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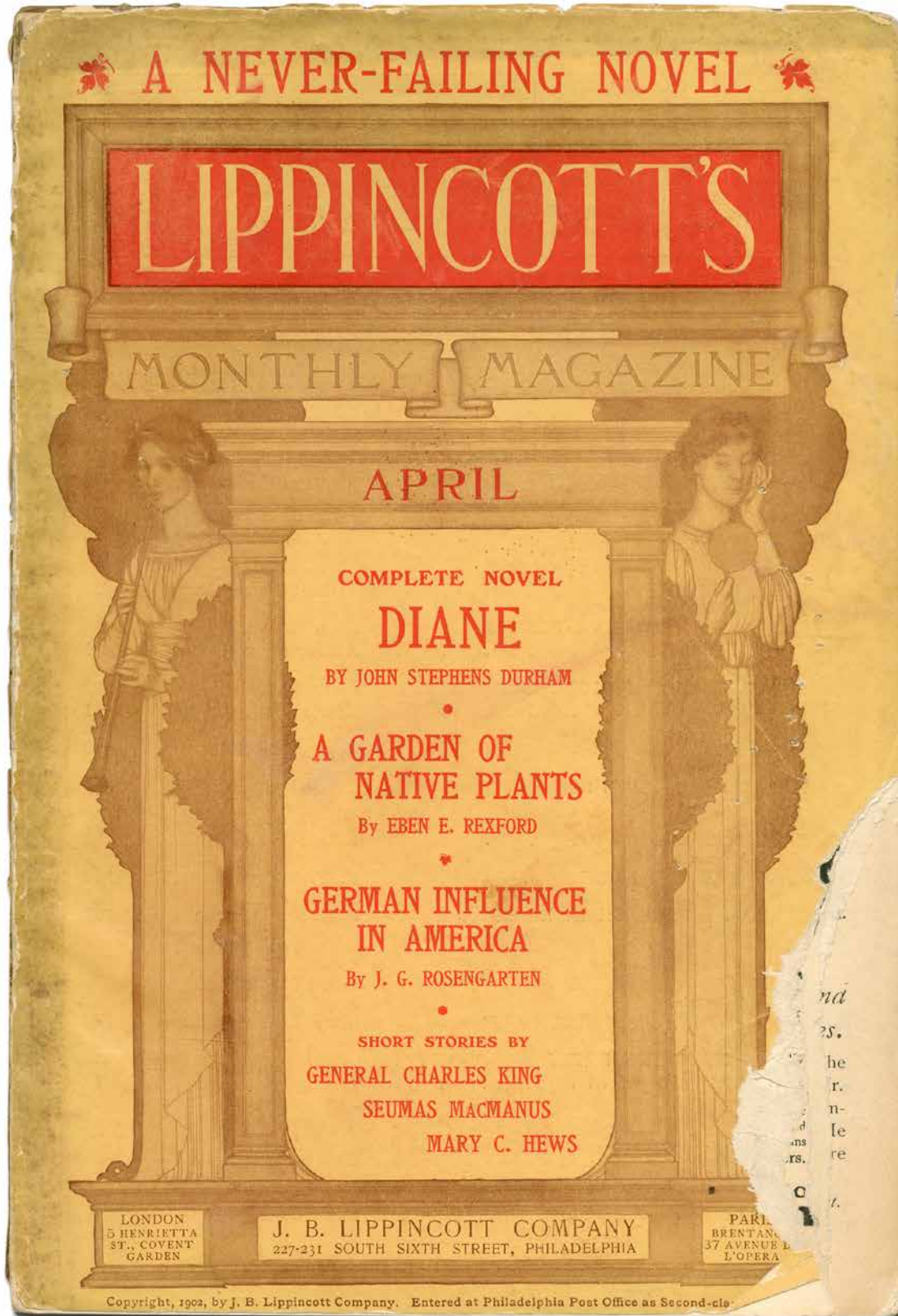


John Stephens Durham

[Novel]: *Diane, Priestess of Haiti*, in *Lippincott's Monthly Magazine*, LXIX, April 1902

Philadelphia: J.B. Lippincott 1902

\$2750



First, and apparently only edition. Front wrap detached, and chipped at the bottom corner, as are the edges of the first two pages (both of ads), last page of the novel has a short tear and small chip, as do a few of the following pages, else a sound and readable, good or better copy. This issue contains the only appearance of this complete novel by an African-American author. The novel features a separate title page, prints the author's name and title on the spine, and takes up a significant portion of the magazine

DIANE PRIESTESS OF HAÏTI

BY
JOHN S. DURHAM



PHILADELPHIA
J. B. LIPPINCOTT COMPANY
1902

(80 of the issue's 128 pages, with the remainder mostly comprising advertisements). Durham (1861-1919), born in Pennsylvania, was the assistant editor of the *Philadelphia Evening Bulletin*. In 1891 he was named U.S. Charge d'Affaires to Santo Domingo and U.S. Minister to Haiti, an office that he served in until 1893. This novel was not published elsewhere to our knowledge. Individual issues of this issue of the magazine are rare with OCLC locating just five copies. We have never seen another offered for sale.

[BTC#72876]

LIPPINCOTT'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE

APRIL, 1902



DIANE, PRIESTESS OF HAÏTI

BY JOHN S. DURHAM

I.

MINISTER HAUFFMAN had the early-rising habit. It is easily acquired in the tropics, and Hauffman had lived in the tropics half his life. German trade had followed his long and arduous travels in Africa; and because of his success in learning the wants of the peoples who do not clothe themselves, the Emperor's advisers had advanced him in rank and sent him to Port au Prince to combat the sale of American goods in the Haïtien markets.

He stood on the porch in the early dusk of the morning, enveloped in a luxurious bath-robe. He called loudly for coffee. The scent of the roasting berry from the kitchen told him that the daily preparation of his morning refreshment was a trifle behindhand, and the daily roasting was imperatively necessary for the comfortable beginning of his day. He waited long enough to see a boy energetically begin the grinding in a rude mortar, and then he entered the bath at the side of the house. It was a great pool, like a mammoth cheese-box, and through it flowed continually a stream of clear water. Throwing off his robe and slippers, he plunged in, stuck out his head to breathe and to swear at the coldness of the water, and dived deep to enjoy it the more. He paddled around and splashed with all the abandon of a boy. After a turn or two around the bath and a hearty rub-down, he was soon again on his porch, his black coffee and his big pipe before him, the picture of European comfort and ease in an uncongenial latitude. It was now quite daylight. He drank in the wine of the air of a fine winter morning. Great curtains of gray hung along the mountains to the south, while varying shades of green down the side of the