

## ONE WOMAN'S STORY.

Soon after the war I made my first trip to Florida, going from Savannah to St. Augustine in a small steamer, which wound around among the islands on the coast of Georgia, and stopped at most of the towns we came to. It was a slow, monotonous trip, and the accommodations were not very comfortable.

The first night, finding my hard berth no resting-place, I went into the cabin, where the ever watchful and patient stewardess sat on guard. She was a tall, light-colored woman, with a sad expression of face. I watched her for some time as she dozed, but found at the slightest movement she was alert, ready to do something if needed. Finally, I asked her if she could get any rest. "Oh, I rest so," she said, leaning her head on the back of her chair. "This is the way I have slept all my life. I have never been used to a bed, and now I don't think I like them. I must move about when I am tired."

I could not sleep, and she would not while I was awake, so in answer to my question she told me her story.

"I was never a slave," she said. "My husband was a slave, but I was free. But it was slavery freedom (with a sigh), and that is no freedom at all. The free colored people were worse off than the slaves. They had to support themselves with very little chance to do it. No one would help them, or advise or look after them. They were watched and suspected and deceived, and were taxed very high for everything, for even the privilege of being free. They could only hold property in their own names to the value of fifty dollars, and if they got into debt, or failed in a promised payment, they could be sold into slavery to pay the debt.

"I was always in service. I cannot remember when my mother hired me out the first time. I always lived with white families, and played with the children, and waited upon the young ladies. From them I learned to read and to sew and to do many things. I could make all kinds of nice cakes and preserves, and do what they called fancy cooking. I lived with one lady a long time. She was a good woman. I think she was the best woman in the world. The old people told me she was my grandmother, and that her son was my father; but I don't know. I asked my mother about it at one time, but she only looked at me strange-like for a minute and then said, 'My daughter, you must not ask questions. That is not to be talked about.'

"Oh, that was long ago. My mother was free. She lived in a little house on my lady's plantation. I know the day my mistress's oldest son, Mr. Hal, died, mother shut herself up in her rooms, and would not let any one come in. She would not even speak to me until after the funeral. And when they were going to the grave my mistress put a black dress on me, and told me to take Miss Mary's hand and follow her. All the servants on the place and from the negro quarters were there. I heard one of them say, 'That is Missy's (so they called me) father, but the blessed child don't know it.' Then some one else asked if that was the reason Mr. Hal never got married, and they all nodded their heads and looked at me, for they saw I was listening. Then the old negro driver said to them softly, 'Gals, stop talking. You know Missy won't like it. Nobody is to say one word about Missy, and you know it, too. So look out.' After I heard this I thought about it all the time, but I was afraid to speak about it to mother, and she never talked to me. She said very little to anybody.

"The day after the funeral my mistress called me to her and told me I was to sit with the young ladies when I was sewing, and they would teach me. She wanted me to learn as much as possible, so I could by and by take care of myself. And she said: 'Missy, you know you are free, and when I am gone there will be no one to take care of you, and you must fight for yourself.'

"I told her I didn't want to be free. I only wanted to live with her always. She looked at me scared and angry like, and said, 'Child, you don't know what you are talking about.'

"I had not much work to do at that time. I only waited upon Mistress and sewed for her, so I had plenty of time to myself. I used to visit all the house servants in the town so as to find out new ways of doing things, and then I told the young ladies and the servants in our house about what I saw. The best cooks in the town used to say, 'Missy wants to steal our trade,' but they were very willing to teach me. One of the young men went to Washington to wait on his master, and when he came back he showed me how to set the tables as the people did there. After that all the young ladies in town wanted me to help lay the tables and arrange the flowers and fix the rooms when they were going to have a big party.

"I was only sixteen years old when I

married my mistress's waiting man. He was the son of her butler, and she liked him, and she helped us to get married. Then we lived in a small house on the place, but we were very anxious to have a house of our own. So I went out to service by day, and took in washing, and made cake, and did fancy sewing at night, to save money to buy a home of our own. My mistress urged me on to do this, telling me I must get off the old place before she died, for there was no telling what might happen.

"All the young ladies were married. Two of them had good husbands, but the other two had husbands who used to swear at and curse the 'niggers.' They had no use for me because I was free, telling me I was too proud, and I must look out or they would bring me down some day yet. Miss Mary and Miss Nelly tried to take my part when their husbands did not see them, but they could not do much. At last I contrived to buy a house and lot, but the deed had to be made out in my mistress's name. Then she gave Aleck, my husband, his freedom, and had freedom papers made out for him. But she advised me not to let Mr. Minnie and Mr. Raph know about this, or they would make a fuss. So we went to live in our own house, and Aleck worked in the garden at night while I was washing, and we got along very well.

"I had five children, two girls and three boys, when my mistress died very suddenly. Then, I tell you, we had hard times. The Lord only knows how I lived through it all. My mistress had no property excepting her land and her slaves. As soon as the funeral was over, the sons-in-law went to work to divide up the property, for she had no sons. They said my husband Aleck was a slave, for 'no free papers had been made out for him;' and, more than that, he was sassy and lazy; that mistress had spoiled him, and they would send him to the 'traders' in New Orleans to be sold. This they did, in spite of all we could say or do. Then they declared my house belonged to their estate, and I must get out of it. Then they said I owed them money for things the mistress had let me have, and I must pay it, or they would sell the children to pay the debt. I only wonder that I lived through so much. My friends amongst the negroes helped me to hide the children until the property was settled. The young ladies, too, my mistress's daughters, helped me when they could secretly. I have seen hard times in my life, and have drunk many bitter cups. But, thank God! Slavery is done away with forever, and we are all free."

This story she told with a sad, monotonous tone, often interrupted by questions. The day began to break as she finished. She started up, active as ever, to look after her manifold duties.

My heart and thoughts were very full of her story as I went on deck with my notebook in hand, to try to write down what I had just heard. Truly, the hardest bondage was "slavery-freedom."

ELIZABETH HYDE BOTUME.

## BRAVE CHARITY LAMBERT.

Charity Lambert, the colored woman who distinguished herself by her courage and unselfishness during the recent wreck of the *Corona* on the Mississippi, is a remarkable character. She is described as a tall woman, somewhat over fifty years of age, very black, and with strongly marked features. She has been in the service of Capt. J. W. Blanks for eighteen years. Fourteen years ago he offered her a position as first chambermaid on the river, and up to the time of the explosion of the *Corona* she has been running on the Mississippi and its various tributaries in which Capt. Blanks' boats have plied. She has been in several previous accidents, but has always been fortunate and has always shown remarkable presence of mind.

On this last voyage, two sisters of Capt. Blanks' wife, Mrs. Hough and Mrs. Henry Blanks, with two children, were on board. Charity was particularly happy on this occasion, and very attentive to the wants of the family she loved so well.

When the explosion occurred Charity was toward the rear of the boat, ironing. The craft shivered and shook and seemed to be parting in two. Maunty had scarcely time to look around when the door burst open and the ladies ran in imploring her assistance. She saw that something must be done and done quickly. Hurriedly but calmly she went to the place where the life-preservers were kept, and parcelled them out to the terror-stricken ladies until all were supplied but herself, and then, heedless of her own safety, she led the way to the roof. But one of the men of the boat persuaded her and her charges that the wreck was sinking, and that the only safety lay in the lifeboats. Charity carefully helped the unfortunate passengers into the boat, and when all were safe she entered herself. But the boat sank, and all were left struggling in the water. All who had been

provided with life-preservers by the noble old negress floated and were saved, except Mrs. Hough, who was struck by a door and drowned. Old Mammy was also rescued. Ever unselfish, she begged her rescuer to save her ladies first and leave her to take care of herself.

No nurse ever ministered more tenderly to the sick than did Mammy to the seriously wounded child of Mrs. Blanks, and she only gave way when nature could endure no longer. Afterwards, not knowing in what circumstances the sudden death of Capt. Blanks had left his grief-stricken widow, she brought Mrs. Blanks her bank-book, representing all her savings, and offered it to her to do with it what she chose.

Mrs. Blanks says Charity shall never leave her again, and calls her "a true Christian and a noble woman."

## ARCHITECTURE AS AN ART.

Editors *Woman's Journal*:

I wish to interest you a little in an art that so nearly affects every one that we cannot afford to be ignorant of its influence or possibilities. Our houses, like our faces, may not be beautiful, but they shall, at least, have the firm and rugged lines that denote character.

Looking over the splendid examples of the past, we find in each recognized style the influence of the times and people. The sombre, symbolic Egyptian; the purity and simplicity of Greece; the glory of Rome. The Norman and early English built homes like forts. The delicate lines of Gothic, with its slender spires and pointed arches, speak eloquently of the elevation of the Christian Church. We have built best, at all times, in all countries, and all people, to the gods whom we worship.

The architectural triumphs of the present century are so closely connected with the money markets and exchanges, that we must have a very material form of worship in our temples.

Architecture is the highest form of art, but we lack sadly in developing its possibilities. We have grown to look upon decorative art as a plaything in the hands of the idle. The sculptor disdains the stone-cutter and the carver, but it is the stationary and not movable art to which belongs the first place. A great sculptor with infinite labor produces a statue; it is given a place in some draped and darkened room, or, at best, in some art gallery. A stone-cutter, with a rude hand, carves a grotesque face on some doorway or bracket, and the long lines of busy travelers look up at it, as a familiar landmark on their journey. The great painters, Raphael, Correggio, Michael Angelo, and Titian, did some of their best work on the frescoes of temples. In the nineteenth century a stencil plate will supply the art required for a large proportion of fresco decoration.

There was a time in ancient Florence when a new carving, a metal grille, or a decorated window, was a general topic of interest. Each individual built for the fame of Florence. Rome at its best was a city of unrivalled beauty, more because each building was a complement to its neighbor than on account of the separate value of each. As Americans, we are the guardians of the most matchless granite and marble, forests and mines, which, yielding like clay in the hands of the sculptor, come forth bearing the impression of our thoughts.

With time, and the establishment of architectural schools, America can rival the world in architectural beauty. What we need most is study, schools, and training. One sees everywhere originality, thought, and beautiful features, but the harmony that alone comes from careful training is sadly missing.

Wealth and philanthropy are always opening new channels for advancement and education, and I hope in the near future we may have thoroughly equipped schools of architecture. The collection of plaster casts of architectural ornament, which is being collected for the New York Metropolitan Art Gallery, the sketch clubs, competitions, manual training-schools, and industrial art schools, are much-needed steps in the right direction; but the question of utility and construction enters so largely into the work, aside from its art or decoration, that a special training is indispensable to the architectural student.

Every woman's home is her dominion, and should yield, under her direction and planning, the largest possible amount of comfort and pleasure to her subjects. It is impossible to furnish or decorate an ill-planned house, and poorly-proportioned rooms cannot be disguised by costly hangings and elaborate furniture.

The old colonial houses, with their defects, were better than the fantastic designs we meet in our every-day walk. The stately dames and lords of the seventeenth century would have felt cramped and ill at ease in the pocket-edition castles now being published.

Architecture is not a thing that alone concerns the owner and the builder. The man or woman who erects a crude or fantastic building has wronged his neighbor and left a monument to his own folly. When we build patiently, when every one, from the owner to the hod-carrier, is no longer in a fever of excitement to see the last brick in the highest chimney, we shall have better work. Now it is like Jack and the magic bean-stalk. Yesterday we passed an open lot, a few tin cans and straggling weeds, a sportive goat, and the small boy. To-morrow a building whose cornice looks disdainfully down on its neighbors, a monster mushroom of bricks and mortar, a menace to life and health.

MINERVA PARKER.

Philadelphia, Penn.

## PROGRESS IN KENTUCKY.

The Kenton County Equal Rights Association held its first annual meeting, Oct. 25, at the rooms of the Kentucky Democratic Club, in Covington, Ky. Although the weather was extremely inclement, these rooms were full.

After the address of the president, Mrs. Farmer, and the conclusion of regular business, Mrs. Josephine K. Henry, of Versailles, Ky., addressed the audience on "Property rights of married women in Kentucky;" her address was enthusiastically received, and many were surprised to learn the true standing of the married woman in Kentucky law.

The following annual report, submitted at this meeting by the secretary, Mrs. Isabella H. Shepard, makes a good showing:

The Kenton County Equal Rights Association was formed by six women Oct. 22, 1888, at the residence of Mrs. Eugenie B. Farmer. It was realized that the time had arrived when women must ask for better laws in Kentucky; that delays are dangerous, and the present the most opportune for beginning work in earnest. Mrs. Farmer was elected president, and Miss Fannie Thurston secretary and treasurer. Not only ladies are admitted to membership, but all gentlemen in sympathy with this movement are heartily welcomed; three gentlemen are now members, one of whom, Mr. Farmer, kindly met the first need—printed folders setting forth the sense and organization of the Association. The membership had reached twenty when two active and able members removed from the city. These are Mrs. Ellen B. Dietrick and Miss Fannie Thurston, the able secretary. The Association regrets the absence of these members sincerely.

Regular meetings are held the third Monday of each month. At the second meeting Miss Laura Clay, president of the Fayette County (Ky.) Association, was present and offered a proposition to form a State Association, which was received with enthusiasm, and the resolution passed unanimously. This Association afterward became auxiliary to the State Association.

During the past year papers have been read and discussions held upon various subjects of direct interest, such as city government, school matters, women upon school boards, State laws of Kentucky, revision of State laws, constitution of Kentucky, etc. Much interest has been manifested at several meetings in the reading of letters from members and workers of other associations in the State.

This Association joined that of Hamilton County, O., in securing Mrs. Zerelda Wallace for a lecture, and realized a neat sum for the treasury. Two of the members, Mrs. Dietrick and Mrs. Farmer, have written several articles in the interest of equal rights for publication, and found the press exceedingly kind and helpful in the matter of voice. At the election in October for school trustees this Association was instrumental in bringing out two ladies as candidates, who, though defeated, made an excellent race without spending money and very little electioneering.

At the last regular meeting, Oct. 22, the annual election of officers was held.—Mrs. Farmer re-elected president, and Mrs. Isabella H. Shepard secretary and treasurer.

## ONE LESSON OF "A DOLL'S HOUSE."

In a criticism of Ibsen's elaborate play, "A Doll's House," which is at present occupying a prominent place in the play-going world, Miss Lillian Whiting calls attention to the fact that its pitiful tragedy, the separation between husband and wife, is in a measure, if not largely, the result of a common error in the training of girls. She says:

"No close observer of life can fail to see how practical is the lesson, how it needs to be taught in every household in the land. A father rears his daughter in utter ignorance of his own life, in its aims and resources. She is given the money she asks for, or less, as may be, and she takes all she can get, and spends all she takes; whether it is \$5 or \$500, she knows no essential difference. She has no means of knowing whether there is any essential difference to him or not. She may be told, in a general way, that things cannot be afforded. She perceives no difference, whether he affords anything or not, except to onus on the side of getting it. Now if that father took his daughter into his confidence and explained to her that a given sum per year, or per quarter, could be spared, and no more, then, if she economized on it and came out with a surplus, she would see something of the order and beauty and definiteness of economy; she would rise from personal economies to personal sacrifices; she would be educated in that priceless manner of a comprehension of relative values, and a knowledge

of the deep significances of finance. She would be prepared to meet either poverty or competence or luxury with a due sense of the relations of things. It would educate her in family and in social sympathies, and in executive power. A girl sent out from her father's house, either in marriage or in the self-supporting life, who has not been trained in this knowledge, is utterly unfit to rule either her own life or the life of a household. And this is just where thousands of women make shipwreck of their fate, and the error is primarily that they are reared in a doll's house. For a man to always instruct his wife and children to 'be economical,' giving them no standard of what economy is relatively to his possessions, is a method that blunts all perception, that represses self-knowledge and self-control. And if Mr. Ibsen can teach us this great radical truth, he does well."

## MEETING IN MAINE.

The adjourned annual meeting of the Maine Woman Suffrage Association was held at Portland, Nov. 7. The president, Rev. Henry Blanchard, called the meeting to order and offered prayer.

The corresponding secretary, Mrs. E. H. Osgood, gave a brief review of the Association from its earliest organization until the present. In summing up the work accomplished since its reorganization four years ago, with headquarters at Portland, Mrs. Osgood said:

The wonder is, not that we have done so little, but that we have done so much. We have twice appeared before the judiciary committee asking first, that a constitutional amendment be submitted to the people giving the ballot to women, and last year asking for municipal woman suffrage with an educational qualification. These bills have been defeated, but they have provoked debate in the Hall of Representatives, discussion in public and in private, editorial comment, and columns of "communication" *pro* and *con*. Emphasis was laid on the fact that suffragists are not contending for personal rights or complaining of personal wrongs; the war they wage is for the great principles of eternal right and justice.

The outline of work for the non-legislative year is organization, distribution of suffrage literature, and persistent effort to influence public opinion by public and private meetings and through the press.

The report of Dr. J. L. Herson, treasurer, shows a balance in the treasury of \$155.

Officers were elected as follows:

President—Rev. Henry Blanchard, of Portland.

Vice-Presidents—Hon. Thos. B. Reed, of Portland; Gen. Francis Fessenden, of Portland; Ex-Gov. Robie, of Gorham; Mrs. A. F. Greely, of Ellsworth; Ex-Gov. Nelson Dingley, of Lewiston; Dr. F. H. Gerrish, of Portland; Mrs. Geo. S. Hunt, of Portland; Mrs. C. A. Quimby, of Augusta; Mrs. S. E. Spring, of Portland.

Corresponding Secretary—Mrs. Etta H. Osgood, of Portland.

Recording Secretary—Miss L. F. Donnell, of Portland.

Treasurer—Dr. J. H. Herson, of Portland.

Executive Committee—The President, Corresponding Secretary, Recording Secretary, Treasurer, *ex officio*, Mrs. M. W. T. Merrill, Mrs. J. E. McDowell, Mrs. L. M. N. Stevens, H. H. Burgess, Esq., W. H. Looney, Esq., of Portland; Mrs. S. J. L. O'Brien, of Cornish; Mrs. Sarah F. Hamilton, of Saco; Mrs. L. W. Weston, of Skowhegan.

Communications from Alice Stone Blackwell and Lucy Stone were read, inviting the State Association to become auxiliary to the National-American Woman Suffrage Association.

The president then offered the following resolutions, which were voted upon singly and accepted with very little discussion.

Resolved, That the Maine Women Suffrage Association hereby declares itself auxiliary to the National American Woman Suffrage Association.

Resolved, That this association recognizes with joy the great value of the Australian ballot system as recently shown in the elections in Massachusetts and other States, and earnestly commends to the voters of Maine the purpose of electing members to the next legislature, who will vote to make this system the law of our commonwealth.

Resolved, That we adhere to our determination of demanding an educational qualification for the suffrage, when we shall again ask the legislature to give the municipal ballot to women.

Resolved, That we note with very great pleasure the increasing number of those who, formerly opposed, are now the earnest advocates of woman suffrage.

Resolved, That we ask our fellow-believers in all parts of the State to be instant and earnest in the perfecting of organizations which shall labor to secure votes in the next legislature.

In the evening a large and appreciative audience was addressed by Col. T. W. Higginson.

Rev. Robert Allyn, D. D., has contributed two articles entitled "The Mother-in-Law, and Out-Law," to the *Central Christian Advocate*, in which he takes his sex to task for speaking slightly of women, especially of mothers-in-law and spinsters. He says:

"As men, we simply dishonor ourselves and our race when we permit any slight or depreciation of the sex which by its peril gave us our chance of life, and whose faithful tenderness—not to say whose proud endurance of pain and discomfort—has so unselfishly administered to our wants. And we do religion and humanity an incalculable injury when we allow the talk of the hour or the literature of the day to drift into this almost unconscious and universal neglect or ridicule of women and their attributed weaknesses; while, if we truly knew it, they are, by these very so-called weaknesses, really stronger than strengths and wisdoms."

In reference to the frequent sneers con-

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