

discussion because President Roosevelt, in his now famous "Man with the Muck Rake" speech, has made a mild protest against the modern Nathans who have been lashing particular sinners and wrongdoers. The main interest in this speech has been due to the conviction in many minds that the President has seen fit to condemn in a public speech these men and women who have recently been engaged in what is called the campaign of exposure.

President Roosevelt's main contentions in his speech, as I understand them, are that real wrongdoers and corruptors of the public welfare ought to be condemned and exposed, but that the truth only should be told; that good men ought not to be slandered; that the picture ought not to be overdrawn, and made too dark; that confidence in human nature ought not to be shaken, and that the securing of good men for the public service ought not to be made difficult because of the unjust criticism they will be subjected to. With these propositions every sane and fair-minded man will agree.

But in order to agree with the above propositions must we condemn the men and the women who, with high purposes and for the sake of the public welfare, have exposed particular wrongdoers and who have thrown the limelight of publicity upon the sore and ugly spots in our political, social and business institutions?

While the President's address was on the whole sound and wholesome, yet it has been misinterpreted in many quarters, and it has been used as a text to condemn the well-intentioned exposers, to call a halt on the Nathans of our time; it has been used as a plea for leniency and charity for the persistent violators of the moral law, the corruptors of the public welfare, the daily plunderers of the people. It has been used to call a halt upon the greatest moral crusade of our time, to cast discredit upon the best piece of national moral cleansing our country has had since the abolition movement, to cast discredit upon a work that has turned the tide of moral sentiment in our country, and toned up our whole political, social and business civilization.

I protest against these men being called "muck rakers," for they have done a helpful service to our country, and toned up the moral atmosphere of our time.

We are told that a halt should be called upon this campaign in the name of decency and Christian charity. We are told that these so called "muck rakers" have outraged the common sentiments of our humanity in their merciless condemnation of men and measures.

Well, as a Christian preacher I recognize the place of kindness and charity in human life. It is the proper sentiment in our individual relation with our fellows. Made as we all are of the same clay, cast as we all are in the same mold, living as many are in glass houses, it becomes us to be kind and charitable to our fellow men and women. But charity should not be one-sided, nor narrow in its expression. To whom shall we be charitable, to the robber or to his victims?

Charity to the plundered people of America has required this merciless exposure of the brigands who were plundering them.

The men and women who have carried on this campaign of exposure are in good company, for it

will be time to say that they have been too severe when it is first proved that the Man of Nazareth was too severe when he told the Pharisees to their teeth that they were "whited sepulchers filled with dead men's bones."

But this plea for leniency is based upon another and less justifiable reason. It is based upon the plea that the men and interests attacked are great and powerful. It is based upon the assumption that great sinners ought not to be subject to such mean and vulgar attacks. This is the assumption, else why this plea for leniency for great public men, great heads of corporations, great captains of industry, who are daily breaking the law and living in entire disregard of the Ten Commandments? Are these immunities and safeguards the legitimate rewards of wealth and greatness, so that it is to be understood that when men reach the sacred circle of the powerful few they are to be above the laws of the land, above the binding restrictions of the moral law, above the requirements of fair play and all the just rules of the game?

We have heard no such plea for common sinners, no charges of "muck raking" against those who expose the petty pilfering of small thieves, no great campaign to protect from just condemnation the vicious classes in the common walks of life. No, not in the whole history of humanity has a man been called a "muck raker" because he exposed the wrongdoing of the weak and defenseless.

This is the most outrageous privilege of all in an era of special privileges, the one that is the greatest menace to a democratic civilization, the special privilege of being immune from the law, above the law and the moral standards of the time.

So, I say, in this whole question of justice and public condemnation, let there be one law and one method for all alike, one moral standard for all classes, one system of justice for rich and poor, high and low. Here as well as in every realm of the social order should be applied the good old Jeffersonian principle of "equal rights for all, special privileges for none."

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INTELLIGENCE OF THE NEGRO.

An Open Letter from General Hermann Lieb to the Hon. Chas. Francis Adams, on the Latter's Article in the Century for May, 1906, Denying the Possession by the Negro Race of Inherent Powers of Development.

For The Public.

My Dear Sir:—

It may appear presumptuous to challenge the statements and conclusions of a statesman and literateur of your national renown. Still, since the issues you have raised in your communication to the Century Magazine are of such transcendent importance, both to the Negro population of this country and to our republican fundamentals, I feel it my duty to throw my light weight on the side of fair dealing.

The saying that "the Negro has never been given a chance," may appear to you, after a short visit to Africa, as "the sheerest of delusions"; but it is, in my humble opinion, nevertheless a "self-evident truth," which cannot be lightly sneered away.

The geographical isolation of the African continent and its marvelous expanse; the prehistoric system of human slavery, sanctioned by usage, human greed and cruelty; but, mainly, the facile excuse of a black skin, are facts of sufficient force to prove the truth of the saying.

I believe it may be accepted as a maxim that if a given number of Negroes have achieved equal prominence in the field of human endeavor with that of individuals of any other race, the race, as a whole, is capable of the same degree of civilization, and the greater or smaller number excelling in any race depends on liberty, environment and opportunity.

It will hardly be necessary for me, since you are probably more familiar with the facts than I, to enumerate the Negroes who stand to-day before the American people as eminent professors, physicians, jurists, etc.

I only desire to recall to your mind the historic figure of Francois Toussaint L'Ouverture, the pure Negro slave, hero, and liberator of Hayti, who fell a victim to white civilization, white perfidy and white barbarity more than a hundred years ago.

But I will not further digress.

Since I have learned you once commanded a Negro regiment I may address you as a comrade in arms, starting with my experience with Negroes in the army.

In the early part of 1863 the main portion of Gen. Grant's army for the reduction of Vicksburg was camped about twenty miles above that stronghold on the Louisiana side of the river, at a place called Milliken's Bend. Some time in April Gen. Lorenzo Thomas, adjutant general of the U. S. army, arrived at the Bend with orders from President Lincoln for the organization of colored troops.

The outlook for such an innovation was not propitious by any means. The sentiment all through the army was much like that expressed by you in the Century, and if that sentiment did not manifest itself conspicuously it was due to Gen. Thomas's threat that opposition to the President's policy by any officer, high or low, would be visited by immediate dismissal.

Being as far from racial prejudice then as now, and heartily in sympathy with the President's order and eager to demonstrate that all the clamor raised about the "d— Nigger" was based upon the most stupid prejudices, I resigned my position of Major in the Eighth Illinois Infantry and accepted the colonelcy of one of these regiments.

No difficulty was encountered in securing the necessary number of officers, but colored recruits were scarce; and as the army was moving to the front, most of the available Negroes had been enlisted in the pontonier corps. Also, as two other regiments were being organized, the prospect of completing my own was not encouraging.

Under the circumstances, I obtained permission, accompanied by two of my officers, to follow in the wake of the army, moving up within ten miles east of Grand Gulf, some fifteen miles below Vicksburg. Meeting with my old friend, Gen. John D. Stevenson, commanding the 3rd Brigade of Gen. Logan's Division, of which my former regiment, the 8th Illinois, formed part, I told him that recruiting Negroes was my object.

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"The devil," he replied in disgust. "We shall have a fight in a day or two. You've just come in time to take charge of the skirmishers of my brigade. Your officers can do the recruiting."

I readily assented provided permission from Gen. Grant could be obtained. That was easily procured. Sure enough, two days later the battle of Raymond was fought. There, and in all succeeding engagements, at Jackson, Champion's Hill, on to the assault on Vicksburg on the 22d of May, I had charge of the skirmishers. The day after that unsuccessful attempt I returned to my command at Milliken's Bend.

My two officers had done splendidly; my regiment now numbered some 350 able-bodied colored men, while the two other regiments had done as well, bringing the total force to some 1,100 men, of which as senior officer present I assumed command. Our armament consisted of very indifferent Austrian muskets, but the officers with untiring zeal had brought the recruits, all of them raw plantation hands, to an efficiency in four and six weeks' drill which could not have been surpassed by white recruits.

On the 7th of June we were attacked by about 2,500 Texas rangers and 200 cavalry under the command of the Confederate Gen. McColloch—Gen. Taylor's army—which ended, after an unprecedented slaughter, with the enemy repulsed, our loss being 12 officers and 90 men killed, and 17 officers and 268 men wounded—the highest percentage of loss in battle on record.

In his official report of that battle the Confederate commander, McColloch, says: "The line was formed under a heavy fire from the enemy, my troops charging the breastworks. This charge was resisted with obstinacy by the Negro portion of the enemy's forces, while the white portion ran like whipped curs almost as soon as the charge was ordered." In this latter stricture McColloch probably meant a detachment of white cavalry, as an Iowa regiment was sent to our assistance and did good service. But that battle has gone into history, and the question, "Will the Negro fight?" was then and there settled for good.

Having been wounded, I obtained leave and went North. Upon my return early in July I found orders from Gen. Grant to report at headquarters. Boarding the same steamer that brought me down, I met the General next day. He received me very cordially and effusively complimented the officers and men for the gallantry they had displayed at the Bend, finally instructing me to reorganize my regiment into one of heavy artillery for the defenses of Vicksburg. A steamboat was placed at my disposal to proceed to Natchez, where a large camp of Negro Contrabands offered a splendid opportunity for recruiting the regiment to the full standard of 1,800 men. I secured about 500 volunteers whom I took to Vicksburg. The remnant of the 9th Louisiana Infantry at Milliken's Bend was added, and the new organization, under the designation of 5th U. S. Heavy Artillery, Colored, I promptly took in hand. While the new line of fortifications around Vicksburg was being erected by my force, under Gen. Grant's chief engineer, I was looking out for an additional supply of colored recruits for the complement of the regiment. I was informed that Gen. Sherman, who had pursued the

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Confederate forces about Jackson into Alabama, was expected to return to Vicksburg with a great number of Contrabands. Gen. McPherson insisted I should have the pick. Their arrival caused a general turnout of citizens and garrison through which the endless cortege passed. Such a sight was never seen since the exodus of the Jew from Egypt. Hundreds of vehicles of the most varied description, from the mule cart to the family equipage of their former masters, loaded promiscuously with women and children, household and kitchen furniture, while their male protectors, not so naked as you saw them in Omdurman, but just as dirty and uncivilized, marched in file on both sides of the caravan. In apparel they presented a most laughable spectacle, the majority in bedraggled plantation clothing, some with boots, some in shoes, most barefoot, in parts of Confederate and Union uniforms, a few here and there with stovepipe hats, caps, or colored handkerchiefs on their heads; in short, the whole cavalcade could not be better characterized than by calling them a lot of black savages returning from a pillfering expedition.

From this motley crew the army surgeons selected a sufficient number of recruits to fill my regiment to the full quota. After a bath in the Mississippi, with a scrubbing with brush and soap, and after shearing off their braided curls, they were given their military outfits and enrolled in one of the twelve companies. Clad in Uncle Sam's uniform, their physical appearance was all the most critical could wish, and after a few weeks' drill, the company officers were unanimous in their opinion that never had they met with a body of white recruits more willing and more amenable to military discipline than these lately collected half-savages from Alabama. They all had heard of the fine conduct of their comrades at Milliken's Bend, and now met their white brothers in arms with the proud feeling of equality. But to make out of this material an effective military force was not the end of my aims. They had enlisted for three years, at the end of which time they would be thrown out into the more or less prejudiced world, to stand upon their own feet. I felt that I was upon trial as much as these half-civilized recruits. After a consultation with my officers I resolved to impart to all of these Negroes as much elementary education as would be required for a discriminating American citizenship. A number of carpenters were selected from among them to erect a commodious school house; through the aid of the commanding general of the post of Vicksburg, a bevy of school ma'ams was secured from the North; the chaplain was charged with the superintendency, and shortly all the school rooms were in full operation.

Had you, Mr. Adams, witnessed the joy of these Negroes at the prospect of getting an education, their alacrity to get to their school rooms; had you seen them stretched on the grass on the slopes of the fortifications, the first reader in hand, intent upon solving the educational question, you would have spared yourself a trip to Omdurman to ascertain what the Negro would do if given a "chance," and you would have retained the confidence of thousands of your admiring friends which your cruel and absolutely uncalled for impeachment of an unfortunate race has estranged.

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In addition I wish to state that with the aid of a German band master, I organized a brass band of musicians, the proficiency of which challenged the admiration of all privileged to hear it—the army inspectors from Washington included.

I was convinced that it would be of great use if this finely drilled regiment could be kept in the service, as I believe the army is a civilizer. With this view in mind, I went to Washington shortly before our muster out, and saw General Grant, then acting Secretary of War. "I agree with all you say," said the general. "I know all about your regiment, but it would require an act of Congress." And so my splendid regiment broke up and turned to the task of earning a living, for which they had been fairly prepared.

H. LIEB.

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KINDERGARTEN STATISTICS.

"Suppose," said the wise orator—"though 'tis a thought stupendous—
Suppose a baby one year old, with arms of the tremendous
Length of 93-odd million miles,
Should, in a freak of fun,
Reach up and touch the sun.
That child would be
253
Years old,
I'm told,
Before it learned
Its hand was burned."

—Liverpool Post.

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"You say that the sun rises at 5 o'clock now in the country?"

"Yes, about then, and one minute earlier each morning."

"Just to think, and is it light enough to see it?"
—Brooklyn Life.

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It is not often that one finds a colored man acting in the capacity of mayor of a city of 208,000 inhabitants, yet when I visited Toronto, Canada, not very long ago, I found that for two months during last summer a Negro had occupied that position while the regular Mayor was absent in Europe. The man to whom I refer is the Hon. William P. Hubbard, President of the Board of Control, which in Toronto is the Mayor's Cabinet. As the highest officer in the

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