

COLORED AMERICANS.



S. G. and E. L. ELBERT

SERVICES
OF
COLORED AMERICANS

IN THE
WARS OF 1776 AND 1812.

BY
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INTRODUCTION.

THE following pages are an effort to stem the tide of prejudice against the Colored race. The white man despises the colored man, and has come to think him fit only for the menial drudgery to which the majority of the race has been so long doomed. "This prejudice was never reasoned up, and will never be reasoned down." *It must be lived down.* In a land where wealth is the basis of reputation, the colored man must prove his sagacity and enterprise by successful trade or speculation. To show his capacity for mental culture he must BE, not merely *claim the right to be*, a scholar. Professional eminence is peculiarly the result of practice and long experience. The colored people, therefore, owe it to each other and to their race to extend liberal encouragement to colored lawyers, physicians and teachers, as well as to mechanics and artisans of all kinds. Let no individual despair. Not to name the living, let me hold up the example of one whose career deserves to be often spoken of, as complete proof that a colored man can rise to social respect and the highest employment and usefulness, in spite not only of the prejudice that crushes his race, but of the heaviest personal burdens. Dr. DAVID RUGGLES, poor, blind and an invalid, found a well known Water Cure Establishment in the town where I write, erected expensive buildings, won honorable distinction as a most successful and skilful practitioner, secured the warm regard and esteem of this community, and left a name embalmed in the hearts of many who feel that they owe life to his eminent skill and careful practice. Black though he was, his aid was sought sometimes by those numbered among the Pro-Slavery class. To be sure, his is but a single instance, and I know it required pre-eminent ability to make a way up to light through the overwhelming mass of prejudice and contempt. But it is these rare cases of strong will and eminent endowment,—always sure to make the world feel whether it will or no,—that will finally wring from a contemptuous community the reluctant confession of the colored man's equality.

I ask, therefore, the reader's patronage of the following sheets, on several grounds; first, as an encouragement to the author, Mr. NELL, to pursue a subject which well deserves illustration on other points besides those on which he has labored; secondly, to scatter broadly as possible, the facts here collected, as instance of the colored man's success—a record of the genius he has shown, and the services he has rendered society in the higher departments of exertion; thirdly, to encourage such men as RUGGLES to perseverance, by showing

a generous appreciation of their labors and a cordial sympathy in their trials.

Some things set down here go to prove colored men patriotic—though denied a country; and all show a wish, on their part, to prove themselves men, in a land whose laws refuse to recognize their manhood. If the reader shall, sometimes, blush to find that in the days of our country's weakness, we remembered their power to help or harm us, and availed ourselves gladly of their generous services, while we have since, used our strength only to crush them the more completely, let him resolve henceforth to do them justice himself and claim it for them of others. If any shall be convinced by these facts, that they need only a free path to show the same capacity and reap the same rewards as other races, let such labor to open every door to their efforts, and hasten the day when to be black shall not, almost necessarily, doom a man to poverty and the most menial drudgery. There is touching eloquence, as well as Spartan brevity, in the appeal of a well known colored man, Rev. PETER WILLIAMS, of New York :

“ We are *natives* of this country; we ask only to be treated as well as *foreigners*. Not a few of our fathers suffered and bled to purchase its independence; we ask only to be treated as well as those who fought against it. We have toiled to cultivate it, and to raise it to its present prosperous condition; we ask only to share equal privileges with those who come from distant lands to enjoy the fruits of our labor.”

WENDELL PHILLIPS.

NORTHAMPTON, Oct. 25, 1852.

PREFACE.

IN the month of July, 1847, the eloquent Bard of Freedom, JOHN G. WHITTIER, contributed to the National Era a statement of facts relative to the Military Services of Colored Americans in the Revolution of 1776, and the War of 1812. Being a member of the Society of Friends, he disclaimed any eulogy upon the shedding of blood, even in the cause of acknowledged Justice, but, says he, "when we see a whole nation doing honor to the memories of one class of its defenders, to the total neglect of another class, who had the misfortune to be of darker complexion, we cannot forego the satisfaction of inviting notice to certain historical facts, which, for the last half century, have been quietly elbowed aside, as no more deserving of a place in patriotic recollection, than the descendants of the men, to whom the facts in question relate, have a place in a Fourth of July procession. [in the nation's estimation.]

"Of the services and sufferings of the Colored Soldiers of the Revolution, no attempt has, to our knowledge, been made to preserve a record. They have had no historian. With here and there an exception, they have all passed away, and only some faint traditions linger among their descendants. Yet enough is known to show that the Free Colored Men of the United States bore their full proportion of the sacrifices and trials of the Revolutionary War.

In any attempt, then, to rescue from oblivion the name and fame of those who, though "tinged with the hated stain," yet had warm hearts and active hands in the "times that tried men's souls," I will first gratefully tender him my thanks for the service his compilation has afforded me, and my acknowledgments also to other individuals who have kindly contributed facts for this pamphlet. Imperfect as these pages may prove, to prepare even these, journeys have been made to confer with the living, and even pilgrimages to grave-yards, to save all that may still be gleaned from their fast disappearing records.

There are those who will ask, why make a parade of the *military* services of Colored Americans, instead of recording their attention *to* and progress *in* the various other departments of civil, social, and political elevation? To this let me answer, that I yield to no one in appreciating the propriety and pertinency of *every* effort on the part of Colored Americans, in *all* pursuits, which, as members of the human family, it becomes them to share in; and, among

these, *my* predilections are *least* and *last* for what constitutes the pomp and circumstances of War.

Did the limits of this work permit, I could furnish an elaborate list of those who have distinguished themselves as Teachers, Editors, Orators, Mechanics, Clergymen, Artists, Farmers, Poets, Lawyers, Physicians, Merchants, etc., to whose perennial fame be it recorded that most of their attainments were reached through difficulties unknown to any but those whose sin is the curl of the hair and the hue of the skin.

There is now an institution of learning in the State of New York, Central College, which recently employed, as Professor of Belles Lettres, a young Colored man, CHARLES L. REASON, and who, on resigning his chair, dropped his mantle gracefully upon the shoulders of WILLIAM G. ALLEN, another Colored young man as worthy for scholastic abilities and gentlemanly department.

These men, as Teachers, especially in Colleges open to all, irrespective of accidental differences, are doing a mighty work in uprooting prejudice. The influences thus gathered are already felt. Many a young white man or woman who, in early life has imbibed wrong notions of the Colored man's inferiority, is taught a new lesson by the Colored Professors at McGrawville; and they leave its honored walls with thanksgiving in their hearts for the conversion from Pro-Slavery Heathenism to the Gospel of Christian Freedom; and are thus prepared to go forth as Pioneers in the cause of Human Brotherhood.

But the Orator's voice and Author's pen have both been eloquent in detailing the merits of Colored Americans in these various ramifications of society, while a combination of circumstances have veiled from the public eye a narration of those military services which are generally conceded as passports to the honorable and lasting notice of Americans.

BOSTON, May, 1851.

SERVICES OF COLORED AMERICANS.

MASSACHUSETTS.

ON the fifth of March, 1851, a petition was presented to the Massachusetts Legislature, asking an appropriation of \$1,500 for erecting a monument to the memory of Crispus Attucks, the first martyr in the Boston Massacre of March 5th, 1770. The matter was referred to the Committee on Military Affairs, who granted a hearing of the petitioners, in whose behalf appeared Wendell Phillips, Esq., and Wm. C. Nell, but finally submitted an adverse report, on the ground that a boy, Christopher Snyder, was previously killed. Admitting this fact, (which was the result of a very different sense from that in which Attucks fell,) does not offset the claims of Attucks, and those who made the fifth of March famous in our annals—the day which history selects as the dawn of the American Revolution.

Botta's History and Hewes's Reminiscences (the tea-party survivor) establishes the fact that the colored man, Attucks, was of and with the people, and was never regarded otherwise.

Botta, in speaking of the scenes of the fifth March, says: "The people was greatly exasperated. The multitude, armed with clubs, ran towards King Street, crying, "Let us drive out these ribalds; they have no business here!" The rioters rushed furiously towards the Custom House; they approached the sentinel, crying, "Kill him, kill him!" They assaulted him with snowballs, pieces of ice, and whatever they could lay their hands upon." The guard were then called, and, in marching to the Custom House, "they encountered," continues Botta, a band of the populace, led by a mulatto named Attucks, who brandished their clubs, and pelted them with snowballs. The maledictions, the execrations of the multitude were horrible. In the midst of a torrent of invectives from every quarter, the military were challenged to fire. The populace advanced to the points of their bayonets. The soldiers appeared like statutes; the cries, the howlings, the menaces, the violent din of bells still sounding the alarm, increased the confusion and the horrors of these moments; at length the mulatto and twelve of his companions, pressing forward, environed the soldiers, and striking their muskets with their clubs cried to the multitude: "Be not afraid, they dare not fire; why do they hesitate, why do you not kill them, why not crush them at once!" The mulatto lifted his arm against Captain

Preston, and having turned one of the muskets, he seized the bayonet with his left hand, as if he intended to execute his threat. At this moment, confused cries were heard: "The wretches dare not fire!" Firing succeeds, Attucks is slain. The other discharges follow. Three were killed, five severely wounded, and several others slightly."

Attucks was killed by Montgomery, one of Captain Preston's soldiers. He had been foremost in resisting, and was first slain; as proof of front and close engagement, received two balls, one in each breast.

John Adams, counsel for the soldiers, admitted that Attucks appeared to have undertaken to be the Hero of the night, and to lead the army with banners. He and Caldwell, not being residents of Boston, were both buried from Faneuil Hall. The citizens generally participated in the funeral solemnities.

The Boston Transcript, of March, 1851, published an anonymous correspondence disparaging the whole affair; denouncing Crispus Attucks as a very firebrand of disorder and sedition, the most conspicuous, inflammatory, and uproarious of the misguided populace, and who, if he had not fallen a martyr, would richly have deserved hanging as an incendiary. If the leader, Attucks, deserved the epithets above applied is it not a legitimate inference that the citizens who followed on are included, and hence, should swing in his company on the gallows? If the leader and his patriot band were misguided, the distinguished orators who, in after days, commemorated the fifth day of March, must, indeed, have been misguided, and with them the masses who were inspired by their eloquence; for John Hancock, in 1774, invokes the injured shades of Maverick, Gray, Caldwell, Attucks, Carr.

And Judge Dawes, in 1775, thus alludes to the band of misguided incendiaries. "The provocation of that night must be numbered among the master springs which gave the first motion to a vast machinery, a noble and comprehensive system of national independence."

Ramsay's History of the American Revolution, Vol. 1., p. 22, adds, "The anniversary of the 5th of March was observed with great solemnity; eloquent orators were successively employed to preserve the remembrance of it fresh in the mind. On these occasions the blessings of liberty—the horrors of Slavery, and the danger of a standing army were presented to the public view. These annual orations administered fuel to the fire of liberty, and kept it burning with an irresistible flame."

The 5th of March continued to be celebrated for the above reasons, until the Declaration of American Independence was substituted in its place, and its orators were expected to consider the feelings, manners, and principles of the former as giving birth to the latter.

In judging, then, of the merits of those who launched the American Revolution, we should not take counsel from the Tories of that or the present day, but rather heed the approving eulogy of Lovell, Hancock, and Warren.

Welcome, then, be every taunt that such correspondents have flung

at Attucks and his company, as the best evidence of their merits and strongest claim on our gratitude. Envy and the foe do not labor to abuse any but prominent champions of a cause.

The rejection of this petition was to be expected, if we accept the axiom that a Colored man never gets Justice done him in the United States, except by mistake. The petitioners only asked for that Justice, and that the name of Crispus Attucks be surrounded with the same emblems constantly appropriated by a grateful country to other gallant Americans.

And yet let it be recorded that the same session of the Legislature which had refused the Attacks monument, granted one to Isaac Davis, of Concord,—both were promoters of the American revolution; but one was white, the other black—and this fact is the only solution to the problem why Justice was not meted out.

Extract from the Speech of Hon. Anson Burlingame, in Faneuil Hall, October 13, 1852, when alluding to the volunteer participation of Boston officials in returning Thomas Sims to bondage, in April, 1851.

“The conquering of our New England prejudices in favor of liberty, ‘does not pay.’ It ‘does not pay,’ I submit, to put our fellow citizens under practical martial law; to beat the drum in our streets; to clothe our temples of justice in chains, and to creep along by the light of the morning star, over the ground wet with the blood of Crispus Attucks, the noble Colored man, who fell in King Street, before the muskets of tyranny, away in the dawn of our Revolution; creep by Faneuil Hall, silent and dark; by the Green Dragon, where that noble mechanic, Paul Revere, once mustered the sons of liberty; within sight of Prospect Hill, where we first unfurled the glorious banner; creep along with funeral pace, bearing a brother, a man made in the image of his God, not to the grave—oh, that were merciful, for in the grave there is no work and no device, and the voice of a master never comes—but back to the degradation of a Slavery which kills out of a living body an immortal soul. (Great sensation.) Oh! where is the man now who took part in that mournful transaction, who would wish, looking back upon it, to avow it.”

During the Revolutionary War, public opinion was so strongly in favor of the abolition of slavery, that, in some of the country towns, votes were passed in town meetings that they would have no slaves among them; and that they would not exact, of masters, any bonds for the maintenance of liberated blacks, should they become incapable of supporting themselves. A liberty-loving antiquarian copied the following from Suffolk Probate Record, and published it in the *Liberator* of February, 1847.

“Know all men by these presents, that I, Jonathan Jackson, of Newburyport, in the county of Essex, gentleman, in consideration of the impropriety I feel, and have felt in beholding any person in constant bondage—more especially at the time when my country is so warmly contending for the liberty every man ought to enjoy—and having sometime since

promised my Negro man, Pomp, that I would give him his freedom—and in further consideration of five shillings, paid me by said Pomp, I do hereby liberate, manumit, and set him free; and I do hereby remise and release unto said Pomp, all demands of whatever nature I have against said Pomp.

“In witness whereof, I hereunto set my hand and seal, this nineteenth June, 1776. . . .” “JONATHAN JACKSON. [Seal.]”

“Witness, Mary Coburn, Wm. Noyes.”

It only remains to say a word respecting the two parties of the foregoing indenture.

Jonathan Jackson, of Newburyport, we well remember to have heard spoken of, in our boyish days, by honored lips, as a most upright and thorough gentleman of the old school, possessing talents and character of the first standing. He was the first Collector of the Port of Boston, under Washington's administration and was Treasurer of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts for many years, and died in 1810. A tribute to his memory and his worth, said to be from the pen of the late John Lowell, appeared in the Columbian Centinel, March 10, 1810. His immediate descendants have long resided in this city, are extensively known, and as widely and justly honored.

Pomp took the name of his late master, upon his emancipation, and soon after enlisted in the army, as Pomp Jackson, served through the whole war of the revolution and obtained an honorable discharge at its termination. He afterwards settled in Andover, near a pond, still known as “Pomp's Pond,” where some of his descendants yet live. In this case of emancipation, it appears, instead of “cutting his master's throat,” he only slashed the throats of his country's enemies.

The late Governor Eustis, of Massachusetts, the pride and boast of the democracy of the East, himself an active participant in the War, and therefore a most competent witness, states that the Freed Colored Soldiers entered the ranks with the whites. The time of those who were Slaves were purchased of their masters, and they were induced to enter the service in consequence of a law of Congress, by which, on condition of their serving in the ranks during the War, they were made Freemen. The hope of Liberty inspired them with the courage to oppose their breasts to the Hessian bayonet at Red Bank, and enabled them to endure with fortitude the cold and famine of Valley Forge.

Seymour Burr was a Slave in Connecticut, to a brother of Col. Aaron Burr, from whom he derived his name. Though treated with much favor by his master, his heart yearned for liberty, and he seized an occasion to induce several of his fellow servants to escape in a boat, intending to join the British, that they might become Freemen; but being pursued by their owners, armed with implements of death, they were compelled to surrender.

Burr's master, contrary to his expectation, did not inflict corporal punishment, but reminded him of the kindness with which he had been

treated, and asked what inducement he could have for leaving him. Burr replied that he wanted his liberty. His owner finally proposed, that if he would give him the bounty money, he might join the American army, and at the end of the war be his own man. Burr, willing to make any sacrifice for his liberty, consented, and served faithfully during the campaign, attached to the Seventh Regiment, commanded by Colonel, afterwards Governor Brooks, of Melford. He was present at the siege of Fort Catskill, and endured much suffering from starvation and cold. After some skirmishing the army was relieved by the arrival of Gen. Washington, who, as witnessed by him, shed tears of joy on finding them unexpectedly safe.

Burr married one of the Punkapog tribe of Indians, and settled in Canton, Mass., where his widow now, aged one hundred and one years, draws his pension.

Primus Hall, a native Bostonian, and long known to the citizens as a soap-boiler, served in the revolutionary war, and used to entertain the social circle with various anecdotes of military experience; among them an instance, where being himself in possession of a blanket, at a time when such a luxury had become scarce, Gen. Washington entered the tent, having appropriated his own bedding for the worn-out soldiers, Hall immediately tendered his blanket for the General, who replied, he preferred sharing his privations with his fellow soldiers, and accordingly Gen. Washington and Primus Hall reposed for the night together.

Mr. Hall was among those Colored citizens who, in the war of 1812, repaired to Castle Island, in Boston harbor, to assist in building fortifications. [See Appendix].

Joshua B. Smith narrated to me "that he was present at a company of distinguished Massachusetts men, when the conversation turned upon the exploits of Revolutionary times; and that the late Judge Story related the instance of a Colored Artillerist, who, while having charge of a cannon with a white fellow soldier, was wounded in one arm. He immediately turned to his comrade and proposed changing his position, exclaiming that he had yet one arm left with which he could render some service to his country. The change proved fatal to the heroic soldier, for another shot from the enemy killed him upon the spot. Judge Story furnished other incidents of the bravery and devotion of Colored Soldiers, adding, that he had often thought them and their descendants too much neglected, considering the part they had sustained in the Wars; and he regretted that he did not, in early life, gather the facts into a shape for general information.

At the close of the Revolutionary War, John Hancock presented the Colored Soldiers, called the "Bucks of America," an appropriate banner (bearing his initials) as a tribute to their courage and devotion in the cause of American Liberty, through a protracted and bloody struggle. This banner is now in the possession of Mrs. Kay, whose father was a member of the company.

When a boy, living in West Boston, I was familiar with the presence of "Big Dick," and of hearing the following history confirmed. It is not wholly out of place in this collection,

Big Dick—Richard Seavers, whose death in this city we lately mentioned, was a man of mighty mould. A short time previous to his death, he measured six feet five inches in height, and attracted much attention when seen in the street. He was born in Salem or vicinity and when about sixteen years old, went to England, where he entered the British Navy. When the war of 1812 broke out, he would not fight against his country, gave himself up as an American citizen, and was made prisoner of war.

A Surgeon on board of an American privateer, who experienced the tender mercies of the British Government in Darton prison, during the War of 1812, makes honorable mention of King Dick, as he was there called.

"There are about four hundred and fifty negroes in prison No. 4, and this assemblage of blacks affords many curious anecdotes, and much matter for speculation. These blacks have a ruler among them whom they call King Dick. He is by far the largest, and I suspect, the strongest man in the prison. He is six feet five inches in height, and proportionably large. This black Hercules commands respect, and his subjects tremble in his presence. He goes the rounds every day, and visits every berth to see if they are all kept clean. When he goes the rounds, he puts on a large bearskin cap, and carries in his hand a huge club. If any of his men are dirty, drunken or grossly negligent, he threatens them with a beating; and if they are saucy, they are sure to receive one. They have several times conspired against him, and attempted to dethrone him, but he has always conquered the rebels. One night several attacked him while asleep in his hammock, he sprang up and seized the smallest of them by his feet, and thumped another with him. The poor negro who had thus been made a beetle of, was carried next day to the hospital, sadly bruised, and provokingly laughed at. This ruler of the blacks, this King Richard IV, is a man of good understanding, and he exercises it to a good purpose. If any one of his color cheats, defrauds, or steals from his comrades, he is sure to be punished for it."—Boston Patriot.

RHODE ISLAND.

The Hon. Tristram Burgess, of Rhode Island, in a speech in Congress first month, 1828, said: "At the commencement of the Revolutionary War, Rhode Island had a number of slaves. A regiment of them were enlisted into the Continental service, and no braver men met the enemy in battle; but not one of them was permitted to be a soldier until he had first been made a freeman."

"In Rhode Island," says Governor Eustis, in his able speech against slavery in Missouri, twelfth of Twelfth month, 1820, "the blacks formed an entire regiment, and they discharged their duty with zeal and fidelity. The gallant defence of Red Bank, in which the black regiment bore a part, is among the proofs of their valor." In this contest it will be recollected that four hundred men met and repulsed, after a terrible and sanguinary struggle, fifteen hundred Hessian troops, headed by Count Donop. The glory of the defence of Red Bank, which has been pronounced one of the most heroic actions of the war, belongs in reality to black men; yet who now hears them spoken of in connection with it? Among the traits which distinguished the black regiment, was devotion to their officers. In the attack made upon the American lines, near Croton river, on the 13th of Fifth month, 1781, Colonel Greene, the commander of the regiment, was cut down and mortally wounded; but the sabres of the enemy only reached him through the bodies of his faithful guard of blacks, who hovered over him to protect him, every one of whom was killed.

Lieutenant Colonel Barton, of the Rhode Island militia, planned a bold exploit for the purpose of surprising and taking Major-General Prescott, the commanding officer of the royal army at Newport. Taking with him in the night about forty men, in two boats, with oars muffled, he had the address to elude the vigilance of the ships of war and guard boats, and having arrived undiscovered at the General's quarters, they were taken for the sentinels, and the General was not alarmed till the captors were at the door of his lodging chamber, which was fast closed. A negro man named Prince instantly thrust his head through the panel door and seized the victim while in bed. The General's aid-de-camp leaped from a window undressed, and attempted to escape but was taken, and with the General brought off in safety.—Thatcher's Military Journal, August 3, 1777.

CONNECTICUT.

Hon. Calvin Goddard, of Connecticut, states that in the little circle of his residence, he was instrumental in securing, under the Act of 1818, the pensions of nineteen Colored Soldiers. "I cannot," he says, "refrain from mentioning one aged black man, Primus Babcock, who proudly presented to me an honorable discharge from service during the war, dated at the close of it, wholly in the handwriting of George Washington. Nor can I forget the expression of his feelings, when informed after his discharge had been sent to the War Department, that it could not be returned. At his request it was written for, as he seemed inclined to spurn the pension and reclaim the discharge." There is a touching anecdote related of Baron Steuben, on the occasion of the disbandment of the American army. A black soldier, with his wounds unhealed, utterly destitute, stood on the wharf just as a vessel bound for a distant home was getting under way. The poor fellow gazed at the vessel with tears in his eyes, and gave himself up to despair. The warm hearted foreigner witnessed his emotion, and, inquiring into the cause of it, took his last dollar from his purse, and gave it to him with tears of sympathy trickling down his cheeks. Overwhelmed with gratitude, the poor wounded soldier hailed the sloop, and was received on board. As it moved out from the wharf, he cried back to his noble friend on shore, "God Almighty bless you, master Baron!"

During the Revolutionary War, and after the sufferings of a protracted contest had rendered it difficult to procure recruits for the army, the Colony of Connecticut adopted the expedient of forming a corps of colored soldiers. A battalion of blacks was soon enlisted, and throughout the war conducted themselves with fidelity and efficiency. The late General Humphreys, then a Captain, commanded a company of this corps. It is said that some objections were made on the part of officers, to accepting the command of the colored troops. In this exigency, Captain Humphreys, who was attached to the family of General Washington, volunteered his services. His patriotism was rewarded, and his fellow officers were afterwards as desirous to obtain appointments in that corps as they had previously been to avoid them.

The following extract, furnished by Charles Lennox Remond, from the pay rolls of the second company fourth regiment of the Connecticut line of the Revolutionary army may rescue many gallant names from oblivion.

CAPTAIN, DAVID HUMPHREYS.

PRIVATES.

Jack Arabus,

Brister Baker,

John Ball,

John Cleveland,	Cæsar Bagdon,	John McLean,
Phineas Strong,	Gamaliel Terry,	Jesse Vose,
Ned Fields,	Lent Munson,	Daniel Bradley,
Isaac Higgins,	Heman Rogers,	Sharp Camp,
Lewis Martin,	Job Cæsar,	Jo Otis,
Cæsar Chapman,	John Rogers,	James Dinah,
Peter Mix,	Ned Freedom,	Solomon Sowtice,
Philo Freeman,	Ezekiel Tupham,	Peter Freeman,
Hector Williams,	Tom Freeman,	Cato Wilbrow,
Juba Freeman,	Congo Zado,	Cuff Freeman,
Cato Robinson,	Peter Gibbs,	Juba Dyer,
Prince George,	Prince Johnson,	Andrew Jack,
Prince Crosbee,	Alex. Judd,	Peter Morando,
Shuabel Johnson,	Pomp Liberty,	Peter Lion,
Tim Cæsar,	Cuff Liberty,	Sampson Cuff,
Jack Little,	Pomp Cyrus,	Dick Freedom,
Bill Sowers,	Harry Williams,	Pomp McCuff,
Dick Violet,	Sharp Rogers,	

Boston, 24th April, 1851.

DEAR FRIEND NELL :

The names of the two brave men of Color who fell, with Ledyard, at the storming of Fort Griswold, were SARRIBO LATHAM and JORDAN FREEMAN.

All the names of the slain, at that time, are inscribed on a marble tablet, wrought into the monument—the names of the Colored Soldiers last—and not only last, but a blank space is left between them and the whites—in genuine keeping with the “Negro Pew” distinction; setting them not only below all others, but by themselves—even after that.

And it is difficult to say why. They were not last in the fight. When Major Montgomery, one of the leaders in the expedition against the Americans, was lifted upon the walls of the fort by his soldiers, flourishing his sword and calling on them to follow him, Jordan Freeman received him on the point of a pike, and pinned him dead to the earth. [Vide Hist. Collections of Connecticut.] And the name of Jordan Freeman stands away down, last on the list of heroes, perhaps the greatest hero of them all.

Yours, with becoming indignation,

PARKER PILLSBURY.

Ebenezer Hills, died at Vienna, New York, August 1849, aged 110. He was born a Slave, in Stonington, Conn., and became free when twenty-eight years of age. He served through the revolutionary war, and was at the battles of Saratoga and Stillwater, and was present at the surrender of Burgoyne.

The Colored inhabitants of Connecticut assembled in Convention in 1849, to devise means for their elective franchise, which is yet denied to seven thousand of their number; a gentleman present reports the following extract:—"A young man, Mr. West of Bridgeport, spoke with a great deal of energy, and with a clear and pleasant tone of voice which many a lawyer, statesman, or clergyman might covet, nobly vindicating the rights of the brethren. He said that the bones of the Colored man had bleached on every battle-field where American valor had contended for national independence. Side by side with the white man, the black man stood and struggled to the last for the inheritance which the white men now enjoy, but deny to us. His father was a soldier Slave, and his master said to him when the liberty of the country was achieved, 'Stephen we will do something for you.' But what have they ever done for Stephen, or for Stephen's posterity?" This orator is evidently a young man of high promise, and better capable of voting intelligently than half of the white men who would deny him a freeman's privilege.

NEW HAMPSHIRE.

The Rev. Dr. Harris, of Dumbarton, N. H., a revolutionary veteran, stated in a speech at Frankestown, N. H., some years ago, that on one occasion the regiment to which he was attached was commanded to defend an important position which the enemy thrice assailed, and from which they were as often repulsed. "There was," said the venerable speaker, "a regiment of blacks in the same situation—a regiment of negroes fighting for our liberty and independence, not a white man among them but the officers—in the same dangerous and responsible position. Had they been unfaithful, or given way before the enemy, all would have been lost. Three times in succession were they attacked with most desperate fury by well-disciplined and veteran troops, and three times did they successfully repel the assault, and thus preserve an army. They fought thus through the war. They were brave and hardy troops."

The anecdote of the Slave of General Sullivan, of New Hampshire, is well known. When his master told him that they were on the point of starting for the army, to fight for liberty, he shrewdly suggested that it would be a great satisfaction to know that he was indeed going to fight for his liberty. Struck by the reasonableness and justice of this suggestion, Gen. S. at once gave him his freedom.

VERMONT.

BARNET, May 20, 1851.

DEAR SIR : * * * * *

In August 16th, 1777, the Green Mountain Boys, aided by troops from New Hampshire, and some few from Berkshire County, Massachusetts, under the command of Gen. Starks, captured the left wing of the British Army near Bennington. Soon as arrangements could be made, after the prisoners were all collected, something more than seven hundred, they were tied to a rope, two and two, and one on each side. Gen. Starks called for more rope.

Mrs. Robinson, wife of Hon. Moses Robinson, said to the General, I will take down the last bedstead in the house, and present the rope to you, with one condition. When the prisoners are all tied to the rope, you shall permit my negro man to harness up my old mare, and hitch the rope to the whippetree, mount the mare, and conduct the British and tory prisoners out of town. The General willingly accepted of Mrs. Robinson's proposition. The negro mounted the mare and thus conducted the left wing of the British Army into Massachusetts, on their way to Boston. * * * * *

Gen. Schuyler writes from Saratoga, July 23, 1777, to the President of Massachusetts Bay, "That of the few continental troops we have had to the Northward, one third part is composed of men too far advanced in years for field service—of boys, or rather children, and mortifying barely to mention, of negroes."

The General also addressed a similar letter to John Hancock, and again to the provincial Congress, that the foregoing were facts which were altogether uncontrovertible. * * * * *

Your Humble Servant,

HENRY STEVENS.

NEW YORK.

Dr. Clarke, in the Convention which revised the Constitution of New York, in 1821, speaking of the Colored inhabitants of the State, said :
· My honorable colleague has told us that as the Colored people are not

required to contribute to the protection or defence of the State they are not entitled to an equal participation in the privileges of its citizens. But, Sir, whose fault is this? Have they ever refused to do military duty when called upon? It is haughtily asked, who will stand in the ranks shoulder to shoulder with a negro? I answer, no one in time of peace; no one when your musters and trainings are looked upon as mere pastimes; no one when your militia will shoulder their muskets and march to their trainings with as much unconcern as they would go to a sumptuous entertainment or a splendid ball. But, Sir, when the hour of danger approaches, your 'white' militia are just as willing that the man of Color should be set up as a mark to be shot at by the enemy as to be set up themselves. In the War of the Revolution, these people helped to fight your battles by land and by sea. Some of your States were glad to turn out corps of Colored men, and to stand 'shoulder to shoulder' with them.

"In your late War they contributed largely towards some of your most splendid victories. On Lakes Erie and Champlain, where your fleets triumphed over a foe superior in numbers and engines of death, they were manned in a large proportion with men of Color. And in this very house, in the fall of 1814, a bill passed, receiving the approbation of all the branches of your Government, authorizing the Governor to accept the services of a corps of two thousand free people of Color. Sir, these were times which tried men's souls. In these times it was no sporting matter to bear arms, These were times when a man who shouldered a musket did not know but he bared his bosom to receive a death wound from the enemy ere he laid it aside; and in these times, these people were found as ready and as willing to volunteer in your service as any other. They were not compelled to go; they were not drafted. No; your pride had placed them beyond your compulsory power. But there was no necessity for its exercise; they were volunteers; yes, Sir, volunteers to defend that very country from the inroads and ravages of a ruthless and vindictive foe, which had treated them with insult, degradation and Slavery."

Volunteers are the best of soldiers; give me the men, whatever be their complexion, that willingly volunteer, and not those who are compelled to turn out. Such men do not fight from necessity, nor from mercenary motives, but from principle.

Said Martindale, of New York, in Congress, 22nd of first month, 1828: "Slaves, or negroes who had been Slaves, were enlisted as soldiers in the War of the Revolution; and I myself saw a battalion of them, as fine martial looking men as I ever saw, attached to the northern army in the last War, on the march from Plattsburg to Sackett's Harbor."

It is believed that the debate on the military services of Colored men was a prominent feature in granting them the right of suffrage, though the ungenerous deed must also be recorded, that Colored citizens of the

Empire State were made subject to a property qualification of two hundred and fifty dollars.

I am indebted to Rev. Theodore Parker, of Boston, for the following historical sketch of New York soldiery :

“Not long ago, while the excavations for the vaults of the great retail dry goods store of New York were going on in 1851, a gentleman from Boston noticed a large quantity of human bones thrown up by the workmen. Everybody knows the African countenance ; the skulls also bore unmistakable marks of the race they belonged to. They were shovelled up with the earth which they had rested in, carted off and emptied into the sea to fill up a chasm, and make the foundation of a warehouse.

“On inquiry, the Bostonian learned that these were the bones of Colored Americans soldiers, who fell in the disastrous battles of Long Island, in 1776, and of such as died of the wounds then received. At that day as at this, spite of the declaration that ‘all men are created equal,’ the prejudice against the Colored man was intensely strong. The black and white had fought against the same enemy, under the same banner, contending for the same ‘unalienable right’ to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness. The same shot with promiscuous slaughter had mowed down Africans and Americans. But in the grave they must be divided. On the battle field the blacks and whites had mixed their bravery and their blood, but their ashes must not mingle in the bosom of their common mother. The white Saxon, exclusive and haughty even in his burial, must have his place of rest proudly apart from the grave of the African he had once enslaved.

“Now, after seventy-five years have passed by, the bones of these forgotten victims of the revolution are shovelled up by Irish laborers, carted off, and shot into the sea, as the rubbish of the town. Had they been white men’s relics, how would they have been honored with sumptuous burial anew, and the purchased prayers and preaching of Christian divines ! Now they are the rubbish of the street !

“True, they were the bones of revolutionary soldiers ; but they were black men ; and shall a city that kidnaps its citizens, honor a Negro with a grave ? What boots it that he fought for our freedom ; that he bled for our liberty ; that he died for you and me ! Does the ‘Nigger’ deserve a tomb ? Ask the American state—the American Church !

“Three quarters of a century have passed by since the retreat from Long Island. What a change since then ! From the Washington of that day to the world’s Washington of this, what a change ! In America what alterations ! What a change in England ! The Briton has emancipated every bondmen ; Slavery no longer burns his soil on either Continent, the East or West. America has a population of Slaves greater than the people of all England in the reign of Elizabeth. Under the pavement of Broadway ; beneath the walls of the Bazaar, there still lie the bones of the Colored martyrs to American Independence.

Dandies of either sex swarm gaily over the threshold, heedless of the dead African—contemptuous of the living. And while these faithful bones were getting shovelled up and carted to the sea, there was a great Slave-hunt in New York : a man was kidnapped and carried off to bondage, by the citizens, at the instigation of politicians, and to the sacramental delight of ‘divines.’

“Happy are the dead Africans, whom British death mowed down ! They did not live to see a man kidnapped in the city which their blood helped free.”

PENNSYLVANIA.

The late James Forten, of Philadelphia, well known as a Colored man of wealth, intelligence and philanthropy, relates, “that he remembered well when Lord Cornwallis was overrunning the South, when thick gloom clouded the prospect. Then Washington hastily gathered what forces he was able and hurried to oppose him. And I remember,” said he, “for I saw them, when the regiments from Rhode Island, Connecticut, and Massachusetts marched through Philadelphia, that one or two companies of Colored men were attached to each. The vessels of War of that period, were all, to a greater or less extent, manned with Colored men. On board the ‘Royal Louis,’ of twenty-six guns, commanded by Captain Stephen Decatur, senior, there were twenty Colored seamen. I had myself enlisted on this vessel, and on the second cruise was taken prisoner and shortly after was confined on board the old Jersey Prison Ship, where I remained a prisoner for seven months. The Alliance, of thirty-six guns, commanded by Commodore Barry ; the Trumbull, of thirty-two guns, commanded by Captain Nicholson ; and the ships South Carolina, Confederacy, and the Randolph, each were manned in part with Colored men.”

The digression from military services to those rendered voluntarily during the pestilence, seemed to me warrantable in this connection.

In the autumn of 1793, the yellow fever broke out in Philadelphia, with peculiar malignity. The insolent and unnatural distinctions of caste were overturned and the people called Colored, were solicited in the public papers to come forward, and assist the perishing sick. The Same mouth which had gloried against them in its prosperity, in its overwhelming adversity implored their assistance. The Colored People of Philadelphia nobly responded. The then Mayor, Mathew Clarkson, received their deputation with respect, and recommended their course. They

appointed Absalom Jones and William Gray to superintend it, the Mayor advertising the public, that by applying to them, aid could be obtained. This took place about September.

Soon afterwards the sickness increased so dreadfully that it became next to impossible to remove the corpses. The Colored people volunteered this painful and dangerous duty—did it extensively, and hired help in doing it. Dr. Rush instructed the two superintendents in the proper precautions and measures to be used.

A sick white man crept to his chamber window, and entreated the passers by to bring him a drink of water. Several white men passed, but hurried on. A foreigner came up—paused—was afraid to supply the help with his own hands, but stood and offered eight dollars to whomsoever would. At length, a poor colored man appeared; he heard—stopped—ran for water—took it to the sick man; and then staid by him to nurse him, steadily and mildly refusing all pecuniary compensation.

Sarah Boss, a poor black widow, was active in voluntary and benevolent services.

A poor black man, named Sampson, went constantly from house to house giving assistance everywhere gratuitously, until he was seized with the fever and died.

Mary Scott, a woman of Color, attended Mr. Richard Mason and his son, so kindly and disinterestedly, that the widow, Mrs. R. Mason, settled an annuity of six pounds upon her for life.

An elderly black nurse, going about most diligently and affectionately, when asked what pay she wished, used to say, “a dinner, Massa, some cold winter’s day.”

A young black woman was offered any price, if she would attend a white merchant and his wife. She would take no money; but went, saying that, if she went from holy love, she might hope to be preserved—but not if she went for money. She was seized with the fever, but recovered.

A black man, riding through the streets, saw a white man push a white woman out of the house. The woman staggered forward, fell in the gutter and was too weak to rise. The black man dismounted, and took her gently to the hospital at Bush-hill.

Absalom Jones and Wm. Gray, the Colored Superintendents, say, “a white man threatened to shoot us if we passed by his house with a corpse. We buried him three days afterwards.”

About twenty times as many black nurses as white were thus employed during the sickness.

The following certificate was subsequently given by the Mayor:—

“Having, during the prevalence of the late malignant disorder, had almost daily opportunities of seeing the conduct of Absalom Jones and Richard Allan, and the people employed by them to bury their dead, I with cheerfulness give this testimony of my approbation of their

proceedings, as far as the same came under my notice. The diligence, attention, and decency of deportment, afforded me at the time much satisfaction."

Signed,

MATTHEW CLARKSON, Mayor.

Philadelphia, June 23, 1794.

On the capture of Washington by the British forces, it was judged expedient to fortify, without delay, the principal towns and cities exposed to similar attacks. The Vigilance Committee of Philadelphia waited upon three of the principal Colored citizens, namely James Forten, Bishop Allen, and Absalom Jones, soliciting the aid of the people of Color in erecting suitable defences for the city. Accordingly, two thousand five hundred Colored men assembled in the State House yard, and from thence marched to Gray's ferry, where they labored for two days, almost without intermission. Their labors were so faithful and efficient, that a vote of thanks was tendered them by the committee. A battalion of Colored troops were at the same time organized in the city, under an officer of the United States army; and they were on the point of marching to the frontier when peace was proclaimed.

A Colored man, whom I visited in the hospital, called to see me today. He had just got out. He looked very pitiful. His head was bent down. He said he could not get it erect, his neck was so injured. He is a very intelligent man, and can read and write. I will give you his story.

Charles Black, over fifty, resides in Lombard Street. Was at home with his little boy unconscious of what was transpiring without. Suddenly, the mob rushed into his room, dragged him down stairs, and beat him so unmercifully that he would have been killed, had not some humane individuals interposed and prevented further violence. He was an impressed seaman on board an English sixty-four gun ship, in the beginning of the War of 1812. When he heard of the war, he refused to fight against his country, although he had nine hundred dollars prize money coming to him from the ship. He was, therefore, placed in irons, and kept a prisoner on board some time and then sent to the well known Dartmoor prison. He was exchanged, and shipped for France. Shortly after he was taken and sent back to Dartmoor—was exchanged a second time, and succeeded in reaching the United States. He soon joined the fleet on Lake Champlain, under M'Donough; was with him in the celebrated battle which gave honor (?) to the American arms. He was wounded, but never received a pension. His father was in the battle of Bunker Hill, and his grandfather fought in the old French War.

This devotion and these services of the Colored Pennsylvanians have been rewarded by excluding 52,000 of their number from the ballot-box.

NEW JERSEY.

[From the Burlington (N. J.) Gazette.]

“ I AM ONE HUNDRED YEARS OLD TO-DAY.”

The attention of many of our citizens has doubtless been arrested by the appearance of an old Colored man, who might have been seen sitting in front of his residence, in East Union Street, respectfully raising his hat to those who might be passing by. His attenuated frame, his silvered head, his feeble movements, combine to prove that he is very aged ; and yet comparatively few are aware that he is among the survivors of the gallant army who fought for the liberties of our country, “ in the days which tried men’s souls.”

On Monday last we stopped to speak to him, and asked him how he was. He asked the day of the month, and upon being told that it was the 24th day of May, replied with trembling lips, “ I am very old—I am a hundred years old to-day.

His name is Oliver Cromwell, and he says that he was born at the Black Horse, (now Columbus,) in this county, in the family of John Hutchin. He enlisted in a company commanded by Captain Lowery attached to the 2nd New Jersey Regiment, under the command of Colonel Isaac Shreve. He was at the battles of Trenton, Princeton, Brandywine, Mammouth and Yorktown, at which latter place, he told us, he saw the last man killed. Although his faculties are failing, yet he relates many interesting reminiscences of the revolution. He was with the army at the retreat of the Delaware, on the memorable crossing of the 25th of December, 1776, and relates the story of the battles on the succeeding days with enthusiasm. He gives the details of the march from Trenton to Princeton, and told us, with much humor, that they “ knocked the British about lively ” at the latter place. He was also at the battle of Springfield, and says that he saw the house burning in which Mrs. Caldwell was shot, at Connecticut Farms.

New Jersey disfranchises 22,000 of her Colored population.

SOUTH CAROLINA.

Even in the Slaveholding States did Colored people magnanimously “brave the battle field,” developing a heroism indeed as though their

own liberty was to be a recompense. But we found no proof that the boasted chivalry of the Palmetto State extended the boon demanded by simple justice.

The celebrated Charles Pinckney, of South Carolina, in his speech on the Missouri question, and in defiance of the Slave representation of the South, made the following admission :—

“They (the Colored people) were in numerous instances the pioneers, and in all the laborers of our armies. To their hands were owing the greatest part of the fortifications raised for the protection of the country.

Fort Moultrie gave, at an early period of the experience an untried valor of our citizens, immortality to the American arms.”

VIRGINIA.

THE LAST OF BRADDOCK'S MEN.

The Lancaster (Ohio) Gazette, February, 1849, announces the death at that place, of Samuel Jenkins, a Colored man, aged 115 years. He was a Slave of Captain Breadwater, in Fairfax County, Virginia, in 1771, and participated in the memorable campaign of Gen. Braddock.

Testimony of Hon. Robert C Winthrop, from his speech in Congress, on the imprisonment of Colored Seamen, Sept. 1850 :—

* * * “I have an impression, however, that, not indeed in these piping times of peace, but in the time of war, when quite a boy, I have seen black soldiers enlisted, who did faithful and excellent service. But however it may have been in the Northern States, I can tell the Senator what happened in the Southern States at this period. I believe that I shall be borne out in saying, that no regiments did better service at New Orleans than did the black regiments which were organized under the direction of Gen. Jackson himself, after a most glorious appeal to the patriotism and honor of the people of Color of that region and which, after they came out of the war, received the thanks of Gen. Jackson in a proclamation which has been thought worthy of being inscribed on the pages of history.”

LOUISIANA.

In 1814, when New Orleans was in danger, and the proud and criminal distinctions of caste were again demolished by one of those emergencies in which nature puts to silence for the moment the base partialities of art, the free Colored people were called into the field in common with the whites; and the importance of their services was thus acknowledged by Gen. Jackson:—

“HEADQUARTERS SEVENTH MILITARY DISTRICT, MOBILE, SEPTEMBER 21, 1874.

“To the Free Colored Inhabitants of Louisiana :

Through a mistaken policy, you have heretofore been deprived of a participation in the glorious struggle for national rights, in which our country is engaged. This no longer shall exist.

“As Sons of Freedom, you are now called upon to defend our most inestimable blessings. As Americans, your country looks with confidence to her adopted children for a valorous support, as a faithful return for the advantages enjoyed under her mild and equitable government. As fathers, husbands, and brothers, you are summoned to rally around the standard of the Eagle, to defend all which is dear in existence.

“Your country, although calling for your existence, does not wish you to engage in her cause without remunerating you for the services rendered. Your intelligent minds are not to be led away by false representations—your love of honor would cause you to despise the man who should attempt to deceive you. With the sincerity of a soldier and in the language of truth I address you.

“To every noble-hearted free man of color, volunteering to serve during the present contest with Great Britain, and no longer, there will be paid the same bounty in money and lands, now received by the white soldiers of the United States, namely, one hundred and twenty-four dollars in money, and one hundred and sixty acres of land. The non-commissioned officers and privates will also be entitled to the same monthly pay, daily rations and clothes furnished to any American soldier.

“On enrolling yourselves in companies, the Major General commanding will select officers, for your government, from your white fellow citizens. Your non-commissioned officers will be appointed from among yourselves.

“Due regard will be paid to the feelings of freemen and soldiers. You will not, by being associated with white men in the same corps, be exposed to improper comparisons or unjust sarcasm. As a distinct, in-

dependent battalion or regiment, pursuing the path of glory, you will, undivided, receive the applause and gratitude of your countrymen.

“To assure you of the sincerity of my intentions, and my anxiety to engage your invaluable services to our country, I have communicated my wishes to the Governor of Louisiana, who is fully informed as to the manner of enrolments, and will give you every necessary information on the subject of this address.

ANDREW JACKSON, Major Gen. Commanding.”

The second proclamation is one of the highest compliments ever paid by a military chief to his soldiers.

On December 18, 1814, General Jackson issued, in the French language, the following address to the free people of color :

Soldiers! When on the banks of the Mobile I called you to take up arms, inviting you to partake the perils and glory of your white fellow citizens, I expected much from you, for I was not ignorant that you possessed qualities most formidable to an invading enemy. I knew with what fortitude you could endure hunger and thirst, and all the fatigues of a campaign. I knew well how you loved your native country, and that you, as well as ourselves, had to defend what man holds most dear—his parents, wife, children and property. You have done more than I expected. In addition to the previous qualities I before knew you to possess, I found among you a noble enthusiasm, which leads to the performance of great things.

“Soldiers! The President of the United States shall hear how praiseworthy was your conduct in the hour of danger, and the representatives of the American people will give you the praise your exploits entitle you to. Your General anticipates them in applauding your noble ardor.”

“The enemy approaches; his vessels cover our lakes; our brave citizens are united, and all contention has ceased among them. Their only dispute is, who shall win the prize of valor, or who the most glory, its noblest reward. By order, THOMAS BUTLER, Aide-de-camp.

The Pennsylvania Freeman, of March 10, 1851, heralds as follows :

“The article below from the New Orleans Picayune, of a recent date, revives an important historical fact, which, with similar evidence of the devotion of free people of color, to their country’s safety and welfare, notwithstanding the injustice they have received from its hands—the enemies of the colored people have been careful to conceal in their calumnies against this injured people. Let those men read and ponder it, who fear dangers to the nation from the presence in it of a population of colored freemen, protected by law in the full possession of all their rights. The incident narrated is also a burning rebuke from a slaveholding community to the vulgar negro-hatred of the North, which drives worthy colored men from popular processions, parades, schools, churches, and the so-called ‘respectable avocations of life.’”

“THE FREE COLORED VETERANS.—Not the least interesting, although the most novel feature of the procession yesterday (celebration of the

of Battle of New Orleans,) was the presence of ninety of the colored veterans who bore a conspicuous part in the dangers of the day they were now for the first time called to assist in celebrating, and who, by their good conduct in presence of the enemy, deserved and received the approbation of their illustrious Commander-in-chief. During the thirty-six years that have passed away since they assisted to repel the invaders from our shores, these faithful men have never before participated in the annual rejoicings for the victory which their valor contributed to gain. Their good deeds have been consecrated only in their own memories, or lived but to claim a passing notice on the page of the historian. Yet who more than they deserve the thanks of the country and the gratitude of the succeeding generations? Who rallied with more alacrity in response to the summons of danger? Who endured the hardships of the camp, or faced with greater courage the perils of the fight? If in that hazardous hour, when our homes were menaced with the horrors of war, we did not disdain to call upon the Colored population to assist in repelling the invading horde, we should not, when the danger is past, refuse to permit them to unite with us in celebrating the glorious event which they helped to make so memorable an epoch in our history. We were not too exalted to mingle with them in the affray; they were not too humble to join in our rejoicings.

“Such we think is the universal opinion of our citizens. We conversed with many yesterday and without exception they expressed approval of the invitation which had been extended to the colored veterans to take part in the ceremonies of the day, and gratification at seeing them in a conspicuous place in the procession.

“The respectability of their appearance and the modesty of their demeanor made an impression on every observer and elicited unqualified approbation. Indeed, though in saying so we do not mean disrespect to any one else, we think that they constituted decidedly the most interesting portion of the pageant, as they certainly attracted the most attention.”

The editor, after further remarks upon the procession, adding of its Colored members, “We reflected that, beneath their dark bosoms were sheltered faithful hearts, susceptible of the noblest impulses,” thus alludes to the free Colored population of New Orleans :

“As a class, they are peaceable, orderly, and respectable people, and many of them own large amounts of property among us. Their interests, their homes, and their affections, are here, and such strong ties are not easily broken by the force of theoretical philanthropy, or imaginative sentimentality. They have been true hitherto, and we will not do them the injustice to doubt a continuance of their fidelity. While they may be certain that insubordination will be promptly punished, deserving actions will always meet with their due reward in the esteem and gratitude of the community.”

HEROISM REWARDED —A correspondent of the New York Observer writing from the West, says :—

“Before leaving our boat, we must not omit to notice one of the waiters in the cabin. He is a man of history. That tall, straight, active, copper-colored man, with a sparkling eye and intelligent countenance, was Col. Clay’s servant at Buena Vista. Fearless of danger, and faithful to his master, he attended the Colonel in the midst of the fatal charge, saw him fall from his horse, and, surrounded by the murderous Mexicans, at last carried the mangled dead body from the field. The Hon. Henry, in gratitude for such fidelity to his gallant son, has allowed this man to hire himself out for five years, and to retain half the proceeds. and at the end of that time gives him half his freedom.”

That is, a human being perils his life to save the life or bear off the body of another human being, and for this act, he is to receive one half of his own earnings, for five years, and at the end of that time, to be made a present of to himself !—“Boston Christian Register.”

OHIO.

The colored citizens of Ohio held a Mass Convention at Cleveland, Sept. 8th, 1852. From their proceedings I cull the following incidents and tributes as peculiarly appropriate to a military history of colored Americans.

Rev. Dr. J. W. C. PENNINGTON delivered a speech, of which Mr. Howland, a colored phonographic reporter, furnishes this sketch :—

“The Doctor took the stand and delighted the convention with a short, brilliant, and instructive address on the history of the past, and the part which the colored people have taken in the struggles of this nation for independence and its various wars since its achievement.

“Mr. P. is a graduate of America’s “Peculiar Institution.” His graduation fees were paid only very recently by the beneficence of sundry English ladies and gentlemen ; and his Doctrate of Divinity was conferred on him by one of the German Universities. Dr. Pennington claimed for his race the honor of being the first Americans whose bosoms were fired by the spirit of American Independence. And that claim, we think, he amply justified by documentary evidence.

“He read sundry antique papers, collected by him with great pains from the archives of the State of New York, showing, that some thousands of Colored people in that State, thirty years before the Declaration

of Independence was promulgated, were charged by the King of Great Britain with conspiring against his authority, attempting to throw off their obedience to him, and seeking to possess themselves of the Government of the Colony of New York. Some of them were banished, and others were hanged. Those Colored fathers of his, said the Rev. Doctor, attributed their Slavery to King George, and maintained their rights to freedom to be inviolable.

“Subsequently, when the white fathers of our Revolution, ‘walking in the footsteps of their illustrious predecessors,’ declared against Britain’s King, they said to his Colored fathers: That King did make you Slaves. Now come you and help us break his rule in this country, and that done, we’ll all be free together.

“Dr. P. exhibited to the audience an autograph petition of the Colored people of Connecticut to the Government of Connecticut, presented immediately after the Revolutionary war, and praying that Government to comply with the promise which had been made them of freedom, and under which they had helped fight the battles of that war.

“He read, also, an autograph paper of George Washington, dismissing from the service of that war, with high recommendation of their courage and efficiency, several Colored men; and also certificates of a like character from numbers of officers, both naval and military, in both wars with England. We wish we could give Dr. P.’s whole speech, and especially in his own well-chosen words.”

The Convention then adjourned to join in the general jubilee, over some of the events which Colored people have helped to make conspicuous.

Thursday morning at sunrise, a salute was fired in the public square, in honor of the day, by the “Cleveland Light Artillery,” and another at nine o’clock, as the procession formed, of which the orator of the day, subsequently said: “They were the first thunders of artillery that ever awaked the echoes of these hills, in honor of the Colored people. But they shall not be the last.”

Says the “Daily True Democrat.” of the 10th inst:—

“The principal feature in the ceremonials of this jubilee, was the address of our fellow-citizen, Mr. William H. Day; a performance worthy of its great purpose, and therefore most creditable to the author. Not often have we heard an address listened to with so absorbing an attention, nor observed an audience to be more deeply moved, than was Mr. Day by some parts of that address. After noticing the day, the 9th of September, which had been selected for their jubilation, and illustration as pre-eminent suitability to the occasion, by happy references to many illustrious events of which it was the anniversary, Mr. Day addressed himself to an able vindication of the claims of his race in this country, to an equal participation in the exercise and enjoyment of

those American rights which large numbers of that race, in common with the men of fairer complexion, had fought, suffered and died to establish. Behind the orator sat seven or eight veteran Colored men. Mr. D.'s apostrophe to those veterans was as touching as admirable, and produced a profound sensation."

Among the speakers, were several who took part in some of the battles of the country. One of these men is Mr. John Julius, of Pittsburgh, Pa. His age is about seventy

LAFAYETTE.

Among the Europeans who left their homes and rallied in defence of American Independence, history records no more illustrious names than Lafayette and Kosciusko. Not being tainted with American Colorphobia they each expressed regret that their services had been made a partial instead of a general boon. Read the extract from Lafayette's letter to Clarkson :—

"I would never have drawn my sword in the cause of America, if I could have conceived that thereby I was founding a land of Slavery."

During his visit to the United States, in 1825, he made inquiries for several Colored soldiers whom he remembered as participating with him in various skirmishes.

KOSCIUSKO'S TRIBUTE TO COLORED SOLDIERS.

Kosciusko, the gallant Pole, was young when the news reached his ear that America was endeavoring to release her neck from Britain's yoke. He promptly devoted himself to the service, and displayed a heroism which won universal respect. Washington loved and honored him, and the soldiers idolized his bravery; but his manly heart was saddened to learn that the Colored man was not to be a recipient of those rights—rights, too, which many a sable soldier had fought to obtain, and Kosciusko naturally presumed that when the victory was

achieved, all, irrespective of Color or accidental difference, would be freely invited to the banquet.

But this unsophisticated Polish General was doomed to disappointment. Kosciusko, with the feeling that all Americans should have been proud to exhibit—but, sad to tell, few did so—endeavored to render some signal compensation to those with whose wrongs his own had taught him to sympathize; and, as a grateful tribute to the neglected and forgotten Colored man, he appropriated \$20,000 of his hard earnings to purchase and educate Colored children. But, by the laws of Virginia where the bequest was to be carried into effect, this generous object was defeated.

On the last visit to the United States of this illustrious donor, the will was put into the hands of Thomas Jefferson, who was appointed Executor, to purchase Slaves and educate them, so as, in his own words, “to make them better sons and better daughters.” Jefferson transferred the same to Benjamin L. Lear. In 1830, the bequest amounting then to \$25,000, was claimed by the legal heirs of the donor. Interested parties subsequently recommended that the fund, if recovered, should be employed by the trustees in buying and educating Slave children, with the view of sending them to Liberia; an object far enough at variance from the donor’s intention.

This matter has been in litigation a long while, and I have been unable to learn the conclusion. The chain of circumstances reminds me of the following question, once put to a Florida planter of twenty-five years standing:—

“Has any property left by will to any Colored person ever been honestly and fairly administered by any white person?” Mark his answer: “Such instances might possibly have happened, but never to my knowledge.”

Within a recent period, several companies of Colored men in New York City have enrolled themselves “*a la militaire*.” The New York “Tribune” of August, 1852, awards them the following commendation:

“**COLORED SOLDIERS.**—Among the many parades within a few days we noticed yesterday a soldierly looking company of Colored men, on their way homeward from a target or parade drill. They looked like men, handled their arms like men, and should occasion demand, we presume they would fight like men.

At the New Bedford celebration August 1, 1851, of British West India Emancipation, the procession was escorted by a Colored Company of Cadets from New York. Among the civilities extended in honor of the day was an invitation to the military and strangers to visit the splendid residence and ornamental grounds of James Arnold, Esq., who, with his family, tendered the utmost kindness and courtesy in exhibiting the beauties of nature and art that so lavishly adorn this New Bedford palace. Rodney French, Esq., also with characteristic courtesy threw open the doors of his hospitable mansion to the military visitors, and a

few invited guests. These voluntary manifestations of good-will, at once honorable to the donors and grateful to the recipients should be accepted as a harbinger for a better day coming.

A number of the chivalric portion of Colored Bostonians have also been taking initiatory steps for a military company, and accordingly petitioned the Legislature for a charter, the claims of which were presented by Charles Lenox Remond and Robert Morris, Esqs; but like the prayer of the Attucks petitioners, they, too, had leave to withdraw."

"I can wait," were the memorable words of John Quincy Adams when his free speech was stopped on the floor of Congress.

The world will bear witness that we have waited; and oh, how patiently! We have learned how sublime a thing it is to suffer and be strong; but though familiar with we shall never grow reconciled to the discipline. "Our hearts, though often times made to bleed will gush afresh at every wound."

The treatment meted out to us in this country, is but an illustration of hating those whom we have injured, and calls to mind that scene from Waverly, where Fergus Mac Ivor replies to his friend on being led to execution. "You see the compliment they pay to our highland strength and courage, here we have lain until our limbs are cramped into palsy and now they send a file of soldiers with loaded muskets to prevent our taking the castle by storm. The analogy is found in the omnipresent and omnipotent influence of American Pro-Slavery in crushing every noble aspiration of the unoffending Colored men.

But despite the reign of terror inflicted upon us by the combined influences of the Fugitive Slave Law and the American Colonization Society, we shall manfully contend for our rights, and as hopefully bide our time, trusting that an enlightened public sentiment will soon yield us the Justice so long withheld; so far as in Nature the smiles of summer are made sweeter by the frowns of winter, the calm of ocean is made more placid by the tempest that has preceded it, so in this moral battle these incidental skirmishes will contribute to render the hour of triumph soon a blissful realization. So sure as night precedes day, winter wakes springs and war ends with peace, just so sure will the persevering efforts of Freedom's army be crowned with Victory's perennial laurels.

From the foregoing it will be seen that the seven years conflict and also the war of 1812, were both dotted by the devotion and bravery of Colored Americans, despite the persecutions heaped Olympus high upon them by their fellow countrymen. They have ever proved loyal and ready to worship or die, if need be, at Freedom's shrine. The "amor patriæ" has always burned vividly on the altar of their hearts. They love their native land, "its hills and valleys green." The white man's banquet has been held and loud pæans to liberty have reached the sky above, while the Colored American's share has been to stand outside and wait for the crumbs that fall from Freedom's festive board.

A TRIBUTE, BY AN EMANCIPATOR, BEING AN EXTRACT FROM THE WILL OF
A. P. UPSHUR, A MEMBER OF PRES. TYLER'S CABINET.

"I make this as my last will and testament :

"1 * * * *—

"2 * * * *—

"3. I emancipate and set free, my servant, David Rich, and direct my executors to give him one hundred dollars. I recommend him, in the strongest manner, to the respect, esteem and confidence of any community in which he may happen to live. He has been my Slave for twenty-four years, during which time he has been trusted to every extent, and in every respect. My confidence in him has been unbounded; his relation to myself and family has always been such as to afford him daily opportunities to deceive and injure us; and yet he has never been detected in a serious fault, nor ever an intentional breach of the decorums of his station. His intelligence is of a high order, his integrity above all suspicion, and his sense of right and propriety always correct and even delicate and refined. I feel that he is justly entitled to carry this certificate from me, into the new relations which he now must form. It is due to his long and most faithful services and to the sincere and steady friendship which I bear him. In the uninterrupted and confidential intercourse of twenty-four years, I have never given, nor had occasion to give him, an unpleasant word. I know no man who has fewer faults, or more excellencies, than he.

Signed,

A. P. UPSHUR."

[From the Alexandria, D. C., Gazette.]

A TRIBUTE FROM THE EMANCIPATION, BY WASHINGTON'S
FREED MEN.

Upon a recent visit to the tomb of Washington, I was much gratified by the alterations and improvements around it. Eleven colored men were industriously employed in leveling the earth and turf around the sepulchre. There was an earnest expression of feeling about them that induced me to inquire if they belonged to the respected lady of the mansion. They stated they were a few of the many Slaves freed by George Washington and they had offered their services upon this last melancholy occasion, as the only return in their power to make to the remains of the man who had been more than a father to them; and they should continue their labors as long as anything should be pointed out for them to do. I was so interested in this conduct that I inquired their several names, and the following were given me:

"Joseph Smith, Sambo Anderson, William Anderson his son, Berkeley Clark, George Lear, Dick Jasper, Morris Jasper, Levi Richardson, Joe Richardson, Wm. Moss, Wm. Hays and Nancy Squander, cooking for the men—Fairfax County, Va., Nov. 14, 1835."

APPENDIX.

[From Godey's Lady's Book. June, 1849.]

ANECDOTES OF WASHINGTON.

BY REV. HENRY F. HARRINGTON.

PRIMUS HALL.—Throughout the Revolutionary war he was the body servant of Col. Pickering, of Massachusetts. He was free and communicative and delighted to sit down with an interested listener and pour out those stores of absorbing and exciting anecdotes with which his memory was stored.

It is well known that there was no officer in the whole American army whose friendship was dearer to Washington, and whose counsel was more esteemed by him than that of the honest and patriotic Colonel Pickering. He was on intimate terms with him, and unbosomed himself to him with as little reserve as, perhaps, to any confidant in the army. Whenever he was stationed within such a distance as to admit of it, he passed many hours with the Colonel, consulting him upon anticipated measures and delighting in his reciprocated friendship.

Washington was therefore, often brought into contact with the servant of Col. Pickering, the departed Primus. An opportunity was afforded to the Negro to note him, under circumstances very different from those in which he is usually brought before the public and which possess, therefore, a striking charm. I remember one of these anecdotes from the mouth of Primus. One of them is very slight, indeed, yet so peculiar as to be replete with interest. The authenticity of both may be fully relied upon.

Washington once came to Col. Pickering's quarters and found him absent.

"It is no matter," said he to Primus, "I am greatly in need of exercise. You must help me to get some before your master returns."

Under Washington's directions the Negro busied himself in some simple preparations. A stake was driven into the ground about breast high, a rope tied to it, and then Primus was desired to stand at some distance and hold it horizontally extended. The boys, the country over, are familiar with this plan of getting sport. With true boyish zest, Washington ran forwards and backwards for some time, jumping over the rope as he came and went, until he expressed himself satisfied with the "exercise."

Repeatedly afterwards, when a favorable opportunity offered he would say—"Come, Primus, I am in need of exercise," whereat the Negro would drive down the stake and Washington would jump over the rope until he had exerted himself to his content.

On the second occasion, the great General was engaged in earnest consultation with Col. Pickering in his tent until after the night had fairly set in. Head-quarters were at a considerable distance and Washington signified his preference to staying with the Colonel over night, provided he had a spare blanket and straw.

"Oh yes," said Primus, who was appealed to; plenty of straw and blankets—plenty."

Upon assurance, Washington continued his conference with the Colonel until it was time to retire to rest. Two humble beds were spread side by side, in the tent, and the officers laid themselves down, while Primus seemed to be busy with duties that required his attention before he himself could sleep. He worked, or appeared to work, until the breathing of the prostrate gentlemen satisfied him that they were sleeping; and then, seating himself on a box or stool, he leaned his head on his hands to obtain such repose as so inconvenient a position would allow. In the middle of the night Washington awoke. He looked about and descried the Negro as he sat. He gazed at him a while and then spoke,

"Primus!" said he calling, "Primus!"

Primus started up and rubbed his eyes. "What General?" said he.

Washington rose up in bed. "Primus," said he, "what did you mean by saying that you had blankets and straw enough! Here you have given up your blanket and straw to me, that I may sleep comfortably, while you are obliged to sit through the night."

"It's nothing, General," said Primus. "It's nothing. I'm well enough. Don't trouble yourself about me, General, but go to sleep again. No matter about me. I sleep very good."

"But it is matter—it is matter," said Washington, earnestly. "I cannot do it, Primus. If either is to sit up, I will. But I think there is no need of either sitting up. The blanket is wide enough for two. Come and lie down here with me."

"Oh, no, General!" said Primus, starting, and protesting against the proposition. "No; let me sit here. I'll do very well on the stool."

"I say come and lie down here" said Washington authoritatively. "There is room for both and I insist upon it!"

He threw open the blanket as he spoke, and moved to one side of the straw. Primus professes to have been exceedingly shocked at the idea of lying under the same covering with the commander-in-chief, but his tone was so resolute and determined that he could not hesitate. He prepared himself, therefore, and laid himself down by Washington; and on the same straw, and under the same blanket, the General and the Negro servant slept until morning.

