

Weekly
Anglo-African
And
The Pine and Palm

Excerpts from 1861–1862

I. Transition and rebranding from the *Weekly Anglo-African* to *The Pine and Palm*

Weekly Anglo-African

March 16, 1861

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Announcement.

With the last issue of the “Anglo-African,” the proprietary interest of the subscriber in it ceased. Hereafter, the paper will be under the able management of Mr. Geo. Lawrence, Jr., who has been long and favorably known to this community. In retiring from the establishment, we would tender our sincere thanks to our many kind friends for their earnest efforts in behalf of the enterprise, and would ask for our successor a continuation of their patronage. All persons indebted to the concern will please settle with the subscriber.

THOS. HAMILTON.

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To the Readers of the Anglo-African.

Mr. Thomas Hamilton having dissolved his connection with the “Weekly Anglo-African,” and retired from its management, the paper will hereafter be conducted by the undersigned, to whom all communications relative to the business of the paper or intended for insertion in its columns must be addressed.¹ The undersigned embraces this opportunity to introduce himself to the former patrons of this journal, and to assure them that he shall use his best endeavors to retain the good-will which they have hitherto manifested towards it, and to render it worthy of their continued patronage.

GEORGE LAWRENCE.²

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Emigration to Hayti.

The “Anglo-African” has not, hitherto, expressed any opinion, editorially, on the question of Emigration to Hayti.

¹ Thomas Hamilton (1823-1865) was an abolitionist and newspaper publisher and editor. Before becoming publisher of the *Weekly Anglo-African*, which he founded in 1859, he worked in clerical roles for several abolitionists newspapers, including the *Colored American* and the *National Anti-Slavery Standard*. He founded his first periodical, (the weekly *People’s Press*) in 1841. Shortly before starting the *Weekly Anglo-African* in 1859, he founded the monthly *Anglo-African Magazine*, which featured the political and creative works of African American writers such as Martin Delany, James McCune Smith, Frances Ellen Watkins Harper, and Mary Ann Shadd Cary.

² George Lawrence, Jr. (possibly 1812-1903) was an activist, editor and publisher of *Pine and Palm* from 1861-1862. He was responsible for many of the paper’s editorials. Lawrence was an agent of and later headed the Haytian Emigration Bureau in New York.

While it has permitted the utmost latitude of debate, it has preserved a rather ominous silence as to the merits of the controversy.

It is *our* intention to define our position on every question that arises in which the welfare of our people is involved; and certainly the subject of Emigration, is one that vitally concerns them. We are not in favor of an indiscriminate emigration anywhere—to Canada, the Far West, Africa, Central America, or Hayti. Those of us who are content with our present condition and prospects, who feel that *here* we can work the most efficiently for the Anti-Slavery cause, will not and ought not to emigrate anywhere, for to leave what we believe to be our post of duty would be criminal and cowardly. But neither do we hold, on the other hand, that it is our duty *because* we are colored men, to remain in the United States; and we have no sympathy with the theory occasionally advanced that to leave this country is in all cases a desertion of our brethren in bonds. It is the majority the whites alone, not the colored men or abolitionists in any degree, who are guilty of slavery in the United States; and on that majority, therefore, devolves the responsibility of the crime, and on them will the penalty for continuing the iniquity be inflicted. Events are progressing now which, while they inevitably tend to abolish slavery, will probably, also, increase the prejudices which now render our life in the Free States so unenviable. Those who are already discontented, who see no prospect of advancing their children in position here, shall *they* be held derelict to their duty if, gathering up their all, they leave a land that, alone among Christian countries, so cruelly and causelessly ostracises them? Surely, it would be the height of fanatical bigotry to so brand them

Let every one, then, be fully persuaded in his own mind whether to remain or emigrate. Let no man act without first

counting the cost. Let him calmly investigate his chances for a decent future here; and, if they do not appear to him favorable, let him, both for his own sake and his children's, investigate what other countries offer him.

In this inquiry, if he is a wise man, he will remember that his first duty is to those of his own household—to his wife and children before his country or her slaves.

Should any one, having determined to emigrate, ask our advice in seeking a location, we should recommend him, without hesitation, to select the dominions of the Queen of the Antilles as his future home. Hayti possesses various advantages over every other field that has opened for exiles of our race from the United States.

To Hayti we can go in less time than it requires to travel from New York to Minnesota, and the facilities for returning are equally easy. It is inhabited by men exclusively of our race, who are there demonstrating our capacity for self-government. Those who ostracise us here, themselves are pariahs there. It is a country of surpassing fertility, unquestionably the most fertile island in the New World. It is capable of supporting ten millions of inhabitants; it has the best harbors, richest mines, most valuable forests in the West Indies. It is a natural paradise, requiring only intelligent labor to develop its exhaustless resources. It has a government enlightened, liberal, and generous, whose grand ambition is to create a colored England in America.

Yet let no man think that Paradise itself would be an Eden *without labor*. It would be madness to go to Hayti with the idea of suddenly becoming rich in idleness. No man of us should go there, for some time at least, unless he intends to cultivate the soil; to such emigrants, if they settle together in communities, the future holds fortunes in store.

Hayti cannot but command the most lively sympathies of all men of African descent. It is the only nationality of our race in the Western Continent; it is the only land in which we have conquered our liberty by the sword against the bravest white warriors of the world. It has a history of extraordinary interest, abounding in incidents that none of us can read without a glow of pride of race.

We propose, as our predecessor has done, to devote a considerable portion of our paper to Hayti. First, we will publish a history of its Revolution—a volume of thrilling interest; and, secondly, we will print a series of articles containing the facts of modern Hayti. It seems to us that the controversy which has been waged in the columns of this journal has been in a great degree irrelevant, and we shall most firmly put an end to the offensive personalities which have distinguished it. We shall not permit any trifling arguing for the mere sake of a victory, or allow any dishonest garbling of the statements of others; no attacks on gentlemen of irreproachable character because they are in favor of emigration, or because they are opposed to it. Writers, therefore, will take notice to confine themselves to the question, which is *not* whether Mr. Garnet is this or that; or whether Mr. Holly is the other thing; or whether John Brown, Jr., and James Redpath are not as devoted friends of our race as Dr. Smith, or Dr. Delany, or Dr. Pennington; but simply, as Mr. Holly expresses it, this: “*Will you accept the invitation extended to you by the Haytian Government?*”³

³ Henry Highland Garnet (1815-1882) was an antislavery activist, minister and educator, who supported emigration. James T. Holly (1829-1911) was a Protestant Episcopal minister and missionary bishop of Haiti. John Brown, Jr. (1821-1895) was the eldest son of white radical abolitionist John Brown, who served as a captain in the Kansas Seventh Volunteer Cavalry. James Redpath (1833-1891), Scottish emigrant and abolitionist, became the

Let our correspondents take the negative or affirmative as they please; but if they prefer to denounce their opponents instead, they must excuse us if we refuse to print their letters. It may be fun to them, but it is death to us.

We would add, further, that only a limited space can be given to the discussion of the question.

official Commissioner for Haitian Emigration from the United States and Canada in 1860, after several trips to Haiti. He would purchase the *Weekly Anglo-African Magazine* from Hamilton in 1861 for \$1,100 and rename it the *Pine and Palm*. James McCune Smith (1813-1865) was an antislavery activist, writer, and physician and the first African American to hold a medical degree. Martin R. Delany (1812-1885) was an antislavery activist, writer, journalist, and physician, known as the founder of black nationalism. Delany’s novel, *Blake, or the Huts of America*, was serialized in the *Anglo-African Magazine* in 1859 and in the *Weekly Anglo-African Magazine* in 1861-1862; James William Charles Pennington (1807-1870) was an antislavery activist, orator, and minister, and the first black student admitted to Yale University. He was awarded an honorary doctorate of divinity from the University of Heidelberg, in Germany, in 1849.

Weekly Anglo-African

March 23, 1861



Emigration.

SOUTH CAROLINA, March, 1860.

MR. EDITOR:—Being a strong believer in the old axiom, “Everything comes in time to him who can wait,” I have looked on anxiously while your correspondents were enlightening the readers of the *Anglo-African*, *pro* and *con*, on the subject of emigration. None of the various innuendoes or denunciations gave me so much uneasiness as did the assault on Mr. Redpath. While others professing great love to our race were contenting themselves with buncombe speeches, Mr. R. explored a country rich in agricultural and mineral resources—a country whose government opens to us the only avenue to a speedy consummation of our most ardent wishes. Mr. R.’s action, so far from meeting the cordial approbation and laudation of our people, is condemned, and that, too, by our would-be leaders. The reply to the article in the *New Orleans Picayune*, by Mr. Newton, of the Haytian Bureau, and Mr.

Redpath’s statement concerning the Dominican Republic, have been generally read, and are satisfactory to all concerned in this region. I remember when an emigrant aid society was formed in these parts looking forward to the Island of Jamaica as the point of concentration; but a calm which always succeeds a storm nipped it in the bud, thus ending the praiseworthy effort of 1850.⁴ Until lately, I regarded that island as sunk to the lowest point of degradation, having continually had placed before me the oft-quoted article from the London *Quarterly Review*. Senator Chestnut, however, was honest enough to state that that notorious article dated back as far as 1838, a period of twenty-two years. Which one of our friends ever rebutted this article? Mr. R., however, does not spend his time in idle talk, but goes to work, and as the result of his labors, we are offered a home and a government where we will be freed from ostracism. In these parts, the name, negro, is synonymous with thief, brute, vagabond, and abject being; and the term mulatto indicative of bastard, whether one by the offspring of legitimacy or not. Now, this peculiar usage is adopted for a purpose. The name African asserts nationality, and to adopt this style to the sons of Ham the question would necessarily

⁴ The writer refers here to the Jamaican emigrationist movement that emerged in the 1840’s in the United States. After England abolished slavery in Jamaica in 1838, British colonial agents sought to attract free black Americans to the island with the rationale that those emigrants could help rebuild Jamaica as a free society while also escaping the racial oppression in the US. Emigration was a tough sale as African Americans, like the writer and missionary Nancy Gardner Prince, traveled back and forth between the U.S. and Jamaica and wrote accounts about the country’s political volatility, casting it as an undesirable space. See Prince, *A Narrative of the Life and Travels of Mrs. Nancy Prince*. Boston: The Author, 1850. See also Gale L. Kenny, “Manliness and Manifest Racial Destiny: Jamaica and African American Emigration in the 1850s.” *The Journal of the Civil War Era*. 2.2 (June 2012): 151-178.

arise, if national, why not possessed of national rights? This would involve a series of discussions. Hence our enemies adopt this mode to make inferiority felt, and thus rid themselves of a prospective difficulty. This is also true of the aborigenes of America, their national title, American, being lost in that of Indian or “Red men of the West.” Their liberties being taken away, there is no use for a national name. These are facts, though written in a plain, unvarnished style. What then is our duty? Is it to stay here, and fight and denounce each other because we differ in opinion as to the best mode of assuming our position among the nations of the earth? This certainly seems to be the order of the day. I appeal to history,

—“And it speaks of men
Who needed no vain sophistry to gild
Acts that would bear heaven’s light.”⁵

In a matter of such vital interest to us and posterity, no hypothesis will answer; a substantial foundation is what we want and must have. It is manifest that as a people we can never be integrated here; therefore, let us be up and doing. I confess that the preface to the “Guide to Hayti” does not meet my approbation. I do not wish revenge to be the impetus to emigration, as it must certainly kill the germ of future usefulness. Emigrants ought to look to the grand objects of the Haytian government. “Agricultural industry, the basis of national wealth,” the only hope for prosperity.

“There is a tide in the affairs of man
Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune:

⁵ These lines are taken from the 1823 play *The Vespers of Palermo*, written by the 19th century English poet Felicia Hemans (1793-1835). Although her works are relatively understudied today, Hemans’s poetry circulated widely among her contemporaries.

Omitted, all the voyage of his life
Is bound in shallow and in misery.
On such a full tide are we now afloat,
And we must take the current when it serves,
Or lose our venture.⁶

⁶ The character Brutus speaks these lines in Act IV, scene iii of William Shakespeare’s (baptised 1564-1616) *Julius Caesar* (1599).

Weekly Anglo-African

April 13, 1861⁷

A CURSE ON VIRGINIA.⁸

Curses on you, foul Virginia,
Stony-hearted whore!
May the plagues that swept o'er Egypt—
Seven—and seventy more,
Desolate your homes and hearths,
Devastate your fields,

⁷ One day after the Attack on Fort Sumter.

⁸ James Redpath also published this poem in *The Roving Editor, or, Talks with Slaves in the Southern States*, in which he claims that the poem was “penned in Richmond, after a slave sale, by a personal friend of the present writer” Redpath, *The Roving Editor*. New York: A.B. Burdick, 1859, 253-254. John R. McKivigan suspects that the author may be Francis Jackson Merriam (1837-1865), who accompanied Redpath on his tour of the slave states and was a participant in John Brown’s raid on Harper’s Ferry in 1859. See James Redpath, *The Roving Editor, or, Talks with Slaves in the Southern States*, ed. John R. McKivigan. University Park: Penn State University Press, 2005, 220, note 9.

Send ten deaths for every pang-birth
Womb of wife or creature yields:
 May fever grant,
 Protracted want,
Hurl your sons beneath the sod,
Send your bondmen back to God!
 From your own cup,
 Soon may you sup,
The bitter draught you give to others—
Your negro sons and negro brothers!
 Soon may they rise
 As did your sires,
 And light up fires,
 Which not by Wise,
Nor any despot shall be quenched;
 Not till Black Samson, dumb and bound,
 Shall raze each slave-pen to the ground,
Till States with slavers' blood are drenched.

Weekly Anglo-African

April 27, 1861



The American flag is our flag; for we are Americans. But the moral interpretation of it, now so popular but so full of prejudice—"the Constitution and the Enforcement of the

Laws"—is not ours, alas! but that of our bitterest and most malignant enemies. Withered forever be the hand, and paralyzed the arm of the colored American who lifts up either in support of the Federal Flag; until, its supporters, seeing the justice of our visions and the greatness of our sufferings, they shall inscribe upon it the glorious motto under which, as we hear, our brethren this week sailed forth, to found a great Negro Nationality in the Antilles—the new watchword of the John Brown Abolitionists—terrible as the desolating breath of the volcano, but beneficent as the genial sunshine of the spring:

"Emancipation or Extermination!"⁹



"HAVE WE A WAR POLICY?"

The free colored Americans cannot be indifferent to the progress of this struggle. Were it simply a question of internal strife, their past history proves too well their patriotic devotion, for doubt to be cast upon their willingness to defend the country which has only curses for them in return. But they have a deeper and more momentous interest in the inception and outgrowth of the war now looming over the land. The dominant class may strive, as a major portion do, to move that it is this or that which lies at the basis of the difficulty; but *we*

⁹ A rallying cry during John Brown's raid on Harper's Ferry in Virginia in 1859, "emancipation or extermination" here articulates the quandary many African Americans, particularly in the North, faced at the outbreak of the Civil War. This editorial and the next illustrate the hesitation some black Americans felt about fighting for a federal government that failed to grant (or promise) them freedom.

know, these liars and drivellers know—and history will indelibly prove, that it is slavery alone which has cast a thunder cloud of civil war over the land.

Not alone are free colored Americans involved in the contest, but their action in the Free States will be representative. They speak for the voiceless. They stand for the dumb and bound Black Samson. While themselves, outcast and rejected in a majority of cases, and in the few exceptions only winning a decent foothold by the veriest sufferance, yet are they the representatives of four millions of their race, bound down in the most despotic bondage. Out of this strife will come freedom, though the methods are not yet clearly apparent. Therefore must colored Americans feel the profoundest anxiety as to both the details and results. It is not to be wondered at that already many of them are enthusiastically advocating the duty of the people to prepare for the support of the Government and its war measures. The evidence of this enthusiasm will be found in other portions of our paper, and is seen on all hands.

Yet before we take such measures, it will be well to choose our ground, survey the whole position, and see where we best can aid the slave—for this is the primary duty of every colored man, at least. A war of the sections has eventuated, brought about by the arrogance and treason of the slave power. It is not to be supposed that the millions “bowed and bound” in slavery are impassive observers of this internecine strife. Though they may have but confused notions of the state of affairs, they have a clear and decided idea of what they want—Liberty. It is only by the obtainment of this for the Southern slaves, that Northern free colored people can secure any recognition. Then the question of their war policy is simply confined to this one point—how can we so use our strength as to best aid the slave? The duty in this matter is so apparent as not to need argument.

It is, therefore, on the question of policy alone, that discussion comes.

The only method yet proposed is to raise volunteer companies, and to offer them to the General Government. A word or two upon this point is sufficient. No Governor would allow colored soldiers to muster into service, and if he did, the General Government would reject such aid. It is the evident intention of the Republicans and the North generally, to make this a white man's war. It cannot be done, because, though a dark-hued man may not now be recognized by the powers that be, yet the fact remains, and will always assert itself, that it is for and against slavery, and that alone. But in view of the evident determination to disregard colored men as personalities, is it wise for them to put themselves in a position to have fresh contumely poured upon them? Therefore, our opinion is against the policy indicated by the movements in this city, Boston, and elsewhere, to organize volunteer companies, to be offered to the Government.

But we have a very positive duty, from which a palpable policy would naturally follow. Our duty, we again repeat, is to aid in making the slave free. Our policy will be dictated by our object. It certainly is not to fight *for* the Government. Let us, however, organize for military purposes, drill efficiently, procure arms, and hold ourselves as Minute Men, to *respond when the slave calls*. This time will come speedily enough. The expected results of the present state of affairs may be retarded by compromise or temporizing, and then those who feel a desire to aid the bond, must strike such a blow as will render peace impossible, until justice is done. Don't let us throw away our strength, waste ourselves in show, hold public meetings, and make speeches for Buncombe. No one wants to spread himself out thing for the purpose of showing his devotion to a Government which rejects him. Let us concentrate—we are

none too strong. We need all our energy, our time, our money, our courage, to determine that this golden moment shall not pass by without a manly effort to reap a ripe harvest. We must organize, but let it be for *work*, and let the preliminaries be quietly conducted and efficiently carried forward. For such a work we believe means can be obtained.

This we say, for the benefit of the large majority who desire to aid effectually their brethren in bonds. For those who do not or cannot take up arms, there is work to do. For the large population who are looking to emigration as a means of amelioration, no better opportunity will present itself to very actively aid in the work of hastening the jubilee of freedom.

The Cotton States will of a certainty be closely blockaded—Cotton will be King no longer. Yet the mills of England will need a supply. Her immense capital will be freely used to create such supply. Inviting fields of labor are at our very doors—Hayti, the West Indies, Central America, all ask labor at our hands. Those who will not or cannot give back bullets to the South, can from Hayti overwhelm her with cotton bales.

This is then briefly our war policy. To let the Government take care of itself, and give our labors for the slave, and the slave alone.

HAYTIAN ADVERTISEMENTS.



INVITATION.

Hayti will soon regain her ancient splendor. This marvellous soil that our fathers, blessed by God, conquered for us, will soon yield to us the wealth now hidden in its bosom. Let our black and yellow brethren, scattered through the Antilles, and North and South America, hasten to coöperate with us in restoring the glory of the Republic. Hayti is the common country of the black race. Our ancestors, in taking possession of it,

were careful to announce in the Constitution that they published, that all the descendants of Africans, and of the inhabitants of the West Indies, belong by right to the Haytian family. The idea was grand and generous.

Listen, then, all ye negroes and mulattos who, in the vast Continent of America, suffer from the prejudices of caste. The Republic calls you; she invites you to bring to her your arms and your minds. The regenerating work that she undertakes interests all colored people and their descendants, no matter what their origin or where their place of birth.

Hayti, regaining her former position, retaking her ancient sceptre as Queen of the Antilles, will be a formal denial, most eloquent and peremptory, against those detractors of our mot who contest our desire and ability to attain a high degree of civilization.

GEFFRARD.¹⁰

¹⁰ Guillaume Fabre Nicolas Geffrard (1806-1878) was president of Haiti between 1859 and 1867. To support the Haitian emigration movement, Geffrard commissioned Redpath to open the Haytian Bureau of Emigration in Boston in 1860. Redpath traveled to Haiti several times between 1859 and 1860, spending several months there in total. He chronicled his impressions of the nation in a series of letters to the *New York Tribune* and *National Anti-Slavery Standard*. See McKivigan, *Forgotten Firebrand*:

CIRCULAR.—No. 1.

To the Blacks, Men of Color, and Indians in the United States and the British North American Provinces: FRIENDS,—I am authorized and instructed by the Government of the Republic, to offer you, individually and by communities, a welcome, a home, and a free homestead, in Hayti.

Such of you as are unable to pay for your passage will be provided with the means of defraying it. Two classes of emigrants are especially invited—laborers and farmers. None of either class, or any class, will be furnished with passports, who cannot produce, before sailing, the proofs of good character for industry and integrity.

To each family of emigrants, five carreaux* of fresh and fertile land, capable of growing all the fruits and staples of the tropics, will be gratuitously given, on the sole condition that they shall settle on it and cultivate it, and declare their intention of becoming citizens of Hayti. To unmarried men, on similar conditions, two carreaux will be granted.

Board and lodging, free of cost, will be furnished to the emigrants for at least eight days after their arrival in the island.

The government also will find remunerative work for those of you whose means will not permit you to begin immediately an independent cultivation.

James Redpath and the Making of Nineteenth-Century America. Ithaca, NY: Cornell University Press, 2008, 61-67.

Emigrants are invited to settle in communities.

Sites for the erection of schools and chapels will be donated by the State, without regard to the religious belief of the emigrants.

The same protection and civil rights that the laws give to Haytians are solemnly guaranteed to the emigrants.

The fullest religious liberty will be secured to them; they will never be called on to support the Roman Catholic Church.

No military service will be demanded of them, excepting that they shall form military companies and drill themselves once a month.

All the necessary personal effects, machinery and agricultural instruments introduced by the emigrants shall be entered free of duty.

The emigrants shall be at liberty to leave the country at any moment they please; but those whose passage shall be paid by government, if they wish to return before the expiration of three years, will be required to refund the money expended on their account. A contract, fixing the amount, will be made with each emigrant before leaving the continent.

I have been commissioned to superintend the interests of the emigrants, and charged with the entire control of the movement in America, and all persons, therefore, desiring to avail themselves of the invitation and bounty of the Haytian Government are requested to correspond with me.

I shall at once, as directed by the Government, establish a bureau of emigration in Boston, and publish a Guide Book for the use of those persons of African or Indian descent who may wish to make themselves

acquainted with the resources of the country and the disposition of its authorities.

I shall also appoint Agents to visit such communities as may seriously entertain the project of emigration.

Immediate arrangements, both here and in Hayti, can be made for the embarkment and settlement of one hundred thousand persons.

By order of the Government of the Republic of Hayti.

JAMES REDPATH

General Agent of Emigration.

BOSTON, Nov. 3, 1860.

* A carreau is 3 acres and $3\frac{1}{2}$ rods.

CIRCULAR.—No. II.

HAYTIAN BUREAU OF EMIGRATION,
Boston, Jan. 8, 1861.
BUREAUX AND AGENTS.

Under my General Instructions from the Government of Hayti, I have organized the following Bureaux of Emigration, and appointed the following Agents:

GENERAL BUREAU—No. 8 Washington Building, 221 Washington Street, Boston.

A. E. Newton, Corresponding Secretary.

Miss Elizabeth Howard, Translator.

NEW YORK BRANCH BUREAU—48 Beekman Street, New York.

Geo. Lawrence, Jr., Resident Agent.

R. J. Hinton, Corresponding Secretary.

WASHINGTON BRANCH BUREAU—Henry Melrose, Agent for the Border States and the District of Columbia. Temporary Office, corner of F and 7th Streets, Washington, D. C.

A Bureau will be established in Philadelphia in May.

John Brown, Jr., Agent for the Canadas. Address, care of Isaac Carey, Chatham, C. W.

H. Ford Douglas, Agent for the Northwest. Address, 80 Buffalo Street, Chicago, Ill.

Joseph E. Williams, Agent for Indiana. Address, Indianapolis, Ind.

W. H. Burnham, Agent for Eastern Kansas, and Western Missouri. Address, Leavenworth City, Kansas.

J. J. W. Reeves, Agent for Maine. Address, Portland, Maine.

The "Guide to Hayti" can be had, for the present, of these agents only. It will not be published for the trade, nor be for sale until the government contract is filled. Agents will distribute the book to intending emigrants gratuitously.¹¹

JAMES REDPATH, General Agent.

CIRCULAR.—No. VI.

¹¹ With bureaus strategically placed throughout the free states, agents were tasked with promoting emigration and coordinating the movement of would-be emigrants to embarkation ports primarily in Boston and New York.

HAYTIAN BUREAU OF EMIGRATION,
No. 8 Washington Building, 221 Washington St.
BOSTON, March 8, 1861.

Arrangements have been made by this Bureau by which Emigrants can sail from Boston and New York in regular Packets, every two weeks, or oftener, for the Republic of Hayti.

Those who go by these packets must in all cases pay their own passage, the price of which will be \$18, provisions being found. This is about one-third the usual rates of charge from northern ports.

Whenever any colony of eighty or over, signify their readiness to sail at a designated time, a vessel will be chartered expressly for the purpose of conveying them comfortably and speedily from either Boston, New York, Philadelphia, or Washington, to Hayti. Price of passage, same as above.

Children under 3, free; under 12, half-price.

LABORERS and FARMERS going by these chartered vessels, if unable to pay their own passage, can have it advanced to them, *including provisions*. But they must furnish their own bedding for the voyage.

All whose passage money is thus advanced will sign a contract engaging to repay the amount (\$18) to the Government of Hayti within three years, in case they take grants of Government lands, or choose to leave the country within the time specified.

Those who do not choose to accept Government lands, but remain over three years in the Island, will not be required to repay it at all.

Emigrants must defray their own expenses in reaching the port of embarkation.

Those who go in vessels specially chartered by this Bureau will be allowed to take any reasonable amount of household goods and farming implements free of charge.

Those who go by regular packets will be charged for freight at the rate of ninety cents per barrel, or eighteen cents per square foot.

Usual length of voyage, from fourteen to twenty days.

All who design to emigrate are earnestly requested to give this Bureau ample notice of their readiness to sail.

JAMES REDPATH,
General Agent.

CIRCULAR.—No. VII.

HAYTIAN BUREAU OF EMIGRATION,
No. 8 Washington Building, 221 Washington St.
BOSTON, March 20, 1861.

Experience has shown that it has become an imperative necessity that a change should be made from the tones of a recent Circular relative to the system of boarding emigrants during their passage to the Republic of Hayti. It was stated that passengers might choose between boarding themselves or paying \$8 in advance for their board. The passengers both by the *Janet Kidston* and the *Mary A. Jones*, decided to board themselves; but, in both cases, in a majority of instances, failed to provide for the wants of an ordinary voyage. If this system were continued, a long passage would necessarily result in starvation, unless the Bureau should provide against such a contingency, by laying in a sufficient amount of provisions. To avoid the expense, therefore, the embarrassment and danger attending the present system, after a full consultation with other

agents and men experienced in the business, I have come to the resolution to have the ship provide provisions for all the emigrants, and to include the expense of board in the sum to be specified in the contract. That is to say, passengers will either pay \$18 for an emigrant's passage, their board being found and cooked for them, or sign a contract to pay that sum after one, two, or three years, as they prefer, with the important exception, also, that those who may remain more than three years, and decide not to accept of the Government grant of lands, will never be required to repay any amount whatever.

This arrangement, it is hoped, will overcome the difficulty expressed by many industrious men, but without money, who, living in the interior, have not found it possible to pay their expenses to the seaboard, and then to provide themselves with provisions (as the United States laws require) for at least one month in advance.

The board provided for emigrants will be the navy rations of the United States, minus intoxicating spirits, which will not be allowed in our vessels. The following is the fare:

NAVY RATION FOR EACH DAY OF THE WEEK.																
Days.	Bread.	Beef.	Pork.	Flour.	Rice.	Dried Fruit.	Pickles.	Sugar.	Tea, Choice.	Coff. of either.	Butter.	Cheese.	Beans.	Molasses.	Vinegar.	Water.
	oz	lb	lb	lb	lb	lb	lb	oz	oz	oz	oz	oz	pt	pt	pt	gal
Sun.	14	1		½		¼		2	1							1
Mon.	14		1					2	1				½			1
Tues.	14	1			½			2	1	2	2					1
Wed.	14		1			¼		2	1				½			1
Thurs.	14	1		½		¼		2	1							1
Friday	14	1	1		½			2	1	2	2		½			1
Sat.	14					¼		2	1				½		½	1
	98	4	3	1	1	½	½	14	14	7	4	4	1½	½	½	7

Every emigrant should be provided with a mattress two feet wide, and bedding, a gallon tin can (for water), a tin cup, a tin plate, knife and fork, a few pounds of soap, and towels, with such extra utensils as may be deemed necessary to hold the daily rations.

As efforts have been industriously made by unscrupulous men to misrepresent the conditions under which emigrants who do not prepay their passages, will accept the offers of the Government of Hayti, it is deemed advisable to publish below, in full, the contract to be made with them. The words in italic and within brackets (blank in the original) are filled up to show precisely the terms on which a single man can emigrate. It should be distinctly understood, that no barrier whatever will be put to any man's return, excepting that he shall pay the sum of eighteen dollars before embarking for the

United States, if he did not pay for his own passage from this country to Hayti. The Government of Hayti, while they will welcome all visitors, cannot reasonably be expected to pay their passages. Hence this provision.

The following is the contract with the emigrants who do not prepay their passages:

Articles of Agreement.

THIS AGREEMENT, made and entered into this [first] day of [January], A. D., 1861, by and between JAMES REDPATH, of Boston, General Agent of Emigration, on behalf of the Government of the Republic of Hayti, and [John Smith], late of [Detroit, Michigan], and an emigrant to Hayti;

WITNESSETH : That said James Redpath, on behalf of the Government of Hayti aforesaid, agrees to provide a passage for said [John Smith] from the port of [Boston] to the port of [St. Mark] in said Hayti, in the [Brig L'Ami d'Hayti], leaving the port of [Boston] on or about the [third] day of [January], 1861, upon the conditions hereafter following, viz:

First, said [John Smith] hereby acknowledges the receipt of [a] ticket of passage from said port of [Boston] to said port of [St. Mark], in Hayti, and agrees during the term of said voyage to provide [his] own bedding, and the necessary utensils for eating and drinking.

Secondly, in consideration of receiving the passage aforesaid, said [John Smith] further agrees, that if he accepts a grant of land from the Government of Hayti, under the provisions of the law on Emigration, approved by His Excellency the President of the Republic of Hayti, September 1, 1860, he will repay to the Treasury of the Republic of Hayti the sum of [eighteen] dollars, American currency, within [three years] from the date of this contract.

Furthermore, that if from any cause said *[John Smith]* sees proper to leave Hayti before the expiration of the term of three years from the date of *[his]* arrival in the Island, *[he]* shall pay the Treasury of the Republic of Hayti the sum of *[eighteen]* dollars, American currency, as repayment of expenses incurred by the agents of the Government for *[his]* passage to Hayti; but, nevertheless, with this express provision: That if *[he]* does remain three years in the Island from the date of *[his]* arrival therein, and does not see fit to accept a grant of land from the Government of the Republic of Hayti, *[he]* shall not be required to repay to the Treasury of the Republic of Hayti, or any agent of Government thereof, any sum whatever on account of said passage.

IN WITNESS WHEREOF, the said parties have hereunto set their hands and seals the day and year above written.

[L. S.]

[John Smith.]

[L. S.]

JAMES REDPATH.

First-cabin passengers by Government vessels, will be charged \$30 (payable invariably in advance), which will include all the necessities of a voyage to the tropics, and first-rate fare.

JAMES REDPATH,
General Agent.

CALL FOR EMIGRATION.

Men of our race dispersed in the United States! Your fate, your social position, instead of ameliorating, daily becomes worse. The chains of those who are slaves are riveted; and prejudice, more implacable, perhaps, than servitude, pursues and crushes down the free. Everything is contested with us in that country in which, nevertheless, they boast of liberty; they have invented a new slavery for the free, who believed that they had now no masters; it is this humiliating patronage which is revolting to your hearts. Philanthropy, in spite of its noble efforts, seems more powerless than ever to lead your cause to victory. Contempt and hatred increase against you, and the people of the United States desire to eject you from its bosom.

Come, then, to us! the doors of Hayti are open to you. By happy coincidence, which Providence seems to have brought about in your behalf, Hayti has risen from the long debasement in which a tyrannical government had held her; liberty is restored there. Come and join us; come and bring to us a contingent of power, of light, of labor; come, and together with us, advance our own common country in prosperity. We will come by this means to the aid of the philanthropists who make such generous efforts to break the chains of those of our brethren who are still in slavery.

Our institutions are liberal. The government is mild and moderate. Our soil is virgin and rich—we have large tracts of good land, nearly all uncultivated, which only need intelligent workmen to till them.¹² Everything assures you in this country

¹² This representation of Haiti as a country rich with uncultivated ‘virgin’ soil harkens back to the rhetorical strategies European travelers employed to promote imperial expansion into the Americas and Caribbean in the wake of

of a happy future. For those among you who possess capital, it will be easy to find at once a place among us. The country offers them immediate resources. They can count on the solicitude of the Government, and on its special protection. Our society is ready to adopt them and prepares for them a fraternal welcome. They will enjoy here all the considerations that they merit; they will occupy the rank that their respectability assigns them—all the things that a blind and barbarous prejudice refuses to them in countries inhospitable to our race.

The poorer emigrants shall have the right to all that their situation demands. The Government will provide for their first necessities, and will take the proper measures to secure to them a quiet and honorable asylum as well as to facilitate for them the means of obtaining employment.

It is very natural that you should ask, before coming to an unknown country, what are the facilities that will be afforded to you, as well for the satisfaction of your first needs, as for your definitive settlement. This thought has seriously occupied the Chief of the Republic and his Government.

I proceed to state the determination to which it has come:

To such of you as are not able to pay the expenses of your passage, aid will be given from the public treasury.

Agents, whom I shall presently appoint in the United States, will be charged to make the necessary arrangements in this respect.

On their arrival here, the emigrants will find lodging gratuitously, where, during the first few days, their needs will be provided for.

Christopher Columbus's voyages. Sir Walter Raleigh, for example, described Guiana in 1596 as a pristine land, a passive virgin "that hath yet her Maydenhead." See Raleigh, *Discoverie of Guiana*. Ed. Joyce Lorimer. London: The Hakluyt Society, 2006: 211.

Government will occupy itself from this time with providing means to offer to each person, on arrival, either on private estates or the public domains, sufficiently remunerative work.

Every individual, the issue of African blood, may, immediately on arrival, declare his wish to be naturalized: and after one year's residence, he can become a citizen of Hayti, enjoying all his civil and political rights.

The emigrants will be exempt from military service, but their children, when they are of the requisite age, shall be held to perform the service conformably to the laws of the country; that is to say, for a limited time, and by the result of conscription. [*Par suite du tirage au sort.*]¹³ This conception does not constitute, in their favor, a modification of the law on the National Guard, of which every citizen must form a part.

You will have power, also, freely to exercise your religion.

I have spoken here only of the members of the African race, who groan in the United States more than elsewhere, by reason of the ignoble prejudice of color; but our sympathies are equally extended to all those of our origin who throughout the world, are bowed down under the weight of the same sufferings. Let them come to us! The bosom of the country is open to them also. I repeat it, they will be able to acquire, either on the public or private estates, fertile lands, where, by the aid of assiduous labor, they will find that happiness which in their actual condition, they cannot hope to find.

The man whom God has pointed out with his finger to elevate the dignity of his race, is found. The hour of the reunion of the children of Hayti is sounded! Let them be well convinced that Hayti is the bulwark of their liberty!

¹³ "par suite du tirage au sort," meaning "pursuant to a drawing of lots."

Given at the office of the Secretary of State of the Interior, at Port-au-Prince, the 22d of August, 1859, 56th year of Independence.

The Secretary of State of Justice and of Worship, charged *par interim*, with the portfolio of the interior and of Agriculture.

F. E. DUBOIS.¹⁴

¹⁴ François-Élie Dubois (1810-1874) served as Haiti's Secretary of State of Justice under Geffrard. The document included here is a reprint from Redpath's *A Guide to Hayti*. The guide, nearly 180 pages, consists of maps, advertisements, letters of invitation from prominent Haitian government officials, including DuBois and Geffrard, and a series of chapters that extol the qualities of the land and people in Haiti. See Redpath, *A Guide to Hayti*. Boston: Haytian Bureau of Emigration, 1861, 97-99.

LAWS ON EMIGRATION.

I.

Law on the Emigration into the Country of Persons of the African and Indian races.

FABRE GEFFRARD, President of Hayti,

By the advice of the Council of the Secretaries of State and the Legislative Bodies, after having considered and declared the urgency of it,

Has rendered the following law:

ARTICLE I. After the promulgation of the present law, five carreaux of land will be granted, free of all charge, to every family of laborers or cultivators of the African or Indian races who shall arrive in the Republic. This grant will be reduced two carreaux when the laborer or cultivator is unmarried.

ART. II. These grants will be delivered, without expense, and with a provisional title, to every family that shall have made, before the proper magistrate, the declaration prescribed by law with the view of obtaining naturalization, and they will be converted into final grants after a residence of a year and a day in the country.

ART. III. The final grants will be given in exchange for the provisional grants only when it shall have been ascertained by the Government agents that cultivation has already commenced on the property granted.

ART. IV. The grantee shall not have power to dispose of his grant before the expiration of seven consecutive years of occupation. Nevertheless, he will be able to obtain the

authority to exchange his grant for another property, but only on the conditions, terms, and with the powers above-named.

The present law shall be promptly executed by the Secretary of State, of the Interior, and of Agriculture.¹⁵

Given at the National House of Port-au-Prince, the 5th of September, year 57th of Independence.

The President of the Senate: F. LACRUZ.

The Secretaries: CELASTIN, J. Y. MENDOZA.

Given at the Chamber of Representatives of Port-au-Prince, the 5th September, 1860, year 57th of Independence.

The President of the Chamber: W. CHANLATTE.

The Secretaries: J. THEBAUD, F. RICHIEZ.

IN THE NAME OF THE REPUBLIC:

The President of Hayti ordains that the foregoing law of the Legislative Bodies be stamped with the seal of the Republic, published and executed. Given at the National Palace of Port-au-Prince, the 6th September, 1860, year 57th of Independence.

BY THE PRESIDENT: GEFFRARD.

The Secretary of State of the Interior and of Agriculture, F. JN. JOSEPH

The Sec. of War and the Marine, T. DEJOIE.

¹⁵ This series of laws, and the stability they suggest, belies the political volatility with which Haiti struggled in the mid-19th century. After the country's second president, Jean-Pierre Boyer, was forced into exile in 1843, after 25 years in office, a series of coups followed. Between 1843 and 1859 when Geffrard took office, Haitian leadership changed six times. Geffrard's presidency began and ended, in 1867, with coups.

The Keeper of the Seals, Secretary of State of the General Police, JH. LAMOTHE.

The Sec. of State of Justice, etc., F. E. DUBOIS.

The Sec. of State of Finances, Commerce, and Exterior Relations, VN. PLESANCE.

II.

Law on the Naturalization of Emigrants of the African and Indian Races.

FABRE GEFFRARD:

On the report of the Secretary of State of Justice, and by the advice of the Council of the Secretaries of State,

Considering that prompt action is demanded in behalf of those who possess the required qualifications to become Haytians, in order to enable them with facility to enter into the immediate enjoyment of the right attached to naturalization,

Proposes the following law:

ARTICLE I. Article 14 of the Civil Code is modified as follows: "All those who by virtue of the Constitution are able to acquire the rights of Haytian citizens, must, during the first month of their arrival in the country, before the Justice of the Peace of their residence, and in presence of two well known citizens, make a declaration to the effect that they come with the intention of settling in the Republic. They will, at the same time, before the Justice of the Peace, take oath that they renounce every other country save Hayti.

ART. II. Provided with the verbal process of the Justice of the Peace, setting forth the declaration that they come to settle in the Republic, and their taking of the oath, they will

present themselves at the offices of the President of Hayti, to receive an act from the Chief of the State recognizing them citizens of the Republic.

ART. III. The present law annuls all laws or measures which are contrary to it, and shall be executed with dispatch by the Secretary of State for Justice. Given at the National Palace at Port-au-Prince the 27th day of August, 1860, the 57th year of Independence.

GEFFRARD.

[Then follow the signatures of various officials, as in the previous law. Both of these laws were unanimously passed through both branches of the Legislature.]

NOTICE.

OFFICE OF THE SECRETARY OF STATE OF FINANCE.

Those of our citizens in the different localities of the Republic who are engaged in Agriculture, and who, thanks to persevering efforts, have succeeded in giving a certain development to these labors, can, if they desire it, procure for themselves, on the following conditions, such agricultural implements and machines as are used at present in the most enlightened countries, either for the separation of the seeds of cotton, or for the manufacture and refining of sugar.

A foreign company has offered these machines to the Government, which has consented to act as an intermediate agent between this company and the agriculturalists and manufacturers of the country who may need them.

The machines will be furnished at the lowest prices for which they are sold at any place in Europe, and their several prices shall be agreed upon between the purchasers and the government, according to the prices current which it has received from its foreign agents.

A commission of five per cent will be added to the price of the machines, to be paid down, and an interest of six per cent., and a yearly payment of a tenth or fifteenth on the principal, which will give to the real manufacturers an advantageous mode of payment.

Those who desire to procure the machines and utensils above named, should, on the appearance of this notice, have their names entered at the Office of the Secretary of State of the Interior and of Agriculture, and present to the high functionary, placed at the head of this department, an exact description of the mills, furnaces, &c., which they will need. These descriptions should minutely and precisely state the dimensions and power of each machine, and should be accompanied by a well drawn plan, which would enable the company to decide on, and to execute the order conveniently.

When that is done, a contract in due form shall be passed between the Secretary of State of the Interior and the Agriculturalist or the tendering party, in which all the necessary conditions to secure the payment of the interest, and that of the installments shall be stated according to the contract. It is well understood that all the payments shall be made the Government which has become a guarantee for the contracts by virtue of which the machines are to be furnished.

Among the securities that will be required of the purchasers will be the machines themselves, and the plantations for which they are furnished.

The tendering party will be furnished, by the Minister of the Interior, a catalogue of the plans and drawings of the machines perfected for the use of Agriculture and of Industry.

PORT-AU-PRINCE, Jan. 29, 1861.



THE ANGLO-AFRICAN.

PROSPECTUS.

THE WEEKLY ANGLO-AFRICAN, to whose management the undersigned has recently succeeded, was started nearly two years ago, to afford a medium of communication whereby we, the people of color, might become better known to each other and to the community at large. It aimed to hold, as it were, a mirror before our people, wherein, seeing themselves reflected, they might detect and remedy their defects, or discover and improve their advantages.

In this endeavor it has, so far, met the approbation and patronage of our people, which it is our desire that it should continue to merit and attain. Therefore, in order to guard against misrepresentation and disarm prejudice, we take this occasion to assure our patrons and the public generally, that the aim of the paper will be in the future, as it has been in the past, the elevation and progress of the colored race. We shall endeavor to widen its field of vision and to extend its sphere of action, in order to ally our movements and identify our sympathies with the efforts of black men everywhere in their attempts to overthrow slavery, achieve their liberties and effect the complete rehabilitation of the race. To aid in the dissemination of the knowledge and the promotion of the culture necessary to accomplish that end, the WEEKLY ANGLO-AFRICAN will be devoted to a vigilant scrutiny and careful exposition of the condition and prospects, primarily, of the colored population of the United States, free and enslaved, and incidentally with that of the race abroad.

In the prosecution of this work, it will need, and earnestly solicits, the assistance of every well-wisher of our people, and all information and suggestions of a practical nature will be gratefully received.

It will endeavor to furnish reliable statistics relative to our moral, economic and social attitude: also, biographical sketches of distinguished men of color.

We intend to furnish a reliable "History of the Revolutions of Hayti," written by M. de St. Armand, a distinguished advocate and citizen of Port-au-Prince, translated expressly for the ANGLO-AFRICAN. It is now appearing in our columns. Subscribers can receive it from the commencement, if they so desire.

By the aid of intelligent correspondents, both at home and abroad, we hope to keep our readers advised on matters of local interest, as well as those of general import. We desire that this paper should be a reflex of the mature thought, and a proof of the mental ability of our people; and we hope by the aid of their good wishes and kind cooperation to make it instrumental in the overthrow of Slavery and the establishment of Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity.¹⁶

¹⁶ In this, his first official editorial, Lawrence links emancipation to the French Revolution's proclamation: "Liberté, Egalité, Fraternité."

Weekly Anglo-African

May 4, 1861



We take pleasure in informing our friends that this journal is now sure of weathering the financial storm which, two months ago, was hurrying it to a premature grave.¹⁷ It will be published without any fear of failure during the present year, although it will adopt a new name instead of its present absurd title. We call it absurd, because there are no Anglo-Africans, or not over one hundred, in the United States; and it is not in their exclusive interest, but in the interests of the colored races everywhere, that our paper is published. An Anglo-African is an Englishman of African descent, not a colored American at all.

The name of the paper will be changed week after next. With the change, it will introduce to its readers a larger corps of contributors of different races, and of both sexes; but its object will be still the same—to promote the welfare of the

¹⁷ The editorial is referencing the struggles of the paper under Hamilton's leadership.

colored races everywhere, without respect to their condition, bond or free, or their present locality.

Weekly Anglo-African

May 11, 1861



THE ANGLO-AFRICAN will appear next week under a new name—THE PINE AND PALM. "What does it mean?" Wait and see! It will have a supplement containing Wendell Phillips' oration on Toussaint L'Ouverture, and the paper will contain the only correct likeness of him ever published in America.¹⁸



WANTED! A NATION!

The nineteenth century, having devoted itself to the reform of long-existing abuses, the spread of civilization, the

¹⁸ Toussaint L'Ouverture was, of course, the most prominent figure of the Haitian Revolution. Although he was captured and executed in France a year before Haiti officially established its nationhood, his military strategies and leadership drove the revolution to its conclusion, making him a founding father of Haitian independence and an important symbolic figure for black nationalist movements.

enlightenment and elevation of the entire human race, and finding its operations somewhat retarded by the depressed condition of the negro race and their descendants, desires to establish a Nationality for the purpose of lifting the race to the level of civilization, and enabling it to contribute its share to the progress of the age. The nineteenth century wants a Black Nationality, because it is an instrumentality that cannot be dispensed with in the re-habilitation of the black race, and it looks to us to furnish the energy, the enterprise, the men to aid in its development.

"Will *Celt* or *Saxon* avail us? No!

By our right minds the conquest must be wrought."

To him who desires the elevation of our people, as such, this, then, is the question. How can we make ourselves a distinct people and a homogeneous nation? With us, in considering the question of our condition, there is no middle ground. We deal with species, not varieties—we acknowledge but two terms—black and white. We do not desire to be embarrassed with the poltroonery of those who dislike the one term, and cannot claim the other. We hold that all measures for our advancement as a race, must contemplate the preservation of our identity, and the ennoblement of our hue. We consider it one of the worst features of our exceptional social position, that we are come to look upon our color as a badge of degradation, and are anxious to remove it.

In advocating the interests of our whole people, we endorse no partial views—approve of no partial measures, which include a giving up of the point at issue. In the o'ershadowing presence and constantly increasing bulk of the white population, there is no prospect for us, but subordination and absorption. The idea of retaining our present social attitude, in the hope of ameliorating its conditions, involves,

not the elevation, but the extinction of the most enlightened portion of our race. Surely this is not the result which any true lover of his race, who desires to wipe off the stigma which civilization has attached to the word negro, wishes to attain? Our perfect development and consequent preparation for the work we have to do, requires our separation from the influences which draw us apart, and cause us in our prurient desire for recognition as Americans, to lose sight of our duty to ourselves.

Millennial views of a social condition in which differences of clime, creed, or color, shall cease to produce dissension and unjust distinction among the human race, may gild the reveries of the enthusiast, or save the helpless victim of oppression from despair. The philanthropist may dream of a period wherein "man to man shall brothers be," and, cheering the down-trodden with visions of "a good time coming," bid them wait its realization. But they, for whom social regeneration is a problem to be solved, not a visitation to be waited for, ask for something more tangible than vaticinations. They demand measures which, taking cognizance of the causes of any given evil, are adequate to its eradication, or, if that be impossible, for its counteraction

Life is action. Time is the duration of action, and the time is wasted, the life misspent, in which men fail through their own acts, either to use all their faculties to the fullest extent, or to strive after the conditions and requirements which will enable them to do so. We believe that God intends for the black man the same progression, the same development, the same appreciation and enjoyment of life in its highest phases, as for the white. We have faith in the capacity of the black man to achieve these results, but we know that the same instrumentalities must be used in the one case, as in the other. As by no ordinance of God have we been enslaved, so by no

special visitation of His, will we be emancipated. The Deity is ever within us, and when we become cognizant of His presence, wisdom and valor will mould all circumstances to effect His will.

If, then, we can carve out a separate existence here, either under the American flag, or over it, be it so. But if we cannot, then migration is our only policy, and most sacred duty. Indeed, were we fully alive to our true interests and the destiny of our race, migration would have been the preference of our past, not the *dernier resort*¹⁹ of to-day. Standing in the light of history, especially the history of our Continent—conversant as the better-educated among us are with the influences that have moulded American society and its institutions, and continue to dominate its policy toward our race—our abject clinging to the skirts of a people who seek to cast us off, illustrates at once our degradation and the emasculating power of slavery.

[From Douglass' Monthly for May.]
A TRIP TO HAYTI

—[From the pen of our esteemed coadjutor, Frederick Douglass, we are glad to receive the following.²⁰ We are sure

¹⁹ or 'dernier ressort,' meaning 'last resort.'

²⁰ Douglass, a writer, statesman, and abolitionist, is probably best known for the bestselling slave narrative he wrote about his enslavement in Maryland in the early to mid-1800s, *Narrative of the Life of Frederick Douglass*, published in 1845. He founded *Douglass's Monthly* in 1858; it was one of several newspapers he published during his life. In the essay printed here, taken from the May 1861 edition of the paper, Douglass appears open to the idea of black American emigration. He proposed a trip to Hayti, then, to observe and assess the feasibility of emigration.

that the proposed visit to Hayti will not only be beneficial to Mr. Douglass, in the manner to which he so eloquently alludes, but it will add the weight of his great genius and eloquence to the movements among the people which promise so large a harvest of glorious results. The presence of a representative man like Mr. Douglass, in the Republic of Hayti, and the welcome that will be tendered him on the shores where his reputation has already preceded him, will, we are confident, do much to knit together the fraternal feelings of the race, and broaden the scope of vision and hope between the branches of the Afric-American people.—*Ed.*]

A dream, fondly indulged, a desire, long cherished, and a purpose long meditated, are quite likely to be realized. At this writing, we are on the eve of starting for a visit of it few weeks to Hayti; and before the announcement can reach all our readers and friends, especially those in Great Britain, we shall probably be well on our ocean-way to the shores of *la Republique del' Hayti*.

For this piece of good fortune (for such we esteem it, and hope it will prove to be) we are indebted for all, save the disposition to go the voyage, to the considerate kindness of the Haytian Government. That Government has removed an important obstacle out of the way, which might have delayed, though it could not have prevented our long-desired visit. Too

Importantly, Douglass canceled the trip because of the start of the Civil War. Once it became apparent that the US would end slavery, Douglass came out against black emigration and colonization movements. However, he also served briefly as an ambassador to Haiti in 1889. For more on Douglass's emigration stance, see William Seraille, "Afro-American Emigration to Haiti during the American Civil War." *The Americas*, 35. 2 (Oct., 1978): 185-200 and Chris Dixon, "An Ambivalent Black Nationalism: Haiti, Africa, and Antebellum African American Emigrationism." *Australasian Journal of American Studies*, 10. 2 (December, 1991): 10- 25.

late to apprise our readers in our April number of the fact, we were informed that a steamer was being chartered by the Haytian Bureau at Boston to carry emigrants and passengers to Hayti from the United States. This intimation was accompanied with a generous offer of a free passage to ourself and daughter to and from Hayti, by Mr. REDPATH, the Haytian Consul at Philadelphia. We are not more thankful for this generous offer from the quarter whence it comes, than sensible of the kind consideration which it implies. We gratefully appreciate both, and shall promptly avail ourselves of the double favors.

The steamer secured for the voyage is to sail from New Haven, Connecticut, about the 25th of April, and will, if all be well, reach *Port-au-Prince* by the first of May.

In making this announcement, we do not wish in any wise to conceal the fact that we are much elated by the prospect of standing once upon the soil of San Domingo, the theatre of many stirring events and heroic achievements, the work of a people, bone of our bone, and flesh of our flesh.

We began life too late to accomplish much. More than twenty-one years of it were lost for all proper educational advantages. Slavery stole from us those years when study and travel should do most for a man; but the world is still new and beautiful to us, and we still rejoice in any opportunity to increase our knowledge of its works and ways. We have seen much of it, but mostly its sterner features: Clouds and storms, ice and snow, moral as well as physical, have been our familiar elements. We have felt the keenly cutting, frosty air, from off the desolate coast of Labrador, amid the snows of winter; but we have never felt the beams of a tropical sun, seen the luminous stars of a tropical sky, heard the sweet warblings of tropical birds, inhaled the fragrance of tropical breezes, nor beheld the endless wealth of a tropical soil. We are going to a land where nature is in full dress, and unfolds her charms in all

their loveliness. But we go to Hayti not to enjoy its delightful and soothing climate, to rest in the shadow of its stately palms, nor to luxuriate in its delicious fruits, and its golden flowers. While not insensible to these delightful attractions, we are drawn towards that sunny region at this time by other considerations than those of pleasure—considerations connected with the sacred cause to which we have gladly given twenty years of unremitting toil.

A visit to Hayti at any time would be a high privilege to us. Our whole experience makes such a visit desirable. Born a slave as we were, in this boasted land of liberty, tinged with a hated color, despised by the rulers of the State, accustomed from childhood to hear the colored race disparaged and denounced, their mental and moral qualities held in contempt., treated as an inferior race, incapable of self-government, and of maintaining, when left to themselves, a state of civilization, set apart by the laws of our being to a condition of slavery—we, naturally enough, desire to see, as we doubtless shall see, in the free, orderly and Independent Republic of Hayti, a refutation of the slanders and disparagements of our race. We want to experience the feeling of being under a Government which has been administered by a race denounced as mentally and morally incapable of self-government.

While, however, we shall go to Hayti with strong prepossessions in its favor, we hope to go with the eyes of a truthful observer, able to see things as they really are, to consider the circumstances, and report the philosophy as well as the facts of the situation. Truth can hurt nobody, and we have no fear to tell even that which may seem to make against our cause, if truth shall require it. One thing we know in advance, of Hayti, and that is, her people are "*nought but men and women;*" and that men and women under a vertical sun, where nature responds at its merest touch of industry to every

physical want, will not tax themselves to make the same exertion as when in a colder climate and upon a sterner soil. Another thing we know in advance, which is this: that against all disparagements from the United States, against the crafty machinations of two continents to crush her, Hayti has during more than sixty years, maintained a free and independent system of government, and that no hostile power has been able to bend the proud necks of her people to a foreign yoke. She stands forth among the nations of the earth richly deserving respect and admiration.

Both the press and the platform of the United States have long made Hayti the bug-bear and scare-crow of the cause of freedom. Ignorant of her real character in some instances; wilfully blind to her obvious virtues in others, we have done her people the most marked injustice. The fact is, white Americans find it hard to tell the truth about colored people. They see us with a dollar in their eyes. Twenty hundred millions of dollars invested in the bodies and souls of the negro race in this Republic—a mountain of gold—constitutes a standing bribe, a perpetual temptation to do injustice to the colored race. Hayti has thus constantly been the victim of something like a downright conspiracy to rob her of the natural sympathy of the civilized world and to shut her out of the fraternity of nations. No people have been compelled to meet and live down a prejudice so stubborn and so hatefully unjust. For a time it was fashionable to call them even in our Congress, a nation of murderers and cut-throats, and for no better reason than that they won their freedom by their arms. It is quite time that this interesting people should be better understood. Though a city set on an hill, she has been hid;²¹ and though a light of glorious promise, she has been compelled

²¹ Douglass alludes to Matthew 5:14 that reads "A city that is set on a hill cannot be hid."

to shine only under a bushel. A few names of her great men have been known to the world; but her real character as a whole, we are persuaded has been grossly misunderstood and perversely misrepresented. One object of our mission, therefore, will be to do justice to Hayti, to paint her as she is, and to add the testimony of an honest witness to honest worth.

But besides these general motives, there are special ones growing out of the state of things at present existing in this country. During the last few years the minds of the free colored people in all the States have been deeply exercised in relation to what may be their future in the United States. To many it has seemed that the portents of the moral sky were all against us. At the South they have been taught to believe that they must soon be forced to choose between slavery or expulsion. At the North there are, alas! too many proofs that the margin of life and liberty is becoming more narrow every year. There are many instances where the black man's places are taken by the white man, but few where, in the free States, the places of the white man are taken by the men of sable hue. The apprehension is general, that proscription, persecution and hardships are to wax more and more rigorous and more grievous with every year; and for this reason they are now, as never before, looking out into the world for a place of retreat, an asylum from the apprehended storm which is about to beat pitilessly upon them.

Without attempting to dispel this apprehension by appeals to facts, which have failed to satisfy, and to general principles of development and progress, which most of our people have deemed too abstract and transcendental for practical life, we propose to act in view of the settled fact that many of them are already resolved to look for homes beyond the boundaries of the United States, and that most of their minds are turned towards Hayti. Though never formally

solicited by any organized body of our people to acquire information which may be useful to those who are looking to that country for a home, we have been repeatedly urged to do so by individuals of the highest character and respectability. Without at all discrediting the statements of others, we have desired to see for ourselves. For the next six or eight weeks, therefore, we know of no better use to which we can put ourselves, than in a tour of observation in this modern land of Canaan, where so many of our people are journeying from the rigorous bondage and oppression of our modern Egypt.

—Since this article upon Hayti was put in type, we find ourselves in circumstances which induce us to forego our much desired trip to Hayti, for the present. The last ten days have made a tremendous revolution in all things pertaining to the possible future of the colored people of the United States. We shall stay here and watch the current of events, and serve the cause of freedom and humanity in any way that shall be open to us during the struggle now going on between the slave power and the government. When the Northern people have been made to experience a little more of the savage barbarism of slavery, they may be willing to make war upon it, and in that case we stand ready to lend a hand in any way we can be of service. At any rate, this is no time for us to leave the country.

The Pine and Palm

May 18, 1861



THE PINE AND PALM.

This journal will be devoted to the interests of freedom, and of the colored races in America.

It will seek to array against Slavery, and the prejudices it has engendered, not the moral powers exclusively, but the physical forces of the age.

It will advocate action, rather than the promulgation of ideas.

It will expound a programme of associated action, having for its chief object the complete and abiding triumph of the Democratic Idea on this Continent, and its Islands; and, with it, the elevation of the colored races inhabiting America, to a position of perfect social, political and National Equality and Power with the whites.

This programme will embrace:

I. The immediate eradication of slavery from the soil of the United States, by the authority of the Federal Government; or, failing in that, by John Brown expeditions, and simultaneous and extended Negro Insurrections.

II. The calling of a National Convention for the revision of the Federal Constitution, to place it unmistakably and forever on the side of freedom; to erase from it its lingering remnants of royalist ideas; to enable the North to share the taxation and new duties, (as they have shared the guilt and the folly of Slavery,) which must necessarily result from a forced emancipation; and, finally, believing that the people of the Cotton States east of the Mississippi are, in every essential respect, a different and hostile nation to us, to take measures for their temporary secession from the Union, after the abolition of Slavery in their Territory; that is to say, if by a fair vote, their inhabitants shall decide, as we believe they would decide, in favor of an independent Government.

III. A Union with the British North American Provinces.

IV. The establishment of two Tropical Confederacies—the first to be organized by a union of the West India Islands;

the second, by the colonization of Central America by the whites of the North, and the blacks of the country.

V. The promotion of the material unity of the North, by an enlightened and continental system of internal improvement.

VI. The destruction of political corruption by the withdrawal of the other than protectoral powers of the Federal Government; by the establishment of absolute free trade, and the substitution of direct taxation; and by the abolition of all manner of exclusive privileges, by which, under the fallacious hope of relieving labor, a monied aristocracy is rising in America, threatening the purity of its democracy, and extinguishing the aspirations to which free institutions give birth.

—As a preliminary series of measures aiming at these results, THE PINE AND PALM will advocate—

The building up of Hayti, by an enlightened and organized emigration, into the rank of a great American Power. We hold this measure to be now essential for the dignity of the African race and its descendants wherever they exist. The foundation of respect is power. As long as the negro is everywhere a subordinate, he will nowhere be treated as the equal of races which are "lords of human kind." Right or wrong, this is the fact; and practical minds must act in view of it. What, then, is to be done? *We must create a great Negro Nation.* Where? Hayti alone affords us a foundation near enough to influence Slavery and its brood of prejudices here, broad enough to establish a nationality of the necessary importance and durability there.

Let us not be misunderstood. We do not believe in a distinctive Nationality, founded on the preservation of any race, as a finality. We believe in Humanity, not in Black men or White men; for the fusion of the human races is the destiny of the future. We stand by man as man; not by the Saxon

because we are Saxon; nor by the Negro because we are an Abolitionist. What we assert, as our belief, is this only—that, at this stage of the world's progress, the fact of a powerful Negro Nation is a lesson imperatively needed in order that the African race, wherever it exists, may be respected as the natural equal of other families of man. We do not believe that the inculcation of the doctrine of fraternity alone will accomplish this result; for without a physical basis, this class of truths require centuries for their universal acceptance. The rapid physical development of our tropical regions, (which includes the West Indies and Central America) is necessary for another reason: because there alone can American free labor be brought into competition with the slave system of our Southern States. As long as the Cotton States supply England, Old and New, with their great manufacturing staples, just so long will they hold a mortgage on the votes, the pulpits, the presses and the consciences of Englishmen and Yankees. Thus the shadow of the whipping post of Charleston is often seen in the streets of London—oftener still in the factories of Manchester and the counting rooms of Liverpool. In our North, alas! it forms everywhere the sable cloud which obscures from our souls the rays of the sun of fraternal truth.

The recognition of the Confederate States might partly, but it would never wholly, drive this cloud away. We must create other Southern Confederacies to save us from the cotton-growing and conscience-eating conspiracy of our bottomless Gulf States. Let us colonize fair West India Islands and the rich regions of Central America, and make Cotton, not a tyrannical King, but a democratic Priest; let us call up, from their exhaustless fertility, cotton enough to clothe all the world in the robes of freedom, and sugar enough to sweeten the other products of the earth, without clarifying it in the blood of the

Negro, or drying it with the sighs of the broken-hearted bond-mother.

This policy, of course, involves the expulsion of the Spaniards from America. They have long enough corrupted and blood-besmeared our soil—sacred soil set apart by the Divine Father for Democracy and Fraternity. At any cost of blood and treasure, this pitiless people should be banished.

—To carry out this programme, we elect Fraternity as our Representative Idea. Henceforth, as equals, in harmonious union, the white and black races must work together, remembering their origin only to provoke emulation in effort, and in willing self-abnegation.

Yet we will not forget that, while the creation of a great Negro Commonwealth in the Antilles is necessary for the elevation of the African race here, and while the formation, also, of free tropical Confederacies is indispensable for the arraying of the physical forces of freedom against physical slavery, there is a higher possibility for humanity still—to which the world is tending, which America must inaugurate—THE COSMOPOLITAN GOVERNMENT OF THE FUTURE, which, superceding Nationalities and rendering war unnecessary, shall establish and secure forever, the "reign of peace on earth and good will to men."

—Our policy, therefore, is Continental in its scope—it embraces both the North and the South—the Arctic regions and the Torrid Zone—the land of THE PINE AND PALM.

JAMES REDPATH.

Our Correspondence.

Letter from Washington.

WASHINGTON, May 5, 1861

Mr. Editor:—For some time past your correspondent has been silent, awaiting the ending of the great Haytian controversy. That being ended, he resumes, and in doing so, must congratulate you on the respectable and new appearance and the able manner in which the paper appears and is conducted under the recent change which has been effected.

As Washington is just now the main place of attraction, I have deemed it proper to drop you a word or so from this military city, or as it is sometimes called, seat of war. I will not occupy your valuable space to speak of the great political question of the South, the attack on Washington city, arrival of troops, etc., etc., which no doubt your readers are familiar with before this.

In regard to the riot at Baltimore, our colored population here feel and express great indignation at the action of one Geo. Hackett, a colored man in Baltimore, who is well known to your readers as the man who figured conspicuously in a visit to Mr. Jacobs, member of the Maryland Legislature, and the father of the free negro bill. We have been credibly informed that this man, Hackett, did, during the disgraceful attack made on the Massachusetts troops while passing through Baltimore, go to Mayor Brown of that city and offer to raise five hundred colored men—and that he, Geo. Hackett, would

lead and command the same to assist the Baltimoreans to repel any northern troops that might attempt to form their way through Baltimore. Mayor Brown refused the servile offer of this "loyal negro," as he calls him, and assured him that there were white people in sufficient number to attend to that part of his commands. After the same became known, Mr. Hackett was mobbed, and would have been completely demolished had it not been for the interference of the police. The mob was composed of whites—this is honorable, if true. We cannot doubt it, coming from the source it does.

The Rev. Benj. T. Tanner, of Pittsburg, late of A. M. E. Conference, was installed in the 15th Street Presbyterian Church, against the wishes of a large portion of the membership and congregation of that church.²² Out of a large congregation that usually assemble there, only forty or fifty persons were present to witness this important ceremony—the most of them entire strangers. The church is now (like the country) much divided.

There is nothing of importance going on among the colored people here. All meetings of lyceums and other societies just now have been suspended on account of the great excitement.

YOURS, BOX.

²²A.M. E. refers to the African Methodist Episcopal Church, the first Protestant denomination to be established by African American people. The A. M. E. Church was founded by Richard Allen, its first bishop, in 1816 and has its roots in the older benevolent organization the Free African Society, founded in 1787.

Cotton in West Africa.

GOOD HOPE, Mendi Mission, Sherbro' Island,
West Africa, January 30th, 1861

TO THE SECRETARY OF THE AFRICAN CIVILIZATION SOCIETY,²³ NEW YORK, U. S. A.—*Dear Sir:*—At the annual meeting of the Mendi Missionary Association, held at Boom Falls, January 25th and 26th, the following Resolutions were unanimously adopted:

Resolved, That we consider the agricultural interests of the country as so intimately connected with our special work as missionaries, that we commend to each member of this body to do all that can be done consistently with his other duties, to encourage the growth of cotton, and to secure a good market for the same.

Resolved, Further, that a Committee be appointed to correspond with the African Civilization Society, through the officers of the A. M. A., and request of that Society the appointment of a suitable agent to encourage and develop the cotton trade of this region; to introduce, as far as practicable, machinery for its preparation; to purchase, together with other products of the country, all that can be obtained, and to cooperate with the Missionaries of the A. M. Association, in all legitimate efforts for the moral elevation of the people.

²³In 1858 the abolitionist and missionary Henry Highland Garnet established the African Civilization Society, (not to be confused with the American Colonization Society), to promote the emigration of black Americans to Liberia, which declared its independence in 1847.

In accordance with the foregoing Resolutions, and in furtherance of the request there-in expressed, we desire to call your attention to the following considerations

1st. That Sherbro' Island is the natural centre of an extensive commerce. Being separated from the mainland by the Sherbro' River, which forms the outlet of several large and navigable streams, which afford water communication with an extensive end fertile region, it seems designed by nature for a commercial depot. This committee has heretofore existed in the form of the Slave Trade, and there is, perhaps, no point on this coast, that has been the scene of a more active and extensive prosecution of this horrible traffic. Within a brief period this trade has been suppressed, and a legitimate commerce in the Products of the country, (palm-oil, cam-wood, ivory, &c.) has taken its place. This trade, already very large, is steadily increasing, and numerous traders, including several Europeans, attracted by large profits, are willing to brave all the dangers of the climate for the sake of pecuniary gains.

2d. The soil and climate are well adapted to the *production of cotton of excellent quality*. It grows here perennially, producing a crop in about eight months from the time of planting, and after that, two crops in a year. The plants continue to produce an increased quantity and improved quality of cotton for three or four years from the time of planting, after which it deteriorates.

3d. The kind of labor necessary to its production is such as is in accordance with the habits and physical condition of the people, not requiring the exercise of much skill, and of but slight physical exertion. The people, too, are familiar with its production, and its extended culture would not encounter the obstacles which would attend the introduction of a new article, like coffee or sugar.

4th. The *quantity produced is already very large*. Native cotton constitutes the almost exclusive clothing of the people. The interior tribes clothe, not only themselves, but those of the coast, with whom an extensive commerce is kept up. This trade in country cloths is largely in the hands of traders, who purchase them, not only for sale, but for their own consumption. When we consider that the cotton of which these cloths are made, is produced by the rude native culture, separated by the hand from the seed, manufactured by the rude machine of the native, brought a long distance to the coast, and sold at a price which is scarcely greater than the cotton of which they are made, would bring in a European market, we cannot but infer that cotton may be produced here at far less cost than in most cotton growing countries.

5th. There is good reason to believe that the opening of a cotton market here, would greatly promote its culture and sale. The reason why this trade does not now exist, is that *there is a mutual distrust, both of the producers and traders*. The traders will not buy it, because it is not offered in sufficiently large quantities for profitable traffic; and the people will not produce it in considerable quantities, because no market is open for its purchase. As much as is desired for caulking boats, and such like purposes, is readily purchased at about two cents per pound in the seed. About two years since, one of the missionaries proposed to purchase all the cotton which should be brought to him. On the first day he received a few pounds, on the second about one hundred pounds, on the third day over three hundred pounds, and was soon obliged to discontinue the trade, for want of funds to carry it on. No doubt exists in his mind, that if he had continued to purchase, the quantity of cotton offered would have continued increase to an indefinite extent.

6th. We have here, and prospectively throughout the country, a permanent peace. The influence of this mission, and the watchful care of the Governments of Great Britain and France, have secured and will doubtless maintain the peace of the country, and afford to life and property an adequate protection. War and the Slave Trade, *the great obstacles to African civilization*, being suppressed, the attention of the people must thereby be directed to productive industry and if their commercial instincts are quickened by the prospect of certain and immediate gains, there remains not the slightest doubt that a safe, extensive, and profitable trade in cotton might be speedily developed.

7th. When we remember that American Slavery, with all its malign influences and untold wrongs, owes its continued existence and power to the great and increasing demand for cotton; when we consider that the vital and animating principle of the slave trade is this same demand, and that the combined powers of both the American and European Governments are unable to suppress the slave trade, while this demand exists, and when we reflect that the production of cotton by free labor in Africa will afford a peaceful and easy settlement of this great struggle, and quietly overthrow a system of wickedness which has entrenched itself behind innumerable pecuniary interests, unconquerable prejudices, and vast political power, and which defies the moral sentiments of Christendom, we cannot but infer that the subject is one of incalculable importance, and worthy of the prompt and earnest attention of every friend of humanity.

As additional reasons for asking that such a commercial agency should be sent here, we may mention

1st. That the cause of Christian civilization in Africa would be greatly promoted by trade conducted on Christian principles. The present traders on this Island are largely

engaged in the *sale of rum and tobacco*, and their influence on the natives is in many respects pernicious and directly hostile to this mission. Christianity illustrated and practically carried out in the business of the country, would commend itself to the minds of the people, and find a ready access to their hearts.

2d. Your appropriate work of African civilization would be effectually promoted at but little outlay and no continued expense. Such an agency would be more than *self-supporting*, and would soon repay all the expense of its first establishment.

3d. Such an agency could be established under the most favorable auspices. The influence of the missionaries of this mission would be directly given to promote its prosperity, while it would be of direct and important aid to the mission. Thus Christianity and civilization will proceed hand in hand, and the day be hastened when Africa, so long and so cruelly oppressed, shall be emancipated from the thralldom of ignorance and idolatry, and take her place among the nations whom God is the Lord.

HORACE H. HINMAN.

JOHN S. BROOKS

JOHN WHITE.

—The *Boston Journal* of the 10th inst., in an editorial under the caption of "Southern Honesty" relates the following:

"In the ease of two or our Boston vessels in Florida, each of which had a free colored crew, the crew were taken out and placed in prison. It was then falsely reported that the prison was broken open—the keepers showing the broken locks to the masters. But the men were chained and marched all night to plantations, where their keepers tried to sell them. The planters were afraid of the title, and refused them. The poor fellows were then marched to a seaport and released. Some of them have found means to return home, fortunate in their escape from slavery."

Letter from Vancouver's Island.

VICTORIA, VANCOUVER'S ISLAND,
March 9, 1861

Mr. Editor:—By last mail some kind friend forwarded me a number of your journal. I take this, the earliest opportunity of returning thanks.

Looking over, and reading with a deal of satisfaction, the emanations of your various correspondents from their equally various locations, the idea occurred that possibly a short sketch of matters and things transpiring here from time to time, might not be uninteresting—but I can safely promise not to be elaborate, brilliant or pathetic.

Well, here we are, "pretty well up in the world," as you will see by a squint at your map that Vancouver's Island is neither "back" East or "out West," but a considerable distance up North, and a regular seceder too, physically speaking, for rumor has it that several centuries ago dame Nature led off in the matter of secession, by placing the Gulf of "Georgia" between us and the balance of North America. Take this for what it is worth, for no doubt ere this you have learned to take rumors concerning secession, with a grain of allowance. It is worth something, however, if it be a fact, in demonstrating how at that early day, "Georgia" lent herself to the schemes of the wily secessionists.

Don't think because we are so far North, that we are covered with eternal snows, or continually buffeted about by floating ice-bergs. Not a bit of it. We have not seen over two inches in thickness, of either this winter, and now Spring is upon us, the grass is freshly green and the trees are all budding forth—in a word, the climate is truly charming, even

surpassing San Francisco, which is considered the Italy of America.

Victoria is improving rapidly; in fact, there has been no cessation of building since the rush in '58. Real estate has risen rapidly in value. Lots sold here three or four years ago for fifty dollars, are now being held stiff at \$10,000 or \$12,000, with an upward tendency. Confidence was never better in the richness of the mines of our neighboring colony—British Columbia—which is fast attracting population. Vancouver's Island, though chiefly a *terra incog.*, has been sufficiently explored to ascertain that it contains an abundance of rich prairie and wood lands, valuable mines of copper and other minerals, inexhaustible deposits of the finest coal on the Pacific coast. Fish of the choicest varieties swarm the harbors and inlets. Besides the geographical position of the island, lying in the highway to China and Japan, surrounded by fine harbors, with the free port system to induce shipping—are the natural advantages and judicious legislation, which give unmistakable evidence of a splendid future of commercial prosperity.

The colored people here hold a large quantity of very valuable property, and are better situated, according to their numbers, pecuniarily and politically, than at any other point within my knowledge. They hold a large balance of power, comprising nearly one-third of the voters, but they need it all to batter down the negro phobia that the California element of the population labor so assiduously to erect. More about the workings of the "old grudge" here, in a subsequent letter.

I notice quite a movement among the colored people of different States, in the direction of Hayti. Well, I like it; anything is preferable to being still in this fast age, (I have been moving for twelve years, and every move I like better than the last—I shall get into a perfect paradise if I keep on,) and then I like the idea of a negro nationality. We should place ourselves

in such a position that our general intelligence, statesmanship, and commercial enterprise, will not be over-shadowed, blighted and crushed by competitors—with superior advantages—having for a common bond of union, our oppression and restriction to the most menial departments of life. We cannot overtake them in the United States in the race for material prosperity—and it will take one hundred years of the most energetic efforts, with all the appliances of the friends of reform in behalf of equal rights, for the colored people to enjoy equality in American society. Many say, we believe so, and are willing to *stay* and labor; I believe so, but think it best to *go* and labor. Besides, a lifetime is too short to be wasted asking white men for rights, with our faculties and aspirations cramped and chilled by tyranny and contempt. If there was the remotest possibility of being able to wrench them in a physical contest, then let him who would flee, answer at the bar of the world's indignation, for “the deep damnation of his taking off” — But enough of this for the present.

How are the colored people in New York, Boston, Philadelphia, and Cincinnati getting on as regards business and trades? How many more respectable looking stores have they, and how many more mechanics in those cities now than ten years ago? I know our people are better informed now than then; that those who have stepped upon the platform of manhood during the last decade, are mentally qualified to assume a higher position in the scale of respectability and pecuniary emolument. Does a proper proportion attain that position by becoming storekeepers and mechanics? How about agriculture? Do any seek independence through the honorable avocation of farming? No doubt your correspondents in the above cities can enlighten me. I can hear nothing of Mr. Douglass or his paper, although I have sent for the latter, twice. I trust they "still live."

Lady Franklin is now here enjoying excellent health. Your correspondent called and found her a very agreeable lady, amiable in manner, and quite vivacious in conversation. She leaves tomorrow morning on the Hudson Bay Co.'s steamer "Otto," for Frazer river.

My paper is out and I must conclude and will drop you a line *poco tiempo*.²⁴

Yours,

WISTAR²⁵

The Flag.

Doctor Johnson is said to have liked a good hater, so do we—as long as there is wrong, cruelty, and outrage in the world, give us the man whose sense of justice makes him hate oppression and resent it.

It may be in the mind of God, but is not in the nature of man, to love those who persecute him, or to do good to them who cruelly and disdainfully treat him. Therefore it is simply impossible for us to be patriotic in the true sense of the word. To us the American flag is not the symbol of liberty, hallowed by sacred memories, endeared by soul inspiring experiences; it is the emblem of slavery, abhorred through bitter

²⁴ ‘en poco tiempo,’ meaning in a short time.

²⁵ The letter was written by Mifflin Wistar Gibbs (1823-1915), an entrepreneur and judge. In 1858, Gibbs led his family and several hundred other black Americans to settle in Victoria, British Columbia. After 10 years and the conclusion of the Civil War, Gibbs returned to the U.S.

remembrances, execrated for the chains it has riveted upon our brethren, and the ignominy it has fastened on ourselves. Neither the Union, nor its flag, is desirable to us, apart from the principles which gave them birth. We are no idolaters, we discriminate between the sign and thing signified, and while we love and reverence the immortal truths in whose name American Independence was achieved, we hate the perfidy that robs us of our right, and of which the American flag is a perpetual reminder. The childlike glee with which our people catch up the burden of Northern patriotic speeches, the thoughtless eagerness with which they adopt the idea that the Federal flag is now the symbol of *their* liberty, makes us sad. Sad to see them smilingly invite derision, and embrace contempt. For what else do we when we offer our slighted services, and decorate our persons with the cognizance of a Power that enslaves us. If it be urged that we ought to assume a virtue which we have not, in order to conciliate public sentiment, then we say that principle should never be compromised; that it is better, by a dignified reserve, to incur public resentment, than by a fawning alacrity to merit general contempt. It is better to retain our self-respect, than to exchange it for the applause of those who may, perchance, be pleased with our civility. What the flag of Austria is to the Magyar, or the Italian, the flag of Russia to the Pole, or to the Caucasian, or that of England to the Celt, that the stars and stripes are to us—the sign of bondage. Why, then, expect that we should love it? Why be surprised if we stand aloof, while others rend the air with joyous shouts, and gather 'neath its folds?

A certain Pontiff, struck with the beauty of some British children exposed in the Roman slave market for sale, is said to

have exclaimed, "*Si non Angli essent, Angeli fuissent.*"²⁶ In like manner, men considering the cause we have for resentment, and viewing our apparent good will, might say that if we were not pariahs we should be patriots.

The flag of the Union is a beauteous thing, and, to the favored races who make their homes upon the soil which it protects, it ought to be a joy forever; but to the black man, native though he be, its stripes recall the bloody seams made in the quivering flesh by the driver's lash, and the stars remind him of weary wanderings, by their aid, in search of liberty under St. George's Cross.²⁷

Beneath its folds our fathers fought,
 Their children wonder why
 We do not share the freedom wrought,
 Because they dared to die.

Perchance, if they had but foreknown
 Our sorrows—*mais n'importe*²⁸—
 'Tis well, if we have wiser grown,
 By the sad lesson taught.

L.

²⁶ This is a Latin phrase. Loosely translated, it means "If they were not Angli (as in Anglo-Saxon or British), they would be angels." To make a point about the degradation unfairly associated with black Americans, the writer, perhaps knowingly, manipulates a well-known phrase attributed to Pope Gregory I in the 6th Century. The Pope reportedly punned, upon being told that the fair-skinned, blue-eyed children were Anglo-Saxon pagans, "non Angli, sed angeli (not Anglo but Angel)." Reportedly, the Pope's fascination with the children sparked the Church's conversion efforts in Great Britain. To read more about the Gregorian Mission, see Henry Mayr-Harting, *The Coming of Christianity to Anglo-Saxon England: Third Edition*. University Park, PA: Pennsylvania State University Press, 2001.

²⁷ This is a reference to the Underground Railroad and black emigration to Canada. As part of the United Kingdom in the 19th century, Canada flew the British flag, which features prominently the red Cross of St. George.

²⁸ "*mais n'importe*," loosely meaning nevermind.

The Pine and Palm

September 4, 1862



Resignation of the General Agent, &c.

—
A FAREWELL ADDRESS.
—

Let us mourn!—all we who have learned to love the Pine and Palm as they have grown in grace and beauty side by side every week—let us mourn them as they fall: for they fall today. I planted them—but it was not I that watered them; and the power that enabled me to keep them alive now directs me to lay them low.

This journal, in other words, is suspended by the order of the Government of Hayti, of which it has been one of the semi-official organs.

It has cost me a sigh to obey this order; for it causes me to destroy my creation in the very moment in which I had perfected it. Able only to give snatches of time to editorial duties, I had never found leisure to make the journal as perfect as I desired it to be until this week—in which it gives fifteen full pages to the history and interests of Hayti and her

Emigration Movement. I had hoped that this method would have been continued until, at least, the close of the year; but have learned once more that hopes reaching toward the future, rest but on the baseless fabric of a dream.

So fall, hardy Pine and stately Palm, and fragrant be your memory forever!

With the close of the present month, my official connection with the Haytian Emigration Movement ceases.

It has long been known to my personal friends that I have differed with the Haytian officers of Immigration as to the mode of management in the Island—I believing and insisting that except by the adoption of other plans there, the Movement would inevitably fail in the United States. These plans contemplated the appointment of colored Americans as Agents at the different points selected for the settlement of colonies; the surveying of lands in advance of emigration, in order that the now citizens might be placed on their allotments within a week after their arrival; the dismissal of one gentleman, of whose action, as a subordinate Director, the emigrants who had returned, and a large number still there, almost unanimously complained—whether justly or unjustly, yet with singular uniformity; a reform in the postal arrangements; the purchase of regular emigrant vessels; and some other changes of minor importance.

Having anticipated the difficulties that would arise, if these plans were not accepted, I offered and urged them before a single just murmur from the emigrants reached the United States; and, both from a sense of official duty, and from the deep interest I have ever felt in the prosperity of Hayti, I have continued to advocate them, month after month, with ever increasing earnestness and force.

I have failed to convince the Government of the expediency of my recommendations. Doubtless there are grave

difficulties in the way of their adoption; and knowing this, while I regret the fact of their rejection, I have no complaint to make. The Haytian officials view the Movement from their own, not from my standpoint; they think that it has been the emigrants, not any of the Directors, who have been in fault; a part of my plans, it was alleged, it would be impossible to carry out, and another part, inexpedient to attempt.

Having done for all the emigrants more than it had promised to do, the Government, as represented by the officials having the direction of Immigration, did not see that they had any just cause of complaint.

As the Movement went on, I daily more and more saw the imperative necessity of the adoption of my plans. My most earnest efforts were constantly baffled by the stories of returned emigrants; many of them, it is true, nearly wholly false, but all of them concurring in complaint, not of the country—which is one of the fairest lands God's smile ever rested on—but of the management at St. Mark and Arcahaie. Stories of delay in conveying lands, of capricious treatment, of inadequate preparations for the recent... the non-arrival of letters, and the like, multiplied every month; and I, who constantly protested against these things, saw and heard myself publicly charged and bitterly denounced for them both in Hayti and the United States. Knowing that I had done my duty, I was silent. Hoping to have a reform inaugurated, I worked and waited for it. But seeing that I had failed in accomplishing my wishes, I gave notice that I must resign.

A three-fold sense of justice impelled me to this course.

First, my duty to the Haytian Government. I saw only failure before us, *there*, even when Success was holding out her hand to crown the Movement *here*. Perhaps other men might be able to succeed without the adoption of my plans—but I well knew that I could not do so—that to continue to act as

General Agent would only be to spend my own life and the money of the Government uselessly. No movement of this nature can succeed, unless there be but one directing will; as in battle, so in emigration, one poor General is better than two good ones. I saw, therefore, that, in duty to the Government, some one should succeed me whose plans were in harmony with its own.

Secondly, my duty toward the emigrants who had left the United States. Last December I publicly intimated my intention to resign at an early date. Earnest letters from colored Americans, and from emigrants in Hayti, urging me to remain until my plans were adopted, and a belief that they soon would be adopted, caused me to determine to hold my post until after the Spring emigration. I did so—my plans were not adopted—and I tendered my resignation in June. Not receiving a reply on this point, I renewed my resignation by the last steamer. Knowing that my withdrawal from the Movement would soon show the absolute necessity of the changes I had urged, and that until they were made, every new colony sent to Hayti, as well as the old ones, would be obliged to endure wholly needless suffering, I should have held myself alone responsible for it had I continued to act as General Agent, after finding that my advice would not be adopted. For I knew that what my recommendations,—given as *prophecies*,—failed to effect, would be instantly accomplished by an imperative order of the President, when a total cessation of emigration demonstrated the correctness of my judgment. What I wanted was the success of the Movement: I cared not under whose direction.

A sense of duty toward *myself* was the third motive which prompted me to resign. I had demonstrated that colored Americans, as a class, were not hostile to emigration; that they were not even slow in availing themselves of any really favorable opportunity to leave the United States; that,

intelligently and energetically prosecuted, any honest and well directed Movement looking toward voluntary expatriation would be speedily as successful with the colored men here as with the European peoples. I counted confidently on 5,000 emigrants last Spring, and would have had them, too, had the pioneer colonists sent home as favorable reports as I had the right to expect. I believed that they would have sent home only encouraging accounts, had a different policy been adopted. Perhaps, in holding this opinion, I may have been entirely in error; but, thus believing, I did not deem it right to sustain the onus of a failure which I felt assured was in reserve for the Movement. This was not my controlling motive; but I do not think it would be honest to conceal that it had an influence with me.

The wisdom or inexpediency of my entire Plans will soon be thoroughly tested; for my home policy, also, is to be reversed. The Movement is to have no organ; there is to be no Bureau excepting at New York; there are to be no travelling agents; no advances will be made for the payment of the inland fares of Emigrants.

Mr. Melrose, Mr. Isaac N. Cary, Rev. Mr. Jones, Dr. J. B. Smith, Mr. Augustus Wattles, Miss Elizabeth Howard, and others, retire from the Movement with me. So, also, I believe, will Messrs. Wilson and Harris, of Ohio, who agreed to raise Colonies only on condition that I should revisit Hayti and see that the reforms which I had so often advised, and the necessity of which they also urged, were immediately adopted.

Mr. George Lawrence, Jr., will continue for a time to act as the Chief of the New York Bureau, and all letters of inquiry respecting the Movement should be addressed to him.

My official Circulars are repealed. A new Circular, I presume, will soon be issued, stating the method on which the Movement will henceforth be conducted.

I resign my post with a cheerful alacrity,—with expressions of the sincerest thanks from the Government whom I have sought so earnestly and successfully to serve, and with the heartfelt good wishes, also, I am happy to know, of the faithful agents and associates whom I had drawn around me. It is not less gratifying to me to learn that I still enjoy the confidence and respect of the large majority of the emigrants in Hayti; and that while those who have overcome the difficulties incidental to pioneer life, rejoice in any work, many of those who most bitterly complain of other agents, are my most zealous defenders.

I have sought to do my duty toward all—impartially; I have never forgotten that before I was the Agent of Hayti, I was the friend of the black race; nor, on the other band, that the destiny of the American of African descent is bound up in a large measure with the welfare of Hayti. Prompted at first by philanthropic motives, influenced afterwards by religious convictions, I look back on my labors with the sincerest pleasure, without a single unkindly feeling toward any one,—yet with regret that I should have ever, even once, permitted myself to feel any resentment toward men who have sought to injure me, so often without the faintest excuse; and with still greater sorrow that I should ever have retaliated in thought, or word, or deed, against any one of them.

I look forward with confidence to the day when, all jealousies and calumnies swept away, those who have most zealously tried to wrong me, will do my motives, if I live, or my memory, the fullest justice; and when the race so cruelly oppressed here, seeing,—some of them, in emigration to more friendly countries, and others, in a colored nationality, —their safest refuge and surest hope of elevation, will mention me, if I am remembered at all, as a man who was too sincerely their friend to flatter them, or to respect the unfounded hopes which

so many of them loved to cherish, but which bound them as with chains of iron to the fate of the pariah.

It may be long again before I reënter public life, which has lost the greater part of its charms for me; before retiring, I owe it to Hayti, to the colored Americans who have sustained me, and to my late associates, to refer more at length to a few disputed points which have been, some publicly, some privately, but all warmly discussed in the prosecution of the Movement.

FIRST—*Will Emigration to Hayti conduce to the welfare of the Colored People of the United States?* I am happy to be once more in a position in which I can again reply to this question, without being open to the suspicion of not answering it disinterestedly. Before I had official relations with the Government of Hayti, I expressed my views on this subject clearly, and reproduced them reäffirmatively at the beginning of my labors in behalf of Emigration. "Hayti is an exceptional country," as its own writers say; and, hence, replies to questions respecting it have to be carefully qualified. Thus, in Hayti we see the opposite civilizations of Paris and of Timbuctoo; the culture and taste of France in the cities, and the primitive manners and customs of Central Africa in the interior. What Hayti now needs (among other wants) is moral and physical development—that her country folks should be inspired with the ambition of a higher civilization, and that her fertile soil and exhaustless natural resources should be developed by industrious cultivators. Immigration is imperatively needed to produce this result; but it must be an organized and select emigration of intelligent men, not a scattered and miscellaneous influx of ignorant muscle. The experiment of 1822, under President Boyer, showed that by scattering the immigrants throughout the country, instead of settling them in large colonies, the Americans acquired the

indolence and vices of the "*habitans*," rather than inspired them with industry or morality. I stated at the beginning of Geffrard's Presidency, and I have repeatedly reäffirmed, that such a system would be a curse both to Hayti and the emigrants; while, on the other hand, a series of properly organized colonies, congregated at convenient points, would prove blessings both to their adopted country and themselves.

This method has its difficulties. One curse of the Haytian social system is, *absenteeism*—that nearly all the intelligent proprietors live in cities instead of on their estates. Hence, estates are let on shares—that is, they must be entirely cultivated by the tenant, who gives the owner half of his crop as rent. But, where lands are cheap, or given away, an intelligent emigrant does not want to make any such arrangement; while, without intelligent direction, ignorant men, who have never been taught habits of self-reliance, if left on such farms, would soon neglect to raise more than is needed for their own maintenance—in other words, they would relapse into African barbarism.

Hence, until absenteeism ceases, it is only the self-reliant class of colored American farmers who should be encouraged to immigrate to Hayti. All others would prove a curse to her. To this second class, at least seven-tenths of "the contrabands" belong.

It is right to add, also, in justice to the subordinate directors of immigration in Hayti, that a much smaller proportion of the colored people of the Free States, of the farming class, are really self-reliant than they probably expected, or than I had been inclined to believe. I knew, from my travels in the South, how remorselessly Slavery had eaten up the manlier attributes of the bond-men, and returned to the North inspired with a burning hatred against it, because of its influence on the black; but I did not know until after two years'

constant dealing with all classes of colored men in the North — and more especially with the better educated portion of them—how fearful an impress it had made on the character of the freeman. If, as an Abolitionist, I have not despaired of the colored race; if, as a man, I have not become soured against it, but love it still, it is because I have looked from the sad effects to the criminal Cause; that I am more deeply confirmed, now, in my anti-slavery views than when I began, in early manhood, my anti-slavery career.*

*It may be well to add here, that if my friends fail to find in my more recent writings the vehement expressions of opinion, and the fierce denunciations of wrong which characterized my earlier works, it is because I have discovered that in literature as in nature, it is the lightning not the thunder that kills; and if, in my future productions, these old characteristics should entirely disappear, it will be just to attribute the fact not to any less ardent devotion to the right, but to the further discovery that the mild, steady, pure light of truth renders the lightning of reformatory invective unnecessary.

SECOND.—*Who have really been to blame,—the Directors of Immigration at St. Mark and L'Arcahaie, or the Emigrants themselves?* I do not see how the emigrants can be held responsible for not receiving their lands sometimes for five months after their arrival; nor, on the other hand, how the Directors can be charged with the ingratitude and indolence, and want of self-reliance exhibited by too many of the Americans. I believe that misunderstandings occasioned by an ignorance of the language, prejudices and characteristics of the two peoples, contributed even more than mismanagement to

the discontent expressed by many of the emigrants. But I believe, also, that unless Americans are appointed as agents in Hayti, this state of things will be constantly repeated—if indeed, it be possible, (which I think improbable,) for the Movement to go on, without an immediate change of policy in the Island.

THIRD—*Is there not a bitter feeling existing between the black and colored classes in Hayti?* This point, from the fact that *The Pine and Palm* has been an official paper, I have never discussed in these columns, but I have never hesitated to answer it; and to give my opinion respecting it, either in Hayti or the United States. And this has been my, uniform reply: Wherever the black and mixed races meet, there are parties on either side who cherish a prejudice against the other, based on complexional differences. This is equally true of Canada as of Jamaica, of New York and Cleveland and Detroit, as of Cayes and Port-au-Prince and Cape Hayti. Its existence is denied everywhere by the parties themselves, but nevertheless it is very evident to disinterested spectators. But it is more intense, I think, in the United States than in Hayti. Certainly, I never knew a colored Haytian who was capable of saying that "as long as his own children were educated he did not care what became of the niggers"—meaning the blacks; or any one who would persecute his daughter for marrying a man whom she loved because he was a few shades darker than herself; or who would not admit black men, unless they were especially distinguished, into his family circle; or who proposed to get up a club from which blacks were to be totally excluded; or who uniformly spoke of black men as darkies, and their places of meeting as darkey-dom—and all this, I do know has been said and done by colored Americans in the United States. In Hayti as in the United States, the half-educated, (intellectually and morally,) look down on their inferiors, or on those whom they

regard as their inferiors, with contempt; there and elsewhere, when men become truly civilized, all differences of complexion and of circumstances are ignored. I owe this acknowledgment to Hayti, because this point has been most skillfully used to arrest the triumphant march of Haytian emigration. The mere fact that it has been diligently and prominently presented demonstrates the existence here of this semi-barbarous prejudice.

FOURTH—*Had a better class of men gone out to Hayti, would the difficulties that arose there in their management have been obviated?* No: the least promising-looking Colonies, in some cases, did better than the others. The Lawrence Association, and a Rochester Colony—the two parties that were most disparaged here—were praised in Hayti; while the best educated company that has ever emigrated (Mr. Holly's) has gained no official eulogies whatever, yet. That they were men of true spirit none can doubt; for they passed through trials that might have shaken the stoutest hearts; and yet they held their ground unflinchingly. I know nothing more sublime, in the history of colonial enterprises, than the conduct of these men. Their calm courage and persistency would have done honor to the best of the Saxon race; the Pilgrim Fathers, although rather more severely tested, did not exhibit a more heroic spirit. And no leader was ever more imbued with a self-sacrificing spirit than theirs. And yet we are told that they have failed as a colony. Perhaps: but we must be slow to believe that *all* the fault was theirs. The assertion that the majority of the emigrants have not been of the best class is wholly incorrect. They have fairly represented the colored people of America. If every other man was not an angel or a hero, perhaps it may have been owing to the position which they occupied in the United States. Such positions do not tend to develop the higher civil virtues and intellectual faculties.

FIFTH—*Should not the Colored People refuse to emigrate anywhere?* Every reason which impels white men to emigrate urges colored Americans to do so—with many more added. White men leave England because they can better their condition in Australia or America. If they are born poor, they see that the accumulated wealth of ages has given to certain classes a monopoly which it is almost impossible to break up. Never doubting that they were born in England, and have quite as good "a right to live and die there" as the Queen herself, they bid farewell to their loved fatherland to make a fortune and secure a comfortable home in foreign lands or in the Colonies. Prejudice operates against the colored man in the United States, as capital does in England. He has therefore the same reason, *for his own sake*, to seek a more favorable opportunity for advancement elsewhere. But for the sake of his children, how infinitely stronger are his reasons for leaving forever a land where a black skin is esteemed a disqualification of citizenship, and a head of curly hair is held to be reason enough why he should be treated with less respect than a white felon or a prostitute ?

This question of colored emigration has recently been widely discussed by white writers in the United States. It is very sad to see, in reading these discussions, how deeply Slavery has demoralized our national manhood. It seems impossible for a white to look on a colored man as other than property—as a something to be *used*.

All the arguments I have seen against colored emigration resolve themselves into these three heads:

I. We need them here as laborers.

II. The American is becoming year after year more nervous; the negro race in the course of time will counteract this tendency, and supply him with muscle through amalgamation.

III. We need the negro for his moral attributes—his faith, his docility, his patience.

Observe : all these reasons regard the negro from the standpoint of white uses. They do not begin by asking—What is best for the black, but only what is best for *us*?

Our Saviour, when on earth, once sent his disciple for an ass, telling them to say only —"*The Lord had need of him.*"

Now the ass was a good laborer; he could carry cotton, and tobacco, and rice, not a little. The man might have needed him to do farm work; but he was ordered to give him up—for "*the Lord had need of him.*"

In hot countries, it is well known, the mule is a more serviceable animal than the horse; and this man might have had need of his beast for the purposes of procreation; but he was ordered to give him up—for "*the Lord had need of him.*"

The receptive mind gathers wisdom from everything—even from the ass. This man might have needed his ass to illustrate to his children the beauties of obedience, patience, forbearance—who knows? But he was ordered to give him up—for "*the Lord had need of him.*"

He needed him to ride in triumph into Jerusalem, and He took him.

If I compare the colored race to the ass on which Christ rode, it is not because I look on it, as nearly all American politicians do, as a beast of burden, but as illustrating the destiny which, in all earnestness and sincerity, I believe to have been preordained for it.

Look over the world, and where is there a Christian nation to be found? Not one! All are believers in the law of retaliation—they take an eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth. Forgive your enemies, do good to them that hate you, are maxims never thought of in State cabinets. "If thine enemy smite thee on thy right cheek turn thou the other, also," has

been practically rendered, If thine enemy smite thee on thy right cheek return it on his left, and on the other, also. Eighteen centuries have elapsed since Christ died, and yet the nations are only at Moses!

If despair could be associated with the character of the Almighty, I think He might well despair of the white races; and He might see that in order that Christ's reign should be inaugurated on earth, it would be necessary that He should raise up another race to begin it.

God has always chosen the weak things of the earth to confound the mighty; it is the stone which the builders have rejected that He chooses to become the Headstone of the corner.

I believe it is the Negro race who will inaugurate the Millennium—that "the Lord hath need of it" for a higher purpose than to administer to our National uses. The black is a natural Christian. He is forgiving, slow to anger, long-suffering, patient, teachable, full of reverence. Hence, we have enslaved him, making of his virtues the pretext for oppressing him, just as of Christ's holy life the chief priests and Pharisees of the old times made an argument for His crucifixion.

I believe that the negro race, like the old Israelites, will be "taken out" of this country, and led into far fairer lands. Otherwise, its rapid intellectual development is impossible. Every surrounding here conspires to dwarf its intellect, and crush out its loftier aspirations.

I believe it will inherit the Tropics—the Canaan region of the New World,—and that all the West Indies will be exclusively possessed by the colored race. It may be two or three generations, it may be a couple of centuries before this result is fully achieved; but it is only a question of time. England, France, Spain, Denmark, Holland, are only holding those Islands in trust. They have no permanent tenure in the

soil. The white race is as surely doomed as the original inhabitants of Palestine were doomed. They will not be driven out by the sword, as were the Hittites and their neighbors; for this process would not be in conformity with the spirit of the New Dispensation; but they will be gradually absorbed, or they will withdraw, leaving the black race as their heirs and sole successors.

Hitherto the tropics have subdued man; the time has now come when man shall subdue the tropics. Under American slavery the race to do it has been brought forth and disciplined.

The education of the black race in America is now nearly complete. The era of humiliation and subordination is drawing to a close.

Henceforth, it will seek to begin its loftier work—the most glorious ever given to a people.

For this lowly race, has Christ now sent that he may ride in triumph into his New Jerusalem.

For it, has the Creator reserved as an inheritance the fairest portions of His beautiful earth.

For it, the struggling Nations wait.

Baffled, blinded, bleeding, the human race now admits that it has gone astray—that it is only by bowing under and bearing God's heaviest afflictions, as the despised negro race has done, that it can ever again enjoy tranquility.

Rise, then, oh Negro race! despised of man, but beloved of God, rise and begin your regenerative work!

Heaven-taught people, show the self-willed races how to live!

Cast down the flesh pots that you may eat the manna!

Come out—come out of Egypt, the land of darkness and of degradation that from being our Slaves, you may be anointed as our Saviours !

Once more, with the kindest wishes to all my good friends, and to my enemies, also, both in Hayti and the United States,—with the most pleasant feelings toward the generous people and the Government of the young Republic,—I retire for a while from public view to finish up and close—I think forever—that page of my career on which is written—

"To Hayti, the black England of the Future."

JAMES REDPATH.

II. Poetry and Fiction: The Literary “Parlor”

The Pine and Palm

May 25, 1861



That Household Word.

Call me that name again;
'Twas a precious household word,
Though the lips that breathed it last,
By no breath of life are stirred.

Call me that name again;
It's welcome to my ears,
It falls as sadness on my heart,
And dims my eyes with tears.

It tells of a buried love
In a distant Southern grave,
Of a loved, departed one,
That the spoiler would not save

Yet ever call me by that name,
No other is so dear;
That precious household word
Is music to my ear

A tone of music, soft and clear,
Amid earth's din and strife;
A single word that calls me back
To the higher, better life.

The Pine and Palm

October 19, 1861



TO THE LADIES.—At the request of numbers of our lady readers we will devote a certain portion of our paper to them, in order that the colored ladies of the United States may have a chance to show what they are capable of in the way of writing. As this will be “our best parlor,” we hope our lady friends will put on their very best bib and tucker when they enter it, and not stay too long, as there are several who want to visit it, and it is not very roomy.



An Appeal for a Parlor.

SALINE CITY, Oct. 7.

Mr. Editor:—What glorious autumn days, *fête* days of the soul, we are having! How they draw us with amber chords of sympathy "nearer, my God, to Thee," and near to the outer courts of the "holy of holies" in poor human nature! O, Mr. Editor! how I wish you could leave your gloomy, inky sanctum, and rest in this October temple of beauty "not built with hands!" I am sitting in the most seraphic nook of a mossy alcove, one side of which is just the most perfect semi-golden green ever seen in any fairy dell. There, just opposite, is the loveliest sofa-shaped retreat, ornamented with such luxuriant

²⁹ Frances Ellen Watkins Harper (1812-1911) was a writer, orator, and activist whose writing included speeches and essays, short stories, novels, and poetry. Harper's poetry was published in several collections of her work and circulated frequently in the antislavery and black press, in newspapers including *Frederick Douglass' Paper*, the *Christian Recorder*, the *Weekly Anglo-African*, and *Pine and Palm*. For more on her poetry, see *A Brighter Coming Day: A Frances Ellen Watkins Harper Reader*, edited by Frances Smith Foster. New York: The Feminist Press, 1990. Harper's first volume of poetry, *Forest Leaves* (ca. 1846), was recently recovered and was the subject of an earlier edition for the Just Teach One -- Early African American Print Project. See Roundtable On the Recovery of Frances Ellen Watkins Harper's Forest Leaves: Archives, Origins and African American Literature *Common-place* Vol. 16 No. 2 Winter 2016 and Frances Ellen Watkins (Harper), *Forest Leaves*. Just Teach One: Early African American Print no. 3 (Fall 2016), edited and introduced by Alex W. Black, Brigitte Fielder, and Johanna Ortner.

arrangement of scarlet, green, blueish purple leaved trees, softened by the grand artistic touch of the golden rose-tint. If you could just recline there for half an hour, you would not care one bit for the last telegram from the seat of war; you would forget Haytian emigration and African civilization schemes; and would listen only to the "voluble" zephyr brushing your cheek, that is, if not too well whiskered.

Pshaw! I did not mean to get in such a good humor with you, Mr. Editor. I want just to trace a bit of a "curtin lector," as Mrs. Partington says, without going behind any "curtin." I have been waiting impatiently for you to grant "Katie's" request to establish a "Ladies' Promenade" in the columns of *The Pine and Palm*. But you, sir, have not deigned to take a word of notice of "Katie's" very agreeable and sensible proposal. I have ransacked my cranium to find sonic reason for the silent contempt that appears in your conduct on the present occasion, but have found only this one: you deem it merely a woman's whim, and your slavish love for originality is so great, that because another paper has made such a delightful department for the ladies, you will not follow suit.

Now, Mr. Editor, I know you will deny all that I have said,—that is, if you condescend to notice it. You will look dignifiedly wise and say, "Not at all, miss; you are altogether wrong. I would have gladly devoted a column to 'The Ladies' Promenade,' but, to tell the truth, I knew that it would not be supported." No such thing, Mr. Editor! there are a number of talented scribblers who would delight to hold this cheerful communion one with another through the press. I know many who will not be brought out in any other way; and you will admit this, Mr. Editor, and still refuse to open this avenue.

It is very humiliating to me to see how ever vigilant mankind is to keep woman in her "silent, unobtrusive sphere." I cannot take up a paper but what my eye meets this:—"Another

female soldier discovered." The North is afraid that women or negroes will help them to gain a victory. Well, I hope the South will whip them until they will not be so fastidious about what agencies they employ to achieve victory. But I am getting away from my subject.

Mr. Editor, if you had one-hundredth of a grain of the Wm. H. Seward diplomacy, you would reconsider this matter in our favor, and tell us in your next number that you will be happy to meet the ladies in a promenade.³⁰ Our *Saline City* can furnish at least two contributors. Come, open the gates and let the ladies in!

LITTLE PEG.

[If we chose to answer this fair friend, we think we wouldn't leave her even a little peg to stand on, for we certainly have printed all the contributions the ladies have sent to us thus far, and especially *hers*.]

³⁰ William H. Seward (1801-1872), former governor of New York and U.S. Secretary of State from 1861-1869.

The Pine and Palm

April 17, 1862³¹

◆◆◆

The Morals of Epictetus.³²

TRANSLATED BY ELLIS WALKER, M. A.

[CONTINUED FROM LAST NUMBER.]

XX.

With the same manners, which when you're a guest
You use at some rich neighbor's sumptuous feast,
Manage the rest of your affairs of life
With easy conversation, void of strife;
Void of rude noise; as when some novelty
Is handed round the table; if 'tis nigh,

³¹ Pages 49-63 contain texts that were reprinted widely in multiple contemporaneous publications.

³² Epictetus (c55-135) was a Greek Stoic philosopher, who was born enslaved to a secretary of the Roman emperor Nero. He gained his freedom in the year 68 and began teaching. His philosophical teachings were recorded by his student, Arrian, in *Discourses* and *Enchiridion*. This translation of the *Epicteti Enchiridion* is taken from Ellis Walker, *The Morals of Epictetus. Made in English in a Poetical Paraphrase*. London: W. Bowyer for S. Keble, 1716, 13-20.

Stretch forth your hand, take share with modesty;
If it pass by, do not detain by force,
Nor snatch at it, 't will show your breeding coarse:
Is it not near you yet, at distance placed,
Show not your greediness by too much haste;
Nor, like a hungry waiter standing by,
Devour it at a distance with your eye.
Abstain a while, 'tis but a minute's fast,
Take patience, man, 't will surely come at last.
Now if the same behavior be your guide,
In all the actions of your life beside,
As in respect of children, wife, estate,
Of being rich, or made a magistrate;
If modestly you take, and thank kind Heaven
For any of these blessings to you given;
Or if deprived of ought, you straight resign
All to its will; nor peevishly repine:
Or if, as yet unblessed, you meekly wait,
With humble patience, the decrees of fate;
Not desperate, nor yet importunate:
Some time or other, when the Gusts think fit,
Blessed with eternal banquets thou shalt sit
Among the immortal powers, and free from care,
Perpetual joys and happiness shalt share.
But if so great thy soul, as to abstain,
And bravely with a noble scorn disdain
These outward proffers, which mankind do bless,
Thou'rt sure a God, thou can'st not sure be less.
For what's a God, but a blessed being, freed
From cares, that never dies, or stands in need?
Thou shalt not only be the guest of Heaven,
But with the foremost rank of Gods be even;
Equal in power. By methods such as these

Great Heraclitus, great Diogenes,
And some, like them, to deathless honors rise;
Who, with the Immortals, in due glory slime;
Who, as they well deserved, were called divine.

XXI.

When you see any one with tears bemoan
The loss of goods, or absence of a son,
Whom he perhaps thinks drowned at sea, beware
You be not biased here, and fondly share
His foolish weakness, and commiserate
His ruined and deplorable estate,
While vainly he in earnest sloth bemoan
Things in another's power, not in his own.
T'avoid this error therefore keep in mind
This reasoning, 'tis of mighty use, you'll find.
What hath befallen this man doth not molest
His mind, nor plays the tyrant in his breast;
He by his own opinion is distressed;
For could the thing itself afflict him, then
'T would work the same effect in other men;
But this we see disproved, since sonic men bear
The like disasters, without sign of tear.
You may Indeed condole as far as words,
This pity mere civility affords;
To tell him he's mistaken will enrage
His grief; to call him fool will not assuage.
Beside, 'tis rudeness, barbarous cruelty,
T' insult even over fancied misery:
Nay, we'll allow that you may sigh with him,
But then beware, lest you perhaps begin
To be too sensibly concerned within.

XXII.

While on this busy stage, the world, you stay,
You're, as it were, the actor of a play;
Of such a part therein, as he thinks fit
To whom belongs the power of giving it.
Longer, or shorter, is thy part, as he,
The master of the revels, shall decree.
If he command to act the beggar's part,
Do it with all thy skill, with all thy art,
Though mean the character, yet ne'er complain,
Perform it well; as just applause you'll gain,
As he, whose princely grandeur fills the stage,
And frights all near him in heroic rage.
Say, thou a cit or cripple represent,
Let each be done with the best management.
'Tis in thy power to perform with art,
Though not within thy power to choose the part.

XXIII.

The direful raven's, or the night-owl's voice.
Frightens the neighborhood with boding noise;
While each believes the knowing bird portends
Sure death, or to himself, or to his friends;
Though all that the nocturnal prophet known,
Is want of food, which he by hooting shows.
But say this oracle, with wings and beak,
As certain truths, as Delphic priestess, speak,
And that through prejudice you should suppose
This baler could futurity disclose,
Yet be not moved; distinguish thus, I'm free,
These omens threaten something else, not me:
Some danger to my body, goods, or name,
My children, or my wife, they may proclaim;

But these are but the appendixes of me,
To me these tokens all auspicious be,
Since I from outward accidents like these,
May reap much real profit, If I please.

XXIV.

If you would be invincible, you may;
I'll show you a certain and a ready way.
You can't be conquered, if you never try
In any kind to get the mastery.
'Tis not within your power to bear away
The prize; 'tis in your choice not to essay.

XXV.

When any man of greater power you see
Invested with the robes of dignity,
In honor's gaudiest, gayest livery,
Dreaded by all whose arbitrary will,
Whose very breath, whose every look can kill;
Whose power, and whose wealth know no restraint,
Whose greatness hardly flattery can paint:
Take care you be not here entangled by
The too great lustre that beguiles your eye;
Beware you do not envy his estate,
Nor think him happier because he's great.
For if true quiet and tranquility,
Consist in things which in our power do lie,
What residence can emulation find?
What room bath restless envy in the mind?
Envy and happiness can ne'er reside
In the same place, nor in one breast abide;
Nor do you wish yourself (if we may guess
Your real thoughts by what you do profess)

To be a senator or general,
But to be free, (that's greater than them all.)
This freedom you would gladly learn, you say,
To which there is but one, one only way:
Which is to scorn, with brave and decent pride,
All things that in another's power reside.

XXVI.

Not he that beats thee, or with slanderous tongue
Gives thee ill language, doth thee any wrong,
Thine own false notions give the injury:
These slander, give the affront, and cudgel thee.
When words traduce, or blows the limbs torment,
Which in thy power it lies not to prevent,
This presently thou term'st an injury,
But givest no tolerable reason why.
Thou pleadst thy carcass, and good name are dear;
The wound goes to thy soul, that wounds thee there;
'Tis false, 'tis but a scratch; nor can it find
An entrance thither, or disturb thy mind;
Without thy own consent; an injury
To something else without, 'tis none to thee.
Thus when provoked, thy own opinion blame,
'Tis that provokes, and causeth all the pain:
Wherefore beware, lest objects, such as these,
Gain thy assent too soon, with too much ease,
Lest fancied harms thy mind with grief affect,
Lest fancied bliss should gain too much respect.
Thus thou'lt get leisure, and a thinking time;
Thy notions with due measures to confine;
To add, to prune, to polish and refine.

XXVII.

Let death, let banishment, and every ill,
Which mortals' thoughts with apprehension fill,
Which most they dread, and with aversion fly,
Be always present to thy thoughts and eye;
But chiefly death: Thus no mean thoughts shalt find
Harbor, or entertainment in thy mind.
Thus no base fear shall ever from thee wrest
The firm resolves of thy undaunted breast:
Not tyrants' frowns, nor tortures shall enslave
Thy fearless soul, but, generously brave,
Thou all their little malice mayst defy;
Armed only with this thought, thou once must die.
Nor can death truly formidable seem
To thee, who with it hast familiar been,
Who every day hast the pale bugbear seen.
Set death's the worst that thou must undergo,
The utmost limit, the last scene of woe,
The greatest spite thy enemy can show;
And yet no more, than what the gout, or stone,
With more malicious leisure, might have done.
Armed with the thoughts of death, no fond desire
Of wealth, nor the deluding foolish fire
Of power, shall lead thee on with hopes to gain,
What death bath sworn thou shalt not long retain.

XXVIII.

Wisdom, you say, is what you most desire,
The only charming blessing you admire,
Therefore be bold, and fit yourself to bear
Many a taunt, and patiently to bear
The grinning foolish rabble laugh aloud
At you, the sport and pastime of the crowd,
While in like jeers they vent their filthy spleen:

Whence all this gravity, this careless mien?
And whence, of late, is this pretender come,
This new proficient, this mushroom,
This young philosopher with half a beard?
Of him, till now, we have no mention heard:
Whence all this supercilious pride of late?
This stiff behavior, this affected gait?
This will perhaps be said, but be not you
Sullen, nor bend a supercilious brow,
Lest thus you prove their vile reproaches true,
Which are but words of course, the excitement,
The usual malice which alike they vent
Upon the guilty and the innocent.
But firmly still to what seems best adhere,
As if by Heaven's command you ordered were
To keep that post, not to be driven from thence,
By force, much less a scurrilous offence.
Maintain this maxim, and you soon will grow,
The praise and wonder of your scoffing foe:
Forced to confess his faults, he'll court you more
Than he reproached, or laughed at you before.
But if his mockery makes you tamely yield,
And quit your noble station In the field,
You merit laughter on a double score,
First for attempting, then for giving o'er.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

CHANGE IN THE HOUSEHOLD.

BY KATE CAMERON.³³

"There's no use in trying any longer to suit Isaac Parsons," muttered the aforementioned individual's better half, as she sat in a corner of the farm kitchen, rapidly divesting a chicken of its feathers; "I've worked and slaved myself to death for him and his'n, and all the thanks I've had for the last fifteen years has been short words and general growling, and fault-finding, until now. I'm just determined to stand out and have my own way, or let things have their own course, and he'll find, after all, Melissa Talcott has got some spirit in her that can't be crushed out with all his abusin' and aggravation!"

"To think he should have the heart to refuse me a new carpet after he had such good luck with his wheat crop, and I just slaved myself through harvesting, and got along with one girl!"

"The more a man gets, the stingier he grows, and there isn't a woman among all my acquaintances that would stand such treatment, and I won't. I'll put my foot down from this moment," setting down most emphatically that solid member of her comely person on the kitchen floor; "If Isaac Parsons won't come to terms, I'll quit him—that's all!"

It was a still, serene morning in the early autumn. The kitchen windows were open, and through them came, like golden wings, the sunshine to linger and laugh on the white kitchen floor, and flash along the ceiling, and brighten everything into picturesque beauty in that old farmhouse kitchen. The song of birds in their nests among the old bell-pear trees, came along through the windows in sweet eddies

³³ Possibly a pen-name of Virginia Frances Townsend (1836-1924), white author, editor, and educator known especially for her children's literature. "Change in the Household" appeared under Townsend's name in *The Ladies Repository* (March 1861), 139-142.

and jets of music, and so did all those ripe spicy scents which belong to autumn, and which always whisper of the tropics, with their still stately splendor, their groves of balm; and forests odorous with gums, and beautiful with all strange and gorgeous blooms.

But better than all this, that autumn morning was one to brim the heart with gratitude and love to God, the giver of perfect beauty, to calm the human soul into peace, and trust in the wisdom and love which had ordained that day a high-priest to man, and its robe was like the robe of Aaron's ephod, all of blue, and its crown was the early winds ringing to and fro in the still air, and on the forehead of the morning was written, so that all might read—"All his works do praise Him."

But Mrs. Melissa Parsons heard and saw none of those things. Down among the fogs and darkness of her own narrow fretful cares and anxieties, she walked with wrapped vision and angry thoughts, which settled and flashed into rebellion and hatred. For her there was no beauty in that autumn day, no token of God's love and care for man in its fair face—no voices calling her to prayer and praise in the whisper of the winds or the song of the birds.

Mrs. Melissa Parsons had been a remarkably pretty girl in her youth, and thirty-seven years had made her a fair and comely woman.

Her husband was a somewhat phlegmatic man, stubborn and opinionated, and as his early life and social atmosphere had not enlarged or softened his character, the hardest and most disagreeable part of it expanded with his years. He loved money, and as the aesthetic part of his nature had never been cultivated, he regarded it as wastefulness and extravagance to indulge in much grace or beauty of surroundings.

Still, there was another side of the man; his affections were deep and tender, and a judicious and loving woman could have reached him to almost any degree through these. But Mrs. Parsons never understood her husband. She was an impulsive, high-spirited, and really warm-hearted woman, with a good deal of petty social ambition, and she and her husband were constantly jarring each other.

His obstinacy always inflamed her anger, while her imperious temper only hardened him into fresh stubbornness, and so the current of their lives ran most unharmoniously, and was constantly interrupted by jars and bickerings, and angry altercations. That once fair and precious lily of tenderness whose grace and beauty had filled her youth with fragrance, cast its leaves, and at last, only its root was left; and what dews or sunshine could nourish it in a soil that grew more barren year by year—a soil overgrown with thistles, and rank and noisome weeds!

Yet, all these years, the barns and store-houses, the land and gold of Isaac Parsons increased, and God sent children—two boys and a girl—to soften the hearts of the father and mother, and be to them angels of a new covenant of household peace and tenderness. But, alas! the sweet faces and all the beautiful ministrations of childhood never accomplished their mission; and with hearts and tempers soured and fretted and worn, Mr. and Mrs. Parsons counted the years growing over them, and both felt that their marriage had been a mistake and a misery, and with blind eyes that would not see, and hard hearts that would not understand, each blamed the other, and mutual recrimination only produced fresh bitterness.

At last a crisis came. Mrs. Parsons had set her heart that autumn on a new parlor carpet, which was in no wise unreasonable, and in which her husband ought to have indulged her; but the manner of her request—which was in reality a

command—at once roused the inherent stubbornness of the man, and he flatly refused her. Then followed husband and wife separated with mutual bitterness and rage.

But as Mrs. Parsons took up her denuded chicken, and plunged it into a pan of hot water, her eyes glanced on the weekly paper, which lay on the table, and they settled on this passage, which completed a short sketch.

"Who, when he was reviled, reviled not again, but committed his cause to Him that judgeth righteously."

And these words stole, in a still, rebuking voice, through the stormy soul of Mrs. Parsons. She had read them innumerable times before, and they had for her no special message for meaning, but now God had sent his angel to drop them in her heart; and in a moment something of the real sin and wrong of her life rose up and confronted her.

She sat down in a low chair by her kitchen table, and rested her forehead on her hand. The hard, fretful, angry look went out from her face, and was succeeded by a soft, thoughtful expression, and the sunshine hovered in yearning, golden, shifting beauty about her.

And the years of Mrs. Parsons' married life rose up pale and sorrowful faces from the dead, and looked reproachfully upon her, and suddenly, in sharp, clear, strong features, stood revealed to her roused conscience the heavy part she had borne in all the sin and misery that had blasted her married life.

And then her woman's memory went back to her first acquaintance with Isaac Parsons; he had chosen her from among a score of others, who envied her that good fortune; and now the early days of their courtship came over the softened heart of the woman as the first winds of the spring come up from the south, and go softly over the bare despairing earth. Then she saw herself once more, a shy, tremulous, joyful bride at the altar, leaning on the strong arm and tender heart of Isaac

Parsons, to whom she gave herself gladly and trustfully as a woman should.

And she remembered that morning, a little later, when her proud and happy young husband brought her to the house which had been his father's, and now for a little while the thought of her being mistress of the great old farm house fairly frightened the wits of her.

She meant to make it a sweet and happy home for Isaac Parsons. She remembered as though it had all happened yesterday, the little plans and contrivances she had made for his surprise and their mutual comfort.

But the quarrel came. How well she remembered it, and how clearly she saw now the foolish and sinful part she had borne in that. If she had controlled her temper then—if she had only been gentle and patient, forbearing and forgiving, instead of being proud and passionate, fretful and stubborn! If she had only borne her woman's burdens, and done her woman's duties! Here the wife and mother broke down; she buried her face in her apron, and cried like a child.

Mrs. Parsons was an energetic, determined woman, and when she had once made up her mind on any course of action, she would not shrink back from it. What went on in the softened woman's heart that morning, as she sat with her apron to her eyes, and the sobs in her rocking to and fro in her low chair, and the sweet, restless sunshine all about her—what went on in the woman's softened heart only God and the angels know.

.....
"Are you tired, Isaac?"

The farmer was wiping his face and hands on the brown crash towel which hung near the window. He was a tall stalwart, muscular man, sun-browned and weather-beaten, yet

had keen, kindly eyes, and the hard features had an honest, intelligent expression. Mrs. Parsons was cutting a loaf of rye bread at the kitchen table. Her husband turned and looked at her a moment as though he half doubted whether he had heard aright. His wife's face was bent over the bread, and he could not see it; but the words came a second time:

"Are you tired, Isaac?"

It was a long time since Mr. Parsons had heard that quiet voice. It stole over his heart like wind from the land of his youth.

"Well, yes, I do feel kind of tuckered out. It's hard work to get in all that corn with only one hand beside Roger."

"I reckoned so; and I thought I'd broil the chicken for tea, and bake the sweet potatoes, as you'd relish them best so."

Mr. Parsons did not say a word; he sat down and took the weekly paper out of his pocket, but his thoughts were too busy to let him read one word. He knew very well his wife's aversion to broiled chicken, and as the kitchen was her undisputed territory, he was obliged to submit to have his chickens stewed, and his potatoes served up in sauce, notwithstanding she was perfectly aware that he preferred the former broiled, and the latter baked; and this unusual deference to his taste fairly struck the farmer dumb with astonishment; and he sat still and watched his wife as she hurried from the pantry to the table, in her preparations for tea; and then there came across him the memory of some of the harsh angry words he had spoken during their quarrel that morning, and the words smote the man's heart.

And while Mrs. Parsons was in the midst of taking up the dainty broiled chicken, two boys and a girl burst into the kitchen.

"Hush, hush, children," wound in among the obstreperous mirth like a silver chime, the soft voice of the

mother. "Father's busy reading the paper, and you'll disturb him."

The children were silenced at once, not in fear of the reproof, but in wonder at it, for the wife as seldom consulted the husband's taste and convenience in these small everyday matters which make the happiness or irritation of our lives, as he did hers.

In a few minutes the hungry family gathered around the table. There was little said during the meal, but a sober, kindlier atmosphere seemed to pervade the room. The children felt it, though they did nothing of it.

"Are you going out this evening, Isaac?"

"Well, yes, I thought I'd stroll, around to the town meeting. Want anything at the store?" continued Mr. Parsons, as he tried...looking-glass, whose mahogany...mounted with boughs of...around which scarlet berries hung...of rubies.

But the man's large fingers were clumsy, and after several ineffectual 'attempts to accomplish his purpose, Mr. Parsons dropped his hands with an angry grunt, that the thing wouldn't work.

"Let me try, father." Mrs. Parsons stepped quickly to her husband's side, and in a moment her hand had managed the refractory button.

Then she smoothed down a lock or two of black hair, which had strayed over the sun-burnt forehead, and the touch of those soft fingers felt very pleasant about the farmer's brow, and woke up in his heart old, sweet memories of times when he used to feel them fluttering like a dream through his hair.

He looked on his wife with a softness in his keen eye, which she little suspected. And the softness and the smile stirred a fountain warm and tender in Mrs. Parsons' heart, which had not for years yielded one drop of its sweet waters. She reached up her lips impulsively, and kissed his cheek. Any

one who had witnessed that little domestic scene would scarcely have suspected that the married life of Isaac Parsons and his wife counted three quarters of a score of years.

The woman's comely face was as full of shy blushes as a girl of sixteen, and Isaac Parsons seized his hat and plunged out of the house without saying one word, but with a mixture of amazement and something deeper on his face, not easily described. But at last he cleared his throat and muttered to himself, "Melissa shan't repent that act—I say she shan't!" and when Isaac Parsons said a thing everybody knew he meant it.

.....

The sunset of another autumn day was rolling its vesture of purple and gold about the mountains when the wagon of Isaac Parsons rolled into the farm-yard. He had been absent all day in the city, and the supper had been awaiting him nearly an hour, and the children had grown hungry and impatient.

"O, father, what have you got there?" they all clamored as he came into the house, tugging along an immense bundle tied with cords.

"It is something for your mother, children," was the rather unsatisfactory answer.

At this moment Mrs. Parsons entered the kitchen; her husband snapped the cords, and a breadth of ingrain carpet rolled out upon the floor, through whose dark green ground work trailed a russet vine and golden leaves—a most graceful and tasteful pattern.

Isaac Parsons turned to his amazed wife—

"There, Melissa, there's the parlor carpet you asked me for yesterday mornin'. I reckon there ain't many that will beat it in West Farms."

A quick change went over Mrs. Parsons' face, half of joy, and half of something deeper.

"O, Isaac!" She put her arms around the strong man's neck, and burst into tears. The trio of children stood still and looked on in stolid amazement. I think the sight of their faces was the thing that recalled Isaac to himself.

"Come, come, mother," he said, but his voice was not just steady, "don't give way now like this. I'm as hungry as a panther, and want my supper before I do anything but put up the old mare," and he strode off to that impatient quadruped in the back yard.

So the new carpet proved an olive-branch of peace to the household of Isaac Parsons. While others admired the pattern or praised its quality, it spoke to Mrs. Parsons' heart a story of all that which love and patience may accomplish. After many struggles and much prayer, the triumph over pride, and passion, and evil habits, was at last achieved; and this was not accomplished in a day, or a month, or year, but the "small leaven that leaveneth the whole lump," working silently and surely, completed at last its pure and perfect work, and in the farmhouse of Isaac Parsons reigned the spirit of forbearance and self-relinquishment, of gentleness and love, which is given unto those "who fear God and keep His commandments."



WRITTEN AND LIVING POEMS.

By Miss Emma V. Brown.³⁴

³⁴ Emma V. Brown (c1843-1902) was an activist and educator. Brown attended Oberlin College, but withdrew due to health difficulties and did not graduate. An advocate for black children, Brown taught at and

According to Aristotle, the word poem is from a Greek word, signifying to make; as our lives are noble or ignoble, just as we make them; they may not inaptly be termed *living poems*. Then every life is a poem. Some poetry is brilliant only: we read it, and the perusal gives us pleasure, and oft times instruction. Though we derive pleasure and profit from such poetry, we know that the writer might have exerted upon the world far greater influence for good. Many lives are brilliant only: such leave behind them a bright and shining light, which is reflected far down the track of time; but these lives, "like the lunar beam, afford light, but not heat." Truly, a brilliant light brightens the world; a good life does more, for it irradiates and purifies the earth. A brilliant life is like the moon—a good life is like the sun, which gives heat as well as light, and as the heat of the sun causes the noxious weeds to scorch up and die, but the flowers to bloom more brightly, even so does a good person exert an influence, beneath whose pure and holy rays falsehood and meanness of every kind will wither, but the fair flowers of truth and justice will spring up into more vigorous life. Such lives are like poems lofty in conception—poems that glow with inspiration, and cannot but awaken aspiration. These good lives emit light which will shine forever—more and more unto the perfect day.

Though we may not write poems, though we may not call forth the admiration of the multitude by high intellectual

eventually headed the School for Colored Girls in Georgetown, Maryland and would go on to open the first public school in Washington, D.C. (or elsewhere in the South) to use taxpayer money to educate black children. Upon her marriage to the formerly-enslaved teacher, Henry P. Montgomery, Brown changed her name to Emma V. Montgomery. For more on Brown, see Dorothy Sterling, *We are Your Sisters: Black Women in the Nineteenth Century*. New York: W.W. Norton and Company, 1984, 191-202.

gifts, it is in the power of each one to make life true. We are entranced with glowing strains from the old masters, but know there is loftier poetry in the life of a noble philanthropist. Those who write poetry, picture to us noble lives, though he aspires to such too often, we may these are mere creations of the brain is impossible for it...perfection. When we see persons living good and pure lives, we know it is possible to reach a vast height in the scale of goodness. When we read some beautiful poem, for instance, "Evangeline," we admire the heroine but feel that we can never become Evangelines.³⁵ When a real hero or heroine comes upon the stage of life, and does not *write* but *lives* a grand character, this *living poetry* speaks far more forcibly than that which is written. There is a vast difference between written and living poetry—one emanates from the head, the other from the heart; one is ideal, the other real. All written strains, however lofty, are inferior to the deeper poetry of a human life. The world reads very many extracts from every life-poem, but there are passages read only by the Omniscient. Often these are the grandest portions which are kept from the finite vision, and reserved for the Infinite. The bards of other days wrote glorious poems of wars between angels of light and darkness. There are continual struggles between the evil and the God-like in man—when the latter is victorious, does not this living poetry transcend all written by Milton and Dante? So do all grand and glowing passages from the life-poems of the noble. Though we may not write beautiful poems, each one may do what is nobler far—*live a grand poem*.



³⁵ Likely a reference to Henry Wadsworth Longfellow's epic poem, *Evangeline, A Tale of Acadie* (1847).

RULES FOR HOME EDUCATION.—The following are worthy of being printed in letters of gold, and being placed in a conspicuous position in every household :

1. From your children's earliest infancy, inculcate the necessity of instant obedience.
2. Unite firmness with gentleness. Let your children always understand that you mean exactly what you say.
3. Never promise them anything unless you are sure you are sure you can give them what you promise.
4. If you tell a child to do anything, show him how to do it, and see that it is done.
5. Always punish your children for willfully disobeying you, but never punish in anger.
6. Never let them perceive that they can vex you, or make you lose your self-command.
7. If they give way to petulance and temper, wait till they are calm, and then gently reason with them on the impropriety of their conduct.
8. Remember that a little present punishment, when the occasion arises, is more effectual than the threatening of a greater punishment should the fault be renewed.
9. Never give your children anything because they cry for it.
10. On no account allow them to do at one time what you have at another time, under the same circumstances, forbidden.
11. Teach them that the only sure and easy way to appear good, is to be good.
12. Accustom them to make their little recitals the perfect truth.
13. Never allow of tale-bearing.
14. Teach them that self-denial, not self-indulgence, is the appointed and sure method of securing happiness.



—There are two classes of men generally in the wrong. Those who don't know enough, and those who know too much.

—Be careful not to provoke an enemy, as you would steer safely near a dangerous reef.



A FORTUNATE KISS.³⁶

The following pretty little story is narrated by Fredrika Bremer, who vouches for its truthfulness:

In the University of Upsala, in Sweden, lived a young student, a noble youth, with great love for studies, but without the means of pursuing them. He was poor, and without connections. Still he studied, living in great poverty, but keeping a cheerful heart, and trying to look at the future, which looked so grim to him. His good humor and excellent qualities made him beloved by his young comrades. One day he was standing on the square with some of them, prattling away an

³⁶ Fredrika Bremer (1801-1865) was a Swedish reformer, who published a series of sketches across middle of the century. "A Fortunate Kiss" appeared as a part of her "Northern Loves and Legends" No. IV, in *Sartain's Magazine* (April 1851), 241-242.

hour of leisure, when the attention of the young man became arrested by a young and elegant lady, who, at the side of an elder one, was slowly walking over the place. It was the daughter of the Governor of Upsala living in the city, and the lady was governess. She was generally known for her goodness and gentleness of character, and looked at with admiration by all the students. As the young man stood gazing at her as she passed on like a graceful vision, one of them suddenly exclaimed:

"Well, it would be worth something to have a kiss from such a mouth!"

The poor student, the hero of our story, who looked on that pure angelic face, exclaimed, as if by inspiration, "Well, I think I could have it!"

"What!" cried his friends in a chorus, "are you crazy? Do you know her?"

"Not at all!" he answered, "but I think she would kiss me now if I asked her."

"What! in this place—before all our eyes?"

"In this place, before your eyes."

"Freely?"

"Freely."

"Well, if she will give you a kiss in that manner, I will give you a thousand dollars!" exclaimed one of the group.

"And I,"—"and I," exclaimed three or four others; for it so happened that several rich young men were in the group, and the bets ran high on so improbable an event. The challenge was made and received in less time than we take to tell it.

Our hero (my authority tells not whether he was handsome or plain; I have my peculiar ideas for believing that he was rather plain, but singularly good-looking at the same time), immediately walked up to the young lady and said:

"Mine fraulien, my fortune is now in your hands."

She looked at him with astonishment, but arrested her steps. He proceeded to state his name and condition, and his aspirations, and related simply and truly what had just...the young lady...at his ceasing to speak, she said, blushing, but with great sweetness, "If by so little a thing so much good can be accomplished, it would be foolish for me to refuse your request;" and publicly...open square she kissed him.

Next day the student was sent for by the Governor. He wanted to see the man who dared to seek a kiss from his daughter in that way, and whom she had consented to kiss so. He received him with a scrutinizing bow, but after an hour's conversation was so pleased with him that he ordered him to dine at his table during his studies at Upsala. Our young friend pursued his studies in a manner which soon made him regarded as the most promising student in the University. Three years were now passed since the day of the first kiss, when the young man was allowed to give a second kiss to the daughter of the Governor. He became, later, one of the greatest scholars in Sweden, and as much respected for his acquirements as for his character. His works will endure while time lasts among the works of science; and from this happy union sprang a family well known in Sweden even at the present time, and whose wealth and high position in society are regarded as trifles in comparison with its goodness and love.



WHAT IS MAN?—The attempts of philosophers and poets to describe the generic character of man, cannot fail to

interest as well as to amuse. Here are some of them which I have been for years jotting down.³⁷

Man is a two-legged animal without feathers.—*Plato*. It is said Socrates brought a *rooster* despoiled of his feathers into Plato's school, exclaiming; "Behold the man of Plato!"

Again he has been called "A laughing animal;" "A cooking animal;" "An animal with thumbs;" "A lazy animal."—A travelled Frenchman being asked to name one characteristic of all the races he had visited, replied, "Lazy!"

A tool-taking animal.—*Dr. Franklin*.

A cultivating animal.—*Watson*. (Philosophy of the Plan of Salvation:)

A poetical animal.—*Hazlitt*.

Man is a dupeable animal. Quacks in medicine, quacks in religion, and quacks in politics know this, and act upon that knowledge; there is scarcely any one who may not, like a trout, be "taken by tickling."—*Southey*.

Man is not man because he is a reasonable, but because he is a religious animal. Cicero and Plutarch have remarked, that up to their time, not a single people was known, among whom no traces of religion were to be found. The sentiment of Deity is natural to man. It is that illumination which St. John denominates "the true light, which lighteth every man that cometh into the world." I condemn certain modern authors, some even missionaries, for having asserted that certain nations were destitute of all sense of the Deity.—*St. Pierre's Studies of Nature*.



³⁷ This preface along with the following quotations and aphorisms appear in John Bate's *A Cyclopaedia of Illustrations of Moral and Religious Truths*. London: Elliot Stock, 1865.

—There is nothing like courage in misfortune. Next to faith in God, and in his overruling Providence, a man's faith in himself is his own salvation.—It is the secret of all power and success. It makes a man strong as the pillared iron; or elastic as the springing steel.

—To all men, the best friend is virtue; the best companies are high endeavors and honorable sentiments.



MAN'S DUTY TO WOMEN.

Let him learn to be grateful to woman for this undoubted achievement of her sex, that it is she, she far more than he, and she, too, in spite of him, who has kept Christendom from lapsing into barbarism—kept mercy and truth, from being utterly overborne by those two greedy monsters, money and war. Let him be grateful for this, that almost every great soul that has led forward or lifted up the race, has been furnished for each noble deed and inspired with each patriotic and holy aspiration, by the retiring fortitude of some Spartan or more than Spartan—some Christian mother.

Moses, the deliverer of his people, drawn out of the Nile by the king's daughter, some one has hinted, is only a symbol of the way that woman's better instinct always outwits the tyrannical diplomacy of man. Let him cheerfully remember that though the sinewy sex achieves enterprises on public theatres, it is the nerve and sensibility of the other that arm the mind and inflame the soul in secret. A man discovered America, but a woman equipped the voyage." So everywhere; man executes the performance, but woman trains the man. Every effectual person, leaving his mark on the world, is but another Columbus, for whose furnishing, some Isabella, in the form of his mother, lays down her jewelry, her vanities, her comfort.

Above all, let not man practice on woman perpetually, the shameless falsehood of pretending admiration, and acting contempt. Let them not exhaust their kindness adorning her person, and ask in return the humiliation of her soul. Let them not assent to her every high opinion as if she were not strong

enough to maintain it against opposition, nor yet manufacture opinion of her, and force it on her lips by dictation. Let them not crucify her motives, nor ridicule her frailty, nor crush her individuality, nor insult her independence, nor play mean jests upon her honor in convivial companies, nor bandy unclean doubts of her, as a wretched substitute for wit; nor whisper vulgar suspicions of her purity, which, as compared with their own, is like the immaculate whiteness of angels. Let them multiply her social advantages, enhance her dignity, minister to her intelligence, and by manly gentleness, be the champions of her genius, the friends of her fortunes, and the equals, if they can, of her heart.—

*Rev. F. D. Huntington.*³⁸



WORDS IN THEIR FIRST MEANING.³⁹—The time was when every word was a picture. He who used a word first—almost any word—had a clear and vivid presentation to his mind of some object, and used that object as a type and analogy to certain ideas, and pictures images present to his mind. Dean Trench...a dilapidated character, a dilapidated

³⁸ Frederic Dan Huntington (1819-1904) was a white clergyman and educator who was elected bishop of the Episcopal Church of Central New York in 1868. This piece is excerpted from his essay on “Woman’s Position” in *The Monthly Religious Magazine*, which Huntington edited. Vol. XIV. No. 5 (November 1855), 249-250.

³⁹ This is an excerpt from Frederick W. Farrar’s “An Essay on the Origin of Language,” reprinted in *The Eclectic Review* (February 1861), 151. Interestingly, this reprint omits the word “*Candid*” which appears after “...place of ruin.” The passage reads: “So the word *Candid*, white. How beautiful, in this connection, as applied to the word Candidate--presenting the felt necessity that the candidate for any office should be white, and unsoiled in reputation!”

house. Is there not a vivid picture here, when we identify the word with the Latin *dilapidare*—the falling apart of stones—and so survey stone after stone falling away, and leaving only a place of ruin? So the word *husband*—the stay and support and binder together of the household, as old Tusser has said in his “Point of Husbandry”—

“The name of husband—what is it to say?
Of wife and of household the band and the stay?”

And the word *wife* is like it; it is only another form of the word “weave” and “woof;” and in it we have not only a picture of what was supposed to be a principal characteristic of female industry, but the moral idea, too, of our weaving, by her influence and affection, heart to heart, and the whole household into one. In the same way, *pity* grows into piety.



THE BARBER’S RAZOR.⁴⁰—Mr. Dickson, a colored barber, in a large New England town, was shaving one of his customers, a respectable citizen, one morning, when a conversation occurred between them respecting Mr. Dickson’s former connection with a colored church in that place:

“I believe you are connected with the church in Elm street, are you not, Mr. Dickson?” said the customer.

“No, sah, not at all.”

“What, are you not a member of the African Church?”

“Not dis year, sah.”

⁴⁰ This tale also appears under the title, “Why He Left,” and was an often-reprinted caricature. Though the *Pine and Palm* cites the *Albion* as its source, the story appeared across the nineteenth and early twentieth centuries from *Harper’s New Monthly* (December 1853), 134 to Thomas Masson’s *Little Masterpieces of American Wit and Humor* (1903), 23.

"Why did you leave your connection, Mr. Dickson, if I may be permitted to ask?"

"Well, I'll tell you, sah," said Mr. Dickson, sharpening a concave razor on the palm of his hand, "it was just like dis: I jined the church in good fait'; I gave ten dollars toward de stated Gospel da fus' year, and de church people call me 'Brudder Dickson;' the second year my business was not so good, and I gib only five dollars. Dat year people call me 'Mr. Dickson.' Dis razor hurt you, sah?"

"No, the razor goes tolerably well."

"Well, sah, the third year I feel berry poor; had sickness in my family; and didn't gib nothin' for preachin'. Well, sah, arter dat dey call me '*dat ole nigger Dickson*'—and I left 'em."
—*New York Albion*.



THINK OF IT.—At best, life is not very long. A few more smiles, a few more tears, some pleasure, much pain, sunshine and songs, clouds and darkness, hasty greetings, abrupt farewells—then our little play will close. Is it worth while to hate each other?

—Money produces a magic effect upon one's surroundings. When we have it; everything with which we are brought in contact resolves itself into round corners, while the instant we have it not, they become protrudant and sharp.

—An Indian philosopher being asked what were, according to his opinion, the two most beautiful things of the universe, answered—"The starry heavens above our heads, and the feeling of duty in our hearts."

IT IS GOOD TO BE AFFLICTED.—Grapes yield most wine when most pressed.

Stars shine brightest in the darkest night.

Vines are better for bleeding.

Gold looks the brighter for scouring.

Junipers smell sweetest in the fire.

Chamomile, the more you tread it, the more you spread it.

—*The Old Book*.



The Pine Tree Promenade.

[A WORD TO CONTRIBUTORS.—Dear Contributors: Permit us, out of the abundance of our esteem for you, and regard for the intellectual reputation of our people, to advert to the impropriety of introducing one's thoughts to the Promenade, *en masque*. We have too much respect for your real ability to be willing to aid in exposing you to ridicule, and too much solicitude for the literary reputation of our paper, as an exponent of Afric-American thought, to make it the vehicle of anything that may tend to disparage our mental attainment. Therefore, we ask you, in clothing your thoughts for entrance here, to aim at simplicity of expression. If you have anything to say, say it briefly and in a natural manner; and do not fall into the too common error of thinking that a multiplicity of words will compensate for a paucity of ideas. We trust that these remarks will be taken as kindly as they are intended, and that, far from discouraging any one from literary effort, it will stimulate them to cultivate their powers for a higher flight, so that their fledglings of wit, fancy, philosophy, and feeling, may be able to soar beyond the waste basket that yawns at our side. *Verb sap.*

N. B. We wish to make admission to the Promenade a certificate, not of excellence, but of ability and promise.]

III. Black Heroism and Haiti⁴¹

⁴¹ The following portraits appeared on the first page of the *Pine and Palm*.

The Pine and Palm

May 18, 1861



TOUSSAINT L'OUVERTURE, "THE FIRST OF THE BLACKS."

The Pine and Palm

May 25, 1861



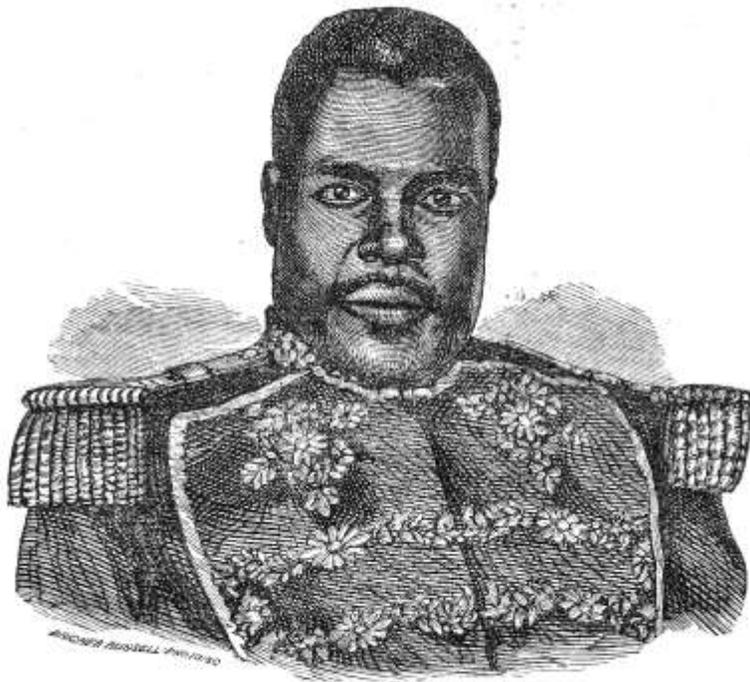
FABRE GEFFRARD,

LIBERATOR AND PRESIDENT OF THE REPUBLIC OF HAYTI.

[From a French Lithograph.]

The Pine and Palm

June 15, 1861



GENERAL JOSEPH LAMOTHE,
SECRETARY OF STATE OF THE GENERAL POLICE OF HAYTI.

The Pine and Palm

June 8, 1861



The Pine and Palm

August 17, 1861



CELEBRATED COLORED AMERICANS.

BY WILLIAM WELLS BROWN.⁴²

Written for the Pine and Palm.

Madison Washington.⁴³

⁴² William Wells Brown (c1814-1884) was a writer, orator, and activist. Brown's 1863 history *The Black Man: His Antecedents, His Genius, and His Achievements* would reprint this account of Madison Washington.

⁴³ Madison Washington (dates unknown) was an enslaved cook who led an insurrection on board the *Creole*, en route from Virginia to New Orleans, on November 7, 1841. Because Britain had legally abolished slavery in its territories in 1839, Washington and the newly-freed crew led the ship to British-held Nassau. The British courts refused to return the formerly-enslaved people to the United States, but tried the 18 insurrectionists, including Washington, for mutiny. They were ultimately cleared of these charges, however, and freed. Frederick Douglass' 1853 novella, *The Heroic Slave*, gives a fictional account of this successful slave rebellion. Wells Brown would include this account of Washington in his *The Black Man: His Antecedents, His Genius, and His Achievements* (1863) and *The Negro in the American Rebellion* (1867).

Among the great number of fugitive slaves who arrived in Canada towards the close of the year 1840, was one whose tall figure, firm step, and piercing eye attracted at once the attention of all who beheld him. Nature had treated him as a favorite. His expressive countenance painted and reflected every emotion of his soul. There was a fascination in the gaze of his finely cut eyes that no one could withstand. Born of African parentage, with no mixture in his blood, he was one of the handsomest of his race, his dignified, calm, and unaffected features announced at a glance that he was one endowed with genius, and created to guide his fellow men. He called himself Madison Washington, and said that his birth-place was in the "Old Dominion." He might have seen twenty-five years; but very few slaves have any correct idea of their age. Madison was not poorly dressed, and had some money at the end of his journey, which showed that he was not from amongst the worst used slaves of the South. He immediately sought employment at a neighboring farm, where he remained some months. A strong, able-bodied man, and a good worker, and apparently satisfied with his situation, his employer felt that he had a servant who would stay with him a long while. The farmer would occasionally raise a conversation and try to draw from Madison some account of his former life, but in this he failed, for the fugitive was a man of few words and kept his own secrets. His leisure hours were spent in learning to read and write, and in this he seemed to take the utmost interest. He appeared to take no interest in the sports and amusements that occupied the attention of others. Six months had not passed ere Madison began to show signs of discontent. In vain his employer tried to discover the cause.

"Do I not pay you enough, and treat you in a becoming manner?" asked Mr. Dickson one day when the fugitive seemed in a very desponding mood.

"Yes, sir," replied Madison.

"Then why do you appear so much dissatisfied, of late?"

"Well, sir," said the fugitive, "since you have treated me with such kindness, and seem to take so much interest in me, I will tell you the reason why I have changed, and appear to you to be dissatisfied. I was born in slavery, in the State of Virginia. From my earliest recollections I hated slavery and determined to be free. I have never yet called any man master, though I have been held by three different men who claimed me as their property. The birds in the trees and the wild beasts of the forest made me feel that I, like them, ought to be free. My feelings were all thus centered in the one idea of liberty, of which I thought by day and dreamed by night. I had scarcely reached my twentieth year, when I became acquainted with the angelic being who has since become my wife. It was my intention to have escaped with her before we were married, but circumstances prevented.

"I took her to my bosom as my wife and then resolved to make the attempt. But unfortunately my plans were discovered, and to save myself from being caught and sold off to the far South I escaped to the woods, where I remained during many weary months. As I could not bring my wife away, I would not come without her. Another reason for remaining was that I hoped to get up an insurrection of the slaves, and thereby be the means of their liberation. In this, too, I failed. At last it was agreed between my wife and I, that I should escape to Canada, get employment, save my earnings and with it purchase her freedom. With the hope of attaining this end I came into your service. I am now satisfied that, with the wages I can command here, it will take me not less than five years to obtain by my labor the amount sufficient to purchase the liberty of my dear Susan. Five years will be too

long for me to wait, for she may die or be sold away ere I can raise the money. This, sir, makes me feel low-spirited, and I have come to the rash determination to return to Virginia for my wife."

The recital of the story had already brought tears to the eyes of the farmer, ere the fugitive had concluded. In vain did Mr. Dickson try to persuade Madison to give up the idea of going back into the very grasp of the tyrant, and risking the loss of his own freedom without securing that of his wife. The heroic man had made up his mind and nothing could move him. Receiving the amount of wages due him from his employer, Madison turned his face once more towards the South. Supplied with papers, purporting to have been made out in Virginia, and certifying to his being a freeman, the fugitive had no difficulty in reaching the neighborhood of his wife. But these "free papers," were only calculated to serve him where he was not known. Madison had also provided himself with files, saws, and other implements with which to cut his way out of any prison into which he might be cast. These instruments were so small as to be easily concealed in the lining of his clothing; and armed with them the fugitive felt sure he should escape again were he ever captured. On his return, Madison met, in the State of Ohio, many of those whom he had seen on his journey to Canada, and all tried to prevail upon him to give up the rash attempt. But to everyone he would reply, "Liberty is worth nothing to me while my wife is a slave." When near his former home, and unable to travel in open day without being detected, Madison betook himself to the woods during the day and travelled by night. At last he arrived at the old farm at night and hid away in the nearest forest. Here he remained several days, filled with hope and fear, without being able to obtain any information about his wife. One evening, during this suspense, Madison heard the singing of a company of slaves,

the sound of which appeared nearer and nearer, until he became convinced that it was a gang going to a corn-shucking, and the fugitive resolved that he would join it and see if he could get any intelligence of his wife.

In Virginia, as well as in most of the other corn raising slave States, there is a custom of having what is termed "a corn-shucking," to which slaves from the neighboring plantations, with the consent of their masters, are invited. At the conclusion of the shucking a supper is provided by the owner of the corn, and thus, together with the bad whisky which is freely circulated on such occasions, the slaves are made to feel very happy. Four or five companies of men may be heard in different directions and at the same time approaching the place of rendezvous; slaves joining the gangs along the roads as they pass their masters' farms. Madison came out upon the highway, and as the company came along singing, he fell into the ranks and joined in the song. Through the darkness of the night he was able to keep from being recognized by the remainder of the company, while he learned from the general conversation the most important news of the day.

Although hungry and thirsty, the fugitive dared not go to the supper table for fear of recognition. However, before he left the company that night, he gained information enough to satisfy him that his wife was still with her old master, and he hoped to see her, if possible, on the following night. The sun had scarcely set the next evening, ere Madison was wending his way out of the forest and going towards the home of his loved one, if the slave can be said to have a home. Susan, the object of his affections, was indeed a woman every way worthy of his love. Madison knew well where to find the room usually occupied by his wife, and to that spot he made his way on arriving at the plantation. But in his zeal and enthusiasm, and

his being too confident of success, he committed a blunder which nearly cost him his life. Fearful that if he waited until a late hour Susan would be asleep, and in awakening her she would in her fright alarm the household, Madison ventured to her room too early in the evening, before the whites in the "great house" had retired. Observed by the overseer, a sufficient number of whites were called in and the fugitive secured ere he could escape with his wife; but the heroic slave did not yield until he with a club had laid three of his assailants upon the ground with his manly blows; and not then until weakened by loss of blood. Madison was at once taken to Richmond and sold to a slave trader, then making up a gang of slaves for the New Orleans market.

The brig Creole, owned by Johnson & Eperson, of Richmond, and commanded by Captain Enson, lay at the Richmond dock waiting for her cargo, which usually consisted of tobacco, hemp, flax, and slaves. There were two cabins for the slaves, one for the men, the other for the women. The men were generally kept in chains while on the voyage, but the women were usually unchained and allowed to roam at pleasure in their own cabin. On the 27th of Oct., 1841, the Creole sailed from Hampton Roads, bound for New Orleans, with her full load of freight, 135 slaves, and three passengers, besides the crew. 40 of the slaves were owned by Thomas McCargo, nine belonged to Henry Hewell, and the remainder were held by Johnson & Eperson. Hewell had once been an overseer for McCargo, and on this occasion was acting as his agent.

Among the slaves owned by Johnson & Eperson, was Madison Washington. He was heavily ironed, and chained down to the floor of the cabin occupied by the men, which was in the forward hold. As it was known by Madison's purchasers that he had once escaped and had been in Canada, they kept a

watchful eye over him. The two cabins were separated so that the men and women had no communication whatever during the passage.

Although rather gloomy at times, Madison on this occasion seemed very cheerful and his owners thought that he had repented of the experience he had undergone as a runaway, and in the future would prove a more easily governed chattel. But from the first hour that he had entered the cabin of the Creole, Madison had been busily engaged in the selection of men who were to act parts in the great drama. He picked out each one as if by intuition. Everything was done at night and in the dark, as far as the preparation was concerned. The miniature saws and files were faithfully used when the whites were asleep.

In the other cabin among the slave women was one whose beauty at once attracted attention. Though not tall, she yet had a majestic figure. Her well-moulded shoulders, prominent bust, black hair which hung in ringlets, mild blue eyes, finely-chiseled mouth with a splendid set of teeth, a turned and well-rounded chin, skin marbled with the animation of life, and veined by blood given to her by her master, she stood as the representative of two races. With only one-eighth of African, she was what is called at the South an "octoroon." It was said that her grandfather had served his country in the Revolutionary War, as well as in both houses of Congress. This was Susan, the wife of Madison. Few slaves, even among the best-used house servants had so good an opportunity to gain general information as she. Accustomed to travel with her mistress, Susan had often been to Richmond, Norfolk, White Sulphur Springs, and other places of resort for the aristocracy of the Old Dominion. Her language was far more correct than most slaves in her position. Susan was as devoted to Madison as she was beautiful and accomplished.

After the arrest of her husband, and his confinement in Richmond jail, it was suspected that Susan had long been in possession of the knowledge of his whereabouts when in Canada, and knew of his being in the neighborhood; and for this crime it was resolved that she should be sold and sent off to a Southern plantation, where all hope of escape would be at an end. Each was not aware that the other was on board the Creole, for Madison and Susan were taken to their respective cabins at different times. On the ninth day out, the Creole encountered a rough sea, and most of the slaves were sick, and therefore were not watched with that vigilance that they had been since she first sailed. This was the time for Madison and his accomplices to work, and nobly did they perform their duty. Night came on, the first watch had just been summoned, the wind blowing high, when Madison succeeded in reaching the quarter deck, followed by eighteen others, all of whom sprang to different parts of the vessel, seizing whatever they could wield as weapons. The crew were nearly all on deck. Captain Enson and Mr. Merritt, the first mate, were standing together, while Hewell was seated on the companion, smoking a cigar. The appearance of the slaves all at once, and the loud voice and commanding attitude of their leader, so completely surprised the whites, that

"They spake not a word;
But, like dumb statues, or breathless stones,
Stared at each other, and looked deadly pale."⁴⁴

The officers were all armed; but so swift were the motions of Madison that they had nearly lost command of the vessel before they attempted to use them.

⁴⁴ A reference to Shakespeare's *Richard III*, Act 3, Scene 7.

Hewell, the greater part of whose life had been spent on the plantation in the capacity of a negro-driver, and who knew that the defiant looks of these men meant something, was the first to start. Drawing his old horse pistol from under his coat, he fired at one of the blacks and killed him. The next moment Hewell lay dead upon the deck, for Madison had struck him with a capstan bar. The fight now became general, the white passengers as well as all the crew, taking part. The battle was Madison's element, and he plunged into it without any care for his own preservation or safety. He was an instrument of enthusiasm, whose value and whose place was in his inspiration. "If the fire of heaven was in my hands, I would throw it at these cowardly whites," said he to his companions, before leaving their cabin. But in this he did not mean revenge, only the possession of his freedom and that of his fellow slaves. Merritt and Gifford, the first and second mate of the vessel, both attacked the heroic slave at the same time. Both were stretched out upon the deck with a single blow each, but were merely wounded; they were disabled, and that was all that Madison cared for for the time being. The sailors ran up the rigging for safety, and a moment more he that had worn the fetters an hour before was master of the brig Creole. His commanding attitude and daring orders, now that he was free, and his perfect preparation for the grand alternative of liberty or death which stood before him, are splendid exemplifications of the true heroic. After his accomplices had covered the slaver's deck, Madison forbade the shedding of more blood, and ordered the sailors to come down, which they did, and with his own hands dressed their wounds. A guard was placed over all except Merritt, who was retained to navigate the vessel. With a musket doubly charged, and pointed at Merritt's breast, the slave made him swear that he would faithfully take the brig into a British port. All things now secure, and the white men in

chains or guard, Madison ordered that the fetters should be severed from the limbs of those slaves who still wore them. The next morning "Captain Washington," (for such was the name he now bore,) ordered the cook to provide the best breakfast that the store-room could furnish, intending to surprise his fellow slaves, and especially the females, whom he had not yet seen. But little did he think that the woman for whom he had risked his liberty and life would meet him at the breakfast table. The meeting of the hero and his beautiful and accomplished wife, the tears of joy shed, and the hurrahs that followed from the men, can better be imagined than described. Madison's cup of joy was filled to the brim. He had not only gained his own liberty and that of 134 others, but his dear Susan was safe. Only one man, Hewell, had been killed. Captain Enson and others who were wounded, soon recovered, and were kindly treated by Madison, and for which they proved ungrateful; for on the second night, Captain Enson, Mr. Gifford and Merritt, took advantage of the absence of Madison from the deck, and attempted to retake the vessel. The slaves, exasperated at this treachery, fell upon the whites with deadly weapons. The captain and his men fled to the cabin, pursued by the blacks. Nothing but the heroism of the negro leader saved the lives of the white men on this occasion, for as the slaves were rushing into the cabin, Madison threw himself between them and their victims, exclaiming, "Stop, no more blood. My life that was perilled for your liberty, I will lay down for the protection of these men. They have proved themselves unworthy of life which we granted them; still let us be magnanimous. By the kind heart and noble bearing of Madison, the vile slave-traders were again permitted to go unwhipped of justice. This act of humanity raised the uncouth son of Africa far above his Anglo-Saxon oppressors.

The next morning the Creole landed at Nassau, New Providence, where the noble and heroic slaves were warmly greeted by the inhabitants, who at once offered protection, and extended their hospitality to them. Not many months since, an American ship went ashore at Nassau, and among the first to render assistance to the crew was Madison Washington.

The Pine and Palm

October 19, 1861

—♦♦—
THE COLORED PEOPLE OF CANADA.⁴⁵

—
BY WILLIAM WELLS BROWN.
—

Written for The Pine and Palm.

BUXTON.—With a one-horse conveyance, Mr. J. D. Harris and I started for the Elgin settlement, lying in the town of Buxton, and about fifteen miles from Chatham. Taking the turnpike from the latter place, we soon found ourselves passing the "Bee-Hive." This is a rather noted country inn, with a bee-hive painted on the sign, with the following poetical invocation to the weary and dusty traveller:

"Within this hive we are all alive,
Good whiskey makes us funny;
If you are dry, just stop and try,
The flavor of our honey."

⁴⁵ Throughout this seven-part series of essays for the *Pine and Palm*, Wells Brown criticized Canada's own brand of racism. His articles went against the grain of claims from contemporaries including Mary Ann Shadd Cary that Canada offered an ideal site for black emigration.

We did not, however, accept the call, but went on to fulfil our engagement. Two hours' ride over a bad road, brought us to the Elgin settlement, a district comprising 9,000 acres of land, six miles in length, and three miles in breadth, and is situated between the Great Western Railway and Lake Erie, being a mile and a quarter from the latter. The Rev. Wm. King, formerly a slaveholder in Louisiana, emancipated his people, brought them out here, and settled them with others, upon land purchased from the Government. There are now nearly 600 persons in this settlement, all of whom have comfortable homes, and are characterized by a manly, independent air and manner. Most of these people were slaves at the South, and came into Canada without a single dollar. The land here, though good in itself, nevertheless lies too low, and is covered with water during the spring when they should be planting; yet, with eight months' winter, land cold and un-drained, these fugitives have demonstrated the fact that the colored man, though once a slave, can and will take care of himself, and even lay up treasures for the future, if he gets the opportunity. Some of the settlers have their land under a good state of cultivation. My old and intellectual friend, Henry K. Thomas, a man deeply interested in the welfare of his race, has a beautiful farm in the settlement, where he is raising up his children as tillers of the soil, instead of leaving them to the chance of filling menial positions in the city. Mr. King is a kind-hearted and benevolent man, and deserves the respect and esteem of friends of freedom and justice everywhere.

OLD ACQUAINTANCES.—One of the most pleasing features in a tour through Canada, is the meeting with friends whom we knew in our boyhood. While at London I renewed my acquaintance with Mrs. Rose Breckenridge and Mrs. Julia Claymorgan, two ladies from St. Louis, and whom I had not

seen for more than 25 years. How strange to look upon the faces that have been dead to us for so long a period! Not far from Chatham I met another, with whom I had played in the meadows and around the slave-quarters on the old farm from earliest remembrance till the "sum of all villanies" separated us at the age of twelve years. More than 30 years had passed since we last met, and each had thought the other dead. This was the object of my first love, in my boyish days, when we were both running about the plantation, our only garb being that unmentionable garment that buttons around the neck. How strange the scene now! A son 20 years old, a daughter of 18, and another of 16 gazed at us while I sat with the youngest child upon my knee, and talked with the mother about old times! With what fleetness one's recollection runs back, when the conversation has once begun. The names of all the slaves on the plantation even to Uncle Sam, Uncle Jim, Aunt Dolly, and Uncle Ned, long since dead, were called over. The little family quarrels between the old master and mistress were freely canvassed. I could almost see the old lady as I had in days gone by, sitting in her rocking-chair, with me fanning her, and could almost hear her say to the old man, as she used to when angry:

"Never mind, I won't be here always, for you to hector and aggravate, for one of these days the Lord will make up his jewels and take me home to glory, and then I'll be out of your way, and I'll be devilish glad of it, too!"

How we laughed, and caused the household around to join in, when we brought up the conversations between the old mistress and the Rev. Mr. Pincher, the slaveholding preacher, who used to pinch our ears, occasionally. Nearby I met another lady, considered the handsomest quadroon in St. Louis, 30 years ago. I scarcely knew her bowed form, wrinkled features,

and almost snow white hair. Such meetings and such greetings make us sad.

CHURCHES.—They have two churches at The Elgin Settlement. Rev. Mr. King preaches in the Congregational, to which most of the colored people are attached. The other is a Baptist church—the name of its pastor I did not learn. Of course there is no distinction made in these denominations at Buxton. A fine Sabbath School is in connection with Mr. King's church. The colored population are so strong in this town, that they have succeeded in electing two members to the Council, and a colored teacher for the district school. This last move so enraged the Pro-Slavery whites, that they took their children out, and not a white pupil has entered the house since. The morals of the people of Buxton are good, and their habits of the most industrious character.

DRESDEN—At the head of the Big Bear Creek, in the gore of Camden, lies the little village of Dresden, with a population of about 300, one third of whom are colored. The land here, is in the highest state of cultivation, and the farmers, the most thrifty that I have yet seen in Canada.

Within one mile of the village, and on the banks of the Sydenham, is the Dawn Institute. No place in the Western Province has excited more interest, or received a greater share of substantial aid, than this Association, and no place has proved itself less deserving. Every town in the Northern States, and every city, village, and hamlet in England and Scotland has been travelled over by the agents of the Dawn, begging money to "pay for the land, and to build school houses for the poor fugitives," and yet today there is not a foot of land upon which the runaway slave can rest the soles of his feet, or a school house in which to put his head. It would be charitable to the legion of agents of Dawn, to say that, within the last twenty years, they have collected not more than \$50,000, for the sole

benefit of the Institution. There is about 300 acres of land belonging to the Institute, which is now in the hands of Mr. John Scoble, the superannuated secretary of the British and Foreign Anti-Slavery Society, London, England. Although there are some 500 colored persons in the neighborhood of Dawn, no one of that sable race has anything to do with the Institute, it having passed entirely out of their hands, and is no longer used for their benefit. I was informed that a son of Mr. Scoble holds possession of the place, and farms the lands for the sole use of his father. The mill, for the erection of which one Boston philanthropist gave a thousand dollars, has been bereft of its machinery, engine, boilers, and all, and is now fast rotting down. A half-finished school house has been torn away, and the materials carried off, and nothing but the beautiful and well cultivated land remains. There is a Baptist church in the village, under the pastoral charge of my old friend, Rev. Samuel H. Davis, formerly of Buffalo, N. Y., Mr. and Mrs. George Cary, who extended to me their generous hospitality, resides near Dawn. "Fatner Henson," also has a fine farm, and "a big bag of flour," in his house, near to the Institution. Many others here have farms that would do honor to any race.

WINDSOR.—Directly opposite to Detroit, and at the terminus of the Great Western Rail Road, lies the village of Windsor, a place of 2,500 inhabitants, 600, of whom are colored, and most of the latter class are fugitives from slavery. Henry Offet, a colored man, is the most extensive provision dealer in the place. His store is frequented by farmers, white and colored, from within ten miles of Windsor. The morals of the people are good. Rev. Wm. Troy, just returned from England, is an educated and enterprising man, and is building a fine church, for his congregation, which is of the Baptist order. Bishop. Green, of the split wing of the Methodist church, resides here, and preaches to a small congregation, in a little

Hall, Rev. Mr. Disney, presides over the old wing, of the Methodist denomination.

The colored children here, are separated from the whites, as they are in Chatham, St. Catherines, London, and Amherstburgh. Mr. and Mrs. Isaac N. Cary, reside here, Mr. Cary was formerly from Washington City, where he enjoyed the respect and entire confidence of the people, both colored and white. In 1836, he visited Hayti, and carried with him an autograph endorsement of "Old Hickory," as the following will show:

Isaac N. Cary, a free colored citizen of the United States, and about making his residences in St. Domingo, is represented to me, by respectable citizens a bearing and fair character for integrity, industry, and general propriety of deportment.

ANDREW JACKSON,
President of the United States.
Washington, July, 10, 1836.

Mr. Cary is one of the most enterprising and intellectual men in Canada, and is deeply interested in the moral, social, and political elevation of all classes. Mrs. Cary, is better known as the beautiful and accomplished Mary E. Miles, afterward, Mrs. Henry Bibb. Her labors during the lifetime of Mr. Bibb, in connection with him, for the fugitives, and her exertions since, are too well known for me to make mention of them here, Mrs. Cary has a private school, with about 40 pupils, mostly children of the better class of the citizens of Windsor.

The Pine and Palm

September 28, 1861

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NOTES BY THE WAY.

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BY WM. J. WATKINS.⁴⁶
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I.
TOLEDO, Sept. 15, 1861

Written for The Pine and Palm.

While white men, with characteristic impudence, are constantly exclaiming, "*What shall we do with the negroes of the United States?*" it is meet and proper that we develop a sufficient amount of self-respect to ask and answer the equally important query, "*What shall we do with ourselves?*" We

⁴⁶ William J. Watkins, Jr. (1826-c1870?) was an activist, orator, and writer, the son of activist and educator William Watkins (1801-1858), and the cousin of activist and writer Frances Ellen Watkins Harper. Watkins, Jr. worked as an agent for the Haytian Emigration Bureau in Canada West and as associate editor of *Frederick Douglass' Paper*. He was also one of the first African Americans to be admitted to the legal profession. On Watkins' life and work, see C. Peter Ripley, ed., *The Black Abolitionist Papers* Volume II: Canada, 1830-1865. Chapel Hill: University of North Carolina Press, 1987, 444-445, note 2.

cannot consistently remain neutral while our so-called superiors are attempting, in their own way, to solve the perplexing problem of our future destiny. In this distracted and dissevered Republic, we occupy a strange and paradoxical position. Though too weak, numerically speaking, to contend successfully against the enemy, we are sufficiently strong and powerful to tear into tatters the star spangled banner, rend the great and "*glorious*" country in twain, and "scatter, tear, and slay" in every direction. We make and unmake Presidents, though in most of the States we cannot vote for or against them. We propel the Governmental machinery of the nation, yet in no department is a black man's hand permitted to so much as even grease a single wheel or to turn a single crank. Though rejected by Church and State, yet both cling to us with death-like tenacity. They cry unto us, "Away with you, away with you!" and yet persistently refuse to *let us go*. Though our fathers voted upon the adoption of the Federal Constitution, yet our complexion is regarded as unconstitutional. We are "*persons held to service*," yet "*contraband of war*." Though in some respects we are "all things unto all men," yet when we alternate between hope, and despair, and ask, What can we do to aid in crushing out the present rebellion? we are told that we shall do nothing, that we are nothing, that we shall ever be nothing. And so nothing is our heritage. We may be members of the Nothigarian Society, and...

I rejoice, however, that many of us feel ourselves men. Upon us as upon other men devolve the duties and responsibilities of manhood. We are becoming more sensitive to the indignities which are hourly heaped upon us. We begin to feel, as we never felt before, the reality of our condition. Our aspirations are becoming more and more elevated. We begin to do as the worm does when it is injured; *i.e.*, we wriggle and writhe, though under the oppressor's heel, and thus we tell him

that we "*still live*." An old "contraband" brother (not long since come out of Egypt) said to me the other day in Windsor, C. W.,—"Honey, I'se jest 'ginning to live *ef I is sixty years old* next planting time. And of dese yer roomatiz didn't plague the old man's back so, I'd go *wid* you, 'deed would I, honey, whar dey say dey has sweet potatoes all der year round. Is dey got any possums dar, honey, like dey has in ole Virginny? Lor, how *fat* dem possums is! I'se got some boys down dar yit; dey tell me round dis place dat de war'll make 'em free soon. Ef dey comes yer, I'll *send 'em right straight along*, fur it's mighty tejus 'bout dis place when de snow come, and out yonder *de boys kin grow to be men*."

Barring the ecstatic idea of the "possums and sweet potatoes," the old man appeared to thoroughly comprehend and appreciate the motive which should impel us in seeking in some more favorable locality a permanent home, and in securing for ourselves a permanent Government. Here it is, in a small compass, divested of all rhetorical habiliments: "*De boys kin grow to be men!*"

Dwarfs and monkeys may excite levity when upon exhibition; but only fully developed men and women mount the rostrum of the world's activities, stretch forth their hands, and engrave their names upon the firm, old rock, where, like the eagle, they build their eyrie home, and where their aspirations love to linger. These only act well their part in the drama of human existence. May their number be largely and speedily augmented!

This Haytian Emigration Movement has so far been productive of at least one grand result. It has caused our people to *think* more than we have been wont to do, and to act with a wise reference to our future destiny. We are evincing our discontent, our restlessness in our chains, in a degree hitherto unparalleled. The man who goes elsewhere to seek a home

furnishes evidence, *prima facie*, that he is not satisfied with his present surroundings. His departure to mother locality indicates a desire and determination to better his condition. The maligners of our race assert that Slavery is our normal condition, and that we are fitted by nature for the occupancy of a servile position. They tell us further that we flourish best in a state of dependence. From our apparent contentment, our cheerful smiles amid oppression, our chain-hugging proclivities, they deduce the logical corollary that our present state is our Heaven-appointed lot. The *ipse dixit* of our long and well-tried friends, the Abolitionists, cannot obliterate the unfavorable impressions which, by our cheerful countenances we daguerreotype upon the nation's heart. One fact with the oppressor outweighs a thousand theories.

What, then, must be done? "Stand still," says one, "and see the salvation of God." But God will no more save lazy black men, than he will lazy white men. We must "go forward." We must move, too, in the right direction. We have "groaned in the spirit" for many years; let us at once proceed to act in the spirit. Thus do we shadow forth our discontent with all the force and correctness of geometric demonstration. We are now weak and in our weakness we elicit the sympathy of our friends, and the contempt of our foes. We must become strong and powerful; then we shall command *respect*, for who does not know that power is the foundation of respect so far as the masses are concerned. We speak of facts as they are, not as they should be.

I believe that in this country our condition will, at some time, be ameliorated. But mere amelioration will satisfy no black man whose aspirations are sufficiently elevated. What I want is equal rights in the broadest significance of that hackneyed term. Yes, Equal rights!! Equal access to every position in the Republic with the white man. Now this cannot

be until we are sufficiently powerful to extort respect from the white man. As I believe the white man will always be the dominant power in this land, I must also believe that he will always be the ruling power, and that no black man will ever be President of these United States, or Chief Justice of the Supreme Court.

In a country where *we* are "the people," where we regulate all the governmental machinery, where no avenue to honor is closed upon a black complexion, in the language of the "contraband" alluded to, "we can grow up to be men!"

Let me give you a little incident. This morning I went up the street to see a colored man of the highest respectability, to obtain his name for The Pine and Palm. His name is Benjamin Talbot, and he is an excellent blacksmith. I arrived at the shop, and the following colloquy took place between one of the hands and myself:

"Good morning, sir, I am looking for a gentleman by the name of Talbot. Is he in?"

"No, sir," replied one of the hands, "there is no such man working here."

"There must be some mistake," I replied, "he told me he worked here."

"Well," replied another hand, (a mean, gawky, measly looking fellow,) "he don't work here."

"He is a colored man," said I.

"O," they both remarked, "he means Ben, we call him *old Ben*."

Now "old Ben" was at least 55 or 60 years old, and had not yet attained the position of a man or of a gentleman. He, Mr. Talbot, indeed! Old Ben forever!

But I must close this article abruptly, as I must be off to my next appointment. I held two large meetings here, and much interest is felt in the Haytian movement. It takes our

people a long time "to make up their mind." but I think that you will have a goodly colony from this vicinity during the present fall, or in the spring. E. P. Walker, a firm and able advocate of the movement for years, intends to go to the good country himself, and is laboring efficiently, in the cause. I forgot to say, that my meetings in Detroit were very successful. I think that at least fifty will emigrate from that city this fall. I have promised to visit that city again. *Au revoir!* The cars are coming!