TRIBUTE TO OUR FAITHFUL SLAVES.

BY MRS. KATE W. MOORE, OAKLAND, MISS.

I have just read Miss Mary Solari's grand sentiments in the March VETERAN in regard to a monument to the faithful blacks of the South. Being in full sympathy with her in all her views, I wish to emphasize her idea that right now is the time to begin the noble work, and I would esteem it an honor to be among the first to begin working for the cause.

A few instances from my own life will show why my heart should dictate such a step. My mother died when I was four years old, leaving three little girls, myself the oldest, and it was an old black mammy who cared for us till the new mother came to take the place of the lost one. My baby sister's crib was placed in the cabin by mammy's bed, and it was an old black hand that tenderly rocked it for many a night, and we lisped our prayers at a black mammy's knee.

During the war, while my father was in the army, my mother and four children lived on the plantation, a mile from any other white person, and were protected by a faithful old negro man, who was father's foreman. There were about seventy-five negroes on the place, and he superintended everything and made the crops. After the surrender, he remained our "right hand" until death claimed him.

My father died in 1879 of sporadic yellow fever, and his sudden death caused one of those dreadful panics that we can remember only with horror. The white people fled; but our negroes were there, faithful to the very last, and they formed the midnight funeral procession that carried my honored father to the cemetery. Do you wonder that I should be glad to give a proof of gratitude for such heroic devotion? I know there are thousands of men and women in the South whose experience has been similar to mine. Will not some one start the movement for a monument and give us the opportunity of assisting in the work?