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TRUTH AND LIBERTY.

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THE COLORED MAN AS A SOLDIER.

First and Foremost is the Twenty-Fourth from Fort Douglas, Utah, Now En Route to the Philippines---Its Remarkable War Record Imperishably Written on the Pages of American History.

Sailing now to the Philippines goes one of the four regiments with the best right to the title of "American" of all the troops in the service of these United States—the Twenty-fourth Infantry, most distinguished of the negro regiments of the country and possible, the most renowned infantry regiment in the Army. Other regiments may take to themselves the American name, but consider the roll and you will find them named as the colors of Joseph's coat—Irish, German, French, Italian—all the nations under the sun. The existed negro proclaims proudly the fact that he is the only Simon-pure American child of the soil for more generations than he can count. The only naturalized citizen entered in his family was written more than forty years ago from Sumter to Appomattox.

The war story of the Twenty-fourth, which put out from these shores a few days ago for the Moody fields of the Far East, is imperishably set down upon those pages of American history that tell of the Cuban fighting. It seemed strange when these veterans marched into Fort Fremont street, San Francisco, that so little was made of themselves over them—strange that as a people should not honor the heroes of the story of how these dark-skinned, white-souled men fought so the stubborn hill of San Juan. Here a cross-eyed guest of the Twenty-fourth was the first to plant the flag on the heights of the hill. It is no exaggeration that the private citizen should not know of the everyday heroisms of these men in time of peace. The good soldier which is in their pride to maintain, their good citizenship—a thing which we have grown to expect from the regular soldier, who is usually a brawling, turbulent fellow, who is a good fellow in a garrison and camp. Then men of the Twenty-fourth behaved so well while they were serving their country that they knew they were here until they were gone and it was too late to honor them. "Do you see a soldier walking along the street? Make note of it that.

CHAPLAIN ALLENSWORTH.

HE IS NOT BLACK.

Are there saloon brawls and street-car riots? You may be certain that the disorders never set out from the Twenty-fourth. It has been said of these men, hot-blooded their conduct in San Francisco, is but another instance to prove that such soldier behavior as though he were negro. Is there never a man's not enough man the uniform he wears, the flag he serves or the race to which he belongs. Each man stands or falls on his personal merits, not only to keep the peace but to prove by his service his gentleness, his kindness, his good breeding, his respect for law, that the tales circulated about his people are lies, each colored soldier is a committee of one to show to all the world that the colored are the gentlest, the most Christlike, the most trustworthy.

Often beneath these good-natured faces beat heavy hearts. It is part of the history of the race that he serves cheerful whether he will or nay. Here, an optimist, he yet carries the deep sadness of the race in the flag he serves. He bears an intense personal loyalty that is a passion. He is grateful with a zeal that put to shame other American children. Probably no negro servantship is more cordially and eager soldiership—an American. For without remembering what these folks owe to him, and to his kindred, we Americans are apt to forget. In that state also lies the agony of the best American of us all.

Only the Indian has no such debt the negro owes equally in the North to possess a certain equality which is not social, in the South to have

NOT A BONDMAN,

but he is nothing else. It was to escape from the conditions of his race in the South that many of these men enlisted, and each one of them remembers, with a sense of personal responsibility, that for his sake his people will be held to account. For this reason these men are exceedingly careful that their race shall not be made a vicarious sacrifice for the sins they know, some as well, that the giant of faith is of exceedingly slow growth, here and there on earth, and that work is slow by services as great that they can never be measured and they are too modest by half to be ranked among Trumps. The soldiers of the Twenty-fourth are reckoning to prove by their behavior in war and their good conduct in peace that the negro is a gentleman as well as a citizen. There was an old Freedman not week the pretty, comely wife of a sergeant of the Twenty-fourth. Her husband was formerly a slave owned in the South, and he is so white that it seemed impossible that Ethiopian blood tincture the fluid in his veins. This man enlisted in the army, not because he could get good living elsewhere, but because of the influences put upon him and his wife. One day he received a card from her saying they wanted themselves in the colored end of the car.

"Hello, you!" shouted the brakeman, "you don't belong here. Go to the other end."

The negro changed his seat.

Presently the conductor came through, and, with keener eye, ordered the man to the other end. The negro knew, at the order was obeyed. In the

"JIM CROW" END

of the car the man ventured to sit by his wife. When the brakeman again charged him with being a white man married to a black woman.

"Do you mean to say that I have no right to plant the flag on the heights of San Juan hill if I have a cross-eyed sergeant of the Twenty-fourth was the first to plant the flag on the heights of San Juan hill if I have a cross-eyed wife?" asked this citizen of a free Republic.

In that hour his resolution was taken, and as soon as night he he enlisted as a regular soldier.

The real genesis of the enlisted negro is far nobler than the mixed motives which inspire most soldiers. The colored man enlists because to the negro more than in any other race in all the peoples, the sense of loyalty is bound with white race, the equality is comfortable. In the army one enlisted man is as good as another, and courage is not a matter of composition. When the battle is fought and won the black man is as good as the white. When there's fighting to be any man will a great heart and willing is desired. No one cares whether the color of alloy is his color. It chances that the Twenty-ninth some crosses white and some black. The colored man thirst for equality, he is not callous to the indignities still heaped upon him. He wants to be treated as the accredited thing that follows him, and he comes to seek in the regiment that he enters the army than anywhere else. This is what has driven colored school teachers, master's mechanics, compositors, printers, bakers, barbers into the ranks of the regular army. They are looking for an equal chance, for, not, perhaps, a place where they will not be subjected to humiliation and insult.

They are not yet without grievance. Some of them diplomatically refuse to express themselves on the subject of colored men offered by whites. Many of them say that their officers treat them well, that they do not

CARE WHAT COLOR

their officers are, of how rigid the discipline, if only officers and discipline be just. It is however a complaint of the soldiers of the Twenty-fourth and of all the colored men in the army that their commissions are not as good as white men's. There is but one colored commissioned officer in the army—an assuming chaplain—and there are scarcely out of proportion to the number of black men in the service. There were several negro lieutenants in the Ninth, a negro regiment which retired during the recent reorganization, but they have stepped down and out and cannot stand ranks. Many colored officers distinguished themselves in the Civil war and were promoted for it. I am told that in all our history, but three colored men have graduated from West Point. One of these is dead, another retired from the service and the third remains, but stands upon a footing not to be envied. There is no question as to the efficiency of these men.

You can see in a moment the point in all that is pathetic. One may sadly

Somehow the idea was shared in an American negro that he should be a national coward. It was assumed, since each negro somehow belonged to the race enslaved by the whites, that he must be cowardly at heart. There was never a greater mistake. The negro has proven for himself that the courage of the negro soldier is battle. Once it was a matter worthy of comment, and cost—a thing debated with pensive, for it has been the misfortune of the negro that everything relating to him has always been talked up with sentiment. Rest far away from the seething soil of America, where, in the years, the United States has been fighting, early that of 1898, there have

BEEN NEGRO SOLDIERS

under the flag that represented to them only stripes, with no globe of stars. In the Revolution, the Civil war, many years of colored men fighting against the flag that, in the end, set free the slaves. In the Civil war, after the Emancipation proclamation and in the midst of the doubts of all people, the negro was at last permitted to enlist and to take part in the conflict of which he was the innocent cause. There were 200,000 negro soldiers in the Federal army, of whom 30,000 were killed, wounded or missing. The Ninth and Tenth Cavalry, Tenth Infantry, in addition, lost their willing battle in the quartermaster and engineer corps. Regiments, which, if they were allowed to enlist, there was hardly a battle in which they would not have placed in the very front to make the advance. It did not take their officers long to learn that the negro could be relied upon whole, that they fought with stubborn bravery and under personal leadership. Who can forget to read the records of the Moody fire at Nashville and Butler's description of how he galloped his horse through the ledge of the black dead after the attack of New Market Heights, when the massed faces of rows of white officers of his command were spitted in the rear after that gallant charge? Who can forget the scene, almost every one with me. After the horrible battle of Fredericksburg, when there was no pretence of the Union cause, but only a war in the North who did not feel that the courage of the negro was in his birth, yet measuring the price paid, sacrifice of freedom.

George Washington, in his "Negro Troops in the Rebellion," says: "No part inserted be the negro soldier in the Civil war of the Rebellion, the most in North American history. It was midnight and months without a space between. Down the Red River the bill of bankruptcy to the tuned gave of what was from Jackson's Hole to clashing arms from passive submission to the great

CURSE OF SLAVERY

is the brilliant supremacies of a free soldier; from a chattel to a person; from the shame of degradation to the glory of military distinction. What hope amounting to fame and martial immortality.

With such proportions it was not to be wondered at that the Twenty-fourth infantry should distinguish itself in the Civil war, and it did distinguish itself. The regiment had never been under fire until that memorable day in Cuba when it was ordered to the hill of San Juan, past the waiting Seventy-first New York. The Rough Riders were the men of at least the proximity of the Seventy-first New York. The Rough Riders were women who were there supposed to be the regiment, but, in the view of African blood put the white men to the blush as they passed steadily up the steep, fire-swept hill, setting a wondering our fairer-hearted war troubling of its merely faithful to duty and to a sacred cause of freedom. Subject to their commander one of their officers says: "They went out just as if it was target practice. They never knew before what it was to be fired at, but they went along, not looking to right or left as their companies fell dead at their feet.

"The officers and sergeants called men that they dare not leave their ranks, marched on without the delays of an instant, and in the face of a storm of balls if the men saw that, that they knew it was not from lack of course that they were left behind. Thus the Rough Riders, the Seventy-first and the Ninth and Tenth Cavalry, the Twenty-fourth Infantry, the Twenty-ninth Colored Infant