

A COLORED ORATOR

Large and Enthusiastic Meeting Was Held in National Hall Last Night.

CHARLES W. ANDERSON

Well-Known Colored Orator From New York Discussed the Campaign Issue.

[From Buffalo Commercial.]

National Hall, on Ellicott street, near Genesee, was filled to its utmost capacity last night with men and women who assembled to hear the Hon. Charles W. Anderson, of New York, discuss the issues of the campaign. It was the first big rally this year of the Buffalo Colored Republican League, and the members and their friends turned out in large numbers. Every chair in the hall was occupied, and lines of men were standing in the side aisles and in the lobby at the rear.

William H. Alkerns presided at the meeting, and introduced as the first speaker Patrick J. Carey. Mr. Carey spoke for about fifteen minutes on the issues of the campaign and the fitness of the men on the Republican ticket to fill the positions to which they were nominated. He was heartily applauded several times during the course of his address.

Capt. Henry A. Bull was then introduced, and spoke for twenty minutes, discussing particularly the Philippine question and the relations of capital and labor. He was frequently applauded.



HON. CHARLES W. ANDERSON.

Rowland B. Mahany came in just before the close of Capt. Bull's address and was asked to speak. Mr. Mahany spoke in a general way of the politics of the two great parties, and in conclusion spoke in glowing terms of the principal speaker of the evening, Mr. Charles W. Anderson, the well-known colored orator of New York, whom Mr. Mahany named in the same class with such men as Booker T. Washington—men who have done and are doing a great work toward elevating the American negro and educating him up to the high standard of American citizenship.

Mr. Anderson was enthusiastically applauded as he stepped to the front of the platform. He is slightly above medium height, broad-chested and well proportioned, and has the general appearance and bearing of a gentleman of education and refinement. His voice has that full, rich quality so common among those of his race, well modulated and under perfect control, and he exercises excellent judgment in his choice of words. He speaks smoothly and without apparent effort, and has a faculty for closing eloquent periods with simple, homely expressions which appeal strongly to his hearers.

He prefaced his address last night with a statement to the effect that as

he was on his way to the meeting his attention was called to an article in last night's Times which suggested that he should read to the audience the letter addressed to the Democratic National Committee by Bishop Turner, of the African M. E. Church, in which that gentleman announces his intention to support Bryan. "I have no objection to saying what I think of the bishop's acrobatic flop into the Democratic party," said Mr. Anderson, "and as it has been suggested that I read his letter I will do so. I hold the clipping from the Times in my hand. Bishop Turner's letter begins as follows:

"I am declaring my preference for William Jennings Bryan for President because he represents the same broad principles that Abraham Lincoln espoused, and I believe it will be for the benefit of the people to vote for him. As Abraham Lincoln was a friend to the colored race, so is William Jennings Bryan. All of this silly sentiment of adhering to the Republican party because of Lincoln's proclamation of emancipation is misapplied. The Republican party of Lincoln and the Republican party of Hanna are distinctly things apart. Lincoln is dead, but his principles of personal liberty still live, and verily the mantle of Elijah never fitted the shoulders of Elisha as perfectly as Lincoln's mantle fits the broad shoulders of Bryan."

"William Jennings Bryan first came into public notice as an inferior member of Congress from an inferior Western State," said Mr. Anderson, laying down the clipping temporarily. "Four years ago he secured the nomination for President by making a dramatic speech before the Chicago convention. He had as one of his principal campaign managers in 1896 a man who, when there is any political filth around, can dive into it deeper, stay under longer and come up looking cleaner than any other man living—Ben Tillman, of South Carolina. Can you imagine Abraham Lincoln running for the Presidency under the auspices of such a man? Can you imagine him speaking throughout the country for four years for revenue only, dividing his spoils with the men who are preventing the colored men of the South from exercising their rights of franchise?"

"The Republicans have lied to us about our freedom and citizenship," continues the bishop. "Our freedom was a war necessity, and was dearly bought with colored arms 200,000 strong, and our citizenship is a replica of serfdom."

"Yes, 200,000 colored men did fight against the Confederates in the Civil War. We fought them because they were rebels—and there wasn't a single Republican among them. We fought the Democrats with bullets then, and I've come here to ask you to fight them with ballots now. Bishop Turner has been going up and down this country for ten years telling the people that the United States is not the place for colored men—that we should be transported back to Africa. But I want to tell you that as one of those who had a father and a brother among those 200,000 men, I don't propose to leave the country for which they bled and died. This is my country and your country, and it is not the Republican party which is preventing us from being citizens in reality as well as in name."

"Lincoln never believed in governing without the consent of the governed," says Bishop Turner. Why is he so solicitous about our governing a few fleet-footed Polynesians on the other side of the globe without their consent, while he is not at all solicitous about governing some millions of colored people right here at home without their consent? Why, bless you, Bishop Turner himself is governed without his consent; he lives in the South, and there is only one ticket which he can vote and have his vote counted.

"The Republican party is and always has been the party that does things; the Democratic party is and always has been the party that says we can't do things—it is essentially the party of negation. The Democrats told us we couldn't limit slavery, and we abolished it; they told us we couldn't issue specie payments, and we did it, and then they told us that we couldn't stop; and so it has been with all the great steps taken by this country. Look at their issues; yesterday it was the tariff; to-day it is imperialism, and to-morrow it will be antagonism to whatever the Republican party undertakes to do and is in favor of. That is where the Democratic party stands. Would you know where the Republican party stands? Then go out where the flag flies, and there you will find the Republican party. Go out to the places where soldier boys in blue are falling, and there you'll find the Republican party every time, on the firing line, standing for the honor and glory of the flag, for the policy that will bring prosperity and happiness into the American home."

"What is this imperialism about which Bryan raises such a hue and cry? If imperialism means that we are going to complete the Isthmian canal and throw that great waterway open to the commerce of the world, then we are imperialists; if imperialism means that wherever an American soldier is sleeping underneath the sod, the American flag will never be hauled down with the consent of the people, then we are imperialists."

Mr. Anderson then reviewed the records of McKinley and Roosevelt, and as he mentioned their names there was prolonged applause.

"McKinley and Roosevelt," he continued. "That is the ticket the Republican party presents; and what do the Democrats put up against them? A voice from Nebraska and a reminiscence from Illinois. The voice howls about 'government without the consent of the governed'—if you men up here in the North don't cast your ballots in a way to show your utter detestation of the party and methods which disfranchises millions of colored voters in the South, then you are not worthy of the privilege of voting and are not worthy to be called American citizens. Only a few years ago some of these very men who are now asking for your votes voted against the measures which gave us the right to vote. Now that you have got your votes, do you intend to give them to these men who did everything in their power to keep you from voting? (Cries of "No, no!") "Well, I don't think!" "Not if we know ourselves."

"The voice talks about the paramount issue—the paramount issue to you and me is a secured citizenship in our country—exact justice to men of every color. Go to the polls on election day and cast one vote to show your utter detestation of these principles and these men who are debarring our brothers in the South from the rights of citizenship. The Lord led the children of Israel up out of Egypt when they were a lot of sniveling cowards, but remember that He didn't lead them into the promised land until they were strong enough and courageous enough to conquer it—and the colored men of America will not come into the full enjoyment of the rights of citizenship until they have learned to apply the lash of the ballot to the shoulders of those who oppress them, until they show that they are ready and able, aye anxious, to stand up and fight for their rights against the party which has tried to keep them under its heel."

The scene at the conclusion of Mr. Anderson's address, which occupied nearly an hour and was listened to with rapt attention by the big audience, was one of the most enthusiastic ever witnessed at a public meeting in Buffalo. All over the hall men jumped to their feet, cheering and waving their hats in attestation of their indorsement of the speaker's ideas.

After quiet had been restored H. H. Lewis, of the Buffalo Colored Republican League, was introduced. He spoke briefly of the strength of the local and State tickets, paying a particularly eloquent tribute to the abilities and worth of Comptroller Erastus C. Knight.

The meeting then adjourned with cheers for the Republican candidates, national, State and local.

If you are looking for rooms be sure to call and inspect those at Mrs. Hyman's, 1618 7th street, n. w.

Mr. Clarence C. White as violinist possesses the artistic temperament to a marked degree, as well as the indispensable gift of sympathetic interpretation. His tone is full and his facility of execution is wonderful.—Elviria (O.) Daily News.

"Under Fire With the Tenth U. S. Cavalry."

A new and very interesting book by Wm. T. Anderson, Arthur N. Brown, Horace W. Bivins, all of the 10th U. S. Cavalry; and others. Gen. Joseph Wheeler says: "Those who see in the future of the Negro race in America a difficult and perplexing problem will find encouragement in this book, the product of Negro intelligence and the record of Negro patriotism." John H. Wills, Bookseller, 508 Eleventh street, north-west. Call and see it.

The Amptons, the Marine Bard and other local talent will soon be billed for a monster entertainment at Convention Hall

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