, but the profession universally begin Negro with a small letter. It is certainly improper, and as no one has ever given us a good reason for this universal breach of orthography, we will offer one. White men being printers long before black men dared read their works, had power to establish any rule they saw fit. As a mark of disrespect, as a stigma, as a badge of inferiority, they tacitly agreed to spell his name without a capital. The French, German, Irish, Dutch, Japanese and other nationalities, are honored with a capital letter, but the poor sons of Ham must bear the burden of a small n.

To our colored journalistic brothers we present this as a matter of self-interest. Spell it with a capital. To our Democratic journals we present it as a matter of good grammar. Spell it with a capital. To Republicans we present it as a matter of right. Spell it with a capital. To all persons who would take from our wearied shoulders a hair's weight of the burden of prejudice and ill-will we bear, we present this as a matter of human charity, and beg you  
SPELL IT WITH A CAPITAL.

Oct 26-18

A FINE time they will have in South Carolina this fall! The N. Y. Times says that the State Legislature has crushed all hope of a fair count by the peculiar legislation incident to Democratic ascendancy. By a system of astute gerrymandering, some largely Republican colored precincts are abolished, and others so cut up that the voters have to go from five to fifteen miles to vote. At a municipal election recently held at Summerville, the Republicans were elected by a large and undisputed majority. A mandamus was issued, ordering the Council to declare the election. They have failed to obey, the successful candidates are denied their seats, and the defeated hold over, all, doubtless, to prove to the world how badly Hayes was duped, what respect a southern Democrat has for honor, and Wade Hampton's incomprehensible capacity as a liar.

Messrs. McCabe and A. T. Hall, Jr., formerly of Chicago, Ill., who passed through the city some time ago, we are pleased to learn have taken up homestead claims in Graham, near Nicodemus township. They express themselves well pleased with a homestead and sixty acres of as good land as can be found in the United States, situated and located about forty miles from the railroad in the State of Kansas.—Colored Citizen.

They mean business. To our young men, we would in all candor say, "Go thou and do likewise." It's to be regretted that so many of our talented, worthy young men waste their lives in our large cities, by going through a perpetual treadmill to earn a bare subsistence.

Practice rigid economy, fill your pockets with cash, go west, locate and become landed gentry, instead of menial dependents.

### THE PICKWICK CLUB.

#### **Introduction of Thomas Jefferson Beeswax,—The Death-Bed Poet.**

The members of the Pickwick Club having returned from the Inauguration, met Thursday night at their rooms on Third avenue. H. R. Nibbs, the President called the meeting to order and said that owing to the presence of a distinguished visitor, the regular routine would be set aside in order to allow the gentleman an opportunity to speak.

Mr. Longtongue objected that there was no time for such speaking.

President Nibbs said: "The business will proceed as I have directed. If any gentleman hasn't time enough to stay until the meeting is over, he can be excused. Mr. Longtongue is certainly