

deed unfolded in them, but that they have not the power of generalization, are they not saying, in roundabout phrase, that the negro is neither more or less than a beast? Putting the proposition in this form it refutes itself, at the same time that it inspires pity for the ignorance which dictated it. The negro does more than merely remember. He can grasp the scope and bearing of general principles and draw legitimate conclusions from them. These judgments may be elementary, but so they are in the case of utterly uneducated whites, and I hold that, judging by averages, instruction can widen the circle of these judgments almost as easily in the African as in the European mind.

A line more on this subject before dismissing it. It has been gravely asserted, and thousands believe, that the negro is more humanized when in subordination to the European than under any other circumstances; that the negro can be partially civilized only by Europeans; that European civilization, *in extenso*, is not suited to the negro character. A shrewd thinker and observer, throwing these propositions into one test-word, asked me whether, by any possibility, a negro could be a gentleman. For all answer I straightway and unhesitatingly pointed him to my foreman. If Nain was not a gentleman then that term has changed its meaning. It is true that Nain was an extraordinary negro. We have seen the darker and lower traits of his character when acting under the blinding influence of fanatical hallucinations; but in better moods, when he was truly himself, there was added to a brilliant imagination and a sure, swift judgment, a delicacy of feeling, a habit of self-control, a modest reticence and an instinctive appreciation of the moral and social fitness of things which usually proceed only from high breeding and the contact of civilization. I admit again that Nain was an exception, but not such an exception as would prove the Darwinian rule. I have known other negroes who were almost as intelligent, high-minded, enterprising and refined. I could name many negro women, more especially, whose sensitive natures and virtuous characters raised them to the highest level of female excellence. All these cases prove that it is an accident of birth, training and association, not nature, which has kept down the African tribe in America.

On what do these theorists base their observations? On the negro in the state of slavery and on the free negro of the British West Indies and our own Northern States. But in neither case can a true scientific judgment be found. Slavery, even in its mildest aspects, bore down the black. Freedom is the breath of God, is indispensable to the elevation of the mind and heart. It must permeate all the faculties. If it is barred out the whole mechanism—mental and moral—sinks and grovels. The negro slave is only one remove from the beast. The blacks in the British Antilles and in the North were too recently restored to freedom to give proof of what they could accomplish in their new estate. Besides even there they were the butts of an ostracism, of a social exclusion from their nominal friends, which was hardly less inimical to their development than slavery itself.

Wait patiently for a quarter of a century; let the negrophiles help the liberated race to the full extent of their philanthropic protestations, and the sociologists will tell a different story about the blacks of America. I calmly await that verdict. Living with the Africans from my youth, I have loved them, pitied them, pleaded for them, befriended them when and as I could. I now proclaim their capabilities of redemption. The work of regeneration will be tremendous. It will require the patience of a great nation, nay, of all humanity to bring it about. But the years of God are eternal. The strength of spiritual influences is infinite. If in a hundred years from now the patient, broken race reaches the medium stages of our civilization, the world will have cause to rejoice and the race itself may bless the terrible cataclysm which produced its emancipation.

XVI.

POST-MORTEM.

Slavery is dead. I have just alluded to this fact in connection with the slaves themselves. I will refer to it again for one moment in connection with their former masters. Placed as I was, in the West, midway between the two contending parties, bound to the one side by the heart, to the other side by my reason; thoroughly acquainted with slavery by actual contact from infancy, as thoroughly acquainted with the real sentiments of slave-holders, I believe that I am in a condition to judge impartially of the results of the war, in so far as concerns emancipation. The question has often been asked: Does the South acquiesce in the freedom of its slaves? I answer, Yes. Does it cheerfully recognize their liberty? It does.

Spite of the sordid greed of some planters, spite of the declamation of fire-eaters, spite of that unfortunate clause of the Montgomery Constitution, spite of many untoward appearances, I believe it is conceded now by fair-minded men that the South did not take up arms for the retention or extension of slavery. If the issue had been placed before them in so many words, the best men in the South would have recoiled from it. And after the war was engaged, the policy proclaimed by the leaders had other instincts and other tendencies. No man will make the world believe that Lee fought and

Jackson died for slavery. Now that partisan passion has cooled, all sides agree that these two were great and good men. To accuse them of such a crime would be to cast a doubt on the inherent rectitude of the human heart.

No, the North is more loudly jubilant, as is natural, over the downfall of slavery, but the South, beaten to the earth, rejoices that her inevitable rise will not be longer retarded by the burden of a social iniquity.

It would seem that a great change cannot be brought in this world without a revolution. Man is too weak or too perverse to right the wrong by gradual natural means. God must intervene with His thunderbolt. Consult history and you will find that every radical, social or political reform has been thrown out of the bowels of a terrible upheaval of the elements. It had to be thus with slavery. That was a huge sin for which the whole country was responsible, North as well as South. The people desired its removal, but human passion took up the problem and rendered its solution impossible to human ingenuity. For forty years the question agitated the country without the prospect of a possible adjustment. It required four years of bloodshed to settle it forever. That war was God's mystery. His providence was manifested in the emancipation of slaves.

The South has understood and accepted this. A distinguished officer who had served in the Southern armies to the very end, after relating to me, one day, the terrible scenes immediately preceding and accompanying the collapse of the Confederacy, dropped his head sorrowfully upon his breast, and exclaimed:

"Ah! believe me, it was all the curse of slavery."

(To be continued.)

GENERAL UTILITY.

"Where get'st thou that goose look I?" "Go prick thy face, thou lily-livered boy." "Take thy face hence." "Dull, unmindful villain, why starest thou here?" "Speak, slave!"

These and such like expressions I have been used to for many years; and use with us is second nature, for we talk about our thousands and flutter our crisp bank-notes as if they were old friends. I've seen the great tragedian take his "paper" on Saturday, but I never got beyond a small pile of silver; there are three more mouths at home, but she (I mean my wife) makes the salary go to the end of the week very well.

It seems like a dream to look back on the time past and see the old man in his chair smoking his pipe and listening to the bit of news out of a paper more than a week old. Ah, he was opposed to anything theatrical "tooth and nail," wouldn't have seen me talking to a play-actor in case I might have caught the infection. Well, he didn't live to see me in the "general utility" line; that's a shock he was spared.

There were no music-halls when I first started; if there had been I don't suppose I should have joined the travelling company. I had a tidy voice at that time, and if I could have got a good comic song written I should only have had to put on a ridiculous dress, and I might have stood a better chance. Why don't I do it now? Too late, sir; my salary, as I've said before, is not very great, and my wardrobe's not very flourishing, but utility's my line, sir, "general utility," and I expect that I must go on making myself generally useful till the "baize" falls.

I had a long apprenticeship in the country, pieces changed every night; that's the time to try your study. "Practice makes perfect," they say; but when you come to play about a dozen pieces a week there's no mistake about the practice, but as to being perfect you'd better ask the prompter.

Yet, mind you, there's a sort of charm about the "uninterrupted chain of novelty" business (that's what they call it in the bills). Why? Well, I'll tell you. I've played in a piece for more than two hundred nights; I had to go on when it was nearly over and take a letter which caused a good deal of excitement to the leading man; and, when he asked me if "The Lady Leonora had entrusted it to my care?" I had to reply "She did, my lord." "There's for thy pains," he said, and giving me the usual coin waved me off.

There, that was my part for two hundred and odd nights, and it almost knocked me over; but what annoyed me still more was that, after the run of this successful piece, the governor puts up *Pizarro* and *Rob Roy*, all the utility parts of which I knew backwards. If you'll believe me, in that year I hadn't the chance of studying half a dozen parts.

My wife was on the stage before we were married; but now, what with the children and looking to my collars and ruffles for "ballroom scenes" and "evening parties," she'd hardly have the time to study, even if I asked her to double the engagement.

My eldest girl, somehow or other took a liking to the boards very early; she'd been reading over my parts, and a few printed books of published plays that I picked up a bargain when poor Harry Collins, our second heavyman, died; he only left an old father behind him, who soon melted Harry's little stock of "props," and the books came to me; but I was going to say about my girl Ellen (we always call her Nell at home), I never shall forget how pleased that child was when I came home one day from rehearsal and told her that old Burton, our stage-manager,

was in a fix for a girl to play in *Belphegor*, and I said that I had come to take her to the theatre. She put on her bonnet, and I think she wanted to have a 'bus to the stage-door.

At rehearsal she read the part beautifully, and at night I stood as near the wing as a "general utility" man is allowed, and I heard the governor say to the stage-manager, "I say, Burton, that girl's playing that part remarkably well," and so she did, for the women at the pit told me the next night that she made the people cry in the second act; and, when I went home and told Nelly that, she laughed and drew herself up. "Ah," said she, "we must have bills out next week, with our name in larger type, and we must speak about raise of salary."

She has got on wonderfully since then; Lord bless you, she's in America now "starring," and writes home about dollars. Well, she's a good girl, though I say it, and industrious, for she's studied her profession and kept to it, from night the bottom of the ladder. I'm proud to say she never did go on without something to speak, not that I've anything to say against the ballet; no, I've seen too many instances of hard-working girls taking home their little earnings to poor parents for that, there are exceptions I know, in this as well as other professions, but maybe not quite so many.

I have been at the theatre where I am now for three years; but before that time I was out of an engagement sometime for a month or two. I went one summer into the provinces, leaving my wife in our old lodgings with the younger children. I joined half a dozen others who were taking the very small theatres, and, as it was out of the season at the places we went to, the proprietor was glad to let us open, and take two-thirds of the receipts for his rent, printing, and gas. Well, we managed to live somehow.

I played "Macbeth" for my benefit; and when I came at night the woman who cleaned the stage gave me a letter, and when I opened it there was a sovereign fixed in a card, and a few words inside the envelope asking me to reserve the front row in the boxes.

You may guess that I was rather excited, for there was no name mentioned.

I dressed for the part; it was not such a bad make up, for I had seen some of the best on the stage; I won't say much about the dress. I remember I was not pleased with it after receiving the sovereign.

I came down to look through the curtain to see if there was any one in the house, and was surprised to see a good gallery and a very decent pit. I had not expected it, for there was a pony-race and jumping in sacks near the theatre; but as I found out that it had begun to rain, the presence of my patrons was easily explained.

Seven o'clock; prompter rang the bell, up went the curtain; the first and second scenes passed. Scene third; enter Banquo followed by Macbeth; good reception for a utility man. I did not look at the audience, but closed my eyes as I bowed. I came down for my first soliloquy, and when I turned my eyes towards the centre, there was my Nelly with her mother and her sister Jessie sitting in the reserved—the mystery of the sovereign was revealed—and, strange to say, her presence seemed to give me more power. The good girl never laughed at me during the whole performance, and when I was killed and the curtain fell she came round to me in the dressing-room, and said, as she gave me a kiss, "You're a dear old bad actor, that you are."

That was the only time I ever went beyond "general utility," and she often reminds me of it in her letters.

I don't often get a holiday; but even when I do I go down to the East-end and see a piece. I was vexed, though, about a month ago. I can hardly tell you the reason. I can't explain why it should trouble me; but the fact is, I wanted to go down to Stratford-on-Avon, but there was a misunderstanding between the governor and the committee, and our company didn't go down.

VARIETIES.

CAMPANINI.—Campanini, writes the New York correspondent of the *Chicago Inter-Ocean*, is living in a pretty little house on East Seventeenth street. He brought over with him his wife and two little children, to say nothing of an Italian cook, for the great tenor is something of a gourmand, and has a fondness for his native cooking that is fairly patriotic. He gives dainty little dinners to his friends here, at which only Italian dishes are served, and quantities of the material for which, including wines, he brought over with him. He has a good deal of humour about him, and tells with great glee how rich he felt when he earned four francs a day during his first engagement, and how he used to sing when he shod the horses at his little smithy in Parma.

MR. BLACK.—William Black is a very rapid writer. There are fabulous stories told of the amount of leader writing which he could accomplish in his days of journalistic work. In writing novels he seems to sit down with all his matter in his head and only the actual work of penmanship to do, so that he can write straight on. He will take, perhaps, a week of what ignorant mortals might consider idleness, and then in a day or two write out all that had accumulated in his mind. Thus, although he seems to keep his brain perpetually employed either in observation or construction, his hours of actual physical work are not really very many. He seldom works two days running, even in the thick of a

novel, as the strain of this continuous work is too great, although occasionally this rule is broken by some few days of consecutive writing. Mr. Black seems, altogether, to have a very fluent and easily commanded power of production, but even he cannot always write. Sometimes he will shut himself up, or leave home for a few days, in order to get through a spell of work.

HOW THE CHINESE LADIES DRESS.—Lady Alcock has given a reception at her London home to the ladies of the Chinese Embassy. Only one gentleman was present; this was the Chinese Ambassador himself, who appeared very magnificently in an overdress of deep yellow brocade. His wife and sister wore skirts of a red material, with overdresses and long hanging sleeves of purplish black brocade, splendidly embroidered between the shoulders. The sleeves of one was bordered with a broad band of magnolia satin exquisitely embroidered with white stocks and silver leaves; the other had a band of pale mauve satin embroidered with silver and gold. The hair of both was drawn back and stiffened with pomatum into a curious protuberance at the back, edged with beads and tinsel ornaments. Ornamental pins and red, violet, and yellow flowers were worn also. A little child, the son of the Ambassador's sister wore an overdress of richest Serres blue brocade, intermingled with some lighter stuff; the headdress was on a foundation like a skull cap of stone-colored felt, and was composed of beads and spangle.

HOW LONG HAVE I TO LIVE?—It is not every one who asks himself this question, because strangely enough, it is the belief of most persons that their lives will be exceptionally lengthy. However, life assurance companies are aware of the credulous weakness of those whose lives they assure, and have, therefore, compiled numerous tables of expectancy of life for their own guidance, which are carefully referred to before a policy is granted.

The following is one of those well-authenticated tables in use among assurance companies, showing the average length of life at various ages. In the first column we have the present ages of persons of average health, and in the second column we are enabled to peep as it were behind the scenes of an insurance office and gather from their table the number of years they will give us to live. This table has been the result of careful calculation, and seldom proves misleading. Of course sudden and premature deaths, as well as lives unusually extended, occasionally occur, but this is a table of the average expectancy of life of an ordinary man or woman:

Age.	Years to live.
1.....	30
10.....	51
20.....	41
30.....	34
40.....	28
50.....	21
60.....	14
70.....	9
80.....	4

Our readers will easily gather from the above tabulated statement the number of years to which their lives, according to the law of averages, may reasonably be expected to extend.

BETTER THAN A SHOT-GUN.—A merchant doing business near the foot of Jefferson avenue used to spend about half his time explaining to callers why he could not sign petitions, lend small sums, buy books or invest in moonshine enterprises, but that time has passed, and it now takes him only two minutes to get rid of the most persistent case. Yesterday a man called to sell him a map of Michigan. He had scarcely made known his errand when the merchant put on his hat and said:

"Come along and I'll see about it." He led the way to a boiler shop, two blocks distant, wherein a hundred hummers were pounding at iron, and walking up to the centre of the shop and into the midst of the deafening racket he turned to the agent and kindly shouted:

"Now, then, if you know of any special reason why I should purchase a map of Michigan please state them at length."

The man with the maps went right out without attempting to state "reasons the one," and the merchant tranquilly returned to his desk to await the next.

CONSUMPTION CURED.

An old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy, for the speedy and permanent cure of consumption, bronchitis, catarrh, asthma, and all throat and lung affections, also a positive and radical cure for nervous debility and all nervous complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive, and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send, free of charge, to all who desire it, this recipe, with full direction for preparing and using, in German, French, or English. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper, W. W. Sherer, 149 Powers' Block, Rochester, N. Y.