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OUT OF THE DARKNESS

J.W. Grant

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OUT OF THE DARKNESS

OR

DIABOLISM AND DESTINY.

BY

J. W. GRANT, A. M., LL. B.

NASHVILLE, TENN.:
NATIONAL BAPTIST PUBLISHING BOARD.
1909.

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DEDICATION.

To my father, who gave his life for the cause of freedom of mind and body; to my mother, who watched, encouraged and prayed through the long and dreary night of bondage for the dawning of the joyous days of liberty;

And to my darling little ones, the last one of which was at my knee when I began these lines, looking to his future destiny in the world.

But alas! he took his angel flight,
While we watched in the dim, dim light;
My mind was heavy, and my heart grew faint,
So I paused a while in my soul's complaint!

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PREFACE.

The little rivulet springing out of the mountain-side goes leaping, laughing among the hills, fed by the living springs, till it reaches the valley and the plain, a rushing, roaring river, and empties its life-giving streams into the great ocean, commingling its waters with that mighty highway of commerce and enlightenment. So ideas set in motion by an impulse spring forth from the fountain of thought, gathering power as they move, flow on to mingle their waves of truth with the vast volume of the accumulated knowledge of the ages.

Rocks and ruins may whip its flow into a maelstrom or the deep inlets of approbation may turn its genial current into quiet eddies, but it must flow, whether its waters bear the messages from fields Elysian or a doom to the regions of woe!

How small, how small is the amount of good one soul can accomplish, even when all his energies are bent in the direction of adding something to the sum total of human help and happiness! Then how necessary is it that each should thrust his sickle into the harvest or field where his labors seem called! Although his work may make others glad, sad or mad, he must nevertheless labor on

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for the good he intends to do. He cannot stop to consider who will praise or who despise, since the end of his labor is hid beyond the skies.

Such is the spirit in which I set my naked feet in this thorny path, believing that I have a duty to perform for my people and humanity. The truth untold is like a treasure of hidden gold. I have not come to win applause, but to strike one blow in justice's cause.

For many years I have been urged by friends and constrained by my own feelings to say something in exculpation and commendation of my people. It may appear temeritous in me to approach a field where so many have fallen. But the story of our thralldom has weighed a burden upon my heart for so many years that I am forced to lift my feeble voice in admonition and defense.

While confined to my room and suffering from a severe illness, it was upon my mind stronger than ever, so that as soon as I became convalescent, with fear and trembling I launched my frail little barque upon the treacherous sea of public opinion. Nothing but the wails of a long-suffering people could have lured me from the quiet moorings of desuetude.

Long on my heart this burden lay,
And now I hope to find the way.

If I may cause one heart to beat more sympathetically for a weak, struggling and courageous though often erring people, I shall feel that I have not toiled in vain. If I shall be able to inspire

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one despairing soul with faith in the future of the race I shall feel that my labor is not without reward. It seems that we have been abused, accused and misused so long and so much that we are inclined to accept much of what our traducers say of us as true, and to hang our heads in shame. We do not wish to be regarded as a race of saints or as a race of demons! Our only desire is that with what mete others are measured, under like conditions we shall be estimated. We wish credit for what in others is meritorious and condemnation for what is unworthy.

I have not attempted to give the reader a mere romance, but a fiction based on historical facts, written and unwritten. We hope there is enough of the romantic to flavor it to the appetite of the reader. There are persons living who, if called to do so, could bear testimony to the truthfulness of many statements herein.

AUTHOR.

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INTRODUCTION.

Injustice swift, erect and unconfined,
Sweeps the wide earth, and tramples o'er mankind.
—Homer.

The prevailing sentiments in this country, and especially in the South, are intensified in a large measure by much that is sent out from the public press of the land on the race question.

Although much has been said on the platform and in public print about the Negro, very little has been spoken or written in his favor. Few have been the words uttered in commendation of his achievements, save by the Negro himself. Even historians, when they have mentioned the Negro at all, have done so usually in terms of derogation; a spirit of malevolence breathes through nearly all they say concerning him.

The historical and literary libels, the minstrel shows, the "rag time" music and advertising designs have all, at all times, held the Negro up to contemptuous gaze, and pictured him as a fawning fool! It is, indeed, puzzling to understand why our national and world historians have so studiously and flagrantly failed and refused to accord

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the Negroes their merited place in the annals of the nation and the world. Why have they persisted in dealing with the Negro as an execrable outcast?

At the same time as came the Pilgrim Fathers came also the Negro; the former to freedom, honor and glory, and the latter to slavery, degradation, persecution, ignorance and vice! But side by side with the free white American, the enslaved black American has labored, fought, bled and died for the glories of American institutions, and yet little notice, small praise, and no honor have been given him for what he has done!

Massachusetts alone, of the members of the Union, has paid some tribute of respect to the memory of her black heroes. To the Negro, she stands out like a bright star in the black night of the oblivion which envelops his path of glory. This mother of freemen has not wholly neglected her dark defenders! She at least is not one of the cabal whose purpose seems to be to keep the Negro down.

Three hundred years of neglect is, we think, quite enough to convince the Negro that his story, if told at all, must be related by himself. Of course, being shut up in the dark prison-house of bondage for two hundred and fifty years, the array of facts he has been able to gather is meagre indeed. Still he is in possession of many points concerning his life, both as a slave and freeman, which form a part of the unwritten history of the

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race. If anything is to be told to the Negro's credit he himself must tell it.

Tales of the weakness, wickedness, foibles and follies of the Negro have been told and published with flaming headlines for centuries by thousands of writers and periodicals. The Negro has been held up in cartoons, show-bills and advertisements till he is regarded as a grinning, groveling fool the world over! He has been published by the press and public writers as a rapist and hen-roost robber, till he is looked upon as a beast of prey. In places where the Negro is not known he is considered a ravenous beast. Those people who never saw a Negro are not told that for five years Negroes watched over and cared for the white women and children of the South, while their masters were away fighting to perpetuate their chains and slavery, and that though at their mercy, there was never one case of assault or attempt at undue familiarity during those dark days.

The garrulous traducers of the Negro do not tell that not one-tenth of the Negroes lynched are even accused of rape, or that they are put to death violently on suspicion of almost any offence, and often for no offence at all. These exploiters of Negro wickedness do not tell that justice for him in Southern Courts is a thing rarely thought of; they do not tell that the courts are supply machines for the State farms and big private plantations where convicts are worked; that it is a part of the

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business of the courts to su ply peons for fields and mines.

Down the path of the centuries have come stories of the character and achievements of the Negro, but so distorted and blac'-ened by prejudice and hate that the authors themselves cannot credit their garbled fabrications!

Southern writers, especially, have laid on their deadliest strokes in painting the Negro a beast. While they have done all in their power for three hundred years to crush out of him all the manly instincts, the Negro is still a human and loves humanity and humane treatment. These defamers have so seared their consciences that they have ceased to regard truth or honor when speaking of the Negro. The press load their columns from day to day with police news and the crimes of the Negro; they herald with heat and haste any report of an outrage by him, and seem to take a sort of fiendish delight in promulgating any of his wrongful acts, but they rarely, if ever, utter a word in holding up to the world the millions of honest, God-fearing, industrious, frugal, respectable and self-respecting Negroes, who are toiling on for the salvation of their race! Why do they not sometimes rest their consciences by telling of the thousands and thousands of Negroes who, through oppression, long-suffering and repression, are struggling on up to a higher and more exalted plane of living?

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Why do they fail to mention the thousands of educated and refined professional, business and laboring men and women, and the multitude of skilled laborers who, although proscribed, are working out the destiny of our race?

Although said to be an indolent race, more than three-fourths of the Negroes are at work. Three-fourths of all the cotton is produced by black labor, and one-half of the cotton farms are owned and controlled by black people. They own and control half the farms in the South.

Many who attempt to give information about the Negro are densely ignorant of what the Negro is doing for his own uplift. Some of these writers have attempted to deal the race a most ignominious blow, by holding up to the public gaze, at all times and in all places, the very worst type of Negroes. Some have gone further and undertaken to distort the higher type into a knave or fiend incarnate! They ask the world to measure the Negro by his worst element, while they themselves are judged by their best. The other side of the picture should be seen before judgment is passed. "Who will show us any good?" Who shall tell the story of our suffering and persecution, of our struggles and triumphs over difficulty and wrong, if we keep silent?

If the Negro wishes the truths of the history of his thralldom, persecution, degradation, ostracism, and his successes and triumphs over his enemies and calumniators told, he himself must tell it! I

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am aware that the apologist and the time-servers condemn such a course and condone these wrongs. The man with an ax to grind at the enemy's place, says, "Sh! sh!" Their song is:

"Laugh and the world laughs with you;
Weep and you weep alone."

But a race or nation is never helped by the apologist. Christ was no apologist. Patrick Henry, Samuel Adams and Toussaint L'Ouverture were not time-servers—neither were Phillips, Garrison, Sumner, John Brown, Lovejoy, Stowe and Frederick Douglass. Such spirits are the bulwark of liberty and the savers of the nation.

The enemy and the calumniator do not allow one opportunity of vilification or misrepresentation of the Negro to pass. Still, "Truth is immutable and imperishable." The true apostle of truth says, "When I keep silent it is fire in my bones." Woe is me if I lift not up my voice and warn both my people and the enemy of what the signs of the times portend! They thrust her from her watch-tower, but her voice will still be heard in that land!

Like proud Rome, this nation built upon corruption and misrule shall yet lie dethroned amid the ashes of her desolation!

The battle of right against might is on, but the weapon is the pen, which is mightier than the sword! Of course the Negro is a pigmy against giants, but he must deal his sledge-hammer blows,

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striking for his altars and his fires, for the bloody graves of his sires!

It is commonly reported that most of the publishers are quite anxious to help the defamers of the Negro, so much so that they grasp greedily and publish any diatribe or fabrication that traduces him; but anything which seeks to give the Negro's side of the case is refused by them flatly. They will sometimes publish something which purports to give the Negro side, providing it is of a toadying nature.

If the Negro would have the world to know his dreams, hopes, and the story of his thralldom, he himself must tell it, whether it be the burden of a sigh, or the thrilling, rallying war-cry. The time must come when he shall be willing to die otherwise than by the hand of the lyncher.

> Will he learn to do and die—
> To place his draggled name on high?

Most of the writers and public speakers of the day talk of the destiny of the Negro as though the getting of money, a smattering of education, and houses and lands were the principal thing in his national or racial development. These are, all of them, necessary and important, but what are they worth to a race that accepts a state of servility as its fixed destiny? Patrick Henry uttered the slogan of aspiring manhood. What are houses, land and money to men who are *women?*

AUTHOR.

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OUT OF THE DARKNESS,

OR

DIABOLISM AND DESTINY.

CHAPTER I.

Meeting and the Minister.

A voice of greeting from the wind was sent;
The mists enfolded me with soft white arms;
The birds did sing to lap me in content,
The rivers wove their charms,
And every little daisy in the grass
Did look up in my face and smile to see me pass!
—Stoddard.

THE ruler of the day shedding his feeble rays upon a glimmering landscape, bathed his weary body in the placid waters of the Western sea, and having opened the portal of the night, sank to rest upon a bed of clouds trimmed with gold. The little stars, just peeping out from the windows of the heavens, heard the last sigh of the dying day. Hesperia hung out her lamp, which threw a ruddy glow

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upon the kingly couch. Lady Moon just peeping over the Eastern hills, gilding their tops in silvery sheen, was smiling her loveliest adieus to her retiring lord. The nightingale, calling far and wide through the forest glades, was seeking her belated love among the little shadows which were chasing each other in a game of hide and seek among the giant trees. The evening zephyrs, as they fanned the flushed cheeks of the wild roses, filled the air with their sweet fragrance. The little cricket had crawled from beneath the stone wall, and was sitting by the wayside, chirping his plaintive story of days long gone by!

Upon this twilight scene appeared a woman and a little boy. They came from a little cottage near by. She looked much like an Indian woman, and the boy was her image. They took the path leading through the forest. As they walked slowly on, the boy said to his mother:

"Mamma, is not this a lovely evening? The woods seem so full of life, love and song! How lovely, how lovely is nature!"

"Yes," said the mother, "it is no wonder that man's home was first in the deep forest, where he could see and learn of all the beauties and mysteries of nature, and commune with nature's God! Man first learned to bow the knee in worship in the beautiful groves!"

The widow Scott and her little son Harold lived in the suburbs of the village of Croton. The town was a place of considerable commercial impor-

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tance. Being the center of a large cotton growing district, it was the buying and shipping point for much of that staple. The face of the boy lighted up with joy as he looked upon the entrancing scene about him.

"Why should man not delight more in creation, than in cruelty?" said the boy as he looked into his mother's face, who was talking to him of the stormy days ten years before when the soldiers came. She told him of the time when the villages and forests were full of the armed hosts; when the village and the country were laid waste by contending foes. Said the boy:

"Mother, my teacher says the world is a battle-field and a graveyard!"

Harold was born just three months before James Scott, his father, enlisted as a soldier in the Fourteenth Regiment U. S. V. I. Sergeant Scott was wounded at Port Hudson, and thereby rendered useless for further service. After he had recovered sufficiently he was discharged; and after his wife interceded for him with the whites he was allowed to return to his home, to die with his family. Although Mr. Scott never recovered, he lived to be pensioned for his wounds, and with that money managed to purchase the ground and build the neat little cottage, from which the widow and son came out. One year after his death the widow and son were pensioned, and with the sixteen dollars per month thus arising and what they could earn, they were able to live bet-

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ter than most of the freedmen about them; and Harold was enabled to attend the village school during the entire session. That was unusual for colored children in and around Croton, for they had to nurse the baby, while the mother and older children worked in families or the fields.

Professor Norris, the teacher, often found his school reduced from one hundred to ten pupils in a single day. Especially was this true in the picking time. The school term was usually five months, but school was often suspended till the children got time to attend. And that was usually in dead of Winter, when roads were muddy, often impassable, and the children poorly clad.

Lucius Storms was another boy five years older than Harold Scott, who, like Harold, was able to attend school during the entire session. The father of Lucius was a rich planter and banker by the name of Leonidas L. Storms. Leonora Storms, the mother of Lucius, had been purchased by Mr. Storms at a slave sale in New Orleans, while he was on a business trip to the city. Mr. Storms was looking around the city, when he happened to come to the slave market. He saw a likely girl sitting on a box crying. When he came near her she looked up into his face, and, as he drew nearer, she said:

"Please, master, buy me! You look like a kind-hearted man. Please, master, for pity's sake, buy me! God pity me if that big rough looking man over there buys me! They say that his name

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is Legree, and that his place on the Red River is a hell on earth!"

Mr. Storms knew that if she was put upon the block, a girl of her comely face and figure would bring a fabulous price. He asked the girl if her owner was around. She pointed him out—a Jew, who had taken the girl as a pound of flesh, for a loan made to a fast son of a sugar-grower.

Mr. Storms approached the Jew, and began a dicker for the girl, and at last convinced the Jew that if he put the girl up, he might not get the price he (Storms) offered for her. So that at last his cupidity induced him to accept the price offered, and to sign the bill of sale. Leonora's face lighted up with joy when Mr. Storms and the Jew approached. The Jew came and told Leonora that Mr. Storms was her new master. Mr. Storms bade the girl follow him, and he brought her home, and his wife made her the house-girl.

Harry, the coachman, was like Leonora, of mixed blood, and they became attached to each other. They finally decided to become man and wife, after slave custom. So, one night Harry went to his master's study, and knocked timidly.

The master called out,

"Who's there?"

"Harry, mastah," answered he.

"Well, open the door," said the master.

Harry opened the door and stood with hat in hand.

"Well, boy, what is it?"

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"Mastah, I wants to ax you a serious question."

"Well, what is it?"

"I wants Nora for my wife. I loves her and she loves me, and we wants to live togeder as man and wife."

"Now, look here, my 'nigger,' don't you ever mention that girl to me again! Nora is the house-girl, and what sort of a house-girl will she soon be if she takes you for a husband. Why should you, 'nigger,' wish to have a wife and form family ties any way? You are here this year and who knows where you will be next? You are numbered with our cattle and mules; then why not live as the beasts of the field?"

Poor Harry soon found himself in the slave traders' gang, on his way to the southward, and was never heard of again.

Leonora grieved much for her lost Harry. She would go out at night under the moonlit heavens and try to look the way she thought Harry might be, and falling on her knees, under the shadows of the trees, she would exclaim:

"My poor lost Harry! My love! The cruel hand of the slave driver has taken you away, and I shall never see my darling any more! O God! would that I had gone with Legree to the earthly hell! I would have been dead long ere this, and all my trials and sufferings would be over!"

She grew more despondent as the days rolled slowly by. One evening she was out, thus bemoaning her fate and Harry's, when her master

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came upon her. He did not abuse and find fault with her, but spoke kindly to her. As time rolled on her grief grew less poignant, as sorrows usually do. On one occasion he asked if she would continue thus if Harry were dead. He talked to her as though she were his child instead of his slave. He continued to speak kindly to Leonora, and to praise her work. He often spoke to her of her good looks and said she was far too likely a girl to have a Negro man. On several occasions he brought her nice little presents, and gave them to her secretly. Once while the mistress was away, he came into the pantry and put his hand on her shoulder, and as she turned to see who it was, he grabbed her and kissed her.

Persuasion and force were plied upon her constantly, and having grown indifferent to her fate she at last yielded to her master's embraces. That was then and is now the fate of many Negro house-girls in the South. They were considered the legitimate prey of either the fathers or sons in the families where they served.

Lucius was the offspring of the relation between master and slave. But strange to say, a Southern white man who cohabitated with a Negro woman lost no caste in the best society.

Although a passionate man, unlike most white fathers of Negro children, Mr. Storms cared for his offspring and its mother. He was not only educating the boy, but after they were free, he gave Leonora and the child a home in Croton.

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But Leanora's old grief for Harry returned when she was alone and she soon dropped and died. Then Mr. Storms took Lucius to his own home, sent him to school, and gave him light work to do when he was not in school. He treated him as well or better than a *natural* child is usually treated by the putative father.

As they walked leisurely along the moonlit forest path, enjoying the beauties and fragrance of the dreamy night, Harold and his mother were conversing about his father's service in the cause of freedom and his untimely death. Mrs. Scott was explaining the difference between the life of the slave and the freedman. Harry said:

"Mother, you have told me that my father was a soldier, and that he was induced to enlist in the cause of freedom and salvation of the Union because he was promised by the government all the rights of a freeman and an American citizen. He fought, bled and died in defence of this nation. Yet he was not treated as well as those I see around here, who fought to destroy this government, and who even now have no love for it, and would be only too glad to see it overthrown.

"I was reading only to-day in my history of those patriots who rushed from their fields and shops to Lexington and Bunker Hill to defend this country from a foreign foe, and how their names are honored in song and story, and how monuments were erected to commemorate

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their heroic deeds. My father fell at Port Hudson, defending this country from the internal foe, yet I see nothing in my history of his heroic deeds, or of the Fifty-fourth Massachusetts and the daring deeds of Sergeant Carney and others. I see nothing in the history of Attucks, Salem, and the host of black heroes who fought for this country, from the Revolution on down to the *War of the Rebellion*, in which my father received his death wound and sacrificed his life. I saw in one of my books where it said that all nations delight to do honor to those brave men who volunteer to lay down their lives for their country. Still, I see old soldiers about here kicked and cuffed around just as the other Negroes are.

"Is it true that through these two centuries the Negro has fought for a liberty which he himself has never known, that to-day he is a political outcast and a nondescript in the body politic?

"Why, I was over at Mr. Brown's house the other night, and he told his wife to hurry and give him his supper; that he had to lie out that night as he had heard that the Kuklux were to ride, and that they seemed to have a spite against the colored men who had been in the army, although he had done no man an injury.

"Why was Uncle Ben Jones whipped so badly by those men who ride at night, with the long faces on, and who look so scary? Why, he was laid up in bed for over a month and nearly died from

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it. They say it was because he refused to work for old Jim Barnes for forty cents a day and feed himself. The men look so frightful with those long gowns and faces on that I don't wonder that the poor colored people are afraid of them. They nearly scared me to death that night they came to our house hunting Will Scott. The people say that they called for water at Uncle Tom Jones's, and just poured it down by the bucket full at a time. Has the United States Government no power to protect its citizens from such cruel treatment?"

"My child," said the mother, "you are thinking and talking about things beyond your years. You will learn, my son, when you have lived as long as I have, that the white man is great in promises and inducements. He will promise you the world, and actually give it to you in order to get to beat you out of it when opportunity offers. How like a god in wisdom, but how like a demon in execution! He has robbed my forefathers, on one side, out of this country, and compelled my fathers and mothers, on the other side, to till it for two centuries, and both have made it fertile with their blood and tears. My child, the story of the American Indian's fate and the Negro's unrequited toil, is the tale of the white man's treachery and tyranny.

"You will learn much from books and experience as you grow older, and will see the clutches of the white man tighten more and more around

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the black man's throat, as fate moves them nearer to the crisis. I weep bitter tears, my darling, when I think of what your father endured, what I have passed through and what must be experienced by you in the years to come. My race is nearly run; yours has just begun. You think we are living in troublous times; but the black stormy night of our desolation has not set in about us yet.

"Yes, it is said that they were after Will Scott, because he was talking to the Negroes, and telling them that they ought to organize and demand better wages; that they can't live honestly on the pay they get for their labor; that before the war, if a man hired an able bodied slave, he had to pay the master one hundred and fifty dollars per year—a little over twelve dollars per month, —furnish his clothes, a physician and medicine when he was sick, and lose all bad and sick days; but now they will not pay an able-bodied man more than eight or ten dollars per month, and he must lose all bad and sick days, pay for his medicine and physician, if he has any, and feed his family and himself out of that; that a man who attempts such a thing, must of necessity beg or steal! He said that the state authorities were in league with the landlords, that they, by means of these starvation wages, were filling the jails and penitentiaries so that the farmers can come and lease the convicts from the state, and thus get cheap labor. Yes, that is the offense for which

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they were hunting your cousin Will with blood-hounds to whip him to death. They said, 'He is the kind of 'nigger' that we have got to get rid of. He will ruin the other 'niggers' and soon have them believing that they are folks.' I thank God that they have not found him! I hope he will escape to the North, where he can breathe free air, and not be afraid of the pestilence that wasteth at noonday. If they should catch him, his young and manly body will furnish food for the worms!

"Yes, the Kuklux are sworn to keep the 'nigger' in his place, which means, poor, ignorant and degraded, and on a level with the brutes. And do you know that many of these people who do these fiendish things to the Negroes belong to the church, pretend to worship God and feign a sort of Christianity? Yes, they pretend to follow Him who was ever the friend of the lowly despised! Why, the Southern whites say they are doing wonders toward the education of the Negro children. But in the country districts the schooling of Negro children is little better than no schooling at all. The class of teachers they give them and the two or three months term make it a waste of time and money. And, again, they say they tax themselves so much to educate the Negro children, when, in fact, every dollar paid out for the Negro schools is blood money, collected off the Negroes by imposts, starvation wages, high rents and over-

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charges for inferior goods. While it comes indirectly, and through the hands of the whites, it nevertheless comes from the Negro's unpaid labor. At first they would not allow the colored people to have schools. They broke up the schools, drove the teachers away or killed them, and burned the schoolhouses. I happened to be at Bon Aqua when they broke up the school there; it was a dastardly, fiendish deed. Yes, you will learn more about that cowardly act hereafter. You say you have read *Uncle Tom's Cabin*. Well, the pictures therein are not overdrawn, as some would have you believe. I know there are those who are now ashamed of its bloody record, and who try to show that it is not a picture of slavery, and that no such character as Legree ever existed; but I have seen their acts of cruelty, and know men who were even worse than Legree is painted. No, they may deny its truth, and rule it out of libraries at the North, but its truth is written in characters of blood, in cotton fields, rice swamps and cane-brakes all over this Southland! There are too many scarred bodies of living slaves to bear testimony to its truthfulness. I pray God that you, my son, may never see what I have seen or feel what I have felt.

"You ask why the raiders whipped poor Uncle Ben so—those Kuklux? Why, he had been working for Tom Tucker for fifty cents a day and Mr. Storms offered him better pay; so he quit

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Tucker and went to work for Mr. Storms. That same week the "Klan" came after him and pretended that he had stolen Jones's plow, but without a trial or even putting him in prison they whipped him nearly to death. You could not make any one in this community, white or black, believe that Uncle Ben ever stole anything. But there he lies, the victim of the white man's greed and hate."

"Mr. Storms has his faults, but he and some others around here don't hate the Negro simply because be is a Negro. They would like to see him have a man's chance.

"Well, here we are, nearly to the church. Now I wish you to stay awake, like a little man, and listen to what is said by the preacher."

Although one of the "Befo de wah preachers," and uneducated, Elder Brutus E. Buchanan was intelligent, well posted, and had good old common-sense about many things. Above all, he loved his race and wished to help them.

Ebenezer Baptist Church, near Croton, was known far and wide, and people came for miles around to hear Mr. Buchanan preach. They came to the big basket meetings especially, in great crowds. At these times there was much soul-stirring preaching, shouting, and more good things when the baskets were brought out and the cloths spread beneath the shady trees. The white people often came to see the black folks shout

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and enjoy themselves. For the white man likes to see the Negro religious, as he thinks the more religion the Negro has, the easier he can be controlled. Many were the young and old, who could say that they had been turned from the broad road of destruction to the narrow path of life by this "Elijah."

The log church had a puncheon floor and slab seats without backs, with pegs driven for legs. At one end of the building was the door and at the other the pulpit. There were two windows in each side, with board shutters. The cracks were open now, but in winter they daubed these with mud, to make the house more comfortable. There was a stick and mud chimney, with a great fireplace large enough to hold a wagon load of wood.

When Mrs. Scott and son arrived at the church the four or five dim oil lamps were casting their flaring, flickering gleams over a dark and dingy scene. You could scarcely see the persons in the room. Many people had already arrived and were sitting around in groups talking in low, subdued tones. The young girls were talking in more lively voices, or sitting and gazing about the room to see or to be seen. The boys were casting love glances from their side of the house over to where the girls were doing all they could to attract attention. Contrary to custom for boys, Harold sat beside his mother, for they were in-

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separable companions. To occupy the time while the congregation was gathering, some of the "amen" brethren were leading a few songs and prayers for strength and guidance through dangers, seen and unseen!

The hour had reached about nine o'clock, when the minister came into the pulpit. He took the book and gave out the hymn: "Dark was the night." At the close of the singing Deacon Blair was called upon, and offered a fervent prayer for help in time of trouble, and deliverance from the enemy.

Several of the late comers whispered to those near them that they had noticed an unusual number of white men among the trees near the church and that it boded evil. This uneasiness spread through the congregation and caused even the sleepy heads to keep wide awake. So the pastor had their eyes, while the men in the bushes had their ears. Especially was this true as the sermon grew warmer and louder.

But there was less shouting than was customary at the night meetings. Two things made this so. The wrought up state of mind of the people on account of the night riders, and the kind of sermon delivered, which was more in the nature of a lecture. Many would have called it a dry sermon, and gone to sleep on it, had it not been for the excitement aroused by the daring utterances of the preacher, and the whispered information that there was trouble, and lots of it,

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on the outside. Some of the old mothers in the church declared: "De debble is suah let loose fer a season, and he is about to take the elect." But like true Christians, they prayed the more earnestly.

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CHAPTER II.

Sermon and Sequel.

He strove among God's suffering poor
One gleam of brotherhood to send;
The dungeon op'ed its hungry door
To give the world one martyr more,
Then shut—and there behold the end!

—Lowell.

ELDER BUCHANAN appeared to be between fifty-five and sixty years of age. He was tall, well built and of commanding presence. Although very dark he had good features and a pleasing countenance. As the minister rose in the pulpit all noise in the church ceased and the cricket singing on the hearth could be heard all over the house. From the drawn mouth, compressed lips, and sober look on his face, all seemed to realize that the pastor had an important message to deliver.

He gave out the hymn: "Am I a soldier of the cross," etc., and it was sung by the congregation with great feeling. Brother Rickman offered a soul-stirring prayer for light in the hour of darkness and desolation, saying:

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"Laud, ef we is soldiers, we mus' fight; but ef we is sheep fer de slaughteh, make us 'umble, an' as inercent as lambs."

There were numerous "Amens," and cries of "Laud, hep! Laud hep!"

After singing, "Alas! and did my Savior bleed," the pastor rose and began his sermon by saying:

"My sistahs and bruthren, my tex' will be foun' in Numbers, 12th chaptah 1:10 vuses, 2 Chronicles, 6th chaptah 1st vus, an' 2 Kings, 5th chaptah an 1st vus.

"De fus part uv my tex' speaks uv de great sin cermitted by Aaron an' Miriam, by speaking agin Mosus fer marryin' a black 'omen. Dat wuz race ur culor prejisty. De anger uv de Laud wus so kindled agin dem dat He smoted Miriam wid de lepusy. Dat wus a type uv sin whut can't be furgivin.

"De secon' part 'fers ter de great man Naaman, who wus a lepeh becase uv his mean prejisty.

"De third part tells how de Laud dwells in clouds an' thick dahkness, an' in anothyer scriptur' He said: 'My pawillion roun an' about me, shall be clouds an' thick dahkness.

"So you see, my friens, we cannot see ur know de plans uv de Laud who duz all things fer de bes'. Ouah fathers an' mothers wah back yonder in Afica, in dahr wile, happy freedom, but dese lepurs led on by dahr greed, stole um an' brung um ter dis country, an' huh we is, bein' driv frum day ter day, through dis dahk wildiniss uv sin an' Saten.

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"Some say dat we is betteh off huh whah we is; God pity us when de wuss cums! Do you call hit betteh ter be compelled ter wuk frum mont' ter mont' fer little ur no pay, Kukluxed by night an' mobbed an' lynched by day? Dah we wus in ouah own lan' uv sunshine an' flowers, free as de birds an' wile anumals. Any way, we did not cum huh seekin' dese good things yuthers can see an' feel but we can't. Well, Gaud knows bes', fer He wuks in clouds an' thick dahkness! He wuks in de dahk, an' so do de Kuklux. In de dahkness uv dis wery night I feels dat dey is layin' a demon plan ter punish sum poah black man fer nothin' but ter satisfy dahr thust fer nigga blood. An' why all dis? Hit is becase dey is so full uv de lepusy uv sin, an' Saten. Hit is dat lepusy dat driv Miriam out frum 'er people, an' kep' Naaman frum goin' ter one uv de despised ter be heald uv his filthy disease."

"Amen, amen! Laud hep us," was heard among the congregation.

"Chrise de Son uv de livin' -Gaud, de white man's Gaud, have said dat He is no respectah uv pusons, fer he have made uv one blud all nations uv men ter dwell on all de face uv de yurth. Why, how is hit dat dis mighty white man is so superiur ter de yuther branches uv de human famly, when dey is all uv one blud? Why duz dey hate us so much more now dan dey did in de days uv slavery? As I looks over dis 'semly I sees many faces dat bear testimony uv de embra-

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ces an' carresess uv black wimmen by white men. 'Deed dey is about all de faces I can see, as de lites is so dim. Dahr is over two million uv sich witnesses all over dis lan.' Nigga 'oman mighty sweet ter de white man after dark. De wile beastis uv de fores' love dahr young uns, an' will fight fer dem. Is de white man lowah an' wuser dan de yuther wile beastis?"

"Yes, yes," came from many voices.

"Why, my Gaud, looki dah at ole man Shikestaker; he raised a famly uv five gals, by Mahtha, his slave 'oman, an' wheri de gals growd up he had chillun by all uv um except Lotta, de youngis one; an' he beat, dogged an' bused her so much, ter make 'er submit to his lust, dat at las', she jumped outen de windah up stahs, wha he had 'er locked in, an' kilt 'erself! The old repehbate actually sold his own chilun an' his gran' chillun by his daghters ter de slave traders. An dahr is thousands uv 'Shikestakers' all over dis country, roun' about.

"Why, dey say we is immohal. Yes, an' I wunders dat we has any mohals at all, fer de black cuss uv slavery tried ter make a beast uv evehy black man an' oman. An' ouah treatment now is little bettah, an' in many ways hit is wuser dan hit wus in 'Paul's time.' Yes, dah wus ole Legree, who not only driv, beat an' shot his slaves ter death unhindered, but he made de drivers cuhlect de wimmen an' men toguther on Sundays an' put dem inter a huge log pen (naked), fer

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breeding puposes, like so many beastis, an' ef any 'fused ter do his biddin', dey wus whupped neahly ter death."

"O Laud, my Gaud, hep us Laud," was the cry, which came from the "amen corners," with many groans from those who had seen and felt those things.

"Yes, my sistahs an' bruthren, dey has done all in dahr power ter make us brutes, an' now dey 'buse us an' call us low an' immohal when we has not only been brutalized by dem fer centuries, but we has been teached by dem all kinds uv immohality an' wrong doin's. Dah is some good upright white people aroun' here, but dey is too few. Dey wants ter see us prospur an' git propity, becume 'telligent an' upright Christians, but dey is in de minohity. Dey wants us let alone, but is ferd ter say ur do any thing ter hep us."

"Laud, hep us," was the response.

"De jails an' penitentiaries is full, an' hit are ter dahr intrus' ter keep 'em so, fer dey gins you only barely unuf ter keep body an' soul toguthr 'twell dey gits you in prison; den de gates uv hell opens, an' de doah uv mucy closes! Each prison doah oughtah haf wrote ovah hit: 'He who entehs heah leaves hope behime.' Bruthren an' sistahs, you knows dat de term uv de nigga prisoner usually ends in death; dat dey is stahved, beat an' shot ter death; dat de lepuous hate uv de Southern white man condemns a nigga befo' he is heahd; dat whensomever a nigga is

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brought befo' de coat he are zumed ter be gilty, an' dat he can only scape by proof uv his inercence beyond any doubt. De Laud have said he would hide his zines in de blackness uv dahkness an' dey is shoah hid frum us. But he have sed dat dey dat trus' in Him he will deliveh."

Cries of "O Laud, deliveh us," were heard all over the church.

"So, my friens, we mus' trus' on an' lif' up our voices an' cry out in de night uv ouah troubles."

Just then a voice was heard from the outside, saying:

"Yes, some 'niggers' will lift up their voices very loud to-night."

The old people groaned and the younger ones looked frightened and wild-eyed. But the preacher did not hear the voice of warning, and so continued.

"I tell you, my friens, we is shoah in de blackness uv de dahkness uv our night wid no rif in de clouds. An' dah is rivers uv trubles befo' us. But dey dat trus' in de Laud shall showly be delivehed."

"Amen" and "Thank Gaud" came up from the audience.

"When Isrul was turned loose dey borid gold, silver an' all things whut dey needed frum dahr mastahs; but we wus turned out, widout shelter ur a moufful uv food, an' among dose who hate us, becase we has been dahr slaves. Dey hates us becase dey wus forced ter turn us loose. Not

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becase we is black, fer dah is foah black ur dahk people in de wold ter one white puson. An' in dis state, an' in all dis country roun' about dah is three ur foah niggas ter one white puson. Still, dey proud Naaman-like, duz not want us ter have any say so 'bout our own affahs, ter say whut we oughtah do, an' whut not. O how dey does git up on de Foath uv July, an' talk 'bout libity, jestice, ar.' equality, but dey say, dey means dahselves, an' not us niggas. Dey say dah is no jestice nur libity fer us. All we is ter git is de judgment, an' we has shoah had dat hot an' heavy.

"Agin, my friens, we wus turned outen de slave pen, widout food, clothes, ur anything, an' bein' anxious to earn a livin' fer ouah famlies, we went ter work fer whut we could git. But de rail pens an' holes we haf tah live in tell de story uv how we has been paid an' 'prived uv de fruits uv our labor. Befo' de wah we made our mastahs rich by our toil, but now we can't feed ouhselves an' families on whut we earn. Bruther Brown, can you feed yoah famly uv ten offen fifty cents ah day fer your wuk, specially, when one-third uv de days is bad days? No, hit is starve an' steal, an' go ter de chain-gang an' ter death.

"We wus told by de good friens whut cum down frum de Norf ter hep us, incouhage an' instruct us in propah ways uv livin' an' actin', dat we wus freed by Mr. Lincum's proclumation, an' dat de Congress uv dese United States made us

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citerzens, an' clothed us wid manhood rites, an' dat we oughtah try ter dischahge dese high privileges in a propah manneh. But no sooneh dan we goes out ter listen ter de speakin' ur ter tend de 'lection, an' try ter vote fer whut we thinks is good fer us poah black folks, de Kuklux an' night ridahs bugins ter ride, ter whup, ter kill an' run ouah people off, so dat now we is in daily dread fer ouah lives. You knows dat many uv you had to move inter kind white folks' yahds ter be pertected frum de night ridahs. An' some uv you is wukin now fer people fer nothin' ter git dahr pertecshun.

Cries of "Yes, my Gaud!" came from the listeners.

"Whut wus de Kuklux Klan an' Night Ridahs eriginated fer? It wus ter keep de Nigga ignunt, poah an' degraded; ter crush outen dem all 'spiration an' desire ter be men; ter 'spire in dem a deadly fear uv de white man, so dat de white man can beat, rob an' cheat, rape, kill, burn an' lynch dem, widout fear uv 'zistance frum de niggas. Dey wush ter so cowah us, dat we will be as de sheeps uv de pastur. My friens, de aim uv de Southern white man is ter keep de black man cowed, so dat he can use him as he wants ter, an' 'buse him as he likes."

"Tell hit! tell hit!" came from many parts of the house.

"But I wants ter say here, 'specially, ter yoh young thoughtless fellers, dat you can nevah be

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truly brave or manly twell you learns ter 'spect yohselves, an' ter 'spect an' defend yoah wimmen. Our wimmen has a hahd road ter travel, I tell yoh. Dey is de prey uv de white man an' many uv our own men. We do not guard an' 'spect de virtue uv our wimmen as we should. Dese things we has got ter learn ter practice an' teach ter ouah chillun. We is poah, an' ouah wimmen an' gals is compelled ter wurk wha dey is constantly beset by bad white men, who look 'pon dem as dahr lawful prey. No race can be great ur gran', whut does not honah its wimmen an' is not willin' ter die fer dahr pertecshun. Why, ouah gals can't go inter a stoah ur any place wha dey comes in contac' wid white men but dey is insulted, mistreated ur is 'ticed ter sin an' degradation.

"An' sum uv ouah own men: ef dey does not set traps ter ketch ouah gals fer white men, dey do all dey can ter lead em ustray. Anothyur thing, my friens, twell we learns ter treat ouah good wimmen wid dat 'spect dat is due ter 'onerable wimmen, we can't 'spect others ter 'spect dem, ur ter regahd us as a race uv true men. Why, sence we has been compelled to ride in de cattle cahs, I has seen nigga men come in, set down an' begin ter smoke an ole stinkin' pipe ur a wuser segar, right in de face uv de wimmen. Right heah in dis church, when we has 'tainments, I sees yoh come in, stan' roun' wid yoah hats on, an' a penny segar in yoh mouf, in de presence uv de ladies. What a shame on yoh! My young frien's, yoh

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mus' men' yoah ways, fer yoah is no angels shuah. Yes, we has ouah faults, an' lots uv 'em. An' fer dat reason we don't claim ter be bettah dan de white folks, nur does we claim ter be wuser.

"But I tell yoh agin, my friens, dat de sin uv hate an' 'pression an mistreatment uv ouah fellehmen is de lepusy uv damnation. Still we orter love ouah enemies, an' do good ter dem whut 'spitefully uses us. When we is misused and 'bused, de good Laud may mean hit all fer good ter us, fer we is shuah in de dahkness uv sin an' Saten. But de Laud is ouah lite an' ouah salvation. In our dahk an' stormy night, may we heah His gentle voice coming outen de dahkness uv ouah desolation, saying, 'Feah not, my little uns, fer I has been wid you an' has brung you ovah dis Jurdin, an' I is gwinter lead yoh on ter de promis' lan'. Lo, I is wid you, an' ef I is fer yoh who con be agin yoh? Bruthren an' sistahs, let us pray."

But at that moment, long pale faces appeared simultaneously at the windows and the door, and a hollow voice was heard to say:

"As we have had such an excellent sermon to-night, and have so much to think about, we will have the prayer out in the grove, where it is cooler and there is more room for capering; though, I fear it will be a little warm even out there before we get through."

Just then four or five of the riders came in at the door, and stalked around to the pulpit. At the same time the audience rose frantically and

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made for the door, windows, and the chimney. In the scramble the lamps were thrown down and went out; but not before the preacher and Deacon Brown had been seized by the pale faces. The victims uttered not a word of protest, as they were pushed through and over the crowd, which was kept back somewhat by clubs wielded freely by the raiders stationed at the doors and windows.

Mrs. Scott and Harold waited in a corner till the crowd was out, then came quietly out and followed the raiders at a distance. They stopped in the bushes near where the mob had carried the pastor.

The Scotts and Lucius Storms, alone of all that congregation, stayed to learn the fate of the preacher and Deacon Brown. One part of the pale faces took Deacon Brown in charge and carried him down the hill into a flat. Soon his piteous cries and groans were heard coming up from the depths of the forest in the valley of humiliation.

Another crowd took Elder Buchanan in charge and went a little way aside from the path that led through the forest. It was not long before loud talking was heard, which seemed to be a dispute. The majority of the crowd was in favor of hanging the old preacher. Some of them contended that he was a dangerous "nigger"; that he would ruin the other "niggers" in the community, and that "he had got them Yankee notions in his "nig-

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ger' head." The others were for giving him a sound thrashing and running him out of the country; but the majority would have its way. So they came forward and put a rope around the preacher's neck. Then the mob asked him if he wanted to pray. He said,

"Yes, sah."

"Well, pray then, and be quick about it; for we have fooled away too much time with a worthless old 'nigger' like you. Come! hurry up and make it d—d short!"

The old man fell on his knees and said:

"O Laud, yoh has always heahd me, heah me now, my Fathah. O Laud, yoh has promised to deliveh yoah people. Laud, I is yoah chile; deliveh me frum dese vile men dese chillun uv de debble. O Laud, yoh knows dey is full uv de lepusy uv sin, an' is on de road to hell. O Laud, dey is bline, an' know not whut dey is doin'. O—"

Just then two or three of the most brutal of the crowd, grabbed the rope which was already over a limb of a tree, jerked the victim to his feet, and began to hoist him. As the rope tightened the old preacher cried out, with a gurgle in his throat:

"O Laud, my Gaud, is dar no help fer de wider's son?"

Immediately a man sprang from the outskirts of the crowd, with a large knife in his hand, and running up to the hanging man, cut the rope and the old prisoner fell to the ground un-

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conscious and half dead. With the same knife he waved the crowd back from the prostrate form. He wore no mask and was easily recognized as Mr. Storms. At this two or three came up and said with a growl:

"By G—d, that d—n nigger shall die."

Mr. Storms then spoke up and said:

"Why, gentlemen, what has he done to merit death? I heard all that he said; if he uttered any thing that is not true, prove it to me and I will join you in saying that he ought to be disposed of. Gentlemen, you all know me, and know that I will do what I say. Now, the first one of you that attempts to hang this man shall die. If you hang this old 'nigger' who has done nothing worse than speak the truth a little too plainly, you will do so after my dead body lies there where he now lies. But on the other hand, if you will turn him over to me, I promise you to rid this community of his presence for good."

The leaders withdrew, held a whispered consultation, then returned to Mr. Storms and said:

"See here, Mr. Storms, we all respect you and look up to you as one of the most substantial men in our community, and on that account we have decided to turn the old 'nigger' over to you to dispose of; but if he is ever seen in these parts again, we will see the job finished next time before we leave."

"I will answer for it that he does not trouble you again," said the rescuer.

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Mr. Storms took the preacher to his home, called his coachman, had him hitch up a carriage and took the preacher to the railroad station, ten miles away. After promising to see that his family should get to him, Mr. Storms then put the preacher on the three o'clock train, gave him twenty-five dollars and bade him farewell, saying:

"This is the length of my '*cable tow.*'"

Deacon Brown finally got over his lashing. But he was so disabled, by reason of his wounds and crippled condition that he was unable to earn a support. He was finally pensioned by the United States Government.

Lucius was near his father when he rescued the old preacher, and the iron entered his soul. He remained with his father, though, till the preacher was bidden farewell on board the train which was to carry him to life and liberty. Then said Lucius to his father:

"Sir, you are a noble man, not alone because you have done a heroic deed in saving the old preacher, but because you saved the old Negro from a gang of cowardly ruffians. They always take to their heels as soon as a truly brave man appears, and says 'Halt!' It was in putting down your own race feeling and siding with that poor old Negro, one of the trampled-down and despised, that showed your greatness. Yes, your act places you among the true chivalry of earth. You not only discharged a solemn obligation, a thing which so many dis-

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regard, but you did the act of a true Christian. I shall treasure in my heart the memory of this act of yours among life's grandest achievements."

Mrs. Scott and Harold, concealed near by, where the sacrifice to Southern chivalry and valor was about to be offered up, observed all that was said and done. The widow was on her knees praying for the deliverance of her old pastor. Being a devout Christian, she had great faith in prayer and the power of the Lord. Harold was close beside her with his hand in hers, weeping sympathetic tears.

After the terrible ordeal was over they went quietly and solemnly home, and when in they closed the door. The mother and son kneeled in prayer. She thanked the Lord because he had seemingly saved the pastor, and also that her own dear husband was not there in those times of persecution and slaughter. When she was through with the prayer, Harold said:

"Mother, is it not well that father is not living in these times? He would be right in the midst of this turmoil and trouble. There are no means of defense now like there were at the time he came from the war. He brought his gun home with him. Colored men are not allowed to have guns now. At that time the Federal soldiers were a sort of protection. After the soldiers had been withdrawn the militia was organized for the enforcement of the law and our protection, but to see colored men with

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guns and uniforms on so fired the Southern heart and brain, that they rose up in mass, dispersed them and took their guns for themselves. Since then the colored people have been as sheep for the slaughter; as lambs among wolves."

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CHAPTER III.

School at Bon Aqua—Livingstone University.

Neither to change, nor falter, nor repent;
This life thy glory, Titan! is to be
Good, great and joyous, beautiful and free:
This is alone Life, Joy, Empire and Victory.

—Shelley.

OLD army wagons standing here and there on open lots, old worn-out army mules grazing on the commons, the presence of a small body of Federal soldiers at the old fort on the hill, ex-rebel soldiers, with their old time worn and dirty uniforms on, and the dilapidated appearance of the town and its inhabitants, all gave evidence of the recent struggle between the North and South, and the more recent peace.

This little town, in spite of the scourge of war, still gave evidence of its ante bellum beauty. Its wide streets shaded with sugar maples, broad lawns surrounding what were once lovely mansions and palatial homes, and the pure, gushing, limpid springs, still called the mind back to the days before the dogs of war were turned loose upon the monster slavery.

On a hill overlooking a beautiful vale,

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through which ran a rippling, singing little stream, the outlet of a great boiling, bubbling spring which gushed from the foot of the hill, was born a boy ten years before the tide of battle swept over the land deluging it with the blood of sacrifice for the sin of oppressive servitude.

Julian Jarnigan was the sixth one of nine children, seven girls and two boys. His father, Norval Jarnigan, was the great grandson of an African king. His mother was the daughter of a Frenchman, DeGrands, and one of his most comely, black damsels. When seven years of age, Julian sat with his father on the front porch of the mansion house, and saw him count out to his master, five hundred dollars in gold, the balance of the purchase price of his freedom.

The father of Julian, being a carpenter, had earned this money by hiring his time and doing extra work nights. Norval was also a Methodist minister and spent much of his time in going to and fro, preaching and doing religious work among the people on Sundays and nights. He was such an earnest, Christian worker that he built a little church by working on it nights. But alas! when it was finished, some bad white men with black souls burned it, and that, too, on the Sunday night after the dedication service was held.

Mr. Jarnigan, the master of Norval, was a village merchant, and though a kind-hearted man, was close-fisted. But his wife was a godly wom-

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an and a philanthropist. Through her influence several of their slaves were set free during her lifetime. She saw to it that all her grown slaves attended church on Sundays, and that the younger ones were sent to the Sunday-school carried on by a free man by the name of Abbott. The Sunday-school was conducted much as our country schools are to-day. There were two sessions each Sunday, one in the forenoon, and another in the afternoon. The blue-back speller, reader and Bible, along with the catechisms, were used.

It was in this school that Julian caught his first inspiration to an aspiration for the higher things of life. Mr. Abbott was a bright example of the free Negroes' devotion to the cause of uplifting their brethren in bonds.

The persecution of the free Negroes in the South became so bitter that the Rev. Jarnigan, to escape these persecutions, resolved to go to his fatherland, Africa, to seek true freedom and to do missionary work. It was his purpose to found a home and return in two years for his family, but within eighteen months he succumbed to the African fever, while holding protracted meetings among the natives.

In a few years freedom came to the widow and her children and found them without any means of support, except a large supply of fortitude and determination. The widow, being strong in courage and full of faith, began the struggle for subsistence.

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Leaning on the promises of Him who heareth the young ravens when they cry, trusting in the promises of Him who heareth the widow's sigh, she remained at the old home on the hill. The widow and the children worked and saved, looking forward to the purchase of a home, something the widow had dreamed and hoped for through the long weary years of slavery. Yes, she had pictured in her imagination a nice cosy little home in which she could gather her children, who were somewhat scattered. After several years of struggle, privation and suffering, they realized their fond hopes in a beautiful two-story, eight-room residence. As the children gathered into that home from their quest of the fruits of industry the fond mother's heart filled to overflowing with joy.

The soldiers were still at the fort when the Rev. H. W. Delaney came to Bon Aqua from the North, having been sent by General O. O. Howard to teach and preach for the freedmen at that place. Mr. Delaney went around for a few days and saw a great many of the heads of families, and everywhere he found parents and children most anxious for the opportunity to learn and to hear the word of God explained.

On the following Sabbath, Mr. Delaney met the freedmen in an old, dilapidated, deserted church, which had in it neither door nor windows—only the openings where these had been. When the hour arrived for the services to begin the old

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house was packed with people. First he sang several songs, then he read the Scriptures and prayed, after which he spoke to them on the responsibilities of life and the hope of future reward. That through, he called on several of the heads of families to say a word as to the needs of the people. At the close of the service Mr. Delaney announced that he would open school in that house next morning at eight o'clock, under the auspices of the Freedman's Bureau, and that all who wished were welcome to come. All went away with joy in their hearts, for they felt that light had come to illuminate their dark pathway; that the cloud which had enveloped them for over two hundred years was about to lift. Many of them went home, got on their knees, and thanked God for the "Light that lighteth every man that cometh into the world."

On Monday morning by seven o'clock they began to assemble, children and gray-haired mothers, the halt and lame—they all came. The old mothers said: "Thank Gaud, we has found a way to learn to read de word uv de Laud!" They were there seeking the light, and anxious for the way that is right. Julian Jarnigan was there, and in the class he often found himself between two gray-haired mothers.

Four days of this great school passed off smoothly, but on the fifth, suddenly and without warning, a great noise and commotion was heard in the street in front of the school. Soon a crowd

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of the most ruffianly and drunken white men in the town rushed into the old building and with loud voices declared, with oaths and curses, that the "nigger" school must stop. They declared that "niggers" had no business with schools and books and that any white man who would try to teach "niggers" to read was only fit for tar and feathers or to weight the loose end of a rope.

The soldiers at the fort were sent for, but before they reached the school it had been dispersed. That was the end of that school. The Rev. Delaney left, saying: "Why do the heathen rage and evil people imagine a vain thing?" The school was closed, but in the four days it existed Julian caught the inspiration which caused him to aspire to the ideals set up in his mind by the good man, Rev. Delaney. So he studied hard; when at work in the fields he carried his books with him. At noon, while the other hands slept, he was studying; and at night he studied by the light of a pine knot till a late hour.

About a year after the breaking up of Mr. Delaney's school the Freedman's Bureau sent another teacher, who began in a log cabin at the east end of the town, and Julian was in attendance. He was now able to enter the fourth grade class, while in the first school he had been in the first grade. He continued in this school working at night and going to school in the day and working in the day and going to school at night till it rose to be the Easton Academy, and

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he had reached the grade of primary teacher. He taught and went to school till he was far enough advanced and able financially to enter Livingstone University.

Julian soon became acquainted with the members of his class and formed a close attachment for a young man from Georgia by the name of Harold Scott. There was another young man in the class from the same state, Lucius Storms by name. Julian and Harold did not like Lucius very well, because of his haughty disposition, his continual boast of his white blood and his father's wealth.

Among the young ladies of the University was one of unusual aptness and amiability, Ernestine DeShon, from New Orleans. With her large black eyes and long raven hair, she might have easily been mistaken for a Spanish senorita. She, too, was the daughter of a rich sugar planter. Mr. DeShon had loved his gold and the black Venus who made his bed and brought his slippers and chocolate. He never married, but lived among his slaves. He cared for Portia, the mother of Ernestine, as a wife till her death, and treated and regarded Ernestine in all respects as his daughter and heiress. Ernestine with her dark, dreamy eyes, wavy hair, sylph-like form and queenly air, was the pet of her class and the idol of the boys. Though many of them sought her favor, she seemed to have no preference, and treated all as brothers.

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Julian and Harold strolling down a cool, shady avenue of the college grounds one afternoon were talking of the match football game to be played on Thanksgiving Day between their team and the Centenary College team.

"What would I not give to be the winner of the prize offered by our senior normal class to the winning team. It would give me more joy to know that her hand had touched it than to wear the crown of victory," said Julian.

Harold's dark, curly locks hung over his Indian colored face and Julian could not see the troubled look that clouded his brow. Both knew whose hand would place the laurel wreath upon the brow of the victor.

Julian was the captain of the Livingstone eleven. This fact and the peculiar feeling in his heart whenever he came near Ernestine, caused him to exclaim: "I will win; I must win that game or perish!"

Harold was right guard, Lucius left tackle, and Julian quarter back. Thanksgiving Day dawned clear, cool and beautiful; it was an ideal day for sport. The team and students of Livingstone were full of excitement, exultation, exuberance and student frolic.

From two o'clock in the afternoon till the game was called, gay equipages came pouring into the field, decked with streamers of mingled scarlet and black, or orange and green, which were the respective colors worn by the gay occupants of

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the vehicles. Flags and streamers made the field a flutter of gay colors and gay young people. The yells of the different colleges made the crisp air ring with their merriment.

The game had progressed to the second half, when after a scrimmage, there was a cry, "A man has been killed." Several physicians who were on the grounds rushed to the gridiron and after an examination had the man carried to a near-by building and telephoned for an ambulance. The injured man was found to be Captain Julian Jarnigan, and he was taken to the hospital. He was not dead, but badly injured. The game was stopped, as it was asserted that Julian's injury resulted from a bad case of slugging.

Harold called often at the hospital to see Julian, but Lucius never called or made inquiry as to his condition. On the second day after the accident, Ernestine, in company with one of the teachers, called to see Julian, who had been unconscious since he was hurt. As she sat by his cot, the tears streaming from her beautiful eyes, she took hold of Julian's hand, which was lying from under the coverlet. As she held it the patient heaved a deep sigh, as if relieved of some great burden or strain, his lips moved and he soon began to utter low whispered words which gradually grew more distinct. The first words uttered were:

"Yes, I must win this game. I must wear the laurel, because her hand will place

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it on the victor's brow. O to have her hands touch my brow, to have those angel eyes look into mine is life; to fail in all this is death, death! O what if she knew that it is all because of her!"

He again lapsed into silence. Ernestine, the teacher and the nurses heard these words and noted with joy the signs of returning consciousness and life; yet none but Ernestine knew the meaning of the words he had uttered. She sat there motionless, with tears in her eyes and a prayer on her lips.

After a few moments Julian exclaimed: "I must win, I will win," and opening his eyes, he looked around and said, "Where am I? What has happened? where are the boys? where is the ball? I must go or I shall not win!"

The nurses rushed to the bed, but he did not move, for when he essayed to do so he uttered a groan, and said: "What is the matter with me?" He looked up then and knew who it was who sat holding his hand. He looked up again, and said: "Thank God, I win. It is she and I shall wear the crown. I win the prize."

When Lucius learned that she had been to the hospital he was very angry, and at the evening social, although Ernestine avoided him as much as she could, he at last got an opportunity to speak to her, and attempted to take her to task for the visit to the hospital.

"Yes, I was only trying to build up where you had torn down; to mend where you

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have broken. Do you know that it is asserted by many that you know more about Julian's accident than you care to tell?" remarked Ernestine.

"I care not for what is asserted, and will say to you now, that I hope he will die, and by the Eternal, if he attempts to come between me and my one desire, he shall die," said Lucius, with fire in his eyes.

"Since your one desire does not concern me, I care not for it, but advise you to dismiss all such vengeful notions. They are the heat and passion of a school boy," said Ernestine.

"But it does concern you very much, Ernestine, and for what I care for you I would do any thing. You are my life's ambition and ideal. Without you I am nothing. Nothing shall put us asunder, neither life nor death," said Lucius.

Ernestine said: "I beg of you to feel not so and talk not of such whims and emulations. Life is everything, and death is nothingness. Ambition is a dangerous thing if not directed by high and holy thoughts, and leads on to destruction. I perceive that your controlling thought is to be a great man, to shine out in the world, and make a great name. You desire a companion or wife who will, as you think, grace the position which you expect to hold in society and the world; but, remember, that neither your mind nor your plans are mature. We are only boys and girls in school, and it does not appear what we shall be. Your ambition is to be great,

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while mine is to do all the good I can for the poor and downtrodden. When a little girl at my mother's knee I made the resolve to do all I could for my darling mother's people; to do whatever I could to correct that public opinion which doomed me and my poor mother to obscurity and disgrace. But for that public opinion my father would have lifted the cloud from over us, and left us in the clear, beautiful sunlight of respectability by giving us the legal right to bear his name. We must not be selfish, for that is the curse of the country to-day. Each man thinks himself better than his fellow. The Scriptures tell us to esteem others better than ourselves. Shakespeare tells us to 'Fling away ambition, for by that sin fell the angels, and love ourselves last.'

"O Lucius, your mother's people need your abilities so much more than any others. Think of them, not of yourself. Our Master, of whom it is said: "Never man spake like this man," thought not of himself, but rather of the lost sheep. And he devoted his life and labor to helping the poor and outcast, and at last gave himself up to death, because of the ignorance and sin of the world.

"And you, Lucius, who are so intelligent, ambitious and proud, may be called upon to give your life for the sake of your people, or rather your mother's. Not your people perhaps by choice, but, nevertheless, by your blood, and before a distorted public opinion, a pride like yours

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consigns you to the degradation of your mother's people. Hatred for your mother's people says that you shall be a Negro, whether you will or not."

"I can never stoop to the level of the herd I have seen about my father's plantations," said Lucius. "I may labor among them, but, like a white man who does the same, I shall not be of them. I only feel for them as the white man does who sympathizes with them and tries to help them. I feel a good deal as my father does towards them, only a little closer. I am sure that if you scorn my suit I shall never again seek alliance with one who belongs to my mother's race. I have seen and felt enough of what it is to be of that race, and as I am not compelled to, I shall be among them, as a missionary, but not of them. Why should I consign myself to ostracism, degradation and misery when I can walk away from it all. Why should I, as white as any man in this country, far above the average in education and wealth, and with just a taint of Negro blood in my blue veins, be classed as a Negro? To be so classed, and to accept the classification, is to accept oblivion and damnation. For the sake of my foreparents on my mother's side I will work for and do all I can to lift up the despised Negro, but because I have my father's feelings and ambitions I shall aspire to be like him, of a different race."

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CHAPTER IV.

Politics and Persecution.

On the summit see
The seal of office glitter in his eyes;
He climbs, he pants, he grasps them;
At his heel,
Close at his heels, a demagogue ascends,
And with a dextrous jerk soon twists him down
And wins them, but to lose them in his turn.
—Cowper.

RELATIONS between the white man and colored people, never as cordial as they might have been, were now strained and distant. The midnight council of the pale faces had become the midday assembly, where the overthrow of the republican, otherwise designated carpetbag and negro rule, was discussed and plans laid.

Before the withdrawal of the Federal troops from that section, the whites had held their meetings secretly and at night, but now they were held openly and publicly. At these meetings names were brought in and discussed, and proscribed lists made out of those Negroes who were con-

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sidered too obstreperous or self-assertive; at the close of the meetings these lists were turned over to the raiders, and the condemned were dealt with according to the order of the Klan. The usual penalties were whipping, lynching or being run out of the country. Many disappeared, no one but the raiders knew where. Now that there was no power to check their fiendish course, they took off the mask and did openly that which they had done before covertly. The state and county election was near at hand, and they were holding meetings and speakings weekly. At those meetings the democratic candidates and other leaders made fiery speeches.

The Hon. Gooch Tarlton, who was the candidate from Cowcater County for the legislature, in addressing these meetings said:

"Fellow citizens, the day of our triumph is at hand. No more shall these black heathen and carpetbaggers rule over us, or even have a voice in this government. It never was intended that 'niggers' should be anything but slaves and scullions. For two hundred and fifty years they were our beasts of burden, and we reckoned them among our herds and flocks. They would be there to-day had it not been for these Yankees who have come down into this country and taught them that they are folks, that they are men, and ought to send their children to school, and wear clean clothes and try to live like white folks. And these same Yankees who came to prey upon us, with

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those who remained here after we gave up, bought our lands for nothing and are growing rich off our property and the offices, have made these 'niggers' believe that they can be citizens and vote and hold office like white men. No, this is a white man's country. Our fathers wrested it from the Indians, and they will rule it and allow no black participation in it. God almighty made this country especially for the white man. What if the 'niggers' are five to one of us? They were made to work for and serve the white man while he sits in the shade and makes laws to keep them at work, either as free laborers or as convicts in our prisons. Yes, we, like Attila, 'The scourge of God,' are to drive and keep this black race in the place God intended for them—at the bottom.

"These carpetbaggers have opened schools, and have got the 'nigger' believing that he can get an education. But, after this election we will start them another school: the hard school of experience wherein they will learn that submission is the best valor for a black man.

"They can't learn anything from books, and if they did, what could they do with it in the place we have fixed for them? Now, we are going to carry this election. It may be necessary to use force and even violence to win—but we will win. When we win this battle, we have won for good. For after this election we will fix the laws so that 'niggers' can't vote and we white men will decide who of us shall hold the offices.

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"By the shades of Jefferson Davis and Robert E. Lee, we will put the 'niggers' under our feet or wipe them from the face of the earth and run the carpetbaggers from the land. Although we were overpowered by the Yankees and our slaves taken from us, they cannot set 'niggers' over us, or make them our equals. We will rule peaceably if they will let us, but forcibly if we must. They failed to awe us with the Federal bayonets, and at last gave up, leaving the 'nigger' to his fate, and his doom is sealed. He shall be tenfold more our slave than before his liberation. Already our jails, penitentiaries, and chain-gangs are full and we can get convicts by the scores to work our farms. What was the 'nigger' made for but to be our beast of burden, like the mule? We will subsidize crime among the 'niggers,' and thus reap a rich harvest thereby. Fellow-citizens, this battle must be won before the election day. Are you going to allow five 'nigger' votes to one white vote to go into the ballot-box?"

Cries of "No! No! No!" were heard from all over the court-house.

"Then in the night and daylight do your work, do your duty. We must have the offices, for we need them in our business, and we must make and administer the laws. This is not a party fight; it is a race fight, with the fighting all on our side. We do not stop to ask whether our cause is just, but whether it is expedient. Did

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our fathers stop to ask whether it was just to take this country from the Indians?"

Cries of "No! No!" sounded from all quarters.

"Then be up and doing. Think not of justice, but of the power of the white race—how it has subdued the whole earth and put the dark races under its feet."

"Yes! yes! we will do it," was heard on all sides.

"My fellow-citizens, we have made some mistakes in dealing with the 'niggers,' and one of them was in selling them land. We ought never to have allowed them to own land. But when we are in control we can pass tax laws by which we shall soon have all their lands again. Some of them have been in 'cahoot' with these carpetbaggers in stealing, and have got hold of our money and bought land, built houses, and are taking on high airs.

"This 'nigger' Norris, who has been trying to represent this county in the legislature, is one of them. He has the audacity to be trying to run now, but we will fix all that. If he don't get out of the race, we will run him out, and maybe out of this county and state. We will not have 'niggers' holding office."

"Right, you are!" and great applause greeted the speaker as he closed.

Arthur Grimpky, a nephew of Mr. Storms, and a rising young lawyer at Croton, was the next speaker. Mr. Grimpky, after graduating with high honors at the State University, had taken his law course at Harvard. Attending such a school

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and living in such an atmosphere had raised his ideals and conduct. He came back to his native state and his old home with purposes inspired by contact and association with people who lived on a higher plane than he had known before. Not that he loved his rugged fields and tangled wild-woods less, but because he loved right more, was he for justice for all men, especially the weak. Indeed, if it were possible, he loved the South more than ever, because of her degradation, backwardness and wickedness, and because she had gotten into control of ignorant, bad men without foresight, men who regarded not the future. He loved her as the philanthropist loves justice.

Mr. Grimpky rose not so much to answer Hon. Tarlton as to say some things which he deemed it necessary to be said at that time and place.

"My countrymen, "said he, "that people or nation which disregards the rights and interest of its toilers is sowing thistles upon its own grave! Proud Rome undertook to trample her plebeians and freedmen under foot, and thereby pulled down the monument of her grandeur about her own head. A wise man or nation husbands the forces which tend to greatness, and these are justice and righteousness. No truly brave man or nation will bully the weak and helpless or oppress the poor and ignorant.

"These unfortunate black people of whom you have heard so much in these turbulent days are

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not amongst us by their own choice; our fathers brought them here. They were freed not by an uprise and revolution of their own, but freedom was brought to them by white men, while they were toiling for us and while we were fighting to perpetuate their degradation and chains.

"While I am a Southerner to the core and a democrat by reason of conditions, I look into the future and see the changed condition of things that must come to our Southland in the coming years. Old conditions must pass. If we would have it indeed the land of sunshine and song, we must husband the forces which tend to peace and prosperity, and they are justice and sobriety. While the Negroes are ignorant and perhaps venal to-day, will they always be so?

"Why, I have heard many of you remark that the Negro Norris, who represented this county for two years, made a good member of the legislature and that he is honest and upright. He is also a taxpayer. Do not think that these people will continue as they are to-day. If they continue to have schools, we shall have many worthy, intelligent Negroes who will become producers, taxpayers, and real forces in building up our state and Southland, for education must elevate any people. Education has brought the world up to its present state of civilization, and it will elevate the Negro and make him a better laborer, member of society or citizen, if you please.

"I said these people are going to remain here;

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yes, they are going to stay and you can't kill them out or keep them servile and poor. Every other race of savages has perished under the giant tread of the white man's march of progress, except the Negro. From a few thousands they have grown to many millions, and their increase is phenomenal. In Africa where the white man has planted civilization the natives, instead of decreasing or dying out, have increased more rapidly than in their savage state. For they are protected from the slave-catcher and predatory warfare among themselves.

"They are our laborers. What would our beloved South be without our laborers? Do you not know that if you continue to mistreat these people, to deprive them of the few privileges they claim as citizens, after a while they will become restless, dissatisfied and begin to emigrate to other places where they think they can get better treatment? As humble as a dog is, if you continue to cuff and kick him around he will leave home and take up with some one who offers him kind treatment. We can treat the Negro as a human being without taking him into social contact. Society is a thing no law or force can fix. I don't believe that the Negroes wish to commingle with us any more than we with them. You can treat your horse kindly without taking him into your parlor.

"Who will till our fertile fields if you drive five million laborers from our country? You say Chinamen or some other foreigners. Yes, when

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you fill this country with seven or eight million Chinamen or any other class of foreigners you have assumed a problem tenfold more difficult to solve than what to do with the Negro or how to treat him.

"Rome filled her borders with aliens and thereby sowed the seed of death within her body. For the alien element brought her to destruction. From mistress of the world she came to sit in the ashes of her destroyed greatness and to lament her folly.

"Has not the Negro tilled your lands, nursed you in your infancy, and guarded your homes and families while you were away fighting to more securely weld his chains of slavery about him? Not that I love the Negro, but because I love you and my darling Southland would I have you meditate before you take any rash step. The Negro is your friend; why not treat him as such? Know you that an injustice is a two-edged sword and cuts both ways; that there is only one way to settle any question or case, and that is in the right way. 'Truth crushed to earth will rise again,' while false ideas must perish with those who teach them.

"In my four years at the North I have learned many things, and much of the sentiment of the people there. They class us all alike—as oppressors of the Negro, because of the rash acts and utterances of some intemperates.

"There are many of the men who owned slaves and who know the worth of the Negro, who feel

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as I do. But they are too few and have not the courage to stand up for right against might.

"My eloquent friend, Tarlton, has told you only of what you in your might can do, because of your superior intelligence and experience in government; but I tell you of what you should do. Yes, because of your untramelled freedom through the centuries, as you say, ten of us are equal to a hundred ignorant ex-slaves who have been cowered by centuries of servitude and submission. The wily, timid Jew was once a brave warklike race, but persecution has made them deceitful and cowardly. But might does not make right.

"A great statesman has said, 'I would rather be right than president of the United States.' Why cannot we be actuated by the same ennobling sentiment? My countrymen, I would not have you stain your hands with blood, or soil your names with force and fraud; if you do, your children will reap the bitter fruits of retribution. I would not have my beloved Southland, like the red rose, brazen with blood of the slain upon her cheeks, but like the lily, pure and white, in the virtue of her innocency."

When Mr. Grimpky closed there was dead silence and no applause, but there began to arise a murmur of grumbling. Some said out, loud enough to be heard over the room:

"Yes, that is some of his d—n Yankee notions. He got that up thar whar he went to skule at, an frum his uncle, who is a d—n 'nigger' lover.

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Well, ef he stays in these diggins we will cure him of all such d—n Yankee notions. Talk about 'niggers' as if they wus folks.

"Why, I would not think any more of killing a d—n 'nigger' than I would of killin a sheep-killin dog. I just hate a 'nigger', because he is a 'nigger', an' is black, an' they is in the way of us poor white men, too.

"Look at that d—n 'nigger', Norris. He has the impudence to have him a horse and buggy, and ride around over the county with store clothes on, and us white men a walking in the mud and dust, an his wife an chillun a-setting aroun' with clean clothes on, an' my wife at home with her homespun on. O it makes me want to go out now and hunt 'em down, an' kill all of 'm. No, he need not talk that way; we is goin to put the 'niggers' down for good."

The next week was all astir with excitement and confusion. The colored people were excited and somewhat timid, for the red shirt riders had just paraded through the streets of the town, firing their pistols and cannon, which they carried with them on their raids, otherwise called parades. They had taken special pains to ride through the Negro settlements and terrorize them as much as possible. As they made their way through the country, when they came to a cotton field where there were a great many men, women and children at work, they would shoot at them, and fire the cannon, often wounding two or three.

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There were in the county five colored people to one white, and in the whole state there were three colored to one white person. This was only a few days before the election, and these red shirt parades were being made to terrorize the Negroes so that they would not attempt to vote.

Prof. Norris had purchased a nice little farm near Croton, and had become a prosperous farmer. He had served his county well as a member of the legislature for two terms, and both the white and colored citizens had praised him for his excellent work in that body. He had secured the passage of several very beneficial measures for the county. Although there were five times as many Negro voters in the county as whites, Mr. Norris could not have been elected save for the presence of Federal soldiers. The presence of this arm of the Federal Government was the only means by which they could ever hold an honest election in that state or in the South, for the midnight raiders who had now become the midday red shirt riders, had long ago decided that this is a white man's country and "niggers" should have no part or voice in it; that if there were only ten white men in a county where there were thousands of blacks, those ten white men should rule. The red shirt banners had written on them, "Down with Negro rule! White men will rule peaceably if they can, but forcibly if they must."

They had forced Mr. Norris to withdraw from the race for the legislature. A white republican,

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Mr. Lippincott, was now sheriff, and he was a candidate for re-election, but they forced him to resign and withdraw from the race. In fact, all the republican candidates had been made to withdraw and some had to flee for their lives. The raiders had broken up all gathering of republicans.

At Cottonwood they came to break up a republican speaking one Saturday. They were expected, and the republicans showed fight. Several persons were killed and some of the "red shirters" among them. The "red shirters" were whipped and driven off, but they telegraphed to surrounding towns for reinforcements. Reinforcements came in blood-thirsty hordes, and although the next day was the Lord's day, they made it a hell. They scoured the country for miles and miles, killing colored women, children and old men. They went to cabins and shot people in their beds, who had worked in the cotton fields all day Saturday, and had not even known that there was a republican gathering at Cottonwood on that day.

On the night before the election, one hundred armed men rode into Croton from an adjoining state. No sooner had their horses been put up, and they filled with food and liquor, than they started out to terrorize the colored people. Some of them set an old stable on fire, and started the rumor that the Negroes were trying to burn the town. The mob, taking this as a pretext, went to the houses of all the leading Negroes and shot

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to death all they found. The rioters then went to the home of the wealthiest Negro in the place, who was a merchant and also a candidate for state senator, and as he had fled they beat his wife and daughters. They even ravished the daughters, without protest from Southern chivalry, and the outraged women were just able to drag themselves from their burning home which the dastards had set on fire. Being one of the finest residences in the city, it was the envy any way, of many of the whites. The rioters went from there to the parsonage of the First Colored Baptist Church. The pastor had also fled, so they seized the deacons whom they found at the church, they having come to warn and help to get their pastor out of the way of the mob. They took the deacons out into an open space, and told them to run for their lives, and as they ran the mob shot them down like so many rabbits.'

On the next day which was election day, the Negro settlements looked like a desert waste. No Negroes came to vote, for they were either dead or hid in the swamps. Harold and Lucius were at home from school at the time. Harold was considerably excited and wrought up over the outrages upon the colored people, and thanked God that his father was not living to see the outrages committed upon the people. Lucius was not much concerned about what had occurred, as he did not consider that he belonged to the persecuted class.

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CHAPTER V.

Commencement and Circumstances.

Our dearest hopes in pangs are born,
The kingliest are crown'd with thorn.
—Massey.

LIVINGSTONE University was all astir with the excitement and bustle incident to Commencement. After confinement for two months in the hospital with two broken ribs, a wrenched back and other internal injuries, Julian returned to the University to resume class work, and other duties. While he was still weak in body his mind seemed as acute as ever. Being anxious to finish with his class, the senior college, he had kept up his studies while at the hospital as best he could. On his return he was able to resume his place in the class, number two. Lucius, being number one, became valedictorian; Julian, salutatorian, and Harold, class orator. A prize was offered to the one composing and delivering the best oration. Julian, being convalescent, was given special privileges in and about the University, so that he saw Ernestine often in

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the ladies' parlor. This fact incensed Lucius very much. He had only been allowed to see her at the weekly socials. And at those times when he could get to speak to her at all he urged his claim upon her regard with great vehemence. He discussed with her his hopes, plans and ambitions for the future. That he would be a physician and surgeon and would take his course at Harvard was a settled plan; his father wished it so and would pay his bills. He felt elated along that line, but was very much depressed by the cold comfort he got from Ernestine. As to his future field of operations he was undecided but it would be somewhere in the South. The prejudice, discrimination, persecution and oppression made work for him there very undesirable, but like the rest of his race, he must do the undesirable things. His feelings too were such that work among the Negroes was not to his taste any way. He thought sometimes of locating somewhere in the Northwest, where the small strain of Negro blood in his veins would not consign him to degradation. And, too, said he,

"Why should I choose to take the place assigned me by white prejudice? Why should I be a Negro when I am seven-eighths white and only one-eighth Negro? The lowly life of these people is distasteful to me, and by casting my lot with them I choose to undergo all the suffering, degradation and persecution that are consequent upon Negro life in the South. Why should I choose to

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