

# The Boston Advocate.

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**New Story.**  
**TREADING THE WINEPRESS; or, A Mountain of Misfortune.**  
BY MISS CLARISSA M. THOMPSON, OF COLUMBIA, S. C.  
(All rights reserved.)  
CHAPTER XXXIII.  
VISITATIONS OF PROVIDENCE.—THE BITTER CUP.

It was about twenty minutes past three o'clock that morning when the priest reached his sister—at least, this was the time sworn to by Dr. Floyd, who stated that he had just consulted his watch when Walter hastily entered the room. He was exceedingly pale, and both the doctor and the housekeeper testified afterwards that his eyes had a terrified look in them, and that he appeared greatly agitated—but, at the time, they laid it to consternation at finding his idolized sister in such a plight.

A great change had taken place in the sick girl's condition. The strength which she had exhibited in talking so much, despite the doctor's prohibition, seemed to have failed her, for she lay back pale and quiet, with her eyes half closed, only opening them at intervals to inquire feebly, "Has Walter come yet?" and when the answer came, "No, not yet, dear, but he will be here soon now," a little sigh escaped her, but she made no other sign of disappointment.

Some time passed in this way, and the physician, who was still at his post, thought, as he watched her, that their apprehensions were groundless, and that, with a few days' attention, she would be out of danger, and then only rest and quiet would be necessary to bring her back to her former self. But one thing troubled him—she would not sleep. He had given her as much morphine as he dared to give her in her weak condition, but it seemed to have no effect on her. Still, her breathing seemed more regular, and her pulse, which had beat so wildly, was much nearer its normal state than it was at first. He was very hopeful, and only remained because of his attachment to the girl whom he had attended from infancy—not because he really thought there was any absolute necessity.

Gertie sat beside the bed, pressing tenderly the hand which Gypsy persisted in her retaining; Dan sat near, quiet but alert; while Gracie's eyes wandered first to her beloved sister's face, and then to the doctor's, as if to read the secret of that sister's condition. As the moments glided on, the old housekeeper began to grow weary, and having well gotten over her fright, sleep was past, ceasing her dominion over her senses, but even she was aroused by the slamming of the gate and the hasty step on the walk. An instant later, the door flew open, and Walter looking almost

down with adversity or elated with prosperity or carried away with pleasure, to remember this!  
"A few more years shall roll  
A few more seasons come  
And we shall be with those, 'Last rest,  
Asleep within the tomb.'"  
Few, ah! all too few, they may be to some of us! None may escape;  
"The best of heraldry, the pomp of power,  
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave  
Aid shall the inevitable hour."  
She looked beautiful as she lay there—arrayed in spotless, virgin white with lilies of the valley and her pulseless breast. All marks of pain and suffering had left her brow; she looked like an angel, not like the bride of death. Ah, Gypsy! Heaven will be lenient toward thee, for thou wast grievously sinned against! Faults had it thou, as have we all; but the sin with which the world hath charged thee, thou wast not guilty of! Justice will be done thy memory yet, though it may not be speedily. But,  
"The mills of the gods grind slowly, yet they grind exceeding finely."  
They laid her to rest in the family burying-ground just as the sun was setting, beside the mother who had loved her so devotedly—there to sleep until the hour when they "shall come forth; those that have done good unto the resurrection of life, and those that have done evil unto the resurrection of damnation."

A vast concourse of mourners followed the remains to their last resting place; for she had been a great favorite with all classes, and few but what could mention some instance of her kindness of heart and affability. Many were the tears shed, and many were the sympathizing glances which followed the stricken family as they turned from that flower-covered grave, where lay buried one whom they had thought the brightest, sweetest and most beautiful of their whole flock. "Our Heavenly Father's hand lies heavy on them," said Father St. Bernard, as he left the churchyard; and many hearts endorsed his utterance. This was on Sunday afternoon; what have been the consternation of these sympathetic souls when, on Monday morning, the news flew over the town like wildfire. "Dr. DeVerge has been found dead in the old field near Taylor's Spring, and Walter Tremaine has been arrested as the murderer!"  
(To be continued in our next.)

### Crescent City Notes.

**NEW ORLEANS, LA., Oct. 4, '86.**  
Our city, for the past two months, has been one of more than considerable disturbances, like waves following waves in mid ocean. First we hear the cry of war, which made our militia boys cry, "Oh, my, ain't it a shame." Then came the frightful news of an earthquake, marching on and on and mowing down cities. So frightful are our people that I visited one of our churches and found hundreds of persons in one voice singing, as their eyes were lifted to heaven, "Is my name written there." Next came a cyclone, which had a deep respect for us, and went over to Texas, and there destroyed millions and millions of dollars

for years. The United States claim that it is powerless to act on her wrongs, and so the wrong goes on. Our people are calmly looking on, having no leader but a class of impostors who are of but little use to themselves and certainly of none at all to the rest of mankind, so you can rest assured that Louisiana will not send any Republican congressmen there this year. We are out of the question at present, but we remember that it is a mighty long lane that has no turning, and we see already a white man's fight in politics, which may enable us in the future to demand justice at the ballot-box.  
W. B. R.

### Columbia.

**COLUMBIA, TENN., Oct. 4, 1886.**  
After an absence of nearly a year, we are again in this little city, so marked for its progress and industry.  
Middle Tennessee and Southeastern Texas—how they differ! Not alone is there a notable difference in climate, vegetation and fauna, but also a great difference in the characteristics of the people.

Gazing from my car window, it was a peculiar delight to behold the vast prairies over which roamed the numerous herds of long-horned cattle, closely watched by the cow boy; and then the scene would fade into a scope of white fields of cotton, alternating with large patches of sugar-cane and maize. Judging from the style of dress most of these sugar farms and many of the cotton farms along the railroad are worked by convicts from the state prison. The sections found us fast approached the Louisiana line. Every station at which the cars stopped there was the "coffee-stand," handing out a beverage suitably strong.

Hazy and murky the day opened, and we opened our eyes upon the Crescent City, and hence we passed the day. Desiring to see the city only, we sought the best means to that end. We were on historic ground. It was of interest to behold the statues over which Farragut brought his matchless fleet, the streets through which Butler's columns passed, teaching lessons of fidelity to the Union, and placing the truth into the lips of the fathers of the declaration of independence, where they so long declared fealty; and to view that which Jackson's black legions saved from pillage at the hands of the Spaniards.

In many respects New Orleans is a peculiarly and interesting city. After much going around, and making the acquaintance of several gentlemen of caliber, it was time to "take leave" for the remainder of the homeward ride. Across southern Louisiana, Mississippi and Alabama one sees the most southerly of the South. The reason is that one passes without shooting distance of Jeff. Davis' home.

Mobile and Montgomery, lazy, unkept cities, bear the greatest evidence of the absence of Yankee push, Yankee capital and brain. They greet you with an ease and assurance quite characteristic. Farther on, Birmingham, a veritable Pittsburg of the South, with its many furnaces and forges, its back country of iron beds and coal fields, telling one that life and thrift have found a place.

More jolting brought us safe to Columbia, where we were gladly met. Warm hands and glad hearts welcomed us. Here we reached the town, away above oak and poplar, we saw peering up with cool boldness, the belly of the building one that life and thrift have found a place.

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ness, while others share but little of the proceeds.  
The O'Hara and Abbott contest for Congress is now engrossing the attention of the political men. Both candidates are popular, and well known in Edgecombe County, yet from the appearance of things, Abbott seems to be the choice of a very large number. A congressional meeting takes place here this week, when it will be known which has the strongest edge. The time is now that we devote men who will represent us properly, men who understand the real needs of the people, and will advocate them so that every right privilege and want shall be awarded and nothing more. There was a time when to have one of our people in Congress was almost all that was needed, but now we do not only want to see them there, but we want them to be alive to our interest in particular, and to the interest of the nation generally. There is need of wise legislation for the whole country, so that justice, peace and prosperity may continue in all our borders.

Our series of meetings are now closed, and the churches have gathered in a few, who have professed that they have realized a change of heart.  
There is one enterprise, which if entered upon, would prove profitable and satisfactory to the community of our people, and that is to have a suitable bureau to convey the dead to their last resting place. Heretofore the remains of a deceased person have been carried in an express wagon, which in these days of improvement and progress seems strange and almost unchristianlike. If one or more persons would take this matter in hand and purchase a good hearse, and charge reasonable for the conveyance of the remains of the deceased, they would be patronized, and it would show that as a people we are abreast of the times in this as well as in other things. We hope the day is not far distant when some of our men of means here will engage in the enterprise, so that our dead may be carried to their last resting place in a suitable and proper manner.

We are pleased to notice that Mr. Blueford, of Lincoln University, has opened a private school in the town for the accommodation of the smaller children who will not be able to attend the new public school at Princeton, also a night school will be opened for all who cannot attend the day school, so that all who wish to procure an education may do so.  
R. R. MORRIS.

### THEY SAY

(Specially reported for the Advocate.)  
—That John G. Whittier enclosed a check for the Charleston fund and wrote, "New England in this matter, knows no North and South, and if here or there, any old jealousies and resentments remain, they should be swept away by the flood of practical sympathy, for our afflicted fellow countrymen."  
—That Edward Solomon, the composer and husband of Lillian Russell, was arrested in London last week, charged with bigamy.  
—That Rev. W. W. Downs has been quoted from West Cedar St. to Winter Hill.  
—That the next fashionable wedding will soon be announced. That it will take place at Trinity Church.  
—That Rev. Dr. Jenifer has bought a valuable piece of land, at Narragansett Pier.  
—That Mrs. Belva A. Lockwood is in the field again.  
—That there is to be a coalition of

—That the Lewis Hayden Commandery will give a grand parade and reception Oct. 15th.  
—That the street parade will be in the afternoon and the reception will be at Odd Fellows Hall in the evening.  
—That the Advocate sold rapidly last week. That many complained that they could not procure copies.  
—That five hundred extra copies will be issued this week.  
—That the inventor of the chestnut bell has pocketed \$30,000 for his ingenuity.  
—That the scent-bag presented to the bride last week by Lillie Chappelle was wholly designed and made by the little miss.  
—That Gen. Booth, the great head of the Salvation Army, arrived in this country last week, much to the delectation and exaltation of the marching, drumming, hurrahing men and women who in America acknowledge him as their chief.  
—That Matthews, a colored democrat, is holding a big office at the seat of government.

—That evidence of the impression it has made upon the colored people of the South are apparent.  
—That they are always exchanging compliments.  
—That Mr. O'Connor Ruffin was the handsomest man at the wedding last week.  
—That Lynn boasts of a young politician. That Boston needs an earthquake to shake hers up.  
—That there is a good deal of walling in upperdown over the prospective invasion of Beacon St. by the police and health departments which are to have their headquarters there.  
—That the appointment of Matthews was one of the wisest and most sagacious acts of the President during his administration.

—That with one exception the solid republican vote in the Senate was cast against the confirmation of Matthews.  
—That this was proof that the leaders of that party were resolved to give a democratic president no opportunity to conciliate the colored vote if they could help it.  
—That a colored baby born in Charleston during the earthquake has been named Earthquania.

—That a Mugwump chief has been chosen as a democratic leader in Massachusetts.  
—That Snodden, the defaulter, has been assigned the position of clerk in the guiding department of the State Prison.  
—That many eligible young ladies and many eligible young men have caught the marriage fever.  
—That it goes hard with reverend gentlemen. Hard enough to turn them from Methodist to Catholic.  
—That a certain young man, once a poor sailor but a sweetheart in every port.  
—That he has one in Boston port. That she is more fortunate than the other sweethearts. That she wears the engagement ring.  
—That Mrs. Gerster has lost her voice.  
—That the whipping-post has been put to use in Delaware again.  
—That Wiggins was obliged to leave Ottawa last Saturday to escape the popular indignation.  
—That perry food is advertised. That that is the kind of food a man eats who

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**Music.**  
Every one is, perhaps without knowing it, a musical critic; and why? For his musical faculties are left latent in him and are still wanting development. There do exist in us facilities which, but for want of proper development, lay hidden and lie unused by us.  
"Many a faint lute hidden under a mountain."  
"Voice hidden." Without the essential equipment of music, a lay or gentleman will pass for ignorant, whether at a concert or the theatre, the church or the concert, we are called upon to pass judgment on music; for wherever men meet together music will hold her own.  
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THE BOSTON ADVOCATE. SATURDAY OCTOBER 9, 1886.

Rev. Dr. W. B. Derrick's Speech BEFORE THE UNION LEAGUE CLUB, NEW YORK CITY, MARCH 18, 1886.

On March 16th of the present year, banquet was given by the Union League Club of 1863 and 1864 at the Club House on Fifth Avenue. The occasion was the commemoration of the departure for the seat of war of the Twentieth Regiment of United States colored troops, organized by the Club in 1864; and the surviving officers of the regiment were entertained by members who belonged to the Club at that time.

Rev. Dr. Derrick was among the most prominent guests of the Club and representing the race against which prejudice towered like a mountain at the breaking out of the war, and being an actor in that fearful drama, it was natural that he should be called upon to bear testimony to the courage and bravery of the Negro on land and sea.

When speech-making was in order and distinguished citizens and soldiers were being introduced to tell the stories of the days of battle, Col. LeGrand B. Cannon in the unavoidable absence of Hon. John Jay presided.

In introducing Dr. Derrick a distinguished member said:

Mr. President: We are not favored with the presence of a distinguished officer of our navy, but we are most fortunate in having as our guest a representative who served as a common sailor during the rebellion, and is with us this evening a representative man of the emancipated race, and now a distinguished divine.

I have the honor of introducing to you Rev. Dr. Derrick, of this city, who served on board the frigate "Minnesota" during the fight with the rebel ram "Merrimac."

Rev. Derrick, who was received with acclamations, delivered the following eloquent and impassioned address:

Mr. President and Gentlemen: If my powers of expression were equal to my sensibilities, I would make known to you in more choice language than I can now command, and therein relate, the supreme pleasure it affords me to be present, on this memorable and auspicious occasion.

Two or three nights ago, it happily became my very good fortune, while perusing some papers, to come across an eloquent and thrilling speech, once delivered by an eminently distinguished member of your Club, the gentleman that preceded me—the same, sirs, who is also the timely and deservedly honored President of your Club—the Hon. Chauncey M. Depew. And sirs, I am free to confess that through aid by said speech, I for the first time was brought to understand and appreciate the true import and positive nature of this organization, and I can say that ever since that time I have been an ever-ready friend of the Grand Old Party of which the Union League Club, of New York City, are the pioneers, the brains and sinews, and who so nobly and boldly stand to-day in defence of human liberty, justice and truth. Well, sirs, while reading that speech, I discovered that this association was not only established for social pleasure but to perpetuate the principles of our National Government; and extending your hands to the oppressed and proclaiming liberty to the bondsman and liberty to the slave. [Applause.]

When this Nation was tossed upon a sea of civil war, when not a star was to be seen in the firmament, when the Ship of State had her flag at half-mast, and the cry of distress went up from all parts of this great Republic; when demand after demand rapidly succeeded the other in calls for troops and yet no reinforcement came; when sirs, the stars and bars would have overshadowed our stars and stripes; and when the glorious principles of liberty, as handed down to this generation, were accompanied by two transportation

Government crib, were taught at the people's expense, yet at the sound of the war bugle, were among the first to stab the Nation.

After a delay of some months, the news reached our Flagship, the "Minnesota," that the rebel ram would shortly attack the fleet, which was then lying in the Roads. At first it was discredited, but it was not long before the truthfulness of the story verified itself by the steaming down of the long-looked-for "Merrimac." As the mouth of the James and Elizabeth Rivers were blockaded with a sort of the vessels composing the Squadron, of which the "Cumberland" and "Congress" formed a part, but as these were the most formidable, but without steam to aid in manœuvring when attacked by the enemy, the commander of the rebel ram knew the helplessness of these wooden ships, made good use of the opportunity in attacking them. Before they were clearly discovered by the fleet in the Roads they had reached the spot and had opened fire upon the vessels at their moorings. The drum sounded, we were called to quarters, our cable was slipped, guns run out, and in less than five minutes we were on our way to the seat of conflict. On reaching our destination we were confronted with the sad sight of the "Merrimac" backing under the port bow of the "Cumberland," and in less than fifteen minutes the ship of war began to keel over and settle to the bottom.

The crew, or a portion of those who were not killed, took to the rigging of the sinking ship as a place of refuge, and while there displayed the white flag, and it was unlabeled by the Rebels; these poor fellows were cut down from the rigging like birds from the limbs of a massive tree. Yet, notwithstanding the gallant Commander Morris, with the courage of a Napoleon and the pluck of a Perry on Lake Erie, declared to the Rebel commander "Before we surrender we will suffer our flag to be sunk, and while sinking, our ship shall remain the most methodical showing that the Union shall live forever." [Applause.]

The Congress was next visited, and for hours received the shots and shells in the rear of her wooden hull. Night, with its dark mantle was fast approaching, death and destruction visible on every side, the cause of Freedom and Liberty appeared to have received its death-blow—even the very waves of the sea appeared to be washed against the ship's side with a sorrowful wail. But, Mr. President, all was not lost; the all-seeing eyes of the Creator were watching the course of events. The sun at last had passed to its western realm, all nature was wrapped in darkness, the whistling winds began their mournful melody. Our hearts were hung upon the willows, when all of a sudden a shell thrown from the enemy's battery found its way to the magazine of the Congress, and as quick as lightning flash, the most terrific explosion of modern times ensued. The once famous frigate was no more; blown into almost ten thousand fragments, the very heavens appeared after the terrible catastrophe to be weeping; not an ark remained upon the waters.

A council of war was called on board the Flag Ship off on the quarter deck, when it was concluded to stand by the ship until morning, then to evacuate her and burn her to the water's edge, so as to prevent her falling into the hands of the enemy. The conclusions had scarcely been announced when the news reached the Admiral, saying that the Errision Battery (as then known instead of Monitor) had reached the Roads, and was awaiting orders.

Sirs, you can imagine the thrill of joy which ran through the many hearts then almost crushed with grief and sorrow, when a star was to be seen in the firmament, when the Ship of State had her flag at half-mast, and the cry of distress went up from all parts of this great Republic; when demand after demand rapidly succeeded the other in calls for troops and yet no reinforcement came; when sirs, the stars and bars would have overshadowed our stars and stripes; and when the glorious principles of liberty, as handed down to this generation, were accompanied by two transportation

of that people whose tomb has been buried under by the strong arm of liberty, a representative of a race rising from death through the healthy and loyal influence of the Grand Old Party, and for her I say in behalf of 7,000,000 of negroes, that while in certain sections of this country they are accused of disloyalty and cowardice, following strange gods, let me whisper and say that away down in the depths of his soul there lies a feeling of loyalty and sympathy. If it is not true then the negro is less than a man. The names of John Brown, Garrison, Phillips, Smith, Grant and others will be cherished in the bosoms of my people as long as life shall last. [Prolonged applause.] I voice to-night the true sentiment of the colored men from the ice-bound coast of Maine along the golden shores of the Pacific; yes, along the blue waters of the lake to the everglades of the Florida, across the tobacco fields of Maryland and Virginia, the rice swamps of the Carolinas, the cotton patches of Georgia and Louisiana, Mississippi, and gentlemen, while you will readily admit that circumstances frequently alter cases, yet be assured you can ever believe that the soldiers who fought in the war in the 20th New York and the 54th Massachusetts Regiments, commanded by the gallant Colonel Bartram and Shaw, a Negro of precious memory who sleeps in an unknown grave beneath Wagner's bloody parapets. We will guard against those those sacred names, and for ages to come you will find the majority of the negroes true to those principles of the Republic and ready to stand behind and defend her forever. [Applause.]

Sirs, I sincerely hope that this organization will hand down to her sons these glorious lessons and will try to inculcate in them those ideas until the American flag, which is the handsomest of national emblems, although there was a time in the Republic's history when it was a hiss and a mockery among the free nations of the world simply on account of the evil that was caused by the damnable crime, Negro slavery. But it has been washed and cleaned. All these wonderful changes were brought about by Republican wisdom. Mr. President, the mission of the Grand Old Party has not yet been accomplished fully, and will not be until beneath the silver folds of your National ensign, all shall stand as equals before the law. The inventive German, the industrious white Irishman, the cunning and trafficking Jew, the musical and wonderful Italians, the polite Frenchman, the hospitable Englishman, the granite-moulded Scotchman, the Pagan Chinese man, the unconquered Indians, last, but not least, the amiable, industrious and forgiving Negro. When all shall stand as citizens enjoying equal privileges, may all look to it and receive justice and protection. [Long and loud cheers.]

May I not be allowed to say a few words, Mr. Chairman, that I consider all the rights that are enjoyed by you as a people in this country must be attributed to the wisdom of the Executive of the League Club of New York, and your comrades throughout the broad land, who so bravely and so bravely defend for and maintain the true principles of the spirit of liberty throughout the nation? The friends of freedom in this country had stood as the beacon light to the stroke, never flinching. When party spirit ran high, and vengeance, with blood and glaring eyes, you, with others here, all have been reached, to the stake, social and commercial ostracism, you have stood it all, so that your country might be free from the foot of a human chattel-bone. The people who have been the reapers of the fruits of your labors appreciate it and have shown it in their conduct. The overseer of the slave pens into school houses and the auction blocks into Christian pulpits, and the voice of the noble and true New England School Mistress; the spilling of the blood of your sons; the spending of millions of dollars were not in vain. No, no. We are raising men belonging to the race who will stand the test at the hands of any of the masters in the republic of letters, such as professors, teachers, doctors, lawyers, journalists and artists. Likewise thousands of others

ordinary comforts on account of the fewness of the avenues through which these things are to be acquired. May we not be allowed to say how long, how long will it be before Divine Justice will punish on earth some master mind who shall drive from the Western World that cruel spirit of caste? How long, how long will it be before the voice will be heard in the wilderness against American prejudice, and for manhood in man and brotherhood in God? [Applause.]

I appeal to the honest friends of liberty, you who had the moral courage to stand up before me, once led one thousand negro troops down to the dock for the seat of conflict. Now that the war of bayonets is over, now that shots and shells are still, do not desert us in our hour of need. We crave the influence, that of Republican influence, which brought about the freedom of the bondsman. [Applause.] As a veteran of the war I shake glad hands with you, my comrades while you were led by Butler, Banks, Hooker, Meade, Burnside, and last, but not least, under him whose remains sleep by the side of Riverside Park along the banks of the beautiful Charles. He fought on the sea under Stringham, Van Brunt, and Farragut who stood up nobly and defended the flag of your country. [Applause.]

When the historian shall write the history of the Republic, he shall speak of you, the champions of liberty, as sleeping in the graves of heroes immortal, and the garland which shall bedeck your tombs shall bloom in perpetual freshness, and continually by the hearts of the free people and watched over by Him in whose sight the just and the good are ever precious. [Enthusiastic applause.]

THEY SAY

(Specially suited for the Advocate.) —That Wm. E. Gould, the defaulting Portland cashier, was sentenced to State's prison, for ten years.

—That a certain widower is paying much devoted attention to a certain single lady. That she is well known in the fashionable circles.

—That the president is seen to sing in the church Sundays but is never heard, so that nobody can tell what his voice is.

—That J. S. Davidson, who is a coal black Negro, was nominated by the republicans of the 3d district in New England. That is popularular with his race, but is not expected to defeat the democratic candidate, who is worth \$10,000,000.

—That the retail dealers of this city have among their newspapers for sale, the Boston Advocate and the N. Y. Freeman.

—That they sell twice as many copies of the Boston Advocate as they do of the Freeman. That they intend to support the Boston Advocate. That Boston sirs, do support its own.

—That at a dime museum in Chicago there is a young man on exhibition whom you can see right through. Would to heaven there were more of them.

—That the obligation of every Knight of Labor makes him disregard the color, creed and nationality of his fellow members.

—That there are a number of colored men in District 49. That one of them was a delegate to the Convention.

—That Col. Murphy, of Merchants' Hotel, of Richmond, said that he would gladly accommodate 49, but could not help the colored men get into the city by allowing the colored man equal privileges with the white man. —That the colored delegate, overhearing this, issued a plan for himself, saying that the others could select any hotel they liked. —That the other delegates declared that they would go only where their colored brother was admitted on the same footing.

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In my sentiments, I would have known to you in more choice language than I can now command, and therein relate, the supreme pleasure it affords me to be present, on this memorable and auspicious occasion.

Two or three nights ago, it happily became my very good fortune, while perusing some papers, to come across an eloquent and thrilling speech, once delivered by an eminently distinguished member of your Club, the gentleman that preceded me—the same, sirs, who is also so timely and deservedly honored President of your Club—the Hon. Chauncey M. Depew. And sirs, I am free to confess that through aid by said speech, I for the first time was brought to understand and made to learn the true import and positive nature of this organization, and I can say that ever

since that time, ever pronounced friend of the Grand Old Party, of which the Union League Club, of New York City, are the pioneers, the brains and sinews, and who so nobly and boldly stand to-day in defence of human liberty, justice and truth. Well, sirs, while reading that speech, I discovered that this association was not only established for social pleasure but to perpetuate the principles of our National Government; and extending your hands to the oppressed and proclaiming liberty to the bondman and liberty to the slave.

[Applause.] When this Nation was tossed upon a sea of blood and war, when not a star was to be seen in the firmament, when the Ship of State had her flag at half-mast, and the cry of distress went up from all parts of this Republic; when demand after demand rapidly succeeded the other in calls for troops and yet no reinforcement came; when sirs, the stars and bars would have overshadowed our stars and stripes; and when the glorious principles of liberty, as handed down by the illustrious father of his country, George Washington, to the sons of our Republic—even they would have been trampled in the dust by a miserable slave-holding oligarchy that took the National Government by the throat and vainly strove to strangle it forever—it was then the negro who to-day stands as true as ever, and expects to so stand, yes, so long as the privileges of American liberty are extended to them—they went willingly and cheerfully to the front, amid the hottest fire, though previously unpaid, unrecognized, unhonored and maltreated as they had been, simply prompted by an unconquerable desire for liberty then smouldering within their bosoms but never enjoyed.

Ah, well was it so eloquently said to-night, that the negro soldier and sailor entered the conflict with feelings such as animated no white man. The negro saw that his all was at stake, his wife, his children, his own liberty were then in the balance, and he saw that unless he gave a helping hand he might yet remain a prisoner in the house of bondage. [Loud Applause.] Sirs, it affords me no common pleasure, I repeat it, to stand here to-night and declare the negro is proved to have taken an active part in crushing out the slave-holders' rebellion and setting upon the ruins thereof this grand government under the sun. We feel proud to have had a hand in that war, especially in the great battle of March, 1862, when the "Minnesota," commanded by Rear-Admiral Stringham and Capt. Van Bunt, and the remaining portion of the fleet lay at Hampton Roads, Va. The "Merrimac," as you are aware, was once an American Frigate, which was confiscated by the rebels, while it was at the Norfolk Navy Yard, at the breaking out of the war between the two sections, and reconstructed into an iron-clad ram, and was placed in charge of Capt. Thomas Buchanan. This man was one among the many that were educated by the Government at the Naval School, at Annapolis, Md. They were fed at the

to have received its death-blow,—even the very waves of the sea appeared to be washed against the ship's side with a sorrowful wail. But, Mr. President, all was not lost; the all-seeing eyes of the Creator were watching the course of events. The sun at last had passed to its western realm, all nature was wrapped in darkness, the whistling winds began their mournful melody. Our harps were hung upon the willows, when all of a sudden a shell thrown from the enemy's battery found its way to the magazine of the Congress, and at quick as lightning flash, the most terrific explosion of modern times ensued. The once famous frigate was no more; blown into almost ten thousand fragments, the very keelson appeared after the terrible catastrophe to be weeping; not an ark appeared upon the troubled waters. A counsel of war was called on board the Flag Ship off on the quarter deck, when it was concluded to stand by the ship until morning, then evacuate her and burn her to the water's edge, so as to prevent her falling into the hands of the enemy. The conclusions had scarcely been announced, when the news reached the Admiral, saying that the *Krisson Battery* (as then known instead of *Monitor*) had reached the Roads, and was awaiting orders.

Sirs, you can imagine the thrill of joy which ran through the minds of the men almost crushed with anguish. After a suspense of four hours a singular looking craft was to be seen coming up the river. The Yankee cheese box on the raft was the name given to our deliverer, for had it not been for this insignificant speck, as it appeared to some eyes, the entire fleet would have been destroyed. The crew and all hands were anxious to take a good look at the mighty war ship; but a little time was allowed, on account of the announcement that the "*Merrimac*," accompanied by two transports, the "*James*" and "*Yorktown*" were coming for the purpose of boarding the "*Minnesota*," and making prisoners of all on board. In this attempt she was sadly disappointed, for, as soon as she came within range, the "*Monitor*" saluted her by throwing a shell across her bow. At once the discovery, on the part of the "*Merrimac*," was made that the small, insignificant speck was nothing less than the greatest invention of modern warfare. Then the great commander Warden, who had charge of the "*Monitor*" coming from Montgomery rebel prison, had sworn vengeance, to avenge the insults and wrong done his country's flag by the rebels. For four hours these two iron clads fought like two pugilists in a hand-to-hand conflict. All nature seemed to laugh, the sun appeared to shine brighter than it had for days previous. As the battle grew hotter and hotter, all of a sudden the "*Merrimac*" changed her position and came with full steam, bow on, for the purpose of running down the "*Monitor*," and by thus acting caused her to meet the fate of the "*Cumberland*." In this attempt she was foiled. In her attempt to run into the "*Monitor*," the force with which she came caused her to keel over just enough to expose a portion of wood work, whereon the gunner of the "*Monitor*" made good use of his chance and sent a steel-pointed shot through her hulk, which finally disabled and partially crippled her machinery; this compelled her to make a hasty retreat. Thus ended the greatest naval battle the world ever witnessed, in ancient or modern warfare. After her retreat the entire fleet, the crews of the ships, both naval and merchant, gave vent to the slumbering cheers which were concealed in hearts that were almost crushed. The elements were rejoicing; all nature seemed to laugh; the field was regained, and the stars and stripes had won the day, and the stars and stripes were trailed in the dust. [Loud and prolonged applause.]

Sirs, I say to-night as a representative

all shall stand as equals before the law. The inventive German, the industrious and witty Irishman, the cunning and trafficking Jew, the musical and wondering Italians, the polite Frenchman, the hospitable Englishman, the granite-moulded Scotchman, the Pagan Chinaman, the unconquered Indians, last, but not least, the amiable, industrious and forgiving Negro. When all shall stand as citizens enjoying equal privileges, may all look to it and receive justice and protection. [Long and loud cheers.]

May I not be allowed to say in conclusion, Mr. Chairman, that I consider all the rights that are enjoyed by us as a people in this country must be attributed to you, gentlemen, of the Union League Club of New York, and your compeers throughout the broad land. Who so bravely and successfully fought for and maintained the true principles of the spirit of liberty throughout the nation? The friends of freedom in this country had stood as the beaten anvil to the stroke, never flinching. When party spirit ran high, and vengeance, with bared arms and glaring eyes, you, with others have stood it all for freedom's sake. Social and commercial ostracism, you have stood it all, so that your country might be free from the foul stain of human chattelbores. The people who have been the readers of the fruits of your labors appreciate it and have shown it in their conduct since the conversion of the slave pens into school houses and the auction blocks into christian pulpits, and the voice of the auctioneer into the New England School Mistress; the spilling of the blood of your sons; the spending of millions of dollars were not in vain! No, no. We are raising men before the race who will stand the test at the hands of any of the masters in the republic of letters, such as professors, teachers, doctors, lawyers, journalists and artists, likewise thousands of others who are thoroughly versed in the handicraft of the day. History fails to give account of any people which have made such extraordinary advancement as my people in the last twenty years. No, none have made such wonderful progress as the American Negro. This we attribute to your influence in our behalf [applause.] When I forget from what source we derived the help, let "my right hand forget its cunning." Democratic tendency may enter the black man's mind; may manifest a restlessness bordering upon disloyalty; yet, you can rest assured the rank and file of the race will always stand by those who contended in their behalf when they were unable to defend themselves. This we would prove if you would furnish us with protection at the ballot box in the South where our votes amount to something and can be utilized to the benefit of the entire country. 600,000 ballots will be found standing by the party of Lincoln and Grant, and those who sided with the oppressed. [Applause.]

Gentlemen, you are unacquainted with us as a race; you are seldom brought in contact with the better element of my people. All your knowledge concerning us is what you glean at your leisure hours from the newspapers of the South, and even in your own city of New York. And then the reports are of the most scurrilous kind. Our good acts, our advancements, are purposely ignored, and all that has a tendency to degrade is given to the world. The negro is counted degraded; still when he attempts to rise he is forbidden to do so. All avenues are sealed to him. No opportunities are given him. All he asks is an equal chance in the race of life. The friends of human rights it is in your power to assist him in his struggle for subsistence. You have aided us thus far; we still crave a continuance of your aid, and the time is not far distant when you will feel proud at having a hand in helping a people who was and is hindered from the acquiring of these necessa-

—That the president is seen to sing in the church Sundays but is never heard, so that nobody can tell what his voice is.

—That J. S. Davidson, who is a coal black Negro, was nominated by the republicans of the 3d district in New Orleans for Congress. That he is popular with his race, but is not expected to defeat the democratic candidate, who is worth \$10,000,000.

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—That Col. Murphy, of Merchants' Hotel, of Richmond, said that he would gladly accommodate 49, but could not defy the customs and usages of the city by allowing the colored man equal privileges with the white man.

—That the colored delegate, overhearing this, secured a place for himself, saying that the others could select any hotel they liked.

—That the other delegates declared that they would go only where their colored brother was admitted on the same footing.

—That the delegates from 49 will board nowhere but with colored families.

—That the editor of the *Planet* spoke in strong terms against the article which appeared in the *State* concerning the action of the Richmond hotel keepers regarding the colored delegate.

—That he told her last Sunday that he had a good opinion of her. That she said if he had a good opinion she was satisfied. That those present wondered if she was.

—That this, of course, is *entre nous*.

—That the most bashful gentlemen can plead eloquently for what they want.

—That he wanted a song. That he pleaded for it. That he got it.

—That the 12th Baptist Church will begin preparations for a three-months' house-warming on Sunday. That it takes money to make the preparation.

BERT ISLEW.

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