

MAY · 1893

From Thomas McCants Stewart

New York, Tuesday May 23rd, 1893

My Dear Professor: Everything was "OK." I got space in Pullman to New York. So be happy.

Now, what shall I say about my visit? Words are inadequate to cover it. It was a *heavenly* one.

Let me say: (1) Please bring me in June a *framed* picture of yourself and teachers. I want a frame made at Institute; (2) By Fall, I should be house-keeping in Brooklyn. After that, there will always be a *Washington Room* in our house. Yours truly,

T. McCants Stewart

P.S. Have been bilious — too far gone to get out letter for *Age*; so I shall be a week late. I write Mrs. W. in this mail.

ALS Con. 5 BTW Papers ATT. Original destroyed.

A Speech at the Memorial Service for Samuel Chapman Armstrong¹

Hampton, [Va.] May 25, 1893

A few nights ago while driving in the woods of Alabama I discerned in the distance a large, bright fire. As I came nearer the light I discovered that by its glow several busy hands were at work building a comfortable, tasty, framed-cottage to replace the one room log hovel that had been their abode for a quarter of a century. The fire by which this house was being built was lighted at Hampton by Gen. Armstrong 25 years ago. What matters it that this fire was 25 years in passing through Hampton, through Tuskegee, through the Tuskegee Conference, to this lonely spot in Alabama? It was doing its work nevertheless, surely and effectively — and so it will be through the generations that are to come.

I am asked to perform a serious and embarrassing duty — speak of General Armstrong. It would be comparatively easy for us to speak of him as our teacher, but he was more, to hundreds of us who knew no man that we could call father; he was more and dearer than a