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"THE NEGRO IN AMERICAN FICTION"

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PREFACE

The purpose of this study is to explain the use which American writers of fiction have madd of the negro. Whether their portrayal of him is true or false, it is not the province of a purely literary study to determine. Nor is it necessary to consider the so-called race problem except as that problem is discussed in these works of fiction. Consequently the aim has been to arrange and classify the material which many writers have presented, rather than to establish with regard to it any theory or thesis. To be sure, in the process of classification some sequence has been discovered out of which a theory naturally grows. Hypothesis, however, has been the result of the work and not its aim.

Since free quotation appeared to be the most effective means of accomplishing the purpose of exposition, wherever it was possible, authors have been permitted to speak for themselves.

Finally, this study, it should be understood, is concerned primarily with the negro himself as represented in American fiction and not with the literary value of individual works that exhibit him. No attempt, therefore, has here been made to write a history or a criticism of the fiction devoted to this character.

Thomas Warrington Gosling.

April 12, 1911.

Chapter I.

The Negro in America.

In 1619[1] a Dutch man-of-war[2] that was out of provisions sailed into the James River, Virginia, to replenish its stores. As the captain had no other way of paying for the supplies which he secured from the settlers, he offered twenty negro slaves, who were unwillingly accepted. The captain of that vessel did not regard himself as a maker of history. He was merely engaged in a plain business transaction, and doubtless like many others before and since he thought that the demands of trade were of more importance than the claims of humanity.

Slavery itself is of great antiquity. Every age and almost every nation have known its curse; and even in America, negro slaves had been found before 1619. The records of the early Spanish explorers show that some of the great Spanish commanders had carried such slaves on their voyages of discovery. As an institution, however, slavery in America dates from the year 1619. The landing of that band of twenty in

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1. George Bancroft: Hist of U.S. 1874, Vol. 1, pp. 176-7. Bancroft gives the date as August, 1620. Some other authorities give the date as 1618.

2. Some authorities think the slaves were brought by a trading vessel, "The Treasurer."

Virginia occurred but twelve years after the settlement of Jamestown and but one year before the coming of the Pilgrims to Plymouth.

The growth of slavery was not rapid at first. The earliest American slave-ship, The Desire, was fitted out at Salem, Massachusetts, in 1636. Thus, by the irony of fate this town, the home of freedom, became a sharer in the inquity of human bondage. By the year 1649 there were only three hundred slaves in Virginia; in 1714 these had increased to but twenty-three thousand. In 1756, however, there were one hundred and twenty-thousand in Virginia and fifty-two thousand more in the other colonies including New England.[1] At the opening of the Revolutionary War it was estimated that there were approximately five hundred thousand negroes in the colonies. Some of them were free.

From the first, the laws governing the conduct of slaves were severe. No slave could bear arms without a special license. No slave could leave his master's plantation without a permit, and then only for a short time. A slave who resisted his master might be killed with impunity. The laws against intermarriage of the races were of the most rigorous nature. It is said in defense of the early colonists that their practice was not so harsh as their laws might imply. The indentured white servants -- many of them debtors or criminals from England -- were subjected to severe treatment, also, and in many respects were

1. Thomas Nelson Page: The Old South, pp. 103-4.

slaves. The negroes and the white indentured servants were distinguished in the conventional description as "slaves for life, and servants for a time." The lot of both classes was undoubtedly a hard one. Beverley,[1] however, in his History of Virginia says:- "I can assure you with great Truth, that generally their Slaves are not worked near so hard, nor so many Hours in a Day, as the Husbandmen, and Day-labourers in England."

After Virginia the various colonies in turn recognized the ownership of slaves. The first to follow the example of Virginia was the New Netherlands (New York), where "as early as 1628 the irascible slaves from Angola, Africa, were the fruitful source of widespread public alarm."[2] Under the Dutch rule the slaves of New Netherlands were treated quite mildly and many were set free. When the English assumed the government in 1664, the laws against slaves began to take on greater severity. The records show various enactments which indicate a growing fear of the negro and a strengthening resolve to protect white society from the dangers of an uprising of the slaves.

In 1741 by an unhappy coincidence of circumstances and by the criminal purposes of conniving whites, the people of New York were led to believe that the negroes had formed a plot to destroy the city. In the course of the excitement several

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1. Robert Beverley: The History of Virginia; 2nd edition, 1722, p. 236.
2. G. W. Williams: History of the Negro Race in America; 1883, Vol. 1, p. 134.

innocent negroes were condemned to death and were burned at the stake,[1] Thus the "Negro Plot of 1741" has gone down into history as another example of a nervous public imagination which creates conditions that do not exist and which vents itself upon innocent victims.

As early as 1633 there were negroes in Massachusetts, and presumably they were slaves. In 1637, the first year of the Pequod War, the colonists began to import slaves from Barbadoes in exchange for Indian captives, because it was found the Indians would not endure servitude. From this time forward the number of slaves began to increase, tho there were never so many in Massachusetts as in the Southern colonies. The soil and climate of Massachusetts were not of a nature to make slavery as an institution very profitable. As in New York, so in Massachusetts the laws governing slaves were numerous and severe. The fight against slavery in the colony was long continued and bitter. In fact, in the middle of the eighteenth century there was a well-defined abolition movement which doubtless would have succeeded but for the opposition of Governor Gage and Governor Hutchinson. The movement was just about to accomplish its purpose when the Revolutionary War broke out and diverted the energies of all to other channels.

It seems likely that negroes were held as slaves in

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1. G. W. Williams: op cit. Vol. 1, p. 144.

Maryland from the founding of the colony in 1630.[1] In no other Southern colony except South Carolina were the laws governing the slaves so severe as in Maryland.[2] The fact that many convicts, - perhaps as many as six hundred a year, - were imported into the colony, tended to break down conventional standards of conduct. Consequently there was a rather free mingling of the negroes and the white indentured servants, or convicts, on terms of social equality. Maryland, as a consequence, had a considerable population of mulattoes.

New Jersey stands conspicuous as the only colony which allowed negroes a trial by jury. An act of the legislature of East Jersey, passed in 1694, provided for the trial of "negroes and other slaves, for felonies punishable with death, by a jury of twelve persons before three justices of the peace; for theft, before two justices."[3] In New Jersey negroes had the kindest and most humane treatment accorded the race anywhere in the colonies. In parts of the colony they were given the benefit of private instruction in matters secular and religious.

Of the remaining colonies South Carolina and Georgia deserve special mention. In the former the culture of rice and of cotton rendered slave labor highly valuable, since white men were not well suited for work in the rice swamps and the cotton fields.

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1. G. W. Williams: op. cit. Vol. 1, p. 238, notes.
2. G. W. Williams: op. cit. Vol. 1, p. 246.
3. G. W. Williams: op. cit. Vol. 1, p. 283.

But the large number of slaves made the masters fearful of their own safety. Consequently we find the most rigorous laws regulating negroes in South Carolina. If a slave ran away once, he was severely whipped in public. For later offenses he was branded on the right cheek with the letter R; one of his ears was cut off; the tendon of one leg was severed above the heel. Other penalties were added, and finally death itself might be the punishment.[1.] Whipping was freely administered to negroes who were found away from their home plantations on Sundays, on fast days, or holidays, even if they had a pass from their masters.

It was no surprise, then, that smarting under the brutality of the laws enacted for their government, the negroes became restive and that in 1740 there was an insurrection in which a considerable number of white people were killed. Tho this insurrection was soon suppressed, the white inhabitants were more than ever fearful for their safety, and they passed more stringent laws for their own protection.

It is interesting to note that in Georgia, which was destined to be, along with South Carolina, the stronghold of slavery, the Trustees who founded the colony in 1733 absolutely prohibited slavery. General Oglethorpe said:- "Slavery is

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1. Statutes of South Carolina: Vol. 7, pp. 359-60; quoted by Williams, op. cit. p. 295.

against the Gospel as well as the fundamental law of England. We refused, as trustees, to make a law permitting such a horrid crime."[1.]

But the pressure of the slave interests from without, and the avarice of selfish landowners from within, aided by the religious sanction accorded by such a man as George Whitefield, finally overcame the opposition of the Trustees of the colony. In 1749 the law took cognizance of slavery, thus recognizing an institution which for some time had existed in fact.

With the opening of the Revolutionary War the first period in the history of the negro race in America came to an end. It is not a period of striking events in the history of the negro, but rather a dead level of indifference, and inhumanity suffered by him. Almost uniformly the negro was regarded as a heathen undeserving of the sympathy of Christians. Even when converted to Christianity and baptized, he was still considered outside the pale of Christian charity. In Virginia, for example, from 1705 to 1751,[2.] the negro was classed with real estate under the law. Elsewhere he was simply chattel property. These facts concerning slavery constitute a melancholy story, relieved only here and there by individual instances of human sympathy, charity, and benevolence. It has been estimated

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1. J. F. Rhodes: History of the U.S. 1893; Vol. 1, pp. 4-5.
2. G.W.Williams: op.cit. Vol. 1, p. 125.

that in the century previous to 1776 nearly three million negroes had been carried in English and colonial ships to the West Indies and the English continental colonies. Perhaps a quarter of a million more had died of cruel treatment during the horrors of the middle passage and had been buried at sea.[1] Who can fail to pity the sufferings of these poor creatures condemned to the loathsome physical discomforts of the slave-ship, herded in a reeking hold, for a journey begun in misfortune and continued in despair? Who can fail to be moved by the unutterable misery of bondage, of the days of unremitting toil, of the separation of families, and of innumerable hardships which the slave had to endure? Who, in considering all this, can fail to feel the stirrings of a hope within him that in some way the white race may yet make restitution to the black for all that the black has suffered?

The Revolutionary War opened a new era for the negro by giving him his first chance to render a voluntary service to the land of his captivity. It is one of the remarkable facts connected with the War of [the] Independence that tho the British at first enlisted some slaves in their armies, the negroes as a rule fought, if they fought at all, on the side of their captors against those who promised to set them free. Since the British were annually selling thousands of negroes into slavery,

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1. J. F. Rhodes: op. cit. Vol. 1, p. 11.

it is not to be supposed that their treatment of the American negro would have been at all kinder than that of the colonists. It is a tribute to the intelligence of the negro that he was able to discern where his true interest lay.

There were free negroes, in the Northern colonies in particular, who shared the Revolutionists' spirit of liberty and gave themselves to the cause as unselfishly and courageously as their white fellows. The negro race may well be proud of such men as Crispus Attucks, who laid down his life for the colonies at the time of the Boston Massacre in 1770, and Peter Salem and Salem Poor, who fought at Bunker Hill.

If the first period in the history of the negro in America took the race out of bondage and set it in the path of civilization, the second period accomplished a task almost as important; for it revealed the true spirit of the negro and his ability to perform other than menial service. It gave him a new dignity and raised up powerful friends who began the movement which was to end in his emancipation.

The years 1780, 1787, 1793, 1808, 1820, 1831, 1850, and 1863 are the most important in the second period of the history of the negro in America.

In 1777 Vermont separated from New York and established a government of its own. By its Constitution it became the first State to prohibit slavery. In 1780 two of the original thirteen colonies, Pennsylvania and Massachusetts, arrayed themselves.

on the side of freedom, Pennsylvania by adopting a scheme for gradual emancipation and Massachusetts by adopting a new constitution which declared that "all men are born free and equal, and have certain natural, essential, and inalienable rights." The State courts soon decided that under this constitution slavery was ended. Negroes at once became citizens and were given the franchise.[1]

By the "Ordinance of 1787" slavery was forever prohibited in the Northwest Territory. In the same year the Constitutional Convention in drawing up the Federal Constitution adopted a compromise which fixed slavery as a national institution for many years to come.

The public conscience was slowly but surely becoming aroused against the evils of slavery. In fact there are many evidences that for a long time slavery had been condemned in theory, although accepted in practice through inertia, and greed. One of the most noteworthy of these evidences is found in the original draft of the Declaration of Independence, wherein Jefferson made the following indictment against George III:- "He has waged cruel war against human nature itself, violating its most sacred rights of life and liberty in the persons of a distant people who never offended him, captivating and carrying them into slavery in another hemisphere, or to incur miserable death in the transportation thither. ********** Determined

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1. J.F.Rhodes: op. cit. Vol. 1, p. 14.

to keep open a market where men should be bought and sold, he has prostituted his negative for suppressing every legislative attempt to prohibit or restrain this execrable commerce," Tho this passage was not finally incorporated in the Declaration of Independence, it shows how strong could be the feeling against the institution of slavery even by one who like Jefferson was an owner of slaves.

In spite of natural conservation on the part of men enjoying special privileges, it is likely that the awakening public conscience would soon have checked the growth of slavery and might even have destroyed the institution, if it had not been for the invention in 1793, of the cotton gin. By Eli Whitney's contrivance one man was enabled to do the work of ten. A new impetus was given to cotton culture and with that impetus came increased demands for slave labor. In the years from 1791 to 1860 the production of cotton "increased more than a thousandfold and more than one half of the negro slaves were engaged in its culture."[1] The slave-driver and the overseer plied their tasks anew. The fields teemed with laborers, the wheels of industry hummed, wealth accumulated, and conscience slept.

Under the terms of the Constitution the slave trade came to an end in 1808. From that time forward slave breeding was a profitable industry, and although no importations came from Africa, the number of slaves continued to increase.

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1. J. F. Rhodes, op. cit. Vol. 1, p. 26.

In 1820 the first Missouri Compromise provided that all the territory of the United States north of the latitude of 36° 30', except Missouri, should be free territory. It is easy to see that the pressure of opposition to slavery was now beginning to be felt. Whenever restrictions were imposed, objections were raised and specious arguments were invented. Henry Clay argued against the restriction of slavery on the ground that such a measure would be cruel to the slaves. Although restriction, he said, would not reduce their numbers it would add to their misery by exposing them"in the old, exhausted States, to destitution, and even to lean and haggard starvation, instead of allowing them to share the fat plenty of the new West."

One of the most significant events in its ultimate effect upon the negro was the establishment at Boston on January first, 1831, of "The Liberator." This journal was founded by William Lloyd Garrison as the organ of the abolition movement. Just how much the negro race owes to Garrison can not be precisely determined, but the debt is great indeed. While other men were believers in the cause and supported it with varying degrees of enthusiasm and skill, Garrison made it the guiding principle of his life, and with unflagging energy and faith advanced the movement in spite of obstacles well nigh insuperable. Merchants, manufacturers, capitalists, good society, and the religious were all against him. In his struggle Garrison, at first, got no help from the church. He could scarcely induce a white clergyman to

open his public meetings with prayer. One noted minister declared naively that the sin of slavery was due to a past generation and that the duty of emancipation belonged of right to generations in the future.[1.]

With remarkable courage Garrison continued his fight in behalf of the black men in bondage, and one by one the barriers were broken down, barriers of indifference, of conservatism, of snobbishness, of intellectual aloofness. In 1833 the American Anti-Slavery Society was organized at Philadelphia by a little group of people who braved physical danger with the zeal of righteous enthusiasm. Threats of the mob to assail the convention hall were rendered ineffectual by the intervention of the police. The feeling throughout the country, North and South, was much what it would be today towards an assembly of anarchists. Had it not been for the courage and faith of this small body of men who were regarded by their contemporaries as visionaries, the coming of emancipation would have been long delayed.

By the Missouri Compromise of 1850,[2.] California was admitted into the Union as a free State, tho much of its territory lay south of the latitude of 36° 30'. To pay for this concession on the part of the slave-holding interests of the South, Utah (including Nevada) and New Mexico (including Arizona) were organized as territories with the provision that when they should

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1. J. S. Rhodes, op. cit. Vol. 1, p. 59.
2. John Fiske: A Hist. of the U.S. 1894, p. 338.

later come into the Union as States they might be either slave or free as their Constitution should determine at the time. Furthermore the first fugitive slaw law of 1793 was strengthened by the enactment of stringent laws for the recovery of fugitive slaves.

The Emancipation Proclamation of President Lincoln brought to a close the second period in the history of the negro in America. By the terms of that Proclamation, which was to become effective on January 1st, 1863, slavery ceased to exist in the United States from that time forth. Thus, after nearly one hundred years of agitation, the friends of freedom found their hopes fulfilled by action of the Chief Executive of the nation.

After 1863 the negro in America entered upon a new era in his career. We have seen how the first period of his history was characterized by the breaking of the shackles of barbarism and by the beginning for him of civilization; we have seen also that the second period was marked by the negro's growing importance and by the white man's recognition of that importance, and of the negro's claims upon him for humane treatment. Both of these periods are noteworthy for the negro's own lack of iniative. Most of his advance was due to the labors of others in his behalf.. Of course the conditions of slavery made this helpnessness almost inevitable. No opportunity for self-assertion was given to the slave and very little to the free negro. Now and then the slaves showed their spirit by revolt. Several insurrec-

tions occurred, that of Nat Turner in Virginia in 1831 being the most important. Tho these were all quickly crushed, they served to keep the white race in constant terror, and they are in part responsible for the added severity of the laws against the negro. In this way such iniative as the slave showed reacted against him.

In the third period, however, the period following emancipation, we are led to consider what the negro has done for himself. When freedom was first conferred, the negroes did not know what to do with it. They had been trained to look to their masters for guidance. Then, suddenly thrown upon their own resources, they were dazed by new responsibilities. It is not surprising that they became a prey to the ignorant, the selfish, and the designing, who led them into evil ways. Self-control and virtuous action can not rightly be expected of those who have never been self-disciplined but instead have been governed only by the strong hand of external authority.

It was unfortunate that the affairs of the negro should ever have become involved with political issues. We can only wish that both North and South had set themselves the task of solving, according to the broad principles of humanity, the problems connected with the negro. But the South, smarting under defeat and facing a grave financial situation due to the ruin of its resources by war, could scarcely have been expected to do much. And the North, ignorant of true conditions, bigoted,

and largely influenced by designing and resentful politicians, was only too willing to humiliate the South by conferring upon the freedmen political powers. Thus poverty and the bitterness of defeat, on the one side, and ignorance and lack of generosity, on the other, contributed to inflame public opinion in both sections and to work great harm to a helpless race which should have been the object of tolerant solicitude.

The Reconstruction Policy of the North was most harmful to the negro. The conferring upon him of the franchise was followed by the establishment of negro governments in the South. This action of the North immediately put the white men of the South upon their mettle. They set to work with grim resolution to wrest the political control from the negroes and to reëstablish themselves in power. And by fair means and foul they have finally succeeded in accomplishing their purpose. It is well for the negro that they have done so, because he must now turn his attention to matters that make for real progress, - to industrial, agricultural, intellectual, and moral development.[1]

It remains to be said that the negro has wisely followed this course. Finding the door to political and social preferment closed, he has entered upon a new life by making himself a useful member of society in almost every department of human activity. There is scarcely a trade, an industry, an occupation, or a profession in which colored men have not achieved success.

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1. H.W.Elson: History of the U.S. of America, 1904; pp.800-5.
1. Goldwin Smith: The U. S. 1893; p. 301.

The defects of the negro are patent. A race taken out of barbarism into bondage; scorned and maltreated for two hundred and fifty years; so long regarded as inferior by others that at length it has accepted inferiority as natural and necessary; receiving its moral standards from those frequently far from virtuous,- such a race will naturally have vices, some of them of the worst order. Laziness, servility, extravagance, untruthfulness, thievishness, and lust, all these and more may be taken for granted. That the negro has these vices is a matter of common knowledge. At present, however, there is every reason to be hopeful regarding the future of the race.

The most encouraging sign of the times is the negro's effort at self-help. He is now beginning to feel the necessity for striving. He is attaining to a realization of his own possibilities and is developing that race consciousness which, begetting pride and emulation, spurs to better things. Furhhermore, from his ranks are coming leaders who with courage and self-restraint are showing him the way to prosperity and self-respect.

No one can foretell the future of the negro. But when he is accorded common justice, only then will the possibility of good that he has within him be developed to its full expression. And such development will be possible only when for the question, "What shall we do <u>with</u> the negro?" is substituted the question, "What shall we do <u>for</u> him?"

Chapter II.

Characteristics of the Negro in American Fiction.

The important facts in the external life of the negro in America have been set forth in the preceding chapter. The record began by showing the mere human animal brought against his will into a new environment; it ended by showing that animal freed from physical bondage, conscious of his human worth, and working out problems of self-development on his own initiative, ~~iniative~~. Such an historical record affords merely a background for the more interesting story of the internal life of the negro in his progress thru the years. The psychologist might offer a scientific presentation of the facts concerning this internal life; but an equally valuable account of it may be found in the works of writers of fiction. To study such works with a view to ascertaining the traits of the negro as these are imaginatively conceived by novelists and story-tellers is a task well worth while. The results of such study can not lay claim to historical and scientific accuracy, but they will be accepted as true or false in the main according as one accepts or rejects the theory that fiction is substantially true.

Without reference to the problem involved in this theory, the student of literature may find in a reading of those works of fiction which portray the negro considerable entertainment,

if only from the fact that he enjoys the enrichment which comes from the addition of new material. Conventional types in literature lose their freshness and cease to interest. The problem before the writer of fiction is to discover new characters or new manifestations of the old in order to give wealth and variety to his portrayal of human experience. In the negro, the Indian, the frontiersman, the cowboy, and the miner, American life has furnished much refreshing material. It took a long time to discover that our own environment supplied all that was needed for the vital treatment of fiction. With faith in our political future we lacked faith in our social institutions and clung to the traditions of Europe. Since the day of Charles Brockden Brown there have been efforts to create an American fiction, but until the middle of the last century these efforts were half-hearted. Even Irving and Cooper were strongly influenced by English standards and had only a partial understanding of native possibilities.

From the time of Hawthorne, however, American fiction has been growing increasingly national in tone, and at present America can boast a body of writers who are true to their native environment. This growing literary self-confidence in fiction has already produced notable results, and it promises yet more worthy achievements.

The use of negro character is only one phase of the effort to draw upon local material. Some mention of the negro is found

in our early fiction, but incidentally only. Today, however, negro character is seen to offer such a wealth of material, that several writers make it their central theme.

The physical appearance of the negro has naturally been the first of his characteristics to attract attention, because by that he is differentiated from the more familiar types. In the mind of a white man, a black skin has always been associated with ways that are dark. It is an old habit for men to look with suspicion upon the unusual or unknown. "Can the Ethiopian change his skin, or the leopard his spots?" is a question which implies that a change would at least be desirable. Because the devil has been portrayed as a black man, the negro has sometimes suffered from the dangerous results of a mistaken association of ideas. Irving's story, "The Devil and Tom Walker," represents the devil as a black man of pronounced negro characteristics, tho the tradition from which the story is taken generously admits that the "great black man" was "neither negro nor Indian."

In "Guests from Gibbet Island: A Legend of Communipaw", Irving depicts Pluto as a free negro, wild, lawless, unrestrained, who serves when he pleases and rebels when commanded. He is the trusty servant who enjoys danger in company with his master and who assists at his master's revels. When at last Pluto disappears after being long under suspicion of evil communications, some "surmised that the negro was nothing more nor less than a devil incarnate, who had now accomplished his

ends, and made off with his dues."

Another feature of the negro's physical appearance which few writers fail to mention is the whiteness of the eyeballs and the teeth, a feature which naturally attracts attention by contrast with the blackness of the skin. Mary Dillon, in "The Rose of Old St. Louis", tells of a "big black, the white balls of his eyes almost starting from his head in amazement and fright, and a ceaseless torrent of ejaculations pouring through his white teeth." Tho descriptions of this kind are usually incidental or mere statements of matters of fact, they are sometimes introduced for the sake of grotesqueness, as in "Posson Jone'" in George W. Cable's "Old Creole Days":- "The new-made friends moved briskly off, followed by Baptiste and a short, square, old negro, very black and grotesque, who had introduced himself to the mulatto, with many glittering and cavernous smiles, as 'd'body-sarvant of d' Rev'n Mr. Jones,'" Frequently, the white teeth are exposed in the act of grinning. Yorke, a character in "The Rose of Old St. Louis", "showed a formidable array of white teeth as he grinned amiably in response to my questioning look." William Gilmore Simms, in his "Richard Hurdis", says that "the grin of their mouths, the white teeth shining through the glossy black of their faces, is absolutely irresistible." In Irving's story of "The Storm-Ship" in "Bracebridge Hall", when Heer Antony returned from his voyage, "a crew of negroes, large and small, had collected in front of his house to receive him. The old, white-

headed ones, who had grown gray in his service, grinned for joy and made many awkward bows and grimaces, and the little ones capered about his knees."

The ludicrous effect is heightened when grinning is accompanied with rolling of the eyes. In "Sleepy Hollow" Irving introduces an old negro, who "thrust his head, all dabbled with flour, out of a hole above the water-wheel (of the old goblin-haunted mill), and grinned, and rolled his eyes, and looked like the very hobgoblin of the place." Sometimes the eyes are "round, unthinking," as in Kate Chopin's "A Turkey Hunt", in "Bayou Folk":- "Artemise is in some respects an extraordinary person. In age she is anywhere between ten and fifteen, with a head not unlike in shape and appearance to a dark chocolate-colored Easter-egg. She talks almost wholly in monosyllables, and has big round glassy eyes, which she fixes upon one with the placid gaze of an Egyptian sphinx."

From Irving's reference to "the knotty wool upon his head", in "The Adventure of Sam, the Black Fisherman", and "his grizzly mop of wool", in "A Legend of Communipaw" down to "the kinky hair" of Thomas Dixon in "The Leopard's Spots", and "The Clansman", the negro's hair has received unfailing notice. So, too, have his high cheek-bones and thick lips been described, as in both of Dixon's novels just mentioned.

Some of the writers who emphasize the unfavorable points in the physical appearance of the negro leave the impression

that they conceive of him as little more than an animal. In "The Adventure of Sam, the Black Fisherman, commonly denominated Mud Sam", Irving has this to say of the subject of his sketch:- "Sam was an amphibious kind of animal, something more of a fish than a man; he had led the life of an otter for more than half a century, about the shores of the bay, and the fishing grounds of the Sound ********* At the door of his cabin lay Mud Sam humself, indulging in a true negro's luxury -- sleeping in the sunshine."

John Esten Cooke, in "Surry of Eagle's Nest", speaks of negroes as "monkey-beings." Thomas Dixon, Jr., and Owen Wister have expressed a similar idea. In the latter's "Lady Baltimore", the King's Port druggist is represented as showing his collection of skulls and comparing those of the Caucasian, the African, and the ape:- "Why, in every respect that the African departed from the Caucasian, he departed in the direction of the ape! Here was zoology mutely but eloquently telling us why there had blossomed no Confucius, no Moses, no Napoleon upon that black stem; why no Iliad, no Parthenon, no Sistine Madonna, had ever risen from that tropic mud."

A suggestion of the negro's affinity with the monkey is found in Charles Brockden Brown's "Arthur Merwyn":- "The monkey now and then munched an apple, which was given to him from a basket by the blacks, who gazed with stupid wonder upon the passing scenery, or chattered to each other in a sort of open-mouthed,

half-articulate, monotonous sing-song jargon."

"When Grandmamma Was New", by Marion Harland, presents another caricature:- "Mariposa was as black as tar, and to-day was clothed in a yellow homespun frock. Her hair was twisted and bound into two upright tags that projected above her temples. Altogether, she was not unlike a gigantic black-and-tan moth, a resemblance heightened by the afore-mentioned antennae, although lessened by the baby she always carried on some portion of her wiry frame."

The negro girl's fondness for fantastic decoration of her hair is again illustrated in James Lane Allen's "The Reign of Law":- "Gabrielle had never seen a head like this negro girl's. ********** It was such a mysterious, careful arrangement of knots, and pine cones, and the strangest-looking little black sticks wrapped with white packing thread, and the whole system of coils seemingly connected with a central mental battery, or idea, or plan, within."

In his "Introductory Epistle" prefixed to "Swallow Barn", J. P. Kennedy gives the following picture of the old-fashioned negro:- "At a most respectful distance behind me trotted the most venerable of outriders -- an old free negro, formerly a retainer in some of the feudal establishments of the low countries. His name was Scipio. His face, which was principally composed of a pair of protuberant lips, whose luxuriance seemed intended as an indemnity for a pair of crushed nostrils, was well

set off with a head of silver wool that bespoke a volume of gravity. He had, from some aristocratic conceit of elegance, indued himself for my service in a ragged regimental coat, still jagged with some points of scarlet, and a pair of coarse linen trousers, barely reaching the ankles, beneath which two bony feet occupied shoes, each of the superficies and figure of a hoe, and on one of them there was whimsically buckled a rusty spur."

The same author in perfect kindness of tone spoke of "a little ape-faced negro" and of "Rip and his goblin page." "Rip" (the son of the master of "Swallow Barn") "and his flat-nosed compeer, the little black, - who seemed to think it was his business to take charge of Rip -- were, of course, to accompany us. To make them useful, Hazard dispatched them both to get us some bait. Away they went - Rip, at a bound, across the railing of the porch, and Beelzebub - this was Ned's nickname for the other - down the steps, with a mouth distended from ear to ear, cutting all manner of capers over the grass."

In marked contrast with this genial caricature by Kennedy is the picture of the Reconstruction negro Aleck, in "The Clansman", by Thomas Dixon, Jr. :- "Besides being so bow-legged that his walk was a moving joke, he was so striking a negro in his personal appearance, he seemed to the young Northerner almost a distinct type of man.

"His head was small and seemed mashed on the sides until it bulged into a double lobe behind. Even his ears which he had

pierced and hung with red earbobs, seemed to have been crushed flat to the side of his head. His kinked hair was wrapped in little hard rolls close to the skull and bound tightly with dirty thread. His receding forehead was high and indicated a cunning intelligence. His nose was broad and crushed flat against his face. His jaws were strong and angular, mouth wide, and lips thick, curling back from rows of solid teeth set obliquely in their blue gums. The one perfect thing about him was the size and setting of his mouth -- he was a born African orator, undoubtedly descended from a long line of savage spell-binders, whose eloquence in the palaver houses of the jungle had made them native leaders. His thin spindle shanks supported an oblong, protruding stomach, resembling an elderly monkey's, which seemed so heavy it swayed his back to carry it.

"The animal vivacity of his small eyes and the flexibility of his eyebrows, which he worked up and down rapidly with every change of countenance, expressed his eager desires. **********

"His heels projected and his foot was so flat that what should have been the hollow of it made a hole in the dirt where he left his track."

Dixon's realism is so marked that he calls attention to the odor of the negro. In one place we find that "the day was warm, and the African odour was supreme even in the open air." In the crowded State House of Representatives, where negroes were in the majority, "the reek of vile cigars and stale whiskey,

mingled with the odour of perspiring negroes was overwhelming. He (Doctor Cameron) paused and gasped for breath." Even in Washington, "a new mob of onion-laden breath, mixed with perspiring African odour, became the symbol of American Democracy."

American writers of fiction have not been much impressed by physical weakness among negroes of mixed blood. Except in casual references, such as Mark Twain makes about a delicate girl in "Pudd'nhead Wilson", there is not much material of this kind to be found. Among mulattoes, however, weakness of frame is common. In George W. Cable's "Strange True Stories of Louisiana", Camille Ducour, the quadroon free man of color, is thus described:- "Fancy a small figure, thin, let us say, narrow-chested, round-shouldered, his complexion a dull clay color spattered with large red freckles, his eyes small, gray, and close together, his hair not long or bushy, but dense, crinkled, and hesitating between a dull yellow and a hot red." In the anonymous "Shahmah in Pursuit of Freedom; or, The Branded Hand", there is a similar description:- "There were in our house two beautiful quadroons. I loved them dearly as if they had been my sisters, and for aught I know, they were. They were tender and delicate, my playmates in childhood, my friends in riper years."

The strength of mulattoes, however, is quite as marked as their weakness. In Will N. Harben's "Mam' Linda" the subject of the sketch "was short, rather portly, about half white." Thomas Dixon, Jr., in "The Clansman", portrays the mulatto

Silas Lynch, as a large man full of strength and vigor:-

"On his (Stoneman's) left sat a negro of perhaps forty years, a man of charming features for a mulatto, who had evidently inherited the full physical characteristics of the Aryan race, while his dark yellowish eyes beneath his heavy brows glowed with the brightness of the African jungle. It was impossible to look at his superb face, with its large, finely chiselled lips and massive nose, his big neck and broad shoulders, and watch his eyes gleam beneath the projecting forehead, without seeing pictures of the primeval forest. 'The head of a Caesar and the eyes of the jungle' was the phrase coined by an artist who painted his portrait."

Sometimes strength of body is accompanied by gracefulness of bearing, delicacy of feature, and beauty of form. In Gertrude Atherton's "The Conqueror", mulatto women in the West Indies have this combination of physical qualities:- "These creatures were tawny and magnificent, with most superb figures, the most remarkable swing that ever a man had looked upon; and glorious eyes, sparkling with deviltry. On their heads the white linen was wound to a high point and surmounted by an immense hat caught up at one side with a flower. They wore for clothing a double skirt of coloured linen, and a white fichu, open in a point to the waist and leaving their gold-coloured arms quite bare. They moved constantly, if only from one foot to the other. Occasionally their eyes flashed sparks, and they flew at each

other's throats, screeching like guinea fowl, but in a moment they were laughing good-naturedly again, and chattering in voices of a remarkable soft sweetness. They are literally the pick of Martinique, Cuba, Puerto Rico, and the other islands celebrated for beautiful women. Of course they've all got a touch of the tar brush in them, but the French or the Spanish blood makes them glorious for a few years, and during those years they come here and make hay. Some come at certain seasons only, others perch here until they change in a night from houri to hag."

One of the most attractive of mulatto women is Roxane, or Roxy, in Mark Twain's "Pudd'nhead Wilson":- "From Roxy's manner of speech a stranger would have expected her to be black, but she was not. Only one-sixteenth of her was black, and that sixteenth did not show. She was of majestic form and stature, her attitudes were imposing and statuesque, and her gestures and movements distinguished by a noble and stately grace. Her complexion was very fair, with the rosy glow of vigorous health in the cheeks, her face was full of character and expression, her eyes were brown and liquid, and she had a heavy suit of fine soft hair which was also brown, but the fact was not apparent because her head was bound about with a checkered handkerchief and the hair was concealed under it. Her face was shapely, intelligent and comely -- even beautiful."

In Winston Churchill's "The Crossing", there is a similar tribute to the beauty of mulatto women:- "Every flat-boatman who

returned (from New Orleans) to Kentucky was full of tales of the marvelous beauty of the quadroons and octoroons, stories which I had taken with a grain of salt; but they had not indeed been greatly overdrawn. For here were these ladies in the flesh, their great, opaque, almond eyes consuming us with a swift glance, and each walking with a languid grace beside her duenna. Their faces were like old ivory, their dress the stern Miro himself could scarce repress. In former times they had been lavish in their finery, and even now earrings still gleamed and color broke out irrepressibly."

The most marked physical characteristics of negroes of pure blood are their largeness of frame and their great strength. The women are generally fat and the men muscular. Charles Egbert Craddock, in "The Fair Mississippian", describes the cook as "an immense woman, so tall and so fat that she was apparently immovable." "Black Dinah", a character in Mary Dillon's "The Patience of John Morland", "was portly, and must needs walk very slowly." Of course when old age comes, the fatness of middle life may disappear, as with Ruth McEnery Stuart's "Old Easter":- "She was very black, very wrinkled, and very thin."

The men are usually not so fat as the women, but more agile and muscular. In Mary Johnston's "Lewis Rand", the negro Joab is thus described:- "The tobacco-roller joined them, and with a wave of the hand indicated his purchase of the morning. This was a tall and strong negro, young, supple, and of a cheerful counte-

nance. Rand was in high good-humour. 'He's a runaway, Mocket says, but I'll cure him of that! He's strong as an ox and as limber as a snake.' Taking the negro's hand in his, he bent the fingers back. 'Look at that! easy as willow! He'll strip tobacco!'"

In Charles Felton Pidgin's "Blennerhassett" there is mention of "Duke, a gigantic negro boatman, who on more than one occasion had borne the dead and dying from this same bloody field", the duelling field. Big Mose, in J. W. Church's "Deep in Piney Woods", is unusually large and strong:- "The negro striding across the clearing was fully worthy of the Major's encomiums, and Reed's surprise. Considerably over seven feet in height, his giant form perfectly developed, from the huge shoulders rounded with tremendous muscles, to the massive legs and enormous bare feet, he looked every inch the Hercules in strength he really was. A mass of snowy wool covered his great head, and a white beard curled about his cheeks and chin."

Nobility of soul has fit residence in the massive frame of Simao in the anonymous "Shahmah":- "I also observed more than I had done before, the really magnificent proportions of Simao. His frame is almost gigantic, yet it is even elegantly formed, and I never saw a finer combination of strength and grace. The forehead is large and well-developed; and though he appears to be a full negro, he has the lighter skin, and finely-cut physiognomy, that often distinguish the Nubian race. Without a doubt,

some men are born noble. Dignity, suavity, and that true greatness of soul, that cannot compromise itself, appear native to him. If his future history is not a remarkable one, it must be because circumstances are inexorable."

The infirmity that comes with old age is well described in a domestic scene in J. H. Ingraham's "The Sunny South":- "In the door sat old Aunt Phillisy, a negress withered to parchment by extreme old age. She says she is over a hundred years old, of which I have no doubt. She is African born, and still retains many words of her native dialect, with a strange gibbering of broken English. She was smoking a pipe, made of corn-cob, and rocking her body to and fro in the sunshine, in pure animal enjoyment. Her husband, old Daddy Cusha, who was nearly as old as his wife, was seated on a low stool in the room, but where the sun fell upon him. He was the most venerable object I ever beheld, in his way. He was stone blind, his head bald, and shining like burnished copper, and his beard white as fleeces of wool. His hands were folded upon his knees, and he seemed to be in silent communion with the depths of his own spirit."

The physical characteristics of the negro which have been thus minutely described, form a background or setting for a carefully defined group of mental traits. The frequency with which mirthfulness is portrayed demands for that quality a leading place in any consideration of negro characteristics. In Irving's "The Creole Village", one of the"Crayon Papers", there is a descrip-

tion of a group of people who are taking a trip on a steamboat on one of our western rivers. Among them is "an old negro, as black as ebony," who was "one of the merriest" of the whole party. In this particular, "the negroes, however we may deplore their unhappy condition, have the advantage of their masters. The whites are, in general, too free and prosperous to be merry. The cares of maintaining their rights and liberties, adding to their wealth, and making presidents, engross all their thoughts, and dry up all the moisture of their souls. If you hear a broad, hearty, devil-may-care laugh, be assured it is a negro's." When the boat had made a landing at the home village of some of the passengers, a hearty welcome was given to a rich old gentleman by his relatives and friends. His black servant was greeted by a friend in a no less effusive manner:- "His black valet-de-chambre, in white jacket and trousers, and gold earrings, was met on the shore by a boon, though rustic companion, a tall negro fellow, with a long, good-humored face, and the profile of a horse, which stood out from beneath a narrow-rimmed straw hat, stuck on the back of his head. The explosion of laughter of these two valets, on meeting and exchanging compliments, were enough to electrify the county round."

As in the illustration just given, negro mirth frequently partakes of <u>boisterousness.</u> Joel chandler Harris, in "Plantation Pageants", says that "on all rainy days, **********they couldn't go within a quarter of a mile of the quarters without

hearing singing and loud laughter, or the sound of negroes scuffling and wrestling." In J. P. Kennedy's "Swallow Barn" there is an interesting chapter on "The National Anniversary" which gives an account of a Fourth of July celebration at "The Landing":- "A group of negroes, outside the house, were enjoying themselves in the same way, shuffling through the old contortions of a jig, with two sticks lying crosswise upon the ground, over which they danced,alternately slapping their thighs and throwing up their elbows to the time of the music, and making strange grimaces." Even negro children have this primitive instinct for boisterous fun. "In "Swallow Barn" Kennedy gives the following description of a crowd of young negroes at play:- "These young negroes have wonderfully flat noses, and the most oddly disproportioned mouths, which were now opened to their full dimensions, so as to display their white teeth in striking contrast with their complexions. They are a strange pack of antic and careless animals, and furnish the livliest picture that is to be found in nature, of that race of swart fairies which, in the old time, were supposed to play their pranks in the forest at moonlight." Later, in the same book, Kennedy shows how the negro makes use of joyous outbursts of mirth in order to lighten the burden of daily tasks:- "Their fondness for music and dancing is a predominant passion. I never meet a negro man -- unless he is quite old -- that he is not whistling; and the negro women sing from morning till night. And as to dancing, the hardest day's work does not restrain

their desire to indulge in such pastime. During the harvest, when their toil is pushed to its utmost -- the time being one of recognized privileges -- they dance almost the whole night. They are great sportsmen, too. They angle and haul the seine, and hunt and tend their traps, with a zest that never grows weary. Their gayety of heart is constitutional and perennial, and when they are together they are as voluble and noisy as so many blackbirds. In short, I think them the most good-natured, careless, light-hearted, and happily constructed human beings I have ever seen. Having but few and simple wants, they seem to me to be provided with every comfort which falls within the ordinary compass of their wishes; and, I might say, that they find even more enjoyment, - as that word may be applied to express positive pleasures scattered through the course of daily occupation -- than any other laboring people I am acquainted with."

This boisterous manifestation of pleasure seems at times to arise from inability to command the proper words or the proper facial expression to meet the occasion. Beau Brummel's command:- "Just a glance of the eye, Reginald, just a glance of the eye," shows how difficult it is for exuberant spirits to contain themselves within the limits that are set by social conventions. In James Fenimore Cooper's "Satanstoe" the negro Jaap was so elated at the discovery of a large army of the English nearby that he lost all control of himself:- "By this time Jaap was

up, and looking at the scene with all his eyes. It is scarcely necessary to describe the effect on a negro. He laughed in fits, shook his head like the Chinese figure of a mandarin, rolled over on the rocks, arose, shook himself like a dog that quits the water, laughed again, and finally shouted. As we were all accustomed to these displays of negro sensibility, they only excited a smile among us. ********** As for the Indian he took no more notice of these natural, but undignified signs of pleasure in Jaap, than if the latter had been a dog, or any other unintellectual animal. Perhaps no weakness would be so likely to excite his contempt, as to be a witness of so complete an absence of self-command as the untutored negro manifested on this occasion."

A Pinkster frolic in New York in 1757 is described by Irving in "Satanstoe":- "Jason was at first confounded with the noises, dances, music, and games that were going on. By this time nine-tenths of the blacks of the city, and of the whole country within thirty or forty miles, indeed, were collected in thousands in those fields, beating banjoes, singing African songs, drinking, and worst of all laughing in a way that seemed to set their very hearts rattling within their ribs. Everything wore the aspect of good-humour, though it was good-humour in its broadest and coarsest forms. Every sort of common game was in requisition, ********** The features that distinguish a Pinkster frolic from the usual scenes at fairs, and other merry-makings, however, were of African origin. It is true, there are not now,

nor were there then, many blacks among us of African birth, but the traditions and usages of their original country were so far preserved as to produce a marked difference between this festival and one of European origin. Among other things, some were making music by beating on skins drawn over the ends of hollow logs,while others were dancing to it in a manner to show that they felt infinite delight. This, in particular, was said to be a usage of their African progenitors."

The mirthfulness and boisterousness of the negro are frequently expressed to the accompaniment of music and dancing. So common are these amusements that scarcely a writer who treats of negro character at all fails to mention them. In the anonymous "Letters from the South, by a Northern Man", the author makes the following comment upon the capacity of negroes for fun:- "They are by far the most musical of any portion of the inhabitants of the United States, and in the evening I have seen them reclining in their boats on the canal at Richmond, playing on the banjo, and singing in a style - I dare say, equal to the Venetian gondolier. Then they whistle as clear as the notes of the fife;- and their laugh is the very echo of thoughtless hilarity.

"Then they dance with a glee, to which the vivacity of French peasants is nothing; and indeed enjoy, with a much keener zest than we, all those pleasures that spring from thoughtlessness of the past, and carelessness of the future."

"The freckle-faced tenor" in Charles D. Stewart's "Partners

of Providence" sang merrily at his work, - "The old boat a-moverin', a-moverin' along." Later in the same book is this record:- "Along about dark the captain heard that one of the niggers was a good dancer, so he let him come up on top with the big nigger that could play the mouth-organ. ********** The nigger that was dancing got to putting in extra steps and dancing the variations. ******* And that buck-and-wing negro was going it like base-drums and sand-paper; he could dance all around himself while he was stomping and keeping time."

By means of his high spirits the negro lightens his task, endures hardship, and beguiles the tediousness of a weary journey. William Gilmore Simms, in "Richard Hurdis" gives in one part of his story an account of the experiences of a group of travellers who are making their way into the new country of Alabama. As they proceed, one hears "the noisy whoop of the blacks of both sexes, mounted and afoot, and taking it by turns to ride or walk.******** The negroes are particularly famous for the light-heartedness of their habit while journeying in this manner. You will sometimes see ten or twenty of them surrounding a jersey wagon, listening to the rude harmony of some cracked violin in the hands of the driver, and dancing and singing as they keep time with his instrument, and pace with his horse. ********** (The driver is) perched, as I have often seen him, upon the fore-seat, the reins loosely flung over his left arm, in the hand of which is grasped the soiled and

shattered instrument, the seams and cracks of which are carefully stopped with tar or pine-gum; while the bow in his right hand scrapes away unmercifully until it extorts from the reluctant strings the quantity of melody necessary to satisfy the amateur who performs, or the self-taught connoiseurs (sic) who hearken to and depend upon him.

"Sometimes the whites hover nigh, not less delighted than their slaves, and partaking, though with a less ostentatious show of interest, in the pleasure and excitement which such an exhibition, under such circumstances, is so well calculated to inspire." In "Guy Rivers", by Simms, while a troop of the "Georgia Guard" is unexpectedly bearing down upon two bands of citizens who are engaged in a dispute over a mining claim, "the plaintive note of a single bugle, at intervals reverberating wildly among the hills over which the party wound its way, more than anything beside, indicated its character; and even this accompaniment is so familiar as an appendage with the Southron - so common, particularly to the negroes, who acquire a singular and sweet mastery over it, while driving their wagons through the woods, or poling their boats down the streams, that one might fairly doubt, with all those symbols, whether the advancing array were in fact more military than civil in its character. They rode on briskly in the direction of our contesting parties - the sound of the bugle seeming not only to enliven, but to shape their

course, since the stout negro who gave it breath rode considerably ahead of the troop."

"Ragged negroes", in Maurice Thompson's "A Tallahassee Girl", "ploughing in an adjacent field were singing 'Dixie,' their voices ringing clear and high. It seemed so strange that these freedmen could sing at all, much less with such feeling, that red-hot secession song."

It is apparent from the quotations given that the negro in fiction, whether at work or at play, finds music in some form or other his almost constant companion. Even in old age, when the agility of youth is gone, the sound of a lively air awakens old memories and stimulates certain reflex movements which betray the habits of years gone by. A quotation from Cooper's "The Redskins" is in point;- "I took out the hurdy-gurdy, and began to play a lively air - one that was very popular among the American blacks, and which, I am sorry to say, is getting to be not less so among the whites. No visible effect was produced on Susquesus (an Indian), unless a slight shade of contempt was visible on his dark features. With Jaap (the negro), however, it was very different. Old as he was, I could see a certain nervous twitching of the lower limbs, which indicated that the old fellow actually felt some disposition to dance. It soon passed away, though his grim, hard, wrinkled, dusky-gray countenance continued to gleam with a sort of dull pleasure for some time. There was nothing surprising in this, the indifference of

the Indian to melody being almost as marked as the negro's sensitiveness to its power."

Closely related to the negro's mirthfulness is his sense of humor. Johnny Bapter, in Joel Chandler Harris's "Plantation Pageants", is enjoying a good portion of waffles which his master's children have given him while they are driving along a country road:- "Ef anybody ax you-all how come I don't b'long ter no church, you up an' tell um dat it's kaze I ain't hear none er de preachers say dey gwinter be waffles up dar whar good folks goes. Ef dey'll des say 'waffles', I'm wid um, an' I'll stay wid um, too; don't you disremember dat." The chapter on "A Run of Luck" in "Tales of the Home Folks in Peace and War", by Joel Chandler Harris, has an old servant of the Moreland family, Uncle Primus, who commented thus upon the ruin that has come over the family in consequence of war:- "De time wuz, suh, when my ole Marster wuz 'live, en long atter dat, dat nobody on top er de groun' hatter ax de way ter dat house up yander. But dey's been a mighty churnin' up sence dem days, suh, en in de churnin' de whey done got de notion dat it's more wholesome den de butter - en I speck it is, suh, ter dem what like whey." At one time Primus was with his master on a Mississippi steamboat when a fire broke out. In telling afterwards about the great excitement which prevailed, he said:- "Well, suh, I put it down in my min' den, en I ain't never rub it out, dat ef you take proudness out'n de white folks dey er des ez skeery ez de niggers.

En dem white folks on dat boat dat night had all de proudness out'n um, en dey went on wuss'n a passel er four-footed creeturs. Hit's de Lord's trufe, suh, - all 'cep'n my young marster en de preacher-lookin' man. Dem two wuz des ez cool ez cowcumbers, en I say ter myse'f, I did, 'I'll des up en wait twel dey gits skeer'd, en den I'll show um how skeer'd a nigger kin git when he ain't got nothin' on his min'.'"

If there is any humor at all in a situation, a negro is likely to find it, Edward Hazard, the grandfather of Ned Hazard, and the grand-uncle of Mark Littleton, characters in J. P. Kennedy's "Swallow Barn" - had constructed at great expense a dam and a mill on the Apple-pie branch of the James River. After about two hours of operation the water gave out and the mill stopped. Mr. Hazard, of course, was greatly disconcerted. "'It seems to me, master,' said an arch-looking negro, who was gaping over the flood-gate upon the muddy waste, 'that the mill's run out of water.'

"'Who asked you for your opinion, you scoundrel?' said my grand-uncle in a great fury, - for he was now beginning to fret, - 'get out of my sight, and hold your tongue!'

"'The fellow is right,' said the miller, 'we have worked out the water, that's clear!'

"'It's a two-hour mill,' added the negro, in a voice scarcely audible, taking the risk of my grand-uncle's displeasure, and grinning saucily, but good-humoredly, as he spoke."

A delightful bit of humor is recorded of the little hero in

Ruth McEnery Stuart's "George Washington Jones." George has been telling Aunt Sarah how he used pins to prick himself in the arm-pit in order to keep from laughing at anything funny that might occur while he was waiting upon the table. When Aunt Sarah shows that she is worried over this method of procedure, George says, apropos of his new employment in the house of an old lady who uses an ear-trumpet:- "'You nee'n't worry about dat, Aunt Sarah. I ain't sho' whether I'll haf to wait on de dinner-table or not, but ef I does I reckon de ole lady an' de ear-trumpet an' me'll be able to hold in all de fun dey is - widout no pins. But I wants a good strong one to take along wid me caze she done a'ready put sev'ral questions to me, an' I know I'm ap' to git in trouble. For one thing, she says she loves to listen at Testament-readin', an' she axed me could I do it, an', of co'se, I say, 'Yas, ma'am, I'd try;' but befo' gracious, ef she axes me to spell out de gorspils, an' maybe sing or even pray into dat ear-trumpet befo' I gits used to it, I tell you, Aunt Sarah, dat shiny-top bonnet-pin you des taken out o' yo' bonnet won't be any too long for me.'"

The negro's humor sometimes partakes of the quality of homely wisdom. The same Primus who was quoted before in connection with Harris's "Tales of the Home Folks in Peace and War" says:- "'Twuz like de ol' sayin', suh - start out wid a weak heart ef you want ter come home wid a whole hide.'"

Rose Ann, in Ruth McEnery Stuart's "Napoleon Jackson," says of her lazy husband:- "It ain't de labor dat hurts 'im. It's de thoughts of it."

The negro's wit, which sometimes is used in self-defense and sometimes partakes of the nature of impertinence, is almost as marked as his humor. "In Sabine", one of the stories in Kate Chopin's "Bayou Folk", tells of a beautiful girl who is rescued by an old friend from the brutal treatment of her husband. On the morning after the wife's escape with her rescuer, Santien, her husband demands of an old negro the whereabouts of his wife:- "Uncle Mortimer never had feared Bud Aiken; and with the trusty axe upon his shoulder, he felt a double hardihood in the man's presence. The old fellow passed the back of his black, knotty hand unctuously over his lips, as though he relished in advance the words that were about to pass them. He spoke carefully and deliberately:

"'Miss Reine,' he said, 'I reckon she mus' of done struck Natchitoches pa'ish sometime to'ard de middle o' de night, on dat 'ar swif' hoss o' Mr. Sanchum's.'

"Aiken uttered a terrific oath. 'Saddle up Buckeye,' he yelled, 'before I count twenty, or I'll rip the black hide off yer. Quick, thar! Thar ain't nothin' fourfooted top o' this earth that Buckeye can't run down.'

"Uncle Mortimer scratched his head dubiously, as he answered:-

"'Yas, Mas' Bud, but you see, Mr. Sanchum, he done cross de

Sabine befo' sun-up on Buckeye.'"

A little boy in Caroline Fuller's "Brunhilde's Paying Guest" is asked:- "'Where does the path go?'

"'Dat depends on whar yo' gwine yo'self,' the child replied. 'De path stay jes lak 't is.'"

In William Gilmore Simms's "Mellichampe", there is a humorous, and witty negro named Tom; who served as cook and body-servant of Lieut.Porgy, an officer in the army of General Marion. When Nabob, Porgy's horse, falls sick, Tom informs his master that the buzzards are likely to have a fine chance for "put up meat." Thereupon Porgy replies:- "Tom, when you die, there will be no weight of earth put upon you. You shall be laid out bare, just where the horse is laid -- should you suffer him to die! and I shall have a trumpeter to sound a notice to all the buzzards, for fifty miles around, to attend your funeral." To this bantering threat Tom responds:- "Come, come, Maussa, 'twan't do for talk sich ting! Tom nebber for bury when he dead? None but buzzard for ax to he fun'rel? and jis 'kaise you hoss gwine for dead, and nobody for help 'em! Wha' Tom kin do? He a'n't hoss-doctor. 'Speck, Maussa, you better try Doctor Oakenburg. 'Speck he hab someting to gee de hoss. He can't cure de man, when he sick; may-be, he kin cure de hoss! Better ax 'em, Maussa." By this witty thrust at the doctor, Tom was able to create a pleasant diversion in his own behalf. The horse, however, died and when "Porgy" beheld Tom Stretching the skin of poor Nabob in the

sun, he felt like cudgelling the negro, whom he called an inhuman beast. "'Why,' he asked, furiously, 'why did you skin the animal, you savage?'

"'Oh! Maussa, kaise I lub 'em so! Nabob and me gwine to sleep togedder a'ter this, for ebber and ebbermore.'" Thus Tom had his will and his master was appeased.

That the negro's quick wit seldom leaves him at a loss for a ready answer is well illustrated by Napoleon Jackson, in Ruth McEnery Stuart's novel of that name. The lazy Napoleon seemed constitutionally unable to work. In luxurious idleness he used to sit in the shade while his wife earned a living for the family over the wash-tub. On one occasion, when he was surrounded by several of his children who were sleeping near him on a sultry day, "he was roused by the census-taker, to whom he gave his remarkable answer to the question as to his occupation: 'I's a family man, sir.'"

Another quality of the negro, his <u>hospitality</u>, is well illustrated by Rose Ann, the faithful wife of Napoleon Jackson:- "Her habit of 'countin' noses an' den drappin' in a big extry po'tion for the pot' was a hospitable one well known to her neighbors, and it was one that was particularly grateful to a certain octogenarian black woman, Granny Shoshone, who was ever a welcome guest, for she had known Napoleon's mother both 'befo' he was thought about an' endurin' his markin' days,' and was in consequence more tolerant of his way of life than were some of his neighbors.

While all the qualities previously described under the general head of mirthfulness are conspicuous in the character of the negro, it would be a mistake to suppose that he has not other qualities of an opposite kind that play a large part in his life. Sometimes he is afflicted with an overwhelming lonesomeness of spirit; sometimes a deep mournfulness and a settled melancholy cast their shadow over his life. In the story of Madame Delphine, in George W. Cable's "Old Creole Days", Olive is beautiful and almost white, but the one touch of color represses the longing of her heart which yearns to feel itself as free and unrestricted as the heart of any one in the wide world:- "'I have nobody but you,' murmured the girl; 'I am a poor quadroon!'"

Carolina, a slave, in Florence Finch Kelly's "Rhoda of the Underground," was making her way to Canada to join her husband, who had escaped before her. As she told her story, "for the first time in the woman's simple narrative the note of deep feeling broke through her tone and manner of settled, mournful resignation. The childish wonder in her voice as she uttered her last sentence touched her listener deeply."

The innate melancholy of the negro is often spoken of in connection with his music. In Winston Churchill's "The Crossing", the author records an experience on the lower Mississippi:- "As we drifted we heard the negroes chanting at their work, the plaintive cadence of the strange song adding to the mystery of

the scene." Similarly, in Gertrude Atherton's "The Conqueror", "a band of blacks played on their native instruments the fashionable dances of the day with a weird and barbaric effect and occasionally sang a wailing accompaniment in voices of indescribable softness." Again, in the anonymous "Shahmah":- "There is a kind of entrancing power in negro music, which I never felt in any other. It is, as it were, the essence of sweet sounds, distilled in the alembic of tearful memories." Mary Johnston's "Audrey" furnishes an additional illustration:- "Hark! there was song -- It was but a negro on the road behind, singing to himself as he went about his master's business. The voice was the voice of the race, mellow, deep, and plaintive; perhaps the song was of love in a burning land." In this there is a strong suggestion of "The Solitary Reaper", who sang a song "of old, forgotten far-off things, and battles long ago."

Sometimes the negro shows evidences of instincts far more elemental and primitive than any of those already described. Conspicuous among these lower qualities is the sense of fear. In Charles Felton Pidgin's "Blennerhassett", there is an account of some colored servants who took refuge in the kitchen of Colonel Burr's house because of their dread of an approaching storm. Peggy, the colored cook, does not like her uninvited company:- "'What's all yo' niggers crowded in hyah fo'? Yo'se no business loafin' roun' hyah an interruptin' me. Now all o' yo' git out o' hyah or I'll tell Massa Burr when he comes home.'

********* No one moved. Then she turned upon them again. 'I know what yo'se all in hyah fo' -- 'cause yo'se all 'fraid. When yo' hear the Lord a-talkin' to yo', it makes all yo' sinners think o' yo' guilty actions, an' yo' come down hyah thinkin' thet if yo' keep close to a good Christian woman like me there'll be some mercy shown yo'.'

"'I don't think that's very Christian talk,' said John, the valet.

"'Oh yes 'tis,' rejoined Peggy; 'don' yo' know the Good Book says 'who the Lord lovef he chasenef.' Now yo' niggers don' know what chasenef means. It means ter give yo' a lickin', and yo' know yo'selves thet yo'all o' yo' deserves a good lickin'.'

"'Come hyah,' said Peggy to Sam, 'Yo'se too young to be very wicked, but yo' ain't too young to be awful lazy..'"

Peggy's half-humorous comment upon the situation shows that she understood the character of her visitors very well and at the same time it convicts her of harboring within her breast the same kind of terror, which, however, she thinks to throw off by the charm she has secured in her acceptance of the Christian religion.

A quality of the negro which is still lower than his sense of fear is his cowardice. To fear is to have dread of the unknown. To be a coward is to shrink from the terrors of the known. Fear is a natural consequence of ignorance. Cowardice comes with knowledge and is lower than fear in the world's esteem, since the

world expects the man who knows to have a better sense of the fitness of things than to belittle himself in the presence of anything, no matter how formidable it may be. Thus, in Mary Johnston's "Lewis Rand", the cowardice of a young negro is used by the murderer to assist in concealing the crime:-

"Rand spoke without moving. 'Get down, young Isham, and come here.'

"The negro obeyed, though with shaking knees. 'Lawd hab mercy, Marster, whar you come f'om? I done lef' you at de ford.'

"'I'll speak to you of that presently. Whom have you passed on the road since you left the ford? How many people and what kind of people? Think now.'

"'I ain' pass skeerce a soul, sah. Everybody skurryin' in f'om de storm. Jes' some niggahs wid mules, an' a passel ob chillern, an' a man I don' know. Dey ain' stop ter speak ter me, an' I ain' stop ter speak ter dem.'

"Rand leaned from his saddle and laid the butt of his riding-whip upon the boy's shoulder. 'Look at me, young Isham.'

"'Yass, Marster.'"

"'You did not leave me at the ford. We took the main road together, and we've been traveling together ever since, except that perhaps ten minutes ago I rode on ahead and waited for you beneath this tree.' He raised the whip handle and brought it down heavily. 'Look at me, young Isham, in the eyes.'

"The boy whimpered, 'Yaas, Marster.'

"'We crossed the ford at the mill.'

"'Yaas, Marster.'

"'And we kept on together by the main road. Now say what I have said.'

"'Marster -----'

"'Say it!'

"'Don', Marster, don'! I'll say jes what you say. We done cross de ford an' take de main road ----'

"'Yes.'

"'An' we done keep de main road, jes lak dis.'

"'That's enough. If you forget and say the wrong thing, young Isham, ---'

"'Don', Marster! Fer de Lawd's sake, don' look at me lak dat! I ain' gwine fergit, sah — de Lawd Jesus knows I ain'.'"

Again, in Rowland E. Robinson's "Out of Bondage":- "Aroused by the noise and instinctively divining danger, the negro had started up in terror and was staring imploringly at Ransom.

"'Dey's arter me, Marse. Don' let 'em git me. Dey'll wallop me. Dey'll just cut me to pieces. Don't let 'em cotch me.'"

Caroline Fuller, in "Brunhilde's Paying Guest", gives an apt illustration of the same quality. While Dolly was attending the doctor, who had been injured while the two were lost in the woods, "there was a crashing in the brushes and a huge negro appeared, his tattered clothing and bestial face suggesting that he might be some one wanted by the law. Instantly

she ****** took the doctor's head on her arm.

"'Gimme two bits, Missy,' the negro said sullenly.

"'I haven't got it,' said Dolly. 'You go right down the road, and bring back a cart, and then you shall have a dollar.'

"'No, Missy, I ain't gwine do dat. I can't let folks see me. Jes' gimme de dollah now.'

"'No, Missy,' said the negro, coming toward her. 'If you hasn't got dat dollah, de gemman has.'

"Dolly felt desperately in the doctor's pockets for the revolver which a Southern man would have carried. It was not there, but her hand came in contact with ******* a menthol tube, used for headaches, but in the dusk it glittered dangerously, and the negro hesitated.

"'Go back, or I'll fire,' Dolly said.

"The negro moved slowly away with canny eyes fixed upon the curious weapon. It is uncertain what would have happened next, if in his backward movement he had not unexpectedly trodden on the pig. Instantly the silence was rent by blood-curdling shrieks and squeals, coming apparently from nowhere, and echoing hideously through that dismal spot. The negro turned pale under the black, his teeth chattering, and crying out, 'Lawd hab mercy, his spirit's got me by de laig!' He plunged into the bushes and was gone."

Wherever cowardice is found, brutality is likely to be its companion. In "The Yemassee", an historical novel by William

Gilmore Simms that treats of early colonial days in South Carolina, there is an account of a battle with the Indians, a battle in which the negroes bore a savage part on the side of the whites, their masters:- "But the pursuers were at hand, in the negroes now scouring the field of battle with their huge clubs and hatchets, knocking upon the head all of the Indians who yet exhibited any signs of life. As wild almost as the savages, they luxuriated in a pursuit to them so very novel -- they hurried over the forests with a step as fleet, and a ferocity as dreadful - sparing none, whether they fought or pleaded, and frequently inflicting the most unnecessary blows, even upon the dying and the dead."

This purely animal instinct is shown in an equally conspicuous tho less objectionable form in their excessive fondness for food and drink. Stewart, in his "Partners of Providence", gives an account of a negro meal on a steamboat:- "They came stampeding down the hogways and tumbling up the engine-house and making more noise than I was. By the time I was done, they had grabbed up their plates and crowded around the first panful that came out of the kitchens and cleaned it out." A humorous account of the zest with which a negro enjoys even the memory of a pleasing dish is found in Marguerite Bouvet's Clotilde:- "'Like! Oh, laws-a-massy! How kin I tole yo', Ma'm'selle? It's as good as honey; not jes' like honey, neither, 'caze it's got hominy in it,' and here Jerry pirouetted once, landing

precisely in the position he started from, 'and it's got lil' pink shrimps,' and he pirouetted again, 'and lil' tomatoe juice, and lil' mite sabotin if yo' like; and it all jes' melts in yo' mouf,' he concluded with another swing of his lithe body. 'Jambalaya,' reflected Jerry with profound relish, as if the word itself had a good flavor."

Caroline Fuller's "Brunhilde's Paying Guest" shows how brutal the negro may become when under the influence of drink:- "Martha and Mingo came home sheepishly to wait on table, and engaged in a quarrel over the spinach, which he insisted on serving in the cover of a soup-tureen.

"'You shameful nigger,' she scolded, 'exposin' dat ar spinach outside its proper dish, lak it was gwine round wid nothin' but its hat on.'

"'You ain't mah boss to-day,' he muttered. 'G'wan off!' Whereupon Martha smote him on the head with her tray, which received an incurable twist, and the two rushed from the dining-room in a torrent of red-eyed fury.

"'Please believe me,' said Barbara, in distress, 'that this doesn't happen often. They had something to drink at the funeral.'

In Joel Chandler Harris's "Balaam and his Master" it is recorded that "we hadn't got more than two miles from home before I found that Crooked-leg Jake, my best driver, was drunk. He was beastly drunk." In the same book is another negro who drinks, but who maintains his self-control:- "'Yes, suh,' he

said, 'I tuck my dram, dey ain't no 'sputin' er dat; yit I never has tuck so much dat I ain't keep my eye on you.'"

Cooper,when describing the Pinkster games in "Satanstoe", gives the other side of the picture:- "Every sort of common game was in requisition, while drinking was far from being neglected. Still, not a man was drunk. A drunken negro, indeed, is by no means a common thing."

Another quality of the negro similar to his brutality is his capacity for fierceness. Sometimes this fierceness is aroused by a sense of injury, as in "Shahmah":- "But now there hurriedly enters an aged negress, whose matronly appearance, and quiet, happy face, have often attracted me. She is followed by a handsome young woman of the servile race, but nearly white. They are Aunt Sukie, and Lindie. The beauty of the latter is marred by traces of bitter and terrible passions. Every feature indicates this, but especially the eye. She appears literally consuming with unquenchable fires.

"But now her look is really frightful; and the whole face has an expression that is at once fierce and excruciating, as if the bitterness had been wrung from the crushed heart, which had been converted by its wrongs into an unnatural fountain of gall. And yet I have seen those flaming eyes melt with a wonderful pathos of expression." The same kind of fierceness, due to a sense of personal wrongs, is illustrated in Harris's "Balaam and his Master":- "I saw, standing within the circle

of teamsters, a tall mulatto woman. She was a striking figure as she stood there gazing with all her eyes, and listening with all her ears. Her hair was black and straight as that of an Indian, her cheeks were sunken, and there was that in her countenance that gave her a wolfish aspect. As she stood there rubbing her skinny hands together and moistening her thin lips with her tongue, she looked like one distraught."

Occasionally, vengefulness, a trait similar to those just described, manifests itself in negro character. In "The American Moral and Sentimental Magazine," for 1797, is a short paragraph, that may or may not be fiction, entitled "The Revengeful Negro." This tells of a negro of the French West Indies who, stung with resentment at his master, carried the latter's three children to the housetop and in the father's sight hurled them from the roof to the ground below.

Harris's story of "Where's Duncan" in "Balaam and his Master" tells of the fearful revenge inflicted by a mulatto woman upon the white man who had sold her child and his own into slavery:- "Once, and only once did I catch the sound of the voice; it was the voice of the nigger woman; she had her carving knife raised in the air in one hand, and with the other she had the white man by the throat.

"'Where's Duncan?' she shrieked. If the man had been disposed to reply, he had no opportunity, for the woman had no sooner asked the question than she plunged the carving knife

into his body, not only once, but twice."

If the negro sometimes shows that he is subject to fear, cowardice, brutality, fierceness, and vengefulness, he is equally capable of courage, fortitude, gratitude, forgivingness, sympathy, and tenderness. A fine example of courage in a negro woman is shown in Winston Churchill's "The Crisis" when the police come to seize Colonel Carvel's furniture:- Mammy Easter opened the door, and then stood with her arms akimbo, amply filling its place. Her lips protruded, and an expression of defiance hard to describe sat on her honest black face.

"'Is this Colonel Carvel's house?'

"'Yassir. I 'low you knows that jes as well as me. Whaffor you laffin at?'

"'Is the Colonel at home?'

"'Now I reckon that you knows dat he ain't. Ef he was, you ain't come here 'quirin' in day honey voice.' (Raising her own voice.) 'You t'ink I dunno whaffor you come? You done come heah to rifle, an' to loot, an' to steal, an' to seize what ain't your'n. You come heah when young Marse ain't to home to rob him.' (Still louder.) 'Ned, whaffor you hidin' yonder? Ef yo' ain't man enuff to protect Marse Comyn's prop-ty, jes han' over Marse Comyn's gun.'"

In "Mellichampe", by Simms, when Janet Berkely is trying to save the wounded Mellichampe from the ferocity of Barsfield, the latter orders a soldier to remove Janet by force,

if need be, from the neck of her lover. Janet's faithful slave, Scipio, then comes forward and offers to protect her by main strength:- "Say de word, Missus -- only say de word, and I hammer dis poor buckrah till he hab noting leff but de white ob de eye. He hab sword for stick, and Scip only hab de hand and teet'; but I no' 'fraid ob um; only you say de word -- dat's all!" A blow from a sabre laid Scipio low.

Fortitude is well illustrated by Juba, in the anonymous "The British Partizan":- "There was his faithful Juba, hanging by the arms from a log which extended from a corner of the hut, and a man was still inflicting the punishment of the whip, accompanying every stripe with an injunction and threat about something which the old negro refused to reveal. Two other men stood by with drawn swords, laughing fiendishly at the manner in which the negro winced from the cruel torture of their companion; but every now and then, enraged at his stubborn silence, they ran up and thrust the points of their swords into his flesh, or seized him by the short kinks of grey hair, threatening to flay him alive if he did not tell them where Ralph Cornet was at that moment. The blood of the African streamed over his ebon skin but no expostulation or entreaty escaped him. His white eyes rolled disdainfully upon them, and his thick lips were closed in perfect silence. He refused to utter a single word."

Gratefulness is another of the negro's virtues in fiction.

An incident from Churchill's "The Crisis" is in point. After Appleton Brice had bought Hester in order to restore her to her mother, "Hester raised her eyes and they were filled with such gratitude and trust that suddenly he was overcome with embarrassment." Then just a little later this scene is portrayed:-

"Hester stood on the threshold, and old Nancy beside her.

"'Evenin', Mis' Brice. De good Lawd bless you, lady, an' Miste' Brice,' said the negress.

"'Well, Nancy.'

"Nancy pressed into the room. 'Mis' Brice!'

"'Yes?'

"'Ain' you gwineter 'low Hester an' me to wuk fo' you?'

"'Indeed I should be glad to, Nancy. But we are boarding.'

"'Yassm, yassm,' said Nancy, and relapsed into an awkward silence.

"Then again, "Mis' Brice! 'Ef you 'lows us t' come heah an' straighten out you' close an' mend 'em -- you dunno how happy you mek me an' Hester -- des to do dat much, Mis' Brice.'"

Out of gratitude for his master's kindness to him, Ransome, in Pidgin's "Blennerhassett",freely consents to be sold to an unknown purchaser in a distant State:-

"Mr. Van Wagoner addressed himself to Mr. Blennerhassett: 'Is this your man?' pointing to Ransome.

"'My man? What do you mean? I don't understand you,' replied Mr. Blennerhassett.

"'He says he is your slave. Does he tell the truth?'

"'He was my servant. My servants were really slaves, of course, but I never treated them as such.'

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"'Well,' said Mr. Van Wagoner, 'this man Ransome is your property and you have a right to sell him to any one who wishes to buy him.'

"'But I won't sell him!" said Blennerhassett

"'Yes, you will, Massa,' said Ransome. 'You'll do it jess to oblige me. They are going to have a war, and the fust thing I know they'll have me aboard one of the ships, and they'll make me fight, and I don't want to. Mr. Van Wagoner has found me a good, kind master who owns a big cattle plantation down in ole Alabama, and I want to go with him very much.' **********

"Mr. Blennerhassett understood the devotion of the old negro which had led him to take such a step. The trade was consummated, and thus did the generous-hearted old retainer repay the kind act of his master, who had allowed him to see his old mother once more and to hold her in his arms when she died."

It would be hard to find a more beautiful example of gratitude than that of "Ephe" in Richard Malcolm Johnston's

story of that name in his "Old Times in Middle Georgia." Ephe, a young free negro, had been saved from death at the hands of unjust accusers by Mr. Duncan, who had formerly been the owner of Ephe's father and was now the boy's guardian. After the affair was over, Ephe on his earnest entreaty "was allowed to make his home with the Duncans. His affection for the family, particularly John, a lad of fourteen, grew to be as devoted as that of a dog for its owner, and somewhat like it."

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"Not long after when the two were in a buggy drawn by a mettlesome colt that they were breaking," the colt ran away.

"'Gimme back dem strings, Marse Johnny,' said Ephe; but before he could resume, the bit, under the boy's frantic jerking, was broken.

"'My Gawd!' cried the negro. Rising, he leaped forward, alighting on the colt's neck. Reaching down, he inserted his thumb into its mouth, and grasped its jaw. The desperate, resistless wrench careened rider and horse, and they were prostrated on the ground, the former underneath, yet keeping his hold. John quickly loosed and let go the maddened beast.

"'Is you hurted, Marse Johnny? You ain' hurted, is you?' feebly asked Ephe.

"'No, no; but Ephe, dear Ephe, you must be, very badly.'

"'T'ank Gawd! T'anky de good Lord!'

"'Tell me, Ephe, how are you hurt? Can you get up?

My God! what must I do?'

"'Neber mind 'bout me, my master; I git up d'rectly. I ain' hurted so mighty bad. Jes' sorter stunt in - in my br--- my bres'.'

"The boy, raising his head, rested it upon his knee. He coughed, and blood oozed from his mouth. While the flow was being staunched he looked up with humblest, blissfulest thankfulness. In another moment upon his face was beauty such as Death sometimes paints withal the plainest among his victims."

One of the greatest of the negro's virtues is his willingness to forgive. The manifestation of this noble quality is the theme of "Ishmael", another of the stories in "Old Times in Middle Georgia." Here Charles Corson was the son of Mr. Dupont and of "the daughter of an octoroon woman who had been a slave." After a time "both parents had decided that separation, absolute and distant, was indispensable." Charles Dupont was the child of Mr. Dupont by a subsequent marriage. Charles Corson, growing to manhood in sadness and gloom, finally made the acquaintance of his half brother, Charles Dupont. A strong attachment was established between them, Dupont being ignorant of their blood relationship, while Corson was not. Corson on dying left all his property to Dupont. He left also a letter in which he told the whole story of his life. Part of this letter was as follows:- "My mother was so far from complaining that she became entirely reconciled to what she knew

to be inevitable. Her feeling toward the only man for whom she had ever cared remained throughout her life, and often she said to me that he was as much entitled to my filial regard as any father whose offspring had come in legitimate conditions. Nor did she complain,. nor fail to teach me not to complain of destiny." The son had shared these feelings of the mother.

Prominent among the many emotional qualities of the negro is his sympathy. In Ruth McEnery Stuart's "Solomon Crow's Christmas Pockets," "Old Easter" is a sketch of a poor old negro woman who sold candy on the streets. Tho very poor herself, she was touched with the spectacle of suffering and she secretly cared for anyone or anything poorer than she was. She harbored in her room numerous weatherbeaten cats and dogs in addition to giving shelter to a blind man and to a crazy one. "Any breathin'-thing dat I sees dat's poorer'n what I is, why, I fetches 'em out once-t, an' dey mos' gin'ally stays.'"

Aunt Sarah, in Ruth McEnery Stuart's "George Washington Jones", with a mother's sympathy consoled the little hero George when he by chance had sat down on a bench in front of her cottage, discouraged in the effort to find a home:- "And just then a fat, brown woman wearing a purple calico dress came out of the gate and sat beside him. And when she saw his tears and his bundle and his old shoes, she took her apron and wiped his

eyes and said, softly: 'Nemmine.'"

The negro's sympathy frequently moves him to acts of tenderness in relieving distress, and in caring for the helpless. As a result of his capacity in this direction he has acquired great skill in the training of children and in nursing the sick. If a negro is at hand, he is likely to be the first one called upon in an emergency, as in Mary Johnston's Audrey:- "'This gentleman hath a broken head, Juba,' said the master. 'Bring water and linen, and bind it up for him.'" So in the same author's "To Have and to Hold":- "Light of foot, soft of voice, ox-eyed and docile, the black woman entered the room. When I saw her upon her knees beside the motionless figure, the head pillowed on her arm, her hand busy with the fastenings about throat and bosom, her dark face as womanly tender as any English mother's bending over her nursling; and when I saw my wife, with a little moan, creep further into the encircling arms, I was satisfied." In A. K. Raison's "Lights and Shadows of Life, or The Story of a Southern Home" there is a similar tribute to the nursing ability of the negro:- "Here comes Aunt Neb. She knows all about sickness. Make way for her until the doctor comes." George W. Cable's "Dr. Sevier" contains the following record:- "The woman went and came. She was a superior nurse, like so many of her race. So obvious, indeed, was this, that when she gently pressed the young husband an inch or two aside, and murmured that 'de doctah' wanted him to 'go h-out,' he left the

room; although he knew the physician had not so indicated." In John Uri Lloyd's "Red Head":- "'De chile hab been in pain, suah,' said Cupe, who quickly opened the waist, directing me to rub the limbs and body with the palm of my hand. He next ordered Dinah to bring him some hot water, and from a flat bottle prepared a toddy that in teaspoonful doses was slowly poured into the mouth of the child, who automatically swallowed it."

Quite similar in its origin to the group of qualities just enumerated is the negro's religious instinct. This is emotional rather than intellectual in character and partakes of the nature of mysticism. Under the influence of this outlook upon the world and human life, the negro sometimes has a vital sense of the presence everywhere about him of beneficent powers, invisible, but none the less real. Aunt Sarah, in Mrs. Stuart's "George Washington Jones", is an excellent example of beautiful faith:- "'I notice de ole clock is broke down on de strike.' She rose, and began winding 'the strike,' which had failed on the sixth hour, and when it began to ring out faithfully, three more, George chuckled, quite awake now over the interesting fact.

"'Seems funny how a clock can remember, don't it?' he laughed. 'It owed you three strikes, an' it paid its debt befo' it done anything else.'

"'Yes,' Sarah repeated; 'it pays - but I had to dun it, befo' it settled up dis time. Dat was my fault, dough. I didn't

do it jestice last time I wound it up. Hit pays what you give it. Dat's all. Dat's de diffe'nce betwixt man-made machinery an' de Lord's handiwork. De human heart is His work - an' it's - it's altogether diff'nt.'

"She took her seat now, and, turning to the boy, she said:

"'For instance, now, look at you an' me. I ain't nuver even to say knowed you was alive, untel yisterday - an' you didn't suspicion I was in de land o' de livin' - an' yit, when yo' thin legs got tired, a little in'ard voice, so low it nuver got up to yo' ears, but jes' spoke to yo' heart, it say: 'Go an' set down on dat ole bench under the chiny-trees, man. Dey's angels in de air down dar - an' when you come, dey'll descen' down to de ole black 'oman inside, an' dey'll tell her an' her heart'll rebound - an' she'll go out an' fetch you in an' yield you her bosom's comfort.'

"'Did you hear de angels when I come, Aunt Sarah?' he asked in a half whisper.

"'Not wid my out'ard ears - no, son. Dey didn't haf to mo'n let my heart know - an' hit led me to you. I went de way my heart led - same as you come.' "

Feeling as he does the continuous presence of spiritual powers, the negro finds it easy to believe in a future life. Thus, in Molly Elliott Seawell's "A Virginia Cavalier":- "The old mammy was singing softly a negro hymn as she gently rocked

the dying child:-

"'De little lambs in Jesus' bres'
He hol' 'em d'yar and giv' 'em res';
He teck 'em by de little hands,
An' lead 'em th'u de pleasant lands.'"

"'Yes,' calmly answered the devoted old black woman, straightening out the little body; 'she'sleep heah, but she gwi' wake up in heaben, wid her little han' in Jesus Chris's; an' He goin' teck keer of her twell we all gits d'yar. An' po' ole black mammy will see her honey chile oncet mo.'"

Many negro songs have this faith in immortality for their leading motive. Sometimes these songs, like the one just quoted, are the expression of a deep abiding faith and sometimes they are the product of that religious fervor which is quite in harmony with the negro's emotional nature and his mystic conception of religion. An example of this latter type is found in M. M. Thomas's "Captain Phil":-

"Jesus up ter heben hab gwyne,
I'm mos' dar;
Bids de pilgrims follow on,
I'm mos' dar.
Ole companions far' you well,
Hobbling down ter def and hell -
I wid Jesus Christ ter dwell -
I'm mos' dar.

"No more sorrow, no more sin,
I'm mos' dar.
Come, my Jesus, let me in, -
I'm mos' dar.
O! de angels bright as day,
Welcome, brudder, hear them say,
Glory! glory! cl'ar de way,
I'm mos' dar."

When the frenzy of religious excitement is on, frequent repetitions of effective collections of sound serve to add fuel to the flame of enthusiasm. Thus Charles D. Stewart, in his "Partners of Providence", gives several illustrations of negro songs as they are sung at a Sunday meeting:-

"My Lord deliberated Daniel;
My Lord deliberated Daniel;
My Lord deliberated Daniel;
Why can't he deliberate me?
I met a pilgrim on the way,
An' I ask him whar's he gwine:
I'm bound for Canaan's happy lan',
An' dis is de shoutin' band -
Go on!"

Similarly, in the same book:-

"Oh, walk togedder, children, don't get weary;
Walk togedder, children, don't get weary;
Walk togedder, children, don't get weary;
Dere's a great camp-meetin' in de Promised Land.
Gwine to mourn and nebber tire,
Mourn and nebber tire,
Dere's a great camp-meetin' in de Promised Land.

"Oh, slap your hands, children, don't you get weary;
Slap your hands, children, don't get weary;
Slap your hands, children, don't get weary,-
Dere's a great camp-meetin' in de Promised Land.

"Oh, pat your foot, children, don't you get weary;
Pat your foot, children, don't get weary;
Pat your foot, children, don't get weary, -
Dere's a great camp-meetin' in de Promised Land.
Gwine to shout an nebber tire,
Shout an nebber tire,
Shout an nebber tire, -
Dere's a great camp-meetin' in de Promised Land."

The song continues for several more stanzas with just as little variety and meaning. It contains, however, the necessary elements for the production of ecstasy in emotional natures.

Further illustration of the power of sacred song to awaken religious fervor is found in J. W. Church's "Deep in Piney Woods", where the author gives an account of a Sunday service held at the manor house:- "Outside the negroes sat or kneeled in tense delight, their voices hushed, straining every nerve to catch each note and word as the rich solemn melody reached their listening ears. Then, as verse after verse was sung by the little group within, the negroes caught the air, and in a humming, moaning drone, followed the tune, rocking their bodies as the full, deep grandeur of the music swayed and intoxicated them beyond expression. From where Reed stood, he could see the mass of tense black faces, their eyes wide, their thick lips twitching with the stress of their emotion, as, with unconscious rhythm, their bodies undulated with the increase of the hymn."

The intense emotionalism of the negro, manifesting itself sometimes in religious enthusiasm, frequently becomes hysteria. Doleful cries, and wailing, and uncontrolled physical contortions are the usual symptoms. Percy James Brebner, in "A Gentleman of Virginia", furnishes the following illustration:- "The mistress was about to die, they said. I remember there was wailing amongst the plantation hands, and Gadman the overseer had to use his whip to keep 'em quiet." Similarly, when Selden is dying, in William Garrott Brown's "A Gentleman of the

South":- "The negroes from the quarters, gathered on the edge of the clearing, were breaking into long, doleful cries." Frances Courtenay Baylor's "A Georgia Bungalow" describes as follows the hysterical behavior of a young negro girl:- "Then she suddenly bent herself double almost, and crooning a wild African chant of her own, she started off quickly, then bounded here and there, flung her arms about, stamped, roared, subsided, whirled right, whirled left, jumped into the air, again stamped, whirled, and finally suddenly collapsed with a moan on the ground, nor would she move for fully half an hour."

It is not surprising to find this mystic and emotional conception of religion accompanied by superstition, and by a belief in omens, charm, magic, and the power of prophecy.

John Uri Lloyd's "Stringtown on the Pike" is full of reference to the negro's superstition. One of these is as follows:- "'Et doan make no diff'ence nohow,' he muttered, 'dah ain't no use in a doctah when deff comes a-walkin' in. Niggah signs am suah, but doctah stuff am unsahtin. De sign am not t' be disembayed. What fo' did Cupe walk absent-minde' like into de house t'-day carryin' an axe on his shouldah? Didn't Cupe know dat sech a sign mean suah deff t' some pusson, an' fo' de Lawd, de debbil make him do dat awful ting. ********* But de su'est sign ob all, de su'est sign ob all am dat de cedah tree limbs what Ma'se planted am es long es a coffin now -- Cupe measure dem agin t'day. ******* De signs what nebbah fail am

pintin' t' sahtin deff, dah ain't no good in doctah's stuff now."

At almost every turn the negro finds some sign which he interprets as an omen for good or ill. "The sun," writes George W. Cable in "Old Creole Days", "broke through a clearing sky, and Baptiste pronounced it good for luck." So "Mammy Chloe", in Mary Johnston's "Lewis Rand", "bore down upon them from the other end of the room. 'Miss Unity, don' you mek my chile cry on her weddin' mahnin'. Hit is ain't lucky to cry befo' de ring's on.'"

In J. P. Kennedy's "Swallow Barn", when Miss Prudence Meriwether, a maiden lady no longer young, showed unusual symptoms of being in love by arraying herself early in the morning with great care and by renewing her discontinued practice of playing on the piano, the domestics felt that some disaster was impending. "'It was as bad,' one of the servant maids remarked, 'as to hear a hen crow at night from the roost, and she shouldn't wonder if something was going to happen, - a burying, or a wedding, or some such dreadful thing!'"

Even dreams may be of evil portent, as in Mrs. Stuart's "Sonny":- "An' then, on top o' that, the nigger Dicey, she come in an' 'lowed she had dreamed that night about eatin' spare-ribs, which everybody knows to dream about fresh pork out of season, which this is July, is considered a shore sign o' death." Thus the ignorant white person is seen to share the superstition of the negro.

As a natural corollary to this belief in signs is the belief in the power of charms and magic to ward off evil. "The negro," in Mary Johnston's "Audrey", "had followed him, and now stood with his eyes upon the dying flames, muttering to himself some heathenish charm."

The horseshoe is one of the best of charms. Roxy, in Mark Twain's "Pudd'nhead Wilson", believed in its efficacy. So did the negro in Ed. Mott's "The Black Homer of Jimtown":- "Den I des know'd dat dem 'Loosyhatchy 'gatuhs dey done have de hoodoo powah, an' kin spell folks to sleep, an' I nevah go 'long de rivuh no mo' wivout free haihs out'n a wite hoss's tail an' a rusty hosseshoe nail in my pocket, so de 'gatuhs dey cain't hoodoo me no mo', an' dey doan'."

When Dolph Heyliger, a character in Irving's "Bracebridge Hall", set out upon a perilous expedition, "the old black cook, his only friend in the household, had provided him with a little mess for supper, and a rushlight; and she tied round his neck an amulet, given her by an African conjurer, as a charm against evil spirits."

Unfortunately not all magic was so harmless as the use of the horseshoe. In commenting upon the practices of the Indian doctors, who used tricks and mummery, William Gilmore Simms, in "The Partisan", makes the following observation:-

"To their arts, the Gullah and the Ebo negroes, of which the colony had its thousands furnished by the then un-

scrupulous morality of the mother country and the Northern colonies, added their spells and magic, in no stinted quantities, and of the foulest and filthiest attributes. The conjuration of these two classes became united in the practice of the cunning white, of an order little above them."

The vilest use of magic is found in connection with Voodooism. A detailed account of a ceremony of this cult is contained in J. W. Church's "Deep in Piney Woods", too long for quotation here. The snake plays an important part in the practices of Voodooism. Of the Voodoo Queen, this novel says:- "You see, Mammy Chloe's scepter was a pine stick, covered with a snake skin."

In the same book, Savannah Claiborne, the heroine, tells Mr. Brett Reed about the negro Sam as follows:- "Did you know that it means sudden and awful death for a screech owl to light on your chimney and hoot? It does. A rabbit running across your path is the worst sort of luck, but the most terrible of all is to find a cunjer ball under your doorstep. Should that happen, only the unremitting attention of a Voodoo doctor can save you from having your arm, or perhaps your head, drop off your body. And then the hants! Unk Mose used to tell him of how they would ride the horses at nights, sitting right up on the horses' necks - in proof of which he would point out the loops in the horses' manes, made by the witches for stirrups,

which you can find every morning when the horses are kept in the pasture overnight. Sometimes Sam would tell me of hants he had seen skipping about at night in the black depths of the bayou, as he sat on the cabin step, panic stricken but fascinated - faint, bluish-white lights dancing over the dark, sluggish water that nothing but a hant could walk upon. Once he saw them wavering weirdly over the darkey graves near the bayou, and fled to me in ashen terror for comfort and safety. Poor little Sam! He lived in constant dread of the spirits of darkness which beset him on every side! He firmly believes to this day that it was only by the most scrupulous use of signs and potent arts, such as making a cross on the ground and spitting in the center, or touching cold iron - he always carried a nail with him - that he thwarted the evil designs of the goblins and hants and managed to grow up."

A vivid description of voodooism is found in Mrs. Stuart's "The River's Children":- "In the presence of so manifold disasters many of the negroes returned to Voodooism, and nude dances by weird fires offered to Satan supplanted the shouting of the name of Christ in the churches. A red streak in the sky over the brake was regarded as an omen of blood - the thunderbolt which struck the smoke-stack of the sugar-house a command to stop work.

"Old women who had treated the sick with savory teas of roots and herbs lapsed into conjuring with bits of hair and bones.

A rabbit's foot was more potent than medicine; a snake's tooth wet with swamp scum and dried in the glare of burning sulphur more to be feared than God."

The gift of prophecy is a natural product of magic. Marion Harland's "In our County" says that"Cumby was considered as prophet by the negroes thereabouts; he told fortunes for pay; was supposed to understand certain magical arts and to have money hidden 'somewhere,'" In John Uri Lloyd's "Stringtown on the Pike," Cupe, foretells the future:- "Dat am what trouble Cupe. De sign say she (Susie) am dead an' dat she am gone out ob de worl', but suah she am still alibe. She wah walkin' an' a-talkin' aftah de sign p'int t' her bein' gone from out de worl'. Dere wah a shaddah on de face ob de glass, de shaddah ob a great big Cross." Susie afterwards enters a cohvent, and thus Cupe's prediction is fulfilled.

Notwithstanding all these morbid developments of the emotional nature of the negro, there is in him a strong tendency to simple, natural piety. Colonel John Bowles, in "The Stormy Petrel," relates that while some slaves were making their escape from bondage, a little child had been killed:- "'Radder all ub us died in slavery dan to hab dis lamb murdered,' moaned the mother.

"Dan's eyes were moist with tears, too; but he said:- 'No, Molly, don't say dat. How kin we tell what might er come

to dis chile ef she'd bin took off South? De Lord he led us dis way, an' mussn be ongrateful an' grudge Him dis lamb.'"

In Harris's "The Bishop and the Boogerman," after Randall had been arrested and then released, "he filled the little room with thanksgiving in the shape of song and prayer, all of which could be heard for a considerable distance. A great burden had been lifted from his simple mind, and he celebrated the fact in a simple and natural way." In the same writer's chapter on "The Baby's Christmas" in "Tales of the Home Folks in Peace and War," Aunt Candace says to her young mistress when the latter is in great distress:- "Don't you fret, honey! De Lord ain't fur f'om whar folks is in trouble. I done notice dat. He mayn't be right dar in de nex' room, an' maybe he ain't right roun' de cornder, but he ain't so mighty fur off. No, I tell you dat."

A pious old negro, in Mrs. Stuart's "Sonny", is quoted by Sonny's father to this effect:- "Well, Proph,' he says that while the weddin' march was bein' played in the church the night o' Sonny's weddin' thet he couldn't hear his own ears for the racket among all the live things in the woods. An' he says they they wasn't a frog, or a cricket, or katy-did, or nothin' but up an' played on its little instrument, an' they every note they sounded fitted into the church music -- even to the mockin' bird an' the screech owl.

"Of co'se, I don't say it's so, but the ol' nigger swears

to it, an' ef you dispute it with him an' ask him how it come thet nobody else didn't hear it, why he says because them thet live in houses an' eat flesh ain't got the love o' God in their hearts, an' can't expect to hear the songs of the songless an' speech of the speechless."

The negro's piety admits,however,of a very peculiar moral code. Lying, thievishness,and deception offer no bars to grace in the heart. The whole story of "The Offending Eye,"in Ella Middleton Tybout's "Poketown People or Parables in Black",is an illustration of this strange blending of good theory with bad practice.

Thievishness is a conspicuous trait in negro character as we find it in fiction. Roxy,in "Pudd'nhead Wilson", "got religion,"but she was unable wholly to overcome a native tendency. On the very next day after she had been converted at a revival in the colored Methodist Church,she was tempted to steal by the sight of two dollars which her master had left on his desk. "She looked at the money awhile with a steadily rising resentment,then she burst out with:-

"'Dad blame dat revival, I wisht it had 'a' be'n put off till tomorrow!'

"Then she covered the tempter with a book, and another member of the kitchen cabinet got it. She made this sacrifice as a matter of religious etiquette; as a thing necessary just now, but by no means to be wrested into a precedent; no,a week or two would limber up her piety,then she would be rational again,and the next two dollars that got left out in the cold would find a comforter — and she could name the comforter."

After misfortune had come into her life,Roxy knew how to relieve her immediate wants:- "There were many kitchens where the servants would share their meals with her,and also steal sugar and apples and other dainties for her to carry home -- or give her a chance to pilfer them herself,which would answer just as well. And there was the church. She was a more rabid and devoted Methodist than ever, and her piety was no sham, but was strong and sincere."

"The clothes question in the South," says Mrs. Stuart,in "Napoleon Jackson," "seems never a serious one to the negro lamndress, who is counted as a natural heir to discarded garments. And,of course there are ways of managing,under pressure,to borrow from the wash certain hidden accessories,as stockings,for instance,which go to the support of one's self-respect."

Scipio, in Simms"s "Mellichampe," confesses with but little compunction his practice of petty thieving:- "I berry good nigger, da's honest, sa, more dan all de rest of massa's niggers,only I will tief bacon, Mass Cappin. I can't help tief bacon when I git a chance, massa. Da's all da's agen Scip, Mass Cappin."

The negro's moral code relating to thievery contains a strong reminder of Milton's "Comus":- "'Tis only daylight that makes sin." Thus J. W. Church, in "Deep in Piney Woods,"explains the attitude of Sam towards the property of others:- "Meanwhile,dearly bought experience had developed an elemental moral code in his budding brain. It consisted of but one law, 'Don't get caught.' The real ownership of portable eatables and fruits,such as watermelons,peaches, and figs,meant little to him. The real sin lay in getting caught,

for that brought real punishment. So he profited by his experience, and grew cautious."

And yet the negro has a sense of honesty and a capacity for specific trustworthiness. Tho it would not be safe to trust him in your pantry, he would faithfully perform any definite task even if it involved the handling of a large sum of money. W. G. Simms, in "The Yemassee," has a character, July, whom he describes as "the trusty negro." Little George Washington Jones, in Mrs. Stuart's novel, grew up with high ideals of conduct which had been instilled into him by his grandfather. In the same writer's story of "Duke's Christmas," in "Solomon Crow's Christmas Pockets," the grandfather exacted the following pledge from his grandson:- "An' me an' you, we done made dis bargain on de Lord's birfday -- yer heah, boy? -- wid Gord's sunshine kiverin us all over, an' my han' layin' on de page. Heah, lay yo' little han' on top o' mine, Juke, an' promise me you gwine be a square man, so he'p yer. Dat's it."

The negro's capacity for lying is quite as marked as his thievishness. It is one of those traits which everybody accepts as a necessary element in his character. Thus, in Mark Twain's "The Adventures of Tom Sawyer":- "Who told you so?' 'Why, he told Jeff Thatcher, and Jeff told Johnny Baker, and Johnny told Jim Hollis, and Jim told Ben Rodgers, and Ben told a nigger, and the nigger told me. There now!'

"'Well, what of it? They'll all lie. Leastways all but the nigger. I don't know him. But I never see a nigger that

wouldn't lie.'"

This prevarication the negro does not always limit to his own selfish purposes. He will employ it quite as freely in order to aid his master or in order to keep the peace between contending parties. Nelson, a negro in Booth Tarkington's "The Two Vanrevels," was a highly useful servant for his "imagination covered many deficits in his master's courtesy." The same negro lied boldly to his mistress when he say that to tell the truth would cause her pain.

So La Chatte, in Kate Chopin's "Bayou Folk," tried to keep her master from committing murder by giving him false information concerning the whereabouts of his intended victim:-

"La Chatte, w'ich way did that man go ? Quick, now!' -----

"'Ef you's talkin' 'bout dat Noo Orleans man, I could 'a' tole you dat. He done tuck de road to de cocoa-patch,' plunging her black arms into the tub with unnecessary energy and disturbance.

"'That's enough. I know now he's gone into the woods. You always was a liar, La Chatte.'"

Instances of truthfulness are not numerous, but where they do occur they are positive and convincing. The mother of Ephe, in Richard Malcolm Johnston's "Old Times in Middle Georgia," gives an account of the doings of her son on the night when he was accused of setting fire to a house in the town, and Duncan,

the white man who was befriending Ephe," reported her words, adding that, in his opinion, she was as truthful a person as any of his other acquaintances." Likewise, when Rose Ann, in Mrs. Stuart's "Napoleon Jackson," defends her husband against the charge of vagrancy, she says:- "Yas, sir, life is pleasu'ble to we-all 'ca'se we jes nachelly lives in love and trus. I been married gwine on fo'teen yeahs, an' 'Poleon ain't nuver lied to me, an' I ain't nuver is lied to him. We don't come f'om dat sort o' stock, thank Gord. My folks is been gate-keepers an' key-toters f'om 'way back, an' I ain't afeard to look nobody in de face."

The ease and the frequency with which the negro prevaricates may be traced in many instances to his vivid imagination, which is quite oriental in its richness, variety, and coloring. Charles Egbert Craddock's story of "The Linguister," in "The Frontiersman," explains how the fertile brain of Caesar, the slave, furnished entertainment:- "As he ploughed he was wont to tell of his wonderful experiences while in his master's service in London (although he had never crossed the seas); he carried his travels a step farther and described the life he remembered in the interior of Guinea (although he had never seen the shores of Africa.)"

The same gift of imagination belongs to Old Easter, in Mrs. Stuart's "Solomon Crow's Christmas Pockets":- "One cannot be expected to remember General Jackson, spin long, imaginative

yarns of forgotten days, and make up-to-date pralines at the same time.

"If the people who had ears to listen had known the things to value, this old, old woman could have sold her memories, her wit, and even her imagination better than she had ever sold her old-fashioned sweets."

By virtue of his vivid imagination, the negro is a natural story-teller. Caesar, a character in Mary Dillon's "Rose of Old St. Louis,""loved to tell wonderful tales." The same is true of Pompey, a character in Irving's story of "The Haunted House," in"Bracebridge Hall":- "There was a gray-headed curmudgeon of a negro that lived hard by, who had a whole budget of them (stories) to tell, many of which had happened to himself. I recollect many a time stopping with my schoolmaster, and getting him to relate some. The old crone lived in a hovel, in the midst of a small patch of potatoes and Indian corn, which his master had given him on setting him free. He would come to us, with his hoe in his hand, and as we sat perched, like a row of swallows, on the rail of the fence, in the mellow twilight of a summer evening, he would tell us such fearful stories, accompanied by such awful rollings of his white eyes, that we were almost afraid of our own footsteps as we returned home afterwards in the dark."

Likewise, by virtue of this power of imagination, the negro is gifted with great dramatic skill. Randall, in Harris's "The Bishop and the Boogerman," can play a part to the great delight

of a child:- "Now, as it happened, the passing negro was one who could meet and beat Adelaide on her own ground. The corn-stalk gun, with its imperative Bang! carried him back to old times, though he was not old -- back to the times when he played make-believe with his young mistress and the rest of the children. Therefore, simultaneously with Adelaide's Bang! he stopped in his tracks, his face working convulsively, his arms flying wildly about, and his legs giving way under him. He sank slowly to the ground, and then began to flop about just as a chicken does when its head is wrung off. * * * * * * * * * *

"They climbed the garden fence, and to where the Boogerman was lying stretched out.

'When a man's dead,' said Mr. Sanders, 'he'll always tell you so ef you ax him."

"'Boogerman! oh, Boogerman!' cried Adelaide going a little closer. 'Ma'am!' replied the dead one feebly. 'When the Boogerman is dead,' said Adelaide, 'and anybody asks him if it is so, he lifts his left foot and rolls his eye-balls. Are you dead ?'

"In confirmation of that fact, the foot was lifted, and the eye-balls began to roll."

Similarly in "Free Joe" Harris writes:- "The earnestness, the simplicity, the awkward fervor, the dramatic gestures, the unique individuality of Uncle Prince, cannot be reproduced."

In Mrs. Anne Royall's "The Tennessean," this dramatic skill is noted:-

"Sambo too amused us with many comic jestures (sic) and plays, common among the blacks of his original country."

The material for his dramatic representations is furnished to the negro for the most part by his environment, which he observes keenly under the promptings of an innate curiosity. Even unimportant events do not escape his notice. "And there, too," says J. P. Kennedy, in "Swallow Barn," "were the prolific mothers of this redundant brood, -- a number of stout negro-woman who thronged the doors of the huts, full of idle curiosity to see us."

In Maurice Thompson's "A Tallahassee Girl," the same characteristic is noted:- "Some negroes -- those ubiquitous black familiars of the Southern night -- slipped across the lawn to hang upon the fence and vacantly stare upon the procession.

Mamie, the colored servant in Booth Tarkington's "The Two Vanrevels," makes the following comment upon the prying curiosity of her fellow-servant Nelson:- "An' dat ole Nelse, he mos' 'sessful cull'd man in de worl' to crope roun' de house an' pick up de gossip an' git de 'fo' an' behine er what's goin' on."

This curiosity in the negro frequently becomes morbid and creates a fondness for the gruesome. To pry into things that are weird, mysterious, and uncanny, to look upon murder and death, and afterwards to tell of the experience in a way that

will send a shiver thru the frame are a peculiar delight. Little Huck, in Mark Twain's "The Adventures of Huckleberry Finn", makes this observation:- "Niggers is always talking about witches in the dark by the kitchen fire."

Since a large part of the pleasure which is connected with the satisfying of curiosity comes from imparting the information acquired, it is not surprising that the negro is very loquacious. When he tells a story, it has a multitude of details; when he answers a question, he does so with much wearisome exactness. What Cooper, in "The Redskins", says of Jaap is true of most negroes in fiction:- "Jaap was constitutionally garrulous."

In Simms's "Mellichampe", when Scipio is entrusted by his mistress with an important message, she says to him, "Well, Scipio, I trust in your knowledge and your love for me." Thereupon Scipio, seeing an opportunity for words, replies as follows:- "Da's a missis — sa's a trute, da's a trute, Missis, wha' I say - I 'speck if ebberybody bin lub you like Scip and Mass Mellichampe, you git more lub in dis life dan you can ebber carry wid you to Heabben. He keep you down from Heabben— da's a God's trute, Missis — so much lub as you git on dis airt'. But dis is all noting but talk and cabbage. You mus' hab meat and sarbice — I know dat."

Gossiping, tale-bearing, and fondness for high-sounding words are the natural results of loquacity. "The communicative negro," in Simms's "The Scout", is silenced by her mistress. An

instance, however, of the opposite quality of secretiveness is given by Lafcadio Hearn in "Chita", where he tells of the secret help which was given by the doctor to those who were poorer than himself:- "Only yellow Victorine knew; but the Doctor's housekeeper never opened those sphinx-like lips of hers, until years after the Doctor's name had disappeared from the City Directory."

The fondness for high-sounding words is illustrated by Maum Sylvia, in Caroline Fuller's "Brunhilde's Paying Guest":- "She had been engaged in carefully tacking a coon-skin to the door of her cabin in the servants' quarters. 'Perpetrate yo' home with articles of good value and wearin' rapacity.'"

Another example of the same trait is found in Mrs. Stuart's "The River's Children":- "You see, when one side de house is French distraction an' de yether is English to'scent, an' dey's a dozen sids-nations wid blood to tell in all de branches, - well, hit minds me o' dis ba'm of a thousand flowers dat ole Mis' used to think so much of. Hit's hard to 'stinguish out any one flagrams."

When loquacity and garrulity ascend into a higher realm, as they frequently do in the case of the negro, they become oratory. The warmth of his feelings finds expression in picturesque language which is really eloquent. In Mrs. Stuart's "Napoleon Jackson," the addresses of Granny Shoshone, of Rose Ann, and of Napoleon himself before the Court which is trying him for vagrancy, all show eloquence. Silas Lynch, in Dixon's "The Clansman",

"was an orator of great power, and stirred a Negro audience as by magic." Randall, in Harris's "The Bishop and the Boogerman", had the same marvelous gift:- "The Boogerman developed into a full-fledged minister of the Methodist Church, and in the course of that development, became a complete engine of modern industry. He went so far and so fast that he had an abundance of time to devote to the religious enthusiasm that kept him inwardly inflamed; and such was the power of his rude eloquence that he attracted the admiration of whites as well as blacks. He was ignorant, but he had a gift that education has never been able to produce in a human being -- he had the gift of eloquence. When he was in the pulpit his rough words, his simple gestures, the play of his features, the poise of his body, his whole attitude, were as far beyond the compass of education as it is possible for the mind to conceive. This gift, or power, became so well known that he had a real taste of what is called reputation in this world."

In addition to being a born orator, the negro has by nature the poetic temperament, which finds expression in beautiful images and in melodious verse. In Mrs. Stuart's "The River's Children' the old mammy tells her impressions of the river in these picturesque words:- "An' she gives and takes, an' seem like all her chillen gits satisfaction outen her, one way an' another; but yit an' still, she ain't nuver flustered. On an' on she goes -- rain or shine -- high water -- low water -- all

de same -- on an' on.

"When she craves diamonds for her neck, she reaches up wid long onvisible hands, an' gathers de stars out'n de firmamint. De moon is her common breastpin, an' de sun -- even he don't faze her. She takes what she wants, an' sends back his fire every day.

"De mists is a veil for her face, an' de showers fringes it.

"Sunrise or dusklight, black night or midday, every change she answers whilst she's passin'.

"One dark night she heard me cryin' low on de bank, **** an' she seen dat we carried de same troublous thought -- searchin' and waitin' for the fulfilment o' promise.

"An' so we started to call -- an' to answer, heart to heart."

"When de sun swings low", from "The River's Children", is a good example in verse of this same imaginative and poetic outlook upon life:-

"Look out for Mister Swaller when de sun swings low -
Watch him swoop and sway!
He keeps a mighty dippin', like he don' know whar to go,
A'saggin' every way.
He starts sort o' nimbly,
But he settles mighty wimbly
When he scurries for de chimbley
When de sun swings low.

"Does you see a cloud a-risin' when de sun swings low?
Listen ef it sings.
Hit's a swarm o' gray muskitties 'bout a million strong or so,
A-sharpenin' up der stings.
Dey keeps a mighty filin',
An' dey tries to sing beguilin',
But de 'skitties' song is rilin'
When de sun swings low.

"Oh, de woods is all conversin' when de sun swings low -
Bird an' beast an' tree;
Dey all communes together in de languages dey know,
An' sperits rise to see.
De nightmares prances,
An' de will-o'- wisp dances,
When de moonlight advances
An' de sun swings low."

It is apparent that the invention required to create the pictures described in the last quotations implies considerable natural intelligence. Tho most of the negroes in American fiction have very little book learning, they are credited with having much native ability, lacking only cultivation to make it effective. "Border Beagles", by William Gilmore Simms, contains

this statement:- "There's a nigger of Joe Smith's, named Pete -- his young missis taught him to read in a short six months only, and he can now read write-hand 'most as good as print."

Booth Tarkington's "The Two Vanrevels" gives praise to the native common sense of a negro child. When some volunteer firemen were attempting to extinguish a blaze, they were greatly chagrined to find that their engine would not do its work. "It was an investigating negro child of tender years, who, possessed of a petty sense of cause and effect, brought an illuminative simplicity to bear upon the problem of the force-pump; and a multitudinous agitation greeted his discovery that the engineers had forgotten to connect their pipes with the river."

Of a higher order is the intelligence of an old black mammy in "Blink" in Mrs. Stuart's "Solomon Crow's Christmas Pockets." She gave such helpful criticism and suggestion to her young mistress, who was writing a story for a magazine, that the young lady was able to win the prize offered for the best contribution.

By virtue of his native intelligence the negro is a good judge of character. Roxy in "Pudd'nhead Wilson", shows that she understands Wilson better than those who had given him his nickname:- "Dey ain't but one man dat I's afeard of, en dat's dat Pudd'nhead Wilson. Dey calls him a pudd'nhead, en says he's

a fool. My lan', dat man ain't no mo' fool den I is. He's de smartes' man in dis town, less'n it's Jedge Driscoll or maybe Pem Howard."

Quick discernment and keen insight are additional qualities of the intellectual type. Mrs. Anne Royall in "The Tennessean" tells the story of a young man who had been absent from home so long that he had been given up for dead. When at last he returned, he was so changed that his own mother did not recognize him and took him for a stranger. "Meantime a negro girl of about twelve years of age, seemed to eye Wilson very attentively; it struck me at the time that she had some knowledge of her young master. After staring at him some time, she withdrew, and in a few minutes Mrs. Wilson came in, and looking in her son's face very earnestly, exclaimed, 'My son - my son - it is my Henry.'

* *

"The little girl(added) 'I know'd him, see's I know'd him fo' all he look so sly out o' he eyes.'"

In "Guy Rivers", by William Gilmore Simms, Caesar has divined the love affair between his young mistress and her cousin:-

"No, Caesar, you are not mine; you belong to your young mistress. You must stay and wait upon her.'

"'Ha!' was the quick response of the black, with a significant smirk upon his lip, and with a cunning emphasis; 'onty I see; wha' for I hab eyes ef I no see wid 'em? I 'speck young missis hab no 'jection for to go too - eh, Mass Ralph! all you

hab for do is for ax 'em!'"

The insight of Old Nelse in Booth Tarkington's "The Two Vanrevels" enables him to appreciate the horror felt by a murderer when he looks upon the dead body of his victim:-

"'Peah to me, Missy, like he done had a vizhun er he own soul, when he come an' look down at dat young man layin' on de grass, las' night!'"

Illustrations of the negro's shrewdness, cunning, and resourcefulness are numerous. When Scipio, in Simms's "Mellichampe", attempts to pass secretly thru the Tory lines, he makes a noise by accident and attracts the attention of the sentry. Realizing that he has been discovered, he quickly puts on a bold front and calls out:- "Looka 'ere, Misser Sodger, tek' care how you shoot at Maussa Nigger. Good sarbant berry berry scarce in dis country; and, when gempleman hab sarbant like Scipio, he ain't foolish 'nough for sell 'em. No gould - no silber money gwine buy Scipio; so take care, I tell you, how you spile you' pocket." Then by apparent frank statements Scipio induces the sentry to believe that he is going after the cows, and the sentry lets him pass.

"Our nigger is a baby in intellect, but a savage in cunning," is the estimate given in J. W. Church's "Deep in Piney Woods".

In Simms's "Katharine Walton", Bacchus saves his mistress and her Whig lover from detection by two British officers by

means of the expedient of dropping the light which he is carrying:- "The negro forced to the final necessity, still had his refuge in a native cunning."

By her shrewdness Aunt Mimy; in "The Baby's Christmas", a story in Joel Chandler Harris's "Tales of the Home Folks in Peace and War", was able to reconcile a mother to her daughter who had been cast off because she had married against her parents' wishes. Father and mother were rich, but the daughter and her husband were very poor and in great misfortune. Thru every adversity Aunt Mimy had been loyal to her young mistress. Without revealing her plans to anyone, the old colored mammy just before Christmas dressed the little child in some of its commonest clothes, and set out for the grandmother's house. To the greeting she received, "'Wellum', Aunt Mimy replied, 'I des tuck er notion I'd drop by an' say 'Chris'mus Gif'.' You know how we use' ter do down dar at home. I ain't seed you so long, it's des de same ez sayin' howdy.'

"Cousin Rebecca T. (the grandmother) looked hard at the old darky, and drew a long breath.

"'Do you mean to say you have nothing to tell me - nothing? What do you want?' She would have laid her hand on Aunt Mimy's shoulder, but the old woman shrunk away, exclaiming:-

"'God knows dey ain't nothin' here I want! No, ma'am!'

"Cousin Rebecca T. took a step toward her old servant.

"'Where is May? (the daughter, mother of the baby)' she asked, almost in a whisper.

"'She down yander - down dar at de house.'

"Aunt Mimy put the child down, faced Cousin Rebecca T., whose agitation was now extreme, and raised her strong right arm in the air. 'I thank my God, I ain't got no chillun! I thank 'im day an' night. Ef I'd 'a' had 'em, maybe I'd 'a' done 'em like you done yone.'

"'You are impudent,' said Cousin Rebecca T. The little child had gone to her, and her hand rested on its curly head.

"'Wellum,' Aunt Mimy rejoined, 'ef you want ter call de trufe by some yuther name, let it go at dat.'

"'Whose child is this?'

"'Heh!' the old negro grunted. 'He look like he know who he kin ter.'

"Cousin Rebecca T. took the child in her arms and carried it into her bedroom, closing the door behind her. Aunt Mimy went to the door on tiptoe, and listened silently for a moment. Then she nodded her head vigorously, ejaculating at intervals -- 'Aha - a - a!' 'What I tell you?' 'Ah - yi!'" A happy Christmas reunion of the whole family followed.

The tact of the negro, a quality closely resembling his shrewdness, is another marked characteristic. Thus Nelson, in Tarkington's "The Two Vanrevels", comforts the daughter of his master when she is in sorrow:- "Old Nelson's voice was always

low and gentle, with a quaver and hesitancy in the utterance; now it was tender and comforting with the comprehension of one in suffering; the extraordinary tact, which the old of his race nearly all come to possess."

So Susan, in Lucy M. Thruston's "A Girl of Virginia", tears her heart afresh in order to divert the sorrow of one she loves:-

"'Sorrow, real downright sorrow; does yuh know what 'tis, honey? No! an' I hopes to Gawd yuh nebber will. 'Tis to see de chile on yo' lap a-dyin', a-dyin' day by day, and yuh sittin' dyar, an' knowin' dat all yuh can do is to watch de life flutterin', 'til by an' by it's gone! an' den to know dat nobody cares but yuh; 'tis to see de man yuh done married to wo'thless lazy; to see yo' chillun hungry, an' to feel yo' bones achin' as yuh wuks an' wuks to buy 'em vittils, an' den fer dat man what ought ter be wukkin', too, to tek dat money an' spen' it, maybe on some fool 'oman; to see him die jes' as he libed, no bettah, no wus; to see yo' chile yuh's raised go off an' sen' no word back.' She was telling the tale of sorrows which wrung her heart when she lived them, and wrung it now to recall; and she was doing it purposely, with keen watchful glance, to rouse that other sorrower to thoughts beyond herself."

The transparent tactfulness of Isom, in Opie Read's "A Kentucky Colonel", when he suggested to the manager of the plantation his wish for an increase of wages, is worthy of record:-

"I likes er boss dat turns on de screws. I doan' wanter see no trifleness 'bout me, I ken tell you dat. When I fust made up my mine dat you uz gwine marry Miss Luzelle I says ter Aunt Silvy, I did: 'Silvy', s'I, 'dat white man gwine make things walk de chalk line sho's you bawn. Dat's what I 'lowed, dem ver' words. I ain't gwine ter ax fur no mo' wages, but is gwine ter work like a whitehead, an' I 'low dat fo' long you gwine call me. You gwine say: 'Isom!' 'Yas, suh,' s'I. 'I'se noticed fur some time dat you'se been doin' yo' work powerful well.' 'Yas, suh,' s'I. 'You does mo' work den any two men on de place, an' yere, jes' hol' my hat till I raise yo' wages right now on de book.'

"'Wall, I got ter go now, an' turn ober some dirt.'"

In addition to his other qualities of shrewdness, the negro has the gift of flattery, which he uses very freely. Thus, in Booth Tarkington's "The Conquest of Canaan", a negro servant says to a fair visitor at the home of his employer:-

"'Y'all done change consid'able, Miss Airil. ***** Yes'm. Ev'ybody think so, I reckon. Be'n a tai'ble lot of' talkin 'bout you to-day. Dun' no' how all dem oth' young ladies goin' take it!' He laughed with immoderate delight, yet, as to the volume of sound, discreetly, with an eye to open windows.

"'You got 'em all beat, Miss Airil! Dey ain' be'n no one roun' dis town evah got in a thousam mile o' you. Fer looks, an' de way you walk an' ca'y yo'self; an' as fer clo'es -- name o' de good lan', honey, dey ain' nevah see style befo'! My ole

woman say you got mo' fixin's in a minute dan de whole res' of 'em got in a yeah. She say when she helpin' yo' unpack she must 'a' see mo'n a hunerd paihs o' slippahs alone!"

The negro has also the gift of resourcefulness, which seldom fails him in an emergency. In Simms's "Mellichampe", when a messenger was needed to perform a difficult undertaking, Scipio was chosen for the task:- "Scipio was a negro among a thousand; one of those adroit agents who quickly understand and readily meet emergencies; one who never could be thrown from his guard by any surprise, and who, in the practice of the utmost dissimulation, yet wore upon his countenance all the expression of candor and simplicity. Add to this, that he loved his master and his master's daughter with a fondness which would have maintained him faithful, through torture, to his trust, and we have the character of the messenger which the urgencies of his situation had determined Mellichampe to employ."

Bacchus, also, in Simms's "Katharine Walton", fearing that his mistress and her lover had been seen or heard when making their escape by night from two British officers, by his quick wit interposed to still any suspicions by crying out:-

"Lord ha' mercy upon me! What is that?'

"'What's what, you bloody Ishmaelite?' exclaimed Balfour (one of the officers), in sudden fury. 'You've ruined my coat with your accursed candlegrease!'

"'Lord ha' mercy! Lord ha' mercy!' cried the negro, in

well-affected terror.

"'What scares you, fool?' demanded Cruden (the other officer).

"'You no see, Master? The old lady! She walks! I see her jest as I was turning with the candle."

It happened that Balfour did soon hear the rustling of skirts, but the negro's resourcefulness had helped to disarm suspicion, for earlier in the evening when Balfour had asked the slave whether there were any ghosts about, the latter had replied that there were; that the old lady, a former mistress of the mansion, was said to walk about by night.

In the same fashion, Sam, the black fisherman, in Irving's "Tales of a Traveller", by his resourcefulness and presence of mind saved himself from pirates who were pursuing him by night. He "succeeded in swinging himself to the summit of the cliff. Here he stood in full relief against the sky, when the red-cap cocked his pistol and fired. The ball whistled by Sam's head. With the lucky thought of a man in an emergency, he uttered a yell, fell to the ground, and detached at the same time a fragment of the rock, which tumbled with a loud splash into the river.

"'I've done his business,' said the red-cap, to one or two of his comrades as they arrived panting. 'He'll tell no tales, except to the fishes in the river.'"

The imitativeness of some negroes, however, is as marked as the resourcefulness of others. In his manner, in his dress, in his language, even in his morals, the negro reflects his

master. The longer he has been in any household, the more perfect is his assimilation of the ways of his superiors. Thus, in J.P. Kennedy's "Swallow Barn", is given a description of a group of servants:- "A bevy of domestics, in every stage of training, attended upon the table, presenting a lively type of the progress of civilization, or the march of intellect; the veteran waiting-man being well-contrasted with the rude half-monkey, half-boy, who seemed to have been for the first time admitted to the parlor; whilst, between these two, were exhibited the successive degrees that mark the advance from the young savage to the sedate and sophisticated image of the old-fashioned negro nobility. It was equal to a gallery of caricatures, a sort of scenic satire upon man in his various stages, with his odd imitativeness illustrated in the broadest lines."

In J. H. Ingraham's "The Sunny South", occurs this observation:- "Imitation is one of the most remarkable features of the negro race. They originate nothing, imitation is nature in them and irresistible."

"The colored folks were using that room for their meetings. They have a Chau-tau-qua,' said Nellie", in Charles D. Stewart's "The Fugitive Blacksmith."

In commenting upon the skilfulness of the one female slave in the household of Mr. Grafton, William Gilmore Simms in his "Richard Hurdis" says:- "She seemed to have imbibed the general habits

of her superiors, and did quite as much, if not more, than would have been done by a dozen servants. ********** The slave had tacitly fallen into the habits and modes of those above her - as inferiors are very apt to do."

Side by side with the negro's imitativeness have developed his habit of servility and his sense of inferiority. Even in morality a negro accepts for himself a lower standard than he acknowledges in the white man. Thus in George W. Cable's "Old Creole Days":- "You know, Posson Jone', a nigger cannot be good as a w'ite man -- mais Baptiste is a good nigger."

Mark Twain, in "Pudd'nhead Wilson", makes several comments upon the servility of Roxy:- "She had an easy independent carriage -- when she was among her own caste -- and a high and 'sassy' way, withal; but of course she was meek and humble enough where white people were." Again when she had a plea to make, she did so "with all the wheedling and supplicating servilities that fear and interest can impart to the words and attitudes of the born slave."

Similarly, in Shahmah":- "Uncle Mose is a kind-looking, grey-haired old man, who seems to be a perfect type of his people; and I am told that he truly manifests what his appearance suggests -- all those traits of faithfulness, and devotion to his friends -- but especially to his superiors -- for which the negro character is remarkable."

So, in Owen Wister's "Lady Baltimore", the white man addresses

a negro only as he would address one who consciously accepts inferiority:- "I perceived John Mayrant coming along one of the churchyard paths. His approach was made at right angles with that of another personage, the respectful negro custodian of the place. This dignitary was evidently hoping to lead me among the monuments, recite to me their old histories, and benefit by my consequent gratitude; he had even got so far as smiling and removing his hat when John Mayrant stopped him. The young man hailed the negro by his first name with that peculiar and affectionate superiority which few Northerners can understand and none can acquire, and which resembles nothing so much as the way in which you speak to your old dog who has loved you and followed you, because you have cared for him."

In Simms's "The Partisan", this inferiority and meanness of spirit is reflected in the negro's dog:- "Conspicuous in the rear of his master's command, Tom, the cook, (was) followed closely by his dog; a mean-looking cur significantly called 'Slink'. Never was dog more appropriately named. All negro dogs are more or less mean of spirit, but surly, and cunning in the last degree; but Slink was the superb of meanness even among negro dogs. He was the most shame-faced, creeping, sneaking beast you ever saw; as poor of body as of spirit; eating voraciously always, yet always a mere skeleton, besmeared with the ashes and cinders in which he lay nightly -- a habit borrowed,

we suspect, from his owner, and such was the meanness of his spirit, that, having, from immemorial time, neglected the due elevation of his tail, he now seemed to have lost all sense, and indeed, all capability, for the achievement. There it hung for ever deplorably down, as far as it could go between his legs, and seemed every day to grow more and more despicably fond of earth. Such was 'Slink' always in the white man's eye; but see 'Slink' when it was his cue to throttle a fat shote (sic) in the swamp, and his character undergoes a change. You then see that phase of it, which, more than any thing besides, endears the dirty wretch to his negro master."

Those who feel a sense of inferiority will naturally show deference and obsequiousness. In Charles Brockden Brown's "Arthur Mervyn", two sturdy negroes, Bob and Cato, are ordered to turn a certain white person out of the house:- "The blacks looked upon each other, as if waiting for an example. Their habitual deference for every thing white, no doubt, held their hands from what they regarded as a profanation. At last Bob said, in a whining, beseeching, tone, 'Why, Missee, massa buckra wanna go for doo, dan he winna go for wee.'"

So in Kennedy's "Swallow Barn", "the negroes, like all other dependants, are marked by an abundant spirit of assentation. They generally agree to whatever is proposed to their minds, by their superiors, with an acquiescence that has the show of conviction." "Scipio", a character in the same book, "frequently

succeeded by dint of hard spurring, to get close enough to me to open a conversation, which he conducted with such a deferential courtesy and formal politeness, as greatly to enhance my opinion of his breeding. His face was lighted up with a lambent smile, and he touched his hat with an antique grace at every accost; the tone of his voice was mild and subdued, and in short, Scipio had all the unction of an old gentleman."

In "The Trail of the Lonesome Pine", By John Fox, Jr., when a lady startled the natives with her beautiful Paris clothes, "the head waiter, a portly darky, lost his imperturbable majesty for a moment in surprise at the vision, and then with a lordly yet obsequious wave of his hand, led her to a table over in a corner where no one was sitting."

In "Katharine Walton", by Simms, "an obsequious negro, who rejoiced in the name of Bacchus, ****** received the British officers at the entrance." Again in "Mellichampe", by the same author, an officer "gave the negro, as he dismissed him, an English shilling, which called forth a grin of acknowledgment and a liberal scraping of feet."

Similarly, in "The Step-Sister, a Novelette by a Southern Gentleman":- "Blanche joined heartily in her mirth as she saw the profound obeisances of the housekeeper to her new mistress."

Such obsequiousness as the negro shows, however, is manifested only towards white people of high social station. It is

noteworthy, consequently, that the negro has great pleasure in serving the quality and at the same time nothing but contempt for poor white trash. Old Solon, the grandfather of George, in Mrs. Stuart's "George Washington Jones", "had been selected by his master from five hundred field hands, in the old slave days, and sent as a Christmas gift to the lovliest and sweetest mistress in all the world.

"This was when he was a tiny boy, younger than George, and he had 'f'om date time for'rd, jest lived right along wid de quality,' so he said." Later in the same book:-

"All his (George's) people had lived with 'folks', and when an old-time darky says 'folks', he means quality white folks, 'none o' yo' po' white trash.'"

In "The Spur of Monmouth", by Henry Morford, "Marc Antony was held, and certainly he held himself, a very personable specimen of the race, as he was indeed a most creditable representative of that form of feudality -- industrious beyond the wont of his kind, faithful to the death, honest as men of higher position might wish themselves to be, and proud of 'de family, yes, suh!' to an extent holding them little less than gods and goddesses, to be judged by no others than themselves, except one single tribunal -- himself, Marc Antony!"

The old station hack-driver, in Caroline Fuller's "Brunhilde's Paying Guest", has so much regard for the family in which he had served that he feels honored by attentions that are not

usually received as marks of esteem:- "I'se done raised by de Colletons of Colleton, sah, and Miss Barby, she lak ma own flesh and blood. Ole Marse Colleton done raise me and done kick me too. He done kick me up to de day of his death. Yessah, Marse Colleton done raise de solidest niggers in dis State."

The book just quoted has another illustration of the same attitude of mind. When John Holly, the son of a former owner of a Southern estate, visited the old place for the first time, two old slaves saw him:-

"The old woman raised her thin arms and pulled John's face close down to her own -- then gave a wild cry of recognition.

"'Does any of you say dat ain't Marse John's boy? Why, I'd know him if I was stone-blind. I knows de fam'ly smell. All de Holly fam'ly smells alike, and sim'lar to de rest -- and a mighty good smell it is, too, jes' like pine boughs. You cayn't fool me 'bout no Holly. I done raise too many of 'em."

Dr. George W. Bagby, in his story entitled "My Vile Beard", relates the experiences of a young man who went to pay court to a young lady whom he had never seen. By a series of unfortunate accidents he succeeded in making himself ridiculous in the eyes of the young lady and her family and of awakening the suspicions of the negro servants. He overheard one negro say to his fellow, "He d-d-don't war no strops to his britches." The other replied, "Well, if you sho' he don't war no gallowses -- if you sho' -- den de sooner he clear out from here de better. I don't

wants to b'long to no man what don't war gallowses, cause I nuvver see no gent'man but what he war'd gallowses -- a par uv um. Even a ove'seer, he war one.' Spectable people nuvver fastens their britches with a buckle and tongue, like a gearth, and Miss Sally ain't gwine hav him, ef you heer my racket."

Thru his association with the cultured people of the white race the negro acquires a certain ceremonial politeness, of which he is very proud. Peter, in J. H. Ingraham's "The Sunny South", was a negro of this sort:- "'Yiss, Massa!' and Peter bowed like a thorough-bred gentleman, so courteous was the air with which he bent his head." In the same book, the following comment is made in connection with a description of a negro wedding:- "Throughout the supper the utmost order prevailed - nay, politeness reigned! Give me 'cullered gemmen' at a 'cullered' for your true and genuine politeness! The white gemmen are not one half so courteously polite to us white ladies as they to their 'fair sex!' Bows and smiles, and Brummelian bends of the body, displayings of teeth, and white perfumed pocket-handkerchiefs and glances of adoring white eyes, were the chief features of the scene."

After the negroes had danced for the entertainment of the guests at the great house, in Mrs. Stuart's "The River's Children", one of their number, in order to show appreciation of the wine they were receiving, proposed with due ceremony a

toast to the master:- "We drink to de health, an' wealth, an' de long life of de leadin' gentleman o' Brake Island, who done put 'isself to so much pains an' money to give dis party. But to make de toast accordin' to manners, so hit'll fit de gentleman's visitors 'long wid hisself, I say let's drink to who but 'Ole Marse Adam!'"

The intimate relations of the negro with the white man result quite naturally in familiarity. The following dialogue, in Winston Churchill's "The Crisis", shows how far a negro would sometimes presume upon the good-will which he knew was felt towards him:-

"'Ned,' said Virginia. 'I shall be eighteen in two weeks and a young lady. On that day you must call me 'Miss Jinny.'

"Ned's face showed both astonishment and inquiry.

"'Jinny, ain't I nussed you always? Ain't I come upstairs to quiet you when yo' Mammy ain't had no power ovah yo'? Ain't I cooked fo' yo', and ain't I followed you everywheres since I quit ridin' yo' pa's hosses to vict'ry? Ain't I one of de fambly? An' yit yo' ax me to call yo' Miss Jinny?'

"'Then you've had privileges enough,' Virginia answered. 'One week from tomorrow you are to say 'Miss Jinny.'

"'I'se tell you what, Jinny,' he answered mischievously, with a suspicious on the word, 'I'se call you Miss Jinny ef you'll call me Mistah Johnson, Mistah Johnson. You ain't gwineter forget? Mistah Johnson.'"

"The Crisis" shows also how firm the negro stands upon his rights in his own province without fear of consequences:-

"Uncle Ben Carvel was a veritable emperor in his own domain, and the Colonel himself,had he desired to enter the kitchen,would have been obliged to come with humble and submissive spirit. As for Virginia, she had had since childhood more than one passage at arms with Uncle Ben. And the question of who had come off victorious had been the subject of many a debate below stairs."

Further illustration of the negro's familiarity with white men is found in James K. Paulding's "Tales of the Good Woman":- "Mr. Lee was never in so great a passion before: not even with his man Juba, of whom I could never make up my mind to my satisfaction, whether he was his master's master, or which was the better man of the two. Juba was of the blood-royal of Monomotapa, a mighty African kingdom. He had been in the family long enough to outlive three generations, and thus fairly acquired the right to be as crusty as his master, who, if the truth must be told, was terribly hen-pecked by the royal exile. The old gentleman once had a dispute at his own table with one of his neighbors at the South, and some words passed between them.

"'Massa,' said Juba, when the company had retired, - 'Massa, we can't put up wid dat: mus' call um out.'

"The good gentleman quietly submitted, and called out his neighbor, who fortunately apologized."

Another trait of the negro that arises out of his association with and imitation of the white man is his officiousness. Invested with a little authority or entrusted with a little responsibility, he exercises his prerogative to the limit. The cook in the kitchen and the hostler in the stable brook no infringement upon their rights. Irving's story of the "Early Experiences of Ralph Ringwood" in "The Crayon Papers" shows the dilemma of a master who had come into possession of a jackass:- "I could not put him in the stable; our old groom George was as absolute in that domain as Barbara was within doors, and would have thought his stable, his horses, and himself disgraced, by the introduction of a jackass."

The habit of imitation and the sense of inferiority, which has just been portrayed in their various ramifications, has bred in the negro a feeling of dependence. ""Grandfather says all the negroes are free now,' said Sweetest Susan," a little white girl in Joel Chandler Harris's "Plantation Pageants."

"'Did he say dat? Did he say dat wid his own mouf? Well, I thank my stars! I'm free, den! Me an' all de balance!'

"'So grandfather says,' remarked Buster John.

"'Well,' said Big Sal, 'ef I'm free, ' better get up frum here an' go ter work. What does Marster want us ter do? I'm gwine up dar an' ax 'im.'"

Similarly in J. H. Ingraham's "The Sunny South":- "Beyond

being in the possession -- the property of somebody -- the born slave has no idea."

Though a humorous essay rather than fiction, Dr. George W. Bagby's "Cornfield Peas" furnishes testimony of a similar nature:-

"There cannot be a people without niggers, and niggers are not niggers unless they are slaves. A free nigger is a monstrosity, a paradox, a hand without a muscle, an amputated leg, a glass eye-ball, and a shinplaster— uncurrent at that. In a word he is a tender without any locomotive; fuel-coals, for example-- without any machinery. A nigger without a master is latent power off the track. Put him on by himself, you can get him along only by pushing, so constant and severe that it costs more than it comes to. Tackle him to an engine in the shape of a white man, and the long train laden with industrial products goes it with a rush, the locomotive displays itself to advantage, and the black tender follows and keeps close up behind, in a blaze of dust and glory."

With this feeling of dependence may be linked several other qualities, - laziness, shiftlessness, heedlessness, slovenliness.

The laziness of the negro has been noted by most of our writers of fiction. Under compulsion, the negro will work hard, but without the stimulus of force or of affection he lapses into sluggishness. Molly Elliot Seawell's "A Virginia Cavalier" furnishes an illustration of inherent laziness stimulated into

activity by regard for the master:- "But except for waiting on me, and taking care of my horse, Billy will do absolutely nothing. He is not surly about it -- he is always grinning and laughing and singing -- but - I can't explain it exactly -- he will work his fingers to the bone for me, but he won't work for anybody else."

"The Colonel's 'Nigger Dog'", one of the stories in Harris's "Tales of the Home Folks in Peace and War", gives the opinion of a former Connecticut school-teacher upon the subject of negro laxiness and shiftlessnes. This lady, now the wife of Colonel Rivers, a Southern planter, is annoyed when the Colonel announces his plan of getting and training a new dog in order to hunt down a runaway negro:- "'Another dog on the place!' exclaimed Mrs. Rivers. 'Well, you'll have to sell some negroes. We can't afford to feed a lot of no-account negroes and no-account dogs without selling something. You can't even give the dogs away -- and I wouldn't let you impose on anybody that way, if you could; so you'll have to sell some of the negroes. They are lazy and no-account enough, goodness knows, but they can manage to walk around and pick up chips and get a thimbleful of milk from twenty cows, and sweep off the porch when there's anybody to keep them awake.'"

Abe, a character in "Swallow Barn", went to sea, where he was better contented than on land, for "the vagrant, sunshiny and billowy life of a sailor has a spell in it that works marvellously

upon the heedless and irresponsible temperament of the negro."

Laziness, shiftlessness, and heedlessness cannot be attributed to lack of sleep in the case of the negro of fiction, for he is represented as indulging in sleep on all occasions and carrying his indulgence to the limit. So sleepy is he that it is difficult to arouse him and when once he awakes, it is with a dazed and stupid look upon his face. In Simms's "The Yemassee" is a character, "July, who, like most negroes suddenly awaking, was stupid and confused."

IN "The Partisan" by the same author there is a similar characterization:- "As for Tom (the negro servant and cook of Lieut. Porgy), he did not show himself at all, until fairly dragged out of his bush by the rough grasp of his master upon his shoulder. Rubbing his eyes, looking monstrous stupid, and still half asleep, Tom could not forbear a surly outbreak, to wh which, in his indulgent bondage, his tongue was somewhat accustomed.

"'Kil Maussa! you no lub sleep you'se'f, da's no reason why he no good for udder people. Nigger lub sleep, Mass Porgy, an' 'taint 'spec'ful for me to git up in de morning before de sun.'"

To find slovenliness where there is so much of sleepiness and laziness is not surprising. "The landlord's slovenly negro" is a character in Winston Churchill's "The Crossing." In Dr. George W. Bagby's "My Uncle Flatbush's Plantation", the negro's

slovenliness may be inferred when the writer condemns the Virginians for having lost their love for the thorn bush:- "You think thorn bushes were made especially to furnish negroes with vegetable buttons to fasten 'galluses' by."

Maurice Thompson's "A Tallahassee Girl" shows that the spirit of slovenliness is so strong that a young girl will sleep happily on the ground in plain view of the driveway:- "By the side of the carriage-way, between the house and the gate, a negro,girl, about fourteen years of age, lay asleep, her face in a hot space of sunshine, her feet and body in the shade. She was as happy as a princess in a palace on a bed of down, fanned by perfumed attendants. She grinned lazily, half waking, as they passed."

In marked contrast with the slovenliness, as just described, is the neatness which some writers depict as an element in negro character. "The cabin of Uncle Tom," in Harriet Beecher Stowe's "Uncle Tom's Cabin", "was a small log building, close adjoining to 'the house', as the negro par excellence designated his master's dwelling. In front it has a neat garden-patch, where, every summer, strawberries, raspberries, and a variety of fruits and vegetables, flourished under careful tending. The whole front of it was covered by a large scarlet bignonia and a native multiflora rose, which, entwisting and interlacing, left scarce a vestige of the rough logs to be seen. Here, also, in summer, various brilliant annuals, such as marigolds, petunias, four-

o'clocks, found an indulgent corner in which to unfold their splendor, and were the delight and pride of Aunt Chloe's heart."

Eliza, too, in the same book is characterized by neatness, if the appearance of her room gives any clue to the habits of the occupant:- "It was a quiet, neat apartment, on the same floor with her mistress. There was a pleasant sunny window, where she had often sat singing at her sewing; there was a little case of books, and various little fancy articles, ranged by them, the gifts of Christmas holidays; there was her simple wardrobe in the closet and in the drawers."

Sarah, in Mrs. Stuart's "George Washington Jones," is a woman of the same type, tho without the literary touch:- "Sarah was no object of charity. There were snow-white garments piled in her cabin, heaped upon a pine table scoured to an almost artificial whiteness. The little back yard was as clean as the linen bleaching upon its clover.

"Sarah, herself, was good to see - in her immaculate dress and her good humor."

However, the negro who tries to conquer the spirit of slovenliness rarely stops with simple neatness, but indulges in expessive decoration and shows a fondness for gaudy personal adornment. Again Mrs. Stuart furnishes an illustration in "The River's Children":- "Left to their own devices as to dress, the negroes madd so dazzling a display that, no matter how madly

they danced, they could scarcely answer the challenge of their own riotous color schemes."

Rosalie, a character in Marguerite Bouvet's "Clotilde", is conspicuous in her gay colors:- "Clotilde noticed that Rosalie wore a marvellous head-gear fashioned out of a large red and yellow bandanna twisted round and round about her head; that she had immense gilded hoops in her ears, which gave her a Hottentotish sort of look; but the expression of her mild eyes and broad smile gave evidence of nothing but kindliness and good nature. She also wore an immaculate fichu around her ebony neck, and a calico gown with huge scarlet poppies sprinkled over its surface."

Along with his fondness for gaudy personal adornment the negro has vanity and a love of approbation. When Roxy in "Pudd'nhead Wilson" was contemplating suicide, she did not like the idea of being seen after death in her old garments:- "No, I ain't gwine to be fished out wid everybody lookin' at me, in dis mis'able ole linsey-woolsey."

Love of approbation is shown in Miss Anne Royall's "The Tennessean":- "'Sambo, get thy violin and strike in with the chorus. *

"Sambo, who touched the bow with much skill, turned his melting eyes upon me, as if to challenge my approbation."

In spite of his love of finery and of display, the negro

has a certain capacity for simple dignity which commands respect. Uncle Primus, in Harris's "Free Joe", is described as a man who shows this quality:- "The old man stood near the tall mantel, facing the group. There was nothing servile in his attitude: on the contrary, his manner when addressing the gentleman who had once been his master, suggested easy, not to say affectionate, familiarity. The fire-light, shining on his face, revealed a countenance at once rugged and friendly. It was a face in which humor had many a tough struggle with dignity. In looks and tone, in word and gesture, there was unmistakable evidence of that peculiar form of urbanity that cannot be dissociated from gentility."

Uncle Primus., it seems, understood the meaning of freedom. In many negroes, however, the conception of freedom was very vague and hazy, as in James Lane Allen's "The Reign of Law":-

"Set free, and still making fires of winter mornings; how was that? Where was any freedom in that? Her wages? Didn't she work for her wages? Didn't she earn her wages? Then where did freedom come in?"

Chad, in F. Hopkinson Smith's "Colonel Carter's Christmas", considers freedom proper only for worthless negroes:- "He say's he free. Free, mind ye! Dat's what all dese no'count niggers is. But I'm watchin' him, an' de first time he plays any o' dese yere free tricks on me, he'll land in a spell of sickness." Later, in

the same book:- "Free, is ye? You'se free wid yo' sass an' dat's all de freedom you got. ********* Pretty soon you'll 'spec' somebody gwine to call for ye in dere caa'ridge. Yo' idea of freedom is to wait on nobody and hab no manners."

Some writers represent the negro's longing for freedom as of sufficient strength to lead to escape from their bondage. Florence Finch Kelly in her "Rhoda of the Underground" presents this view. Others, like Mary Johnston in "Lewis Rand", picture his love for freedom as a vague and uncertain aspiration which finds it utmost expression in melancholy song:- "A negro shuffled by with a spade on his shoulder, singing as he went:-

"'Didn't my Lawd deliber Daniel,
Didn't my Lawd deliber Daniel,
An' why not ebery man?
He delibered Daniel from de lion's den,
An' de Hebrew chillern from de furnace,
He delibered David from de han' of Saul,
An' why not ebery man?'"

Again in the same book:-

"Go down, go down, Moses,
Tell Pharaoh let us go!
Go down, go down, Moses,
King Pharaoh let us go!"

On the other hand, there are instances in fiction of negroes who scorn freedom and refuse to accept it on any terms. In Simms's

"The yemassee", Hector, who has twice saved the life of his master, is given his freedom, but begs so hard to be retained as a slave that the master is forced to yield to his entreaties. Similarly, in Mrs. Stuart's "Saint Idyl's Light," one of the stories in "Solomon Crow's Christmas Pockets," an old grandfather speaks scornfully of freedom to his grandson because, when the negroes become their own masters, "a mighty onery low-down marster heap ob 'em 'll git, too."

It is not unlikely that one reason why the negro is represented as hesitating to accept freedom is that in his character conservatism is strongly marked. To live in the same place always, to serve the same master, to cling to old memories are to one type of negro highly cherished ideals.

Of Susan, in "A Girl of Virginia", Lucy M. Thurston says:-

"She had married and had her own cabin and her own children when fortune freed her. She had seen the 'old man' and her children die, all of them, there in the cabin in the mountainside, except one boy, Bill, and he had gone off to Baltimore and she had been glad in her heart when Marse Robert and his bright-faced young wife had driven out to her home back there and asked if she would not come and live with them. Susan locked her cabin door ******* and then went with them gladly.

"But the cabin she kept. She would rent it to no one, she would not sell it. It grew weather-beaten and rotten; the sage and mint and bergamot were choked with weeds. But whatever Susan

had lived of her own life had been lived there. She had been happy, she had been miserable; she had worked in gladness, she had worked in despair. She had borne children, she had seen them die, in those four log walls.

"The joy, the sorrow of that cabin were hers; and she would keep its memories. No rude touch of alien life should spoil them. She put the big key of the door in her pocket and went to be part and parcel of Marse Robert's life; the flame of her devotion to him burned but brighter as she stood by him when his daughter was laid in his arms,- as she stood by him, ten years after, when his wife closed her eyes on life and closed his heart on life's keenest joys."

The habit of conservatism may be noted in Kennedy's "Swallow Barn", also:- "It is a trait in the dispositions of the negroes on the old plantation, to cling with more than a free-man's interest to the spot of their nativity. They have a strong attachment to the places connected with their earlier associations, - what in phrenology is called inhabitiveness; - and the pride of remaining in one family of masters, and of being transmitted to its posterity with all their own generations, is one of the most remarkable features in these negro clans. Being a people of simple combinations and limited faculty for speculative pleasures, they are a contented race, - not much disturbed by the desire of novelty."

On the other hand, in Simms's "The Forayers", the opposite

view of negro character is taken:- "A negro so relishes a change that he will even forget the charms of a first, for a second or even a third and fourth wife, and is always prepared for new lodgings. You can scarcely remove him too frequently for his own satisfaction. He is a creature of great levity, steadfast in nothing, except appetite, and feels more keenly than any other people that moral of the vulgar - 'Omne ignotum pro magnifico.' The unknown is to him always a Canaan of unqualified delights."

From the two modes of life just described have developed the opposite qualities of thrift and thriftlessness, for, as a reasonably fixed abode is necessary in most cases for material prosperity, so also, in the words of the old adage, "A rolling stone gathers no moss."

Randall, in Harris's "The Bishop and the Boogerman", is a fine illustration not only of thrift, but also of perseverance and executive ability:- "He was a pattern, a model, for the men of his race, and indeed, for the men of any race, for there never was a moment when he was idle after he discovered that an honest and industrious man can make and save money. All that he made, he gave to old Jonas Whipple to keep for him. The more Randall worked, the more he learned how to work, so that in the course of a year or two, there was nothing in the way of work that he couldn't do well. His credit at the little bank was as good as that of most white men, and his simple word was as good as his

bond.

"The men of his race watched him with a curious kind of awe. When one of them asked him how he managed to accomplish the results that were plain to every one, his reply was: 'Good gracious, man! I jest goes ahead and does it, that's how.' He had a great knack of meeting opportunity before she knocked at his door -- of meeting her and hitching her to his shack of a buggy, where she served the purpose of a family horse. He had the confidence and sympathy of all the white people who knew him. He began to buy tracts of land, and one of his purchases included High Falls, where the children and grown people had their picnic grounds. Many thought this a wild investment, *** but Mr. Sanders ******** declared that the time would come when the money that Randall had paid for it would be smothered by the money he could sell it for."

Roxy, too, in "Pudd'nhead Wilson" had cultivated the habit of thrift:- "She was well-fixed -- rich, as she would have described it; for she had lived a steady life, and had banked four dollars every month in New Orleans as a provision for her old age. She said in the start that she had 'put shoes on one bar'footed nigger to tromple on her with' and that one mistake like that was enough; she would be independent of the human race thenceforth forevermore if hard work and economy could accomplish it."

The other side of the picture, however, is frequently por-

trayed. The income of the family is usually small and much of it is spent in gambling and drinking. Dr. George W. Bagby's "My Uncle Flatback's Plantation" gives testimony upon this point:- "One or two of the Israel Hill families exhibit in their abodes and crops some capacity for self-improvement; the rest are thriftless, to say the least. Men and women alike earn a precarious subsistence, laying up nothing and spending much of their earnings in drink."

Gambling is mentioned in John Trotwood Moore's "A Summer Hymnal" as follows:- "Lor', what fun I had! I'd bet all my hen-aig an' potater an' 'possum money on de little Mizzuri filly— Dat Ole Sweetheart ob Mine-- bet on her fur her name sake-- fur I'd ruther walk home eny day, busted in a right'ous cause, than to win on a fraud an' ride home in a Pullmum palace."

The following testimony of the same kind is culled from Charles D. Stewart's "Partners of Providence":- "I remember because it was going to be Fourth of July that trip and the captain had taken on a coop of chickens at Biggs' Landing to give the niggers feed; and besides it would make them hustle at the landings. Ours was a crap-shooting boat-- which can get niggers sooner than some."

Tho frequently the negro has, in the various ways already shown, but little self-respect and but little sense of obligation to himself, he has a high conception of faithfulness to others and especially of steadfast loyalty to his master. In Simms's

"The Yemassee", when Hector starts upon a perilous journey he leaves the following message for his master:- "But 'member - ef maussa come back and Hector loss- 'member, I say, I no runway -- 'member dat. I scalp — I drown — I dead -- ebbery ting happen to me -- but I no runway." In "The Forayers" by the same author the following tribute is paid to Cato and his race:- "As an old family negro, the fellow was held to be faithful. This was the usual characteristic of the class. It was the 'new negro'-- the African fresh from the coast, whom it was found good policy always to distrust."

The faithfulness of Lindy in Winston Churchill's "The Crossing" is of the most unselfish order. When her mistress is desperately sick with yellow-fever, "Lindy, faithful servant to the end, held the wasted hands ***** against the violence they would have done. Lindy held them, her own body rocking with grief, her lips murmuring endearments, prayers, supplications."

Jerry, also, in Marguerite Bouvet's "Clotilde", is paid a tribute of praise:- "There was something truly noble in the good slave's nature. His blind devotion to the master he loved, his total abnegation of self and disregard of danger when the welfare of his owner was at stake, - these traits were to be found among all classes and conditions of slavedom, from the youngest house-slave to the oldest white-haired grandfather on the plantation."

"The Colonel's Nigger Dog", one of the stories in Harris's "Tales of the Home Folks in Peace and War", shows how devoted and faithful Uncle Shade was to his mistress and how she in return tried to secure him from all misfortune that might come after her death:- "In her will the Colonel's mother made ample provision, as she thought, for the protection of Uncle Shade. He was to retain, under all circumstances, his house on the home place; he was never to be sold, and he was to be treated with the consideration due to a servant who had cheerfully given more than the best part of his life to the service of the family." But after the death of his mistress, Uncle Shade became dissatisfied with conditions under her son, Colonel Rivers, and finally he ran away. After much difficulty the master caught him and was about to administer a flogging when the old negro put into his hand a letter which read as follows:-

"My Dear Son: I write this letter to commend the negro Shade to your special care and protection. He will need your protection most when it comes into your hand. I have told him that in the hour when you read these lines he may surely depend on you. He has been a faithful servant to me - and to you. No human being could be more devoted to my interests and yours than he has been. Whatever may have been his duty, he has gone far beyond it. But for him, the estate and even the homestead would have gone to the sheriff's block long ago. The fact that the mortgages have been paid is due to his devotion and his judgment.

I am grateful to him, and I want my gratitude to protect him as long as he shall live. I have tried to make this plain in my will, but there may come a time when he will especially need your protection, as he has frequently needed mine. When that time comes I want you to do as I would do. I want you to stand by him as he has stood by us. To this hour he has never failed to do more than his duty where your interests and mine were concerned. It will never be necessary for him to give you this letter while I am alive; it will come to you as a message from the grave. God bless you and keep you is the wish of your Mother."

In fact, so faithful and loyal is the negro to his master that he is somewhat deficient in race-loyalty. A few instances of the latter quality, however, are found in some writers. One of these is contained in the story of "A Run of Luck" in Harris's "Tales of the Home Folks in Peace and War." A colored servant, Primus, assisted the gambling operations of his master by securing advance information from the colored jockeys at the race-course. In commenting afterwards upon his success, Primus said:- "'Twa'nt no mo' trouble ter me, suh, ter pick out de winnin' hoss dan 'twaz ter wash my face. Dat night I made my young marster gi' me a tickler full er dram, en den I went 'mong de stables whar dey kep' de race-hosses, en 't wa'n't no time 'fo' I know'd eve'y hoss dat wuz gwine ter win de nex' day, en de day arter,

en de day arter dat -- kaze de nigger boys, what rode de hosses, know'd, en dey tol' me what dey wouldn't dast ter tell no white man dat ever wuz born'd."

It is not always from a man of his own race, however, that the negro in fiction shows a willingness to accept a bribe. For a very small reward or for a petty bribe the negro can be induced to do the will of another. Mary Dillon's "The Patience of John Morland", furnishes the following illustration:- "Black Dinah's position in the school was that of official spy. It was her duty to report any irregularity or any breach of decorum she might observe among the young ladies, and she was usually very faithful to Miss English. But she was not absolutely impeccable, and Kitty had more than once won her over by bribes of fruit and sweetmeats."

No discussion of the characteristics of the negro in fiction would be complete without mention of those qualities which fall under the general head of the affections. Prominent among these is the capacity for romantic love. In these affairs of the heart the negro is very frank. In "Pudd'nhead Wilson", Jasper, a coal-black negro, calls out at some distance to Roxy:- "I'se gwine to come a-courtin' you bimeby, Roxy." Thereupon Roxy, with equal frankness, replies:- "You is, you black mud-cat! Yah-yah-yah! I got somep'n better to do den 'sociat'n' wid niggers as black as you is."

That the negro is capable of pining with romantic love is

suggested by the serenade found in Tarkington's "The Conquest of Canaan":-

"You know my soul is a-full o' them - a - trubbils,
Ev-ry mawn!
I cain' a-walk withouten I stumbils!
Then le'ss go on -
Keep walkin'on!
These times is sow'owful, an' I am pow'owful
Sick an' fo'lawn!"

It was romantic love that led Rose Ann to marry in Mrs. Stuart's "Napoleon Jackson", for she knew full well the failings of her lover. In spite of these, she loved him, and her love continued even tho after marriage she had to work hard to make a living for the family while her lazy husband reclined in the shade. "Of co'se, when I married 'Poleon, I knowed he wasn't to say de 'dustriousest man in de worl', an' I ain't got no right to complain. He didn't work whilst he was co'tin' me an' stop arter he got married. No, sir. He co'ted me settin' down fannin' 'isself or layin' in de clover whilst I flung de hoe. An' I swapped off de hoe for love an' duty arter I got married, 'ca'se a wash-bench is better'n a potato-hill to raise chillen 'roun'. No, I know it ain't none o' his fault. He can't work, 'ca'se his mammy she marked him so. She had been overworked befo' he was born, an' she marked her chile for rest."

Conjugal love among the negroes of fiction is sometimes pure and undefiled. George and Eliza Harris, in "Uncle Tom's Cabin", represent a high type of married life. When George can no longer endure the tyranny of his master, he says to his wife:-

"'So, Eliza, my girl, ******* bear up, now; and good-bye, for I'm going.'

"'Going, George! Going where?'

"'To Canada,' said he, straightening himself up, 'and when I'm there, I'll buy you; that's all the hope that's left us.**** ********* I'll buy you and the boy. -- God helping me, I will!'"

The nobility of conjugal love is referred to again in "Shahmah":- "The coachman, Samson, and the cook, Kesiah, are man and wife, both pure negroes, genial and happy in their nature and condition. They present the finest types of the negro character, - docility, gentleness, fidelity, and a boundless devotion. In their six children, all unmistakable negroes, we see that their family relations have been undisturbed."

Tho the negro is sometimes rough with children, as he is rough in many of his relations of life, his parental love is usually tender and deep. The slave-trader Haley in "Uncle Tom's Cabin", is the authority on this point:- "I've seen 'em as would pull a woman's child out her arms, and set him up to sell, and she screechin' like mad all the time; very bad policy -- damages the article -- makes 'em quite unfit for service sometimes. I knew a real handsome gal once, in Orleans, as was en-

tirely ruined by this sort o' handling. The fellow that was trading for her didn't want her baby; and she was one of your real high sort, when her blood was up. I tell you, she squeezed up her child in her arms, and talked, and went on real awful. It kinder makes my blood run cold to think on't; and when they carried off the child, and locked her up, she jest went ravin' mad, and died in a week."

The mother love of Sarah, in Mrs. Stuart's "George Washington Jones", is revived by the sight of the boy who so strongly resembles her own who is dead:- "When she had presently lifted his head, and with soft, undisturbing maternal touch, laid it back upon the pillow, she returned to the table in the other room and looked at the little plate and the tintype, and she felt the edge of her old sorrow anew, and she wiped her eyes with her apron while she cleared the table and set back her own boy's particular chair, and hung the blue soldier cap beside the bit of faded felt still limply shaped to her boy's head behind the door."

The lullaby in Charles Felton Pidgin's "Blennerhasset" is a pleasing commentary on the tenderness of parent to child:-

"I see a gray coon in de corn,
Sleep, baby, sleep;
I hear de massa blow his horn,
Sleep, baby, sleep;

"I see a niggah at de gray coon shoot,
I heah de echo of de old horn's toot,
An' I heah an owl in de wild-wood hoot,
Sleep, baby, sleep.

Alligator gruntin' in de old bayou,
Sleep, baby, sleep;
At a fat pig a-fishin' in de flue,
Sleep, baby, sleep;
His teeth dey am big, an' wide, an' white,
An' he am a-chuckin at de great big bite
He am gwine to have off dat pig tonight,
Sleep, baby, sleep.

I heah de old wild geese a-flyin' by,
Sleep, baby, sleep;
De air am a-ringin' wid dere wild cry,
Sleep, baby, sleep;
It's gwine to be cold, but you am snug
As de little hoppin' lizzard an' de big June bug,
So I'll leab you now, wid a good-night hug,
Sleep, baby, sleep."

Filial affection, too, is mentioned in these works of fiction, tho not frequently. In Kennedy's "Swallow Barn", the chapter on "A negro mother", gives a detailed account of a mother's love for her son, and at the same time the son's love in return is shown by a little incident which occurred when he was leaving to go to sea:- "Taking from the plaits of her bosom, a small leather purse containing a scant stock of silver,- the hoard of past years - she put it into the unresisting hand of Abe. The boy looked at the faded bag for a moment, and gathering up something like a smile upon his face, he forced the money back upon his mother, himself replacing it in the bosom of her dress.

"'You don't think I'm going to take your money with me!' said he; 'I never cared about the best silver my master ever had: no, nor for freedom neither. I thought I was always going to stay here on the plantation. I would rather have the handkerchief you wear around your neck, than all the silver you ever owned.'"

The foregoing account of the characteristics of the negro in American fiction is believed to contain some mention of every conspicuous trait that is found in the books included within the scope of this inquiry. Since many of these traits are divergent in nature, it is apparent that they are not all characteristic of any one negro. It takes many men of many minds to make up the world, - an aphorism which is quite as true of the negro world in particular as of that larger world of which he is a part. From

assembling these various characteristics, however, there can be no doubt that there emerges a very fair composite photograph of the negro as exhibited in American fiction.

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Chapter III.

The Negro in Northern Fiction and in Southern Fiction.

The general characteristics of the negro as represented in American fiction have been portrayed without reference to section or to time. It is now desirable to note wherein writers of the North and those of the South have agreed or have differed in their conception of the negro. Naturally, novelists of the North have made less use of material drawn from negro life and character than have those of the South. The negro has had a much smaller share in the life of one people than in that of the other. Negroes are far more numerous in the South than in the North and in the beginning they were there more essential to the economic welfare of the people. Furthermore, the great problems connected with religious belief, with education, and with industrial development pressed for solution earlier in the North than in the South and thus directed attention from a people who were more or less incidental members of society.

The conditions were different in the South. There no great conflicts of religious opinion occurred, for the people were mainly members of one ecclesiastical organization, -- the

Church of England. The question of education was settled for the most part by the introduction into the families of the rich of private tutors and by sending the youth to colleges in England or in the North. The education of the poor did not receive much attention, except among a few individuals of unusual democratic sympathies. This section, too, was devoted chiefly to agriculture and it has continued in that pursuit to the exclusion of other industries until within comparatively recent years. For these reasons the negro, who furnished most of the labor, has had a very large part in the activities of the people and has of necessity received considerable attention from the writers of that section.

When a Northern writer introduces a negro into his work, he does so with deliberation and his portrayal is generally the result of careful thought. With the Southerner, on the other hand, the negro is so familiar an object that he enters naturally into a story and becomes an integral part of it. In other words, Northern writers show a greater spirit of aloofness towards the negro, whereas southerners show a greater intimacy with him. For example, while Jaaf, in Irving's "Satanstoe," and "The Redskins"has much in common with Carey, in Kennedy's "Swallow Barn," the two are conceived and portrayed in very different ways. The personal relations existing between master and slave are friendly in both cases. Kennedy accepts these relations as natural and proper, while Irving deems it necessary

to give explanations. Thus Irving writes in "Satanstoe":- "Most of the blacks had been born in the colony, but there were some native Africans among them. New York never had slaves on the system of the southern planters, or in gangs of hundreds, to labor in the fields under overseers, and who lived apart in cabins of their own; but our system of slavery was strictly domestic, the negro almost invariably living under the same roof with the master, or, if his habitation was detached, as certainly sometimes happened, it was still near at hand, leaving both races as part of a common family. In the country, the negroes toiled in the field, but it was as ordinary husbandmen; and, in the cases of those who labored on their own property, or as tenants of some extensive landlord, the black did his work at his master's side. Then all, or nearly all our household servants were, and still are blacks, leaving that department of domestic economy almost exclusively in their hands, with the exception of those cases in which the white females busied themselves also in such occupations, united to the usual supervision of the mistresses. Among the Dutch, in particular, the treatment of the negro was of the kindest character, a trusty field-slave often having quite as much to say on the subject of the tillage and the crops, as the man who owned both the land he worked and himself. * * * * * * * * * * * * *

"Lest the habits of this generation should pass away and be forgotten, of which I see some evidence, I will mention a usage that was quite common among the Dutch, and which has passed, in

some measure, into the English that have formed connections with the children of Holland. * * * * * * * * * * The custom was this: When a child of the family reached the age of six or eight, a young slave of the same age and sex was given to him, or her, with some little formality, and from that moment the fortunes of the two were considered to be, within the limits of their respective pursuits and positions, as those of man and wife. *

"The day I was six, a boy was given to me, in the manner I have mentioned; and he remained not only my property, but my factotum to this moment. It was Yaap, or Jacob, the negro to whom I have already had occasion to allude."

Now, compare with this detailed explanation of the status of Yaap, Kennedy's frank acceptance of Carey as an integral part of the scheme of things:-

"Carey is a minstrel of some repute, and, like the ancient jongeleurs, he sings the inspirations of his own muse, weaving into song the past or present annals of the family. He is considered as a seer amongst the negroes on the estate, and is always heard with reverence. The importance this gives him, renders the old man not a little proud of his minstrelsy. It required, therefore, but little encouragement to set him off; so, after taking a convenient stand, and running his fingers over his rude instrument by way of prelude, he signified his obedience to our orders.

"The scene was quite picturesque. Carey was old, his head

was hoary, and now borrowed an additional silver tint from the moon-beam that lighted up his figure. Our eager group, which stood watching him from the midst of the rose bushes in which we were partly embowered; the silent hour, * * * * formed a combination of images and circumstances that gave a rich impression to our feelings.

"Carey, for a moment, tuned his instrument with the air of a professor, smiled, and looking round to Hazard, asked, in a half whisper, 'What shall I play, Master Ned?'

"'What yom like best, Carey.'

"'Well,' said Carey, striking off a few notes, 'I'll try this':—

'The rich man comes from down below,
Yo ho, yo ho;
What he comes for I guess I know,
Long time ago.
He comes to talk to the young lady,
Yo ho, yo ho.
But she looked proud, and mighty high,
Long time ago.'

"And in this strain, clothed in his own dialect, he proceeded to rehearse, in a doggerel ballad, sung with a chant by no means inharmonious, the expected arrival of Swansdown at The Brakes, and the probable events of his visit, which, he insinuated, would be troublesome to Ned Hazard, and would, as the song went,

'Make him think so hard he couldn't sleep.'

"'Can't you give us something better than that?' interrupted Ned.

"'Ah! that makes you very sore there, master Ned Hazard,' said the old negro, putting his hand on Ned's breast.

"'Tut!' replied Ned, 'you croak like a frog tonight.'

"'Give us Sugar in a Gourd or Jim Crow,' cried Ralph — referring to two popular dances well known in this region, and for the execution of which Carey has some reputation.

"'I've got a dream for you, Master Ned,' said Carey, with the modest chuckle of a composer exhibiting his own music. 'Maybe you'd like to hear that?' We encouraged him, and the minstrel struck up another kind of rattling air which went at a jangling gallop on his banjoe (sic), accompanied by an improvisation in the same style as that which we had just heard.

"It will not do to give his words, which, without the aid of all the accessories, the figure of the old man himself, and the rapid twang of his banjoe, and especially the little affectations of his professional vanity, would convey but a bald impression of the serio-comic effect the whole exhibition had upon us. The purport of this recitative strain was, that as he, the bard, lay sleeping in his cabin, a beautiful lady appeared to him, in the dead of night, and told him that he must instruct his young master, when he went a-wooing, that there were three things for him to learn: he must never believe his mistress to be light of heart because she

laughed at him; nor, that she was really offended when she looked angry at him; and lastly, that he was not to be disheartened by a refusal, as that was no proof she would not love him; that women were naturally very contrary, and must be interpreted by opposites.

"'Carey is a true seer,' said Harvey Riggs, when the old man had finished, 'and brings us great encouragement, Ned. Now, old gentleman, you have done your duty, and as you dream so well, come in and you shall have something to put you to sleep, that you may try it again — and there's something to cross your palm with.'

"The old negro was brought into the parlor, where Harvey regaled him with a glass of the julep he had been making.

"'God bless you, master Harvey, and young master all!' said Carey, with a polite and gentleman-like gesture, and with a smile of the utmost benignity. 'Good-night, gemmen,' he added, as he retired with many formal bows.

John Pendleton Kennedy's "Swallow Barn," from which is taken the quotation just given, is one of the most significant of those books of the early period that treat of Southern life. Tho the "Introductory Epistle" is dated June 20, 1829, the novel was not published until 1832. After saying that "Swallow Barn exhibits a picture of country life in Virginia, as it existed in the first quarter of the present (the nineteenth) century, "the author proceeds to define the nature of his work. "I wish it to be noted that Swallow Barn is not a novel. I confess this in advance, although I may lose by it. It was begun on the plan of a series of detached

sketches linked together by the hooks and eyes of a traveler's notes; and although the narrative does run into some by-paths of personal adventure, it has still preserved its desultory, sketchy character to the last. It is, therefore, utterly inartistic in plot and structure, and may be described as variously and interchangeably partaking of the complexion of a book of travels, a diary a collection of letters, a drama, and a history, -- and this, serial or compact, as the reader may choose to compute it."

Altho "Swallow Barn," according to the author's own statement, is not a novel, with a close-knit plot, it is fiction and it contains some of the most delightful pictures in literature of the golden age of Virginia. The book is imbued with the air of serenity; it is peaceful, dignified, satisfying, quite in contrast with the spirit of the fiction of a later period. In the happy contentment of the age the negro shared. Yet it is a servile and inferior race that Kennedy portrays. "What the negro," says he, "is finally capable of, in the way of civilization, I am not philosopher enough to determine. In the present stage of his existence he presents himself to my mind as essentially parasitical in his nature. I mean that he is, in his moral constitution, a dependant upon the white race; dependant for guidance and direction even to the procurement of his most indispensable necessaries. Apart from this protection he has the helplessness of a child, -- without foresight, without faculty of contrivance, without thrift of any kind. We have instances, in the neighborhood of this estate, of

individuals of the tribe falling into the most deplorable destitution from the want of that constant supervision which the race seems to require. This helplessness may be the due and natural impression which two centuries of servitude have stamped upon the tribe. But it is not the less a present and insurmountable impediment to that most cruel of all projects — the direct, broad emancipation of these people; — an act of legislation in comparison with which the revocation of the edict of Nantes would be entitled to rank among political benefactions. Taking instruction from history, all organized slavery is inevitably but a temporary phase of human condition. Interest, necessity, and instinct, all work to give progression to the relations of mankind, and finally to elevate each tribe or race to its maximum of refinement and power. We have no reason to suppose that the negro will be an exception to this law.

"At present, I have said, he is parasitical. He grows upward, only as the vine to which nature has supplied the sturdy tree as a support. He is extravagantly imitative. The older negroes here have — with some spice of comic mixture in it — that formal, grave and ostentatious style of manner, which belonged to the gentlemen of former days; they are profuse of bows and compliments, and very aristocratic in their way. The younger ones are equally to be remarked for aping the style of the present time, and especially for such tags of dandyism in dress as come within their reach."

Later on, after giving a somewhat detailed account of a negro

mother's preparation for the departure of her son, Kennedy adds this comment upon the race of negroes:- "I hope I shall not be thought tedious in thus minutely remarking the trifles that were observable in the conduct of the old domestic on this occasion. My purpose is to bring to the view of my reader an exhibition of the natural forms in which the passions are displayed in those lowest and humblest of the departments of human society, and to represent truly a class of people to whom justice has seldom been done, and who possess many points of character well calculated to win them a kind and amiable judgment from the world. They are a neglected race, who seem to have been excluded from the pale of human sympathy, from mistaken notions of their quality, no less than from the unpretending lowliness of their position. To me, they have always appeared as a people of agreeable peculiarities, and not without much of the picturesque in the development of their habits and feelings."

John Pendleton Kennedy, Thomas Nelson Page, F. Hopkinson Smith, and Dr. George W. Bagby portray the Virginia negro. According to their conception the negro of that section was superior to his brother farther south and was held in higher esteem by his master. This difference is vividly described by William A. Caruthers, in "The Kentuckian in New York; or The Adventures of Three Southerns;" published in 1834:- "With us (in Virginia) slavery is tolerable, and has something soothing about it to the heart of the philanthropist; the slaves are more in the condition

of tenants to their landlords — they are viewed more as rational creatures, and with more kindly feelings; each planter owning a smaller number than the planters generally do here (the far South), of course the direct knowledge of, and intercourse between each other is greater. Every slave in Virginia knows, even if he does not love, his master; and his master knows him, and generally respects him according to his deserts. Here (the far South) slavery is intolerable; a single individual owning a hundred or more, and often not knowing them when he sees them. If they sicken and die, he knows it not except through the report of those wretched mercenaries, the overseers. The slaves here are plantation live-stock; not domestic and attached family servants, who have served around the person of the master from the childhood of both.

"I have known masters in Virginia to exhibit the most intense sorrow and affliction at the death of an old venerable household servant, who was quite valueless in a pecuniary point of view.

"Here, besides your white overseers, you have your black drivers;— an odious animal almost peculiar to the far South. It is horrible to see one slave following another at his work, with a cowskin dangling at his arm; and occasionally tying him up and flogging him when he does not get through his two tasks a day. These tasks I believe are two acres of land, which they are required to hoe, without much discrimination, or regard to age, sex, health, or condition; now I have seen stout active fellows get through their two tasks by one o'clock, while another poor stunted,

bilious creature toiled the whole day at the same portion of labor Another abomination here, and even known in some parts of Virginia, is that the females are required to work in the field, and generally to do as much as the males. This system is unworthy even of refined slave-holders. But the hardest part is to tell yet; they receive their provisions but once a week, and then each has for seven days, either one peck of Indian corn, or three pecks of sweet potatoes, without meat, or anything else to season this dry fare.

"I will confess to you that, at first, I thought this allowance much more niggardly than I now consider it. In order to see how they lived, I went into the thickest of the quarter, on purpose to share a part of their food myself, and observe a little of their economy; I found two or three stout fellows standing at a large table, or frame, into which were fixed two grindstones, or rather one was fixed and the other revolved upon it, like two little mill-stones; the upper stone was turned by a crank, at which the two slaves seemed to work by turns. I then went into the best looking hut in the quarter, just as they had all drawn round a large kettle of small hominy, in the center of which I was pleased to see a piece of salt fat pork about the size of a large apple. The family consisted of six persons. They had all clubbed their portions of food into a common stock.

"'How often do you draw meat?' said I; they informed me that they had none except at Christmas, and that none were able to buy

meat except those who finished their two tasks early in the day, and then cultivated their own little 'patches,' as they are called. I then went round the huts to see how many had meat, and was much rejoiced to find that more than three-fourths lived substantially well.

"I was exceedingly amused at one thing in these singular little communities, which was, that matches of convenience are almost as common among them as among their more fashionable masters. I suspect it would puzzle some of your fashionable belles to guess how these have their origin, and what is the fortune upon which they are founded. I will tell you, if you have never observed it yourself. The most active and sober hands, who are able to finish their tasks early, and of course live well, are always in great demand for husbands; and a well-favoured girl is almost sure to select one of these for her helpmate in the true sense of the word. Nor is this excellence confined to the males; many of the women are in as much demand among the lazy fellows for their prowess in the field, as the active men are among the women.

"While the mothers are at work in the field, their helpless offspring are all left under the care of the superannuated women, in a large hut, or several large huts provided for that purpose; and a more unearthly set of wrinkled and arid witches you never saw, unless you have more curiosity than most of your Carolinians.

"These scenes, especially if visited by moonlight, transport a man into the centre of Africa at once; there is the dark, sluggish

stream, the dismal-looking pine barrens, and the palmetto, the oriental-looking cabbage-tree, aided by the foreign gibberish and the unsteady light of the pine logs before the door, now and then casting a fitful gleam of light upon some of these natives of the shores of the Niger, with their tattooed visages, ivory teeth, flat noses, and yellow and blood-shot eyeballs."

Farther south, in lower Georgia, live a class of negroes who are almost savage in their brutality. They are described as follows in J. W. Church's "Deep in Piney Woods," published in 1910:-

"'Are you familiar with the blue gum nigger, sir ?'

"'I have never come into personal contact with them, Major,' replied Reed. 'I understand that they are brutal and dangerous, and the other negroes are mortally afraid of their poisonous bite. Is that the case ?'

"'That's part of the case,' responded Major Claiborne, grimly, 'and the least part. I'm not so orthodox as I might be, sir, but it seems to me a great deal likelier that the devil created those brutes than the good Lord, and it doesn't seem fair to charge it up to Him. It ain't only their gums, but their souls that are rotten and poisonous. Their hearts are as black as their faces, and there's no white mixed in the latter. They'll work when they have to, and they are powerful strong, but they'll breed more trouble on a plantation in a week than you could clean out in a year. And Voodoo! Mr. Reed, I've lived in this country since I was born, over sixty years ago, sir, and I thought I knew Voodoo. I tell

you, sir, my knowledge of that damnable cult was equal to about the first letter of the alphabet. We had plenty of signs and omens and curses and heaven only knows what, and Voodoo doctors who frightened the niggers out of their thick wits once in a while, but they didn't do any harm. As a matter of fact they seemed better for having the Voodoo.'"

The fiction of the North frequently contains a defense of the negro, while that of the South is more likely to contain a defense of the conditions under which he lives. Thus, in Mark Twain's "Pudd'nhead Wilson," published in 1894, and dealing with life in Missouri before the war, the thievishness of Roxy is portrayed, coupled with a partial justificiation of negro morality:- "Was she bad ? Was she worse than the general run of her race ? No. They had an unfair show in the battle of life, and they held it no sin to take military advantage of the enemy -- in a small way; in a small way, but not in a large one. They would smouch provisions from the pantry whenever they got a chance; or a brass thimble, or a cake of wax, or an emery bag, or a paper of needles, or a silver spoon, or a dollar bill, or small articles of clothing, or any other property of light value; and so far were they from considering such reprisals sinful, that they would go to church and shout and pray the loudest and sincerest with their plunder in their pockets. A farm smokehouse had to be kept heavily padlocked, for even the colored deacon himself could not resist a ham when Providence showed him in a dream, or otherwise, where such a thing hung lonesome and longed

for some one to love. But with a hundred hanging before him the deacon would not take two -- that is, on the same night. On frosty nights the humane negro prowler would warm the end of a plank and put it under the cold claws of a chicken roosting in a tree; a drowsy hen would step on to the comfortable board, softly chuckling her gratitude, and the prowler would dump her into his bag, and later into his stomach, perfectly sure that in taking this trifle from the man who daily robbed him of an inestimable treasure — his liberty -- he was not committing any sin that God would remember against him in the Last Great Day.

The writers of the South, on the other hand, show a strong desire to justify the social status of the negro. From their point of view the Southerner is a benefactor of the negro through giving him a chance to rise from savagery. Dr. George W. Bagby is one of the best and most representative of Southern men of letters. His contributions to the Southern Literary Messenger, under the pen name of Mozis Addums, commend him not only to the people of his own section but to lovers of literature everywhere. His "Old Virginia Gentlemen" has been called by Thomas Nelson Page, who is surely a good judge of matters pertaining to the Old Dominion, "the most beautiful sketch of life in the South that has ever appeared." Dr. Bagby admits that there was much that was amiss in the old order of slavery, and yet he believes that slavery "civilized and christianized" the negroes, "habituated them to labor and taught them the mode of raising crops."

The same opinion is expressed in "Azalia," one of the stories in "Free Joe," by Joel Chandler Harris:- "You must admit that but for slavery the negroes who are here would be savages in Africa. As it is, they have had the benefit of more than two hundred years' contact with the white race. If they are at all fitted for citizenship, the result is due to the civilizing influence of slavery. It seems to me that theu are vastly better off as American citizens, even though they have endured the discipline of slavery, than they would be as savages in Africa."

In harmony with this opinion, "Free Joe" is represented as far less happy than his brethren in bondage:- "He realized the fact that though he was free he was more helpless than any slave. Having no owner, every man was his master. He knew that he was the object of suspicion, and therefore all his slender resources (ah! how pitifully slender they were!) were devoted to winning, not kindness and appreciation, but toleration; all his efforts were in the direction of mitigating the circumstances that tended to make his condition so much worse than that of the negroes around him, -- negroes who had friends because they had masters.

"So far as his own race was concerned, Free Joe was an exile. If the slaves secretly envied him his freedom (which is to be doubted, considering his miserable condition), they openly despised him, and lost no opportunity to treat him with contumely."

That the Southerner understood the economic waste connected with slavery is shown in "Little Compton," another one of the sto-

ries in Harris's "Free Joe." A white planter gives his opinion as follows:- "Lord, I've seed sights wi' them niggers. They hain't no manner account. They won't work, an' I'm ablidge'to feed 'em, else they'd whirl in an' steal from the neighbors. Hit's in-about broke me for to maintain 'em in their laziness. Bless your soul, little childern! I'm in a turrible fix -- a turfible fix. I'm that bankrupted that when I come to town, if I fine a thrip in my britches pocket for to buy me a dram I'm the happiest mortal in the county. Yes, sireel hit's got down to that."

The Southerner's conception of the negro immediately after emancipation is expressed in Harris's "Plantation Pageants":- "The negroes ceased their songs. * * * * And they ceased to wrestle and play at night. It seemed that they had problems to consider. They were not sure of their position; they had nobody to advise them. They might have asked advice on the subject, but freedom appeared to add to their shyness, and they refrained from asking for any information or advice. Just why this should be so, nobody has ever discovered to this day. Some of the less fortunate found strangers to advise with them and to make them promises that were never to be redeemed. * * * * They had the idea that, having been made the object of what seemed to be a special interposition of Providence, they were to be sustained and maintained in the same way.

"This accounted for the fact that the negroes on most of the plantations left home and flocked to the towns and cities, where

they became the charge of the Freedman's Bureau, an institution that did a great deal of good, as well as a great deal of harm: a great deal of good, because in many cases it prevented actual starvation; and a great deal of harm, because it left the impression on the minds of the negroes that they were to be supported by the government whether they worked or not."

One remarkable similarity between the fiction of the North and the fiction of the South is the fact that in both there is represented the contempt felt by the negro for "white trash," and by the poor whites for the negro. Wherever, in Southern fiction a good word is said for the black man, it is the aristocratic or wealthy white who pays the tribute, and, conversely, when the negro shows a friendly spirit toward the white man, it is always towards one of "the quality" that the sentiment is entertained. Probably this condition is due to a feeling on the part of the white man that the negro is crowding him in the struggle for existence, and a feeling on the part of the negro, that one whose daily task and standard of living are so like his own, merits only contempt.

In illustration of the attitude towards the negro of the poor white man in Southern fiction, it may be noted that Pole Baker says in Will N. Harben's "Abner Daniel":- "I wisht I could meet some o' them durn big Yankees that are a-sendin' their money down heer an' buildin' fine schools to educate niggers an' neglectin' the'r own race beca'se it fit agin 'em. You cayn't hardly beat learnin' into a nigger's head, an' it ud be only common-sense to

spend money what it ud do the most good. I ain't got nothin' agin a nigger bein' learnt to read an' write, but I cayn't stomach the'r bein' forced ahead o' deservin' white folks sooner'n the Lord counted on. Them kind o' Yankees is the same sort that makes pets o' dogs, an' pampers 'em up when pore white children is in need of good an' affection."

No better illustration of the same kind of contempt can be found in Northern fiction than is furnished by the drunken, worthless father of the youthful hero in Mark Twain's "The Adventures of Huckleberry Finn." In this instance, the author's opinion may be deemed the opposite of that expressed by Huck when he says:- "Oh yes; this is a wonderful govment, wonderful. Why, looky here. There was a free nigger there from Ohio -- a mulatter, most as white as a white man. He had the whitest shirt on you ever see, too, and the shiniest hat; and there ain't a man in that town that's got as fine clothes as what he had; and he had a gold watch and chain, and a silver-headed cane — the awfulest old gray-headed nabob in the State. And what do you think ? They said he was a p'fessor in a college, and could talk all kinds of languages, and knowed everything. And that ain't the wust. They said he could vote when he was at home. Well, that let me out. Thinks I, what is the country a-coming to ? It was 'lection day, and I was just about to go and vote myself if I warn't too drunk to get there; but when they told me there was a State in this country where they'd let that nigger vote, I drawed out. I says I'll

never vote again. Them's the very words I said; they all heard me; and the country may rot for all me -- I'll never vote again as long as I live. And to see the cool way of that nigger -- why -- why, he wouldn't a give me the road if I hadn't shoved him out o' the way. I says to the people, why ain't this nigger put up at auction and sold ? -- that's what I want to know. And what do you reckon they said ? Why, they said he couldn't be sold till he'd been in the State six months, and he hadn't been there that long yet. There, now -- that's a specimen. They call that a govment that can't sell a free nigger till he's been in the State six months. Here's a govment that calls itself a govment, and lets on to be a govment, and thinks it is a govment, and yet's got to set stock-still for six whole months before it can take hold of a prowling, thieving, infernal, white-shirted free nigger."

Northern fiction and Southern agree also in ascribing to the white man a feeling of affection for the old-fashioned negro. Thus, in Cooper's "The Redskins":-

"It is the fashion of the times to lament the disappearsnce of the red-men from among us; but, for my part, I feel much more disposed to mourn over the disappearance of the 'nigger.' I use the Doric, in place of the more modern and mincing term of 'colored man'; for the Doric alone will convey to the American the meaning in which I wish to be understood. I regret the 'nigger'; the old-fashioned, careless, light-hearted, laborious, idle, roguish,

honest, faithful, fraudulent, grumbling, dogmatical slave; who was at times good for nothing, and again, the stay and support of many a family. But him I regret in particular is the domestic slave, who identified himself with the interests, and most of all with the credit of those he served, and who always played the part of an humble privy counsellor, and sometimes that of a prime minister."

William Gilmore Simms of South Carolina is a representative Southern writer. The great volume of his work and his wide vogue among Southerners entitle him to speak with authority upon the manners and customs of his people. From his novel, "The Scout," is taken the following quotation illustrative of the friendly feeling that was generally entertained for the negro of the old school:- "Mira ---------- was one of the staid family servants such as are to be found in every southern household, who form a necessary part of the establishment, and are, substantially, members, from long use and habit, of the family itself. The children grow up under their watchful care, and learn to love them as if they were mothers, or at least grand-mothers, maiden aunts, or affectionate antique cousins, who win their affections by bringing bon-bons in their pockets, and join them in all their games. They rebuke the rudeness of the young, follow their steps in their errant progress, warn them of danger, and put them to bed at night. Mira was one of these valuable retainers, who had watched the childhood of Flora, and received from the latter all the kindness which

she certainly deserved."

John Trotwood Moore, a Southern writer of the present day, has exhibited in his novel, "A Southern Hymnal," a character whom he calls "Old Wash," a survivor of the old regime. Wash had "a faithful old hand that, in days gone by — slave days and free days — had grasped so often the burden of duty and carried it so unselfishly. It was a hard black hand, it is true, but it was faithful and honest, and in its rough grip more gentleness dwelt, more truth and honor lay, than in many another of softer parts and finer turn. For it had been blackened like the roots of the black-oak -- twisted and hardened, gnarled and knitted in the primal fight for life with the elements of nature. But uncouth and unbeautiful as it was, it had borne its full burden in the fight of civilization and the battle of the brave. And so it was misshapen and its joints were large from strain and toil, and the veins ran through it like the channels of a stream deep-cut, and it was sloughed in like the turn of the plow-handle, and set in like the grip of an ax-helm, and was deep-set and scarred. But if, that day, there had come a deep upheaval of the earth in the fusion of rock and matter, and this hand, of all earth's civilization, had alone left its imprint there to be read eons of ages hence by beings of enlightenment and light in the museum of a higher civilization, well might it stand, imbedded in some kindred block of stone, not to pint the name and lineage of some pre-historic animal, nor even the hand of a savage in the jungles of an earlier earth-life, but through all the

ages of all time it would stand as the track of Duty in the Man age of the earth."

There are certain inherited qualities that differentiate Northerners and Southerners. These differences profoundly affect the outlook of each upon life and ultimately find their way into fiction. The North was settled for the most part by people who belonged to the great middle class, and who for that very reason were little inclined to recognize other social distinctions than those established by merit. The South, on the other hand, had from the beginning a strong aristocratic leaning, derived from Cavalier ancestors. Now people of aristocratic lineage may be as kind and considerate as those who have no such pretensions. The kindness of the aristocrat, however, does not spring from conviction, but has in it a touch of patronage. The fiction of the North exhibits, therefore, more of democratic sympathy, and tends to recognize the rights of the negro, while the fiction of the South shows toward him a generosity that persists so long as he makes no claims to equality with the white man.

In consequence of this marked difference in attitude toward the negro due to the temperamental difference in spirit between the Northerner and the Southerner, authors dealing with the same problem have differed as widely as Mrs. Stowe in "Uncle Tom's Cabin" and Thomas Dixon, Jr., in "The Leopard's Spots" and "The Clansman." Both these authors wrote their novels with a purpose, the one from the Northern, the other from the Southern point of

view, and therefore speak as advocates rather than as judges.

Even such Southern writers as Joel Chandler Harris and Ruth McEnery Stuart, whose feeling towards the negro is friendly, strike a note of patronage and of apology, as if there were yet some doubt about the good form of giving the negro such conspicuous mention and of attributing to him such worthy characteristics.

Owen Wister, a Northern writer of the present day, is interesting in this regard, because his "Lady Baltimore" tells the story of the writer's own conversion from the conventional Northern conception of the negro as a tear-stained creature on his knees raising grateful eyes and hands to Heaven. Wister's original sympathy for the black man has given place to loathing, especially aroused by the modern reconstructed political negro, ignorant, lazy, overbearing, and blasphemous. Miss La Heu, in "Lady Baltimore," represents a modern Southern opinion:- "Why, this very day I cannot walk on the other side of the river; I do not venture off the New Bridge; and you who rist beat us and then unleashed the blacks to riot in a new 'equality' that they were no more fit for than so many apes, you sat back at ease in your victory and progress, having handed the vote to the negro as you might have handed a kerosene lamp to a child of three, and let us crushed, breathless people cope with the chaos and destruction that never came near you."

In the past the great difference between the Northern and the Southern treatment of the negro in fiction has arisen from sectional differences in the mental and physical attitudes of novel-

ists and story tellers. In the South, negroes are an inevitable part of the routine of life. They are introduced into fiction naturally, easily, almost instinctively. They play the same part as the soubrette in machine-made plays who explains the plot while she dusts the furniture in the first act. In the North, on the other hand, the negro has been a character of less importance, one whose presence in a story needs to be justified.

Today there is less difference than formerly between writers of the North and those of the South in their treatment of the negro. The writers of the North are becoming more realistic in their portrayal and the writers of the South show a strong tendency to reveal the better side of negro character.

Chapter IV.

Development of the literary appreciation of the negro.

The character of the American Indian has been romantically idealized in fiction. Many American writers have so portrayed him as to create in the public mind an impression that he is the embodiment of all virtue. His faults have been so minimized and extenuated as to present them rather as foils to set off his virtues than as serious defects of character. The romantic literature that treats of the Indian in the early period of our history is extensive and important. Only in recent years have the facts concerning the Indian begun to receive their due importance and only of late has a romantic handling of the subject begun to give way to realism.

With the American negro, on the other hand, the situation has been very different. A more severe standard of judgment has been applied to him, by which his faults have been magnified and his virtues undervalued. But little romantic interest has attached to his character. Where he has appeared in early American fiction it is generally as a purely incidental figure, not at all vital to the theme.

Doubtless such insignificance is in part the penalty of familiarity and of subservience. The Indian has always maintained

an attitude of dignified aloofness and he has demanded courteous treatment at the hands of the white man. He has not always received it, to be sure, but when he has not, he has shown his displeasure in acts of violence. The negro, by contrast, has been a familiar figure to the white man, more so in the South than in the North, of course, and yet even in the North more familiar than the Indian. Furthermore, the negro has usually been submissive; he has endured the yoke of servitude with patient humility. The few violent outbreaks which are chargeable to him have been of short duration and have affected only a small number of his race. The decimation of the Indian and the great increase in the numbers of the negro confirm the scriptural promise that "The meek shall inherit the earth." But the gradual fulfilment of this promise has been accompanied, in the case of the negro, by contempt and neglect. These conditions in the actual life of the negro offer an explanation of the indifference with which he has been treated in early American fiction.

In view of this general indifference, it may seem surprising to find a whole story devoted to the highly romantic account of a negro in "The American Moral and Sentimental Magazine" for 1797. But this account concerns no common slave; its hero is an African prince, sufficiently aristocratic to be entitled to consideration in polite literary society. The first instalment of the story was published in the number for Monday, July 3, 1797, with the following title:- "A Narrative of the most remarkable occurrences (sic), and

Strange Vicissitudes, in the life of James Albert Ukawsaw Gronniosaw, an African Prince, as Related by Himself." The circumstances under which the incidents became known and the reason for their publication are given in the following note:- "This account of the life of James Albert, was taken from his own mouth and committed to paper by the elegant pen of a young lady, for her own private satisfaction, and without any intention at first that it should be made public. But now she has been prevailed on to commit it to the press, as it is apprehended, this little narrative contains matter well worthy the attention of every humane mind."

James Albert was the grandson of the reigning king of Zaara, "of which Bournon is the chief city." Possessed of a highly imaginative and sentimental nature in his youth, he was made wretched by brooding over the great mysteries of life. "I was, at times," says he, "very unhappy in myself: it being strongly impressed on my mind that there was some Great Man of power which resided above the sun, moon, and stars, the objects of our worship." His relatives, fearing for his sanity, finally allowed him to go to the Gold coast with a trader, on the latter's promise to cure him of his melancholy. The king of the Gold coast, however, sold the boy into slavery to the captain of a Dutch trading vessel, who took him to New York. There he was converted to Christianity. In accordance with the will of his master, at the death of the latter, he became a free man. He then went to Holland and to England. In England he was married to a widow, a white woman with several children, and by her he had

children of his own. Tho many misfortunes gathered about him, thru them all he maintained his Christian faith, which he strengthened by frequent quotations from Scripture. His religion, however, instead of being strong and virile, was weak and sentimental, such as one would expect from a neurotic young girl. The nature of the man is shown in his account of the way in which he proposed to the woman who later became his wife:- "I likewise informed my Betty (the good woman I have mentioned above) of my determination to go to Holland, and I told her I believed she was to be my wife; and if it was the Lord's will I desired it but not else. -- She made me very little answer, but has since told me, she did not think it at that time."

It is apparent that the story of James Albert gives no real insight into negro life and character. Some novelist of the white race chose the African merely as a convenient vehicle for the expression of his own reflections. The choice of a negro for this purpose instead of an Indian or one of any other race is significant, however, as showing that the negro, as early as 1797, had risen to some prominence in American life.

The first American novelist to achieve success was Charles Brockden Brown, who was born in Philadelphia in 1771. Although, like the writers before him, he drew his inspiration from English models, yet he gave to his work an American setting which makes it valuable as contemporary evidence of the life and manners of his time.

Brown's first novel, "Wieland; or The Transformation," was published in 1798. According to the author's advertisement, the events of the story "took place between the conclusion of the French and the beginning of the Revolutionary War." Merely casual reference to negroes is found in this book:- "The cheapness of land, and the service of African slaves, which were then in general use, gave him, who was poor in Europe, all the advantages of wealth."

In his "Arthur Mervyn," published in 1799, Brown shows more interest in the negro for he introduces a black girl, "whose innocent and regular features wanted only a different hue to make them beautiful." He mentions also the "stupid wonder" and the "open-mouthed, half-articulate, monotonous, sing-song jargon" of the blacks, and "their habitual deference for every thing white."

Brown pays a tribute to the helpfulness of the negro in his "Ormond, or The Secret Witness," which was published in the same year as "Arthur Mervyn." Both of thsee novels contain vivid descriptions of the plague of 1793 in Philadelphia, during which negroes had given their assistance to the afflicted in unusual ways. Thus in "Ormond":- "Happily, one of these persons (one who could bury the dead) was known to her. His temper was gentle and obliging. The character of Constantia had been viewed by him with reverence and his kindness had relieved her from many painful offices. His old occupation being laid aside for a time, he had betaken himself, like many others of his colour and rank, to the conveyance and burial of the dead."

An early reference to illicit relations between blacks and whites is found in "Stephen Calvert," published with "Carwin, the Biloquist," in 1822, twelve years after the death of Brown:- "The sufferer, whose name was Althea, had been the playfellow, and was the affectionate attendant of her young mistress. Her form and features were delicate and regular, and her complexion so remote from jet, that the conjecture was generally admitted that her father was Calvert himself."

At the death of Charles Brockden Brown, in 1810, another writer, his junior by only a few years, was coming into prominence. This was James Kirke Paulding, a native of New York State. One of his numerous books, "John Bull in America," published in 1825, strikes a new note in American fiction, for it burlesques, instead of blindly following, English opinion. In this humorous exaggeration of American conditions, reflections upon the negro play a prominent part. "The first thing that struck me," says the traveller, "was the vast proportion of negroes, in the streets and everywhere else. I may affirm, with perfect veracity, that nearly one half the inhabitants of Boston are black. Each of these poor creatures has a white man always standing over him, with a large club about the thickness of a man's arm, with which he beats the poor slave for his amusement. I assure you I have seen, I may say, a thousand instances of this kind of a morning. There is hardly a slave here that has not his head covered with scars , and bound up with a

handkerchief; and almost every step you take, you perceive the stains of blood upon the pavement, which, I am assured, by Governor Hancock himself, is that of the negroes. Even the little children here are initiated into human blood almost as soon as they are able to walk; and the common amusement of young persons is to stick pins in their black attendants, while every boy has a little negro, of about his own age, to torture for his pastime.

"The blacks here, I was assured by his Excellency the governor, whose name is Hancock, have but one meal a day, which is principally potatoes, and fare little better than the miserable Irish or English peasantry at home."

According to this hypothetical English observer, conditions are even worse in Charleston, South Carolina:- "There was no one to be seen in the streets but negroes stark naked, as they wefe born, with their backs striped like a leopard, in consequence of the frequent application of the lash. In fact, the principal article for sale here at the retail shops is the cow-hide. Nothing will tempt the whites to exert themselves in this enervating climate, but the luxury of 'licking a fellow,' as they call it, and almost the first thing I noticed in coming into the city was a tall, lank, cadaverous figure, strutting up and down, cutting and hacking with his cow-hide at every negro man, woman, and child, who came in his way. I inquired of the driver what these blacks had been guilty of. 'Guilty — eh! O, Lord bless you sir, it's only Judge D-----

amusing himself with the niggers.'" At Judge D------'s dinner table the following observations are made:- "Behind each of the seats, stood a black boy or girl, as it happened, perfectly naked, and each of the guests were (sic) provided with a cow-hide, with which to chastise any neglect of duty on the part of the slaves. There was cut and come again. I particularly noticed the dexterity of the young ladies in touching the tender places with the cow-hide, as well as their infinite delight in seeing them wince under the application.

"During the dessert, an unlucky slave happened to let fall a knife to which he was helping his mistress, who snatched it up in a great passion and gave him a deep gash in the face. I dropt my knife and fork in astonishment but nobody else seemed to notice this horrible incident."

At another time the traveller makes this comment:- "My worthy landlord assured me that the African church was the only one in which there was a chance of hearing a sermon, and that even there, the whole congregation was sometimes taken up and carried to the watch-house, under pretense that they disturbed the neighborhood with their groanings, howlings, and other demonstrations of genuine piety."

It is apparent from these quotations that the negro has secured a greater amount of attention from Paulding than from Brown. The significant fact to be noted, however, is that no inherent merit in the negro nor any natural sympathy on the part of the writer

has produced this result. An attack from without stimulated a defense. In this attack and defense, the negro occupied a central position and was thus lifted from obscurity into prominence.

Paulding, in his "Tales of the Good Woman," published in 1829, bears witness to the increasing importance of the negro, especially in the incident which he relates concerning Mr. Lee and his man Juba. Mr. Lee announces to Juba that he intends to marry.

"'Whew-whew!' was the reply of old ebony. 'Massa tell me what lady he hab in he eye?'

"'Miss Appleby.'

"'Miss Appleby too young for old massa.'

"'Old master! — you blockhead, who gave you the liberty of calling me old ? I'm only fifty-five, and Miss Appleby is twenty-four; the difference is not great.'

"'Yes; but when Miss Appleby is fifty-five, where old massa be den ?' quoth Juba.

"This was a home question. Mr. Lee dismissed Juba, and sat down to calculate where he should be when Miss Appleby attained to the age of fifty-five. The result was altogether unsatisfactory. He again rang for Juba, and directed him to put up his best suit again. 'I have put off my visit until tomorrow.' 'Massa better put him off till doomday,' quoth Juba to himself, and so massa did."

Now when a slave becomes the confidential adviser of his master and is allowed to give counsel upon the most intimate

private affairs, that slave assumes at once an importance which promises to raise his social position. The frequency with which American fiction from 1825 to 1860 suggests this confidential relationship, is ample proof that so far as literature was concerned the negro was a different person from what he had been in earlier days. In some respects negroes in this middle period had privileges and immunities similar to those enjoyed by the jester in the medieval court. Like the jester they frequently indulged in witticisms and satire at their master's expense with perfect impunity. Like the jester, they gave good advice to and were patronized by their superiors. For literary purposes, then, the negro during this period of American fiction played a part much like that of the jester or clown in the Renaissance drama.

While Paulding was doing his work, another and more famous writer, Washington Irving, was establishing an American tradition by using material from his native environment. In the "Tales of a Traveller," "Bracebridge Hall," "Woolfert's Roost," "Tour of the Prairies," and "Crayon Papers," the negro is either mentioned or portrayed. Tho Irving's attitude toward the negro is friendly, there is about it a certain aloofness which indicates lack of familiarity. The negro is accepted as one of the abnormal elements of society. He is complimented at times, but with that air of patronage which a superior is accustomed to show to an inferior. Irving's method of treatment suggests

fidelity to the fact without conveying a feeling of human sympathy or even of human interest, except that which springs from strangeness or oddity.

A Seminole tradition concerning the "Origin of the White, the Red, and the Black Men," published in "The Crayon Papers," in 1835, gives a fair idea of the estéem in which the negro was held in Irving's day. When the chiefs of the Seminoles learned that the Great Father at Washington was planning to send teachers to them, they did not take kindly to the proposition. In a conference with the governor of Florida one of the chiefs expressed himself as follows:- "I know you white men say we all come from the same father and mother, but you are mistaken. We have a tradition handed down from our forefathers, and we believe it, that the Great Spirit when he undertook to make men, made the black man; it was his first attempt, and pretty well for a beginning; but he soon saw he had bungled; so he determined to try his hand again. He did so, and made the red man. He liked him much better than the black man, but still he was not exactly what he wanted. So he tried once more, and made the white man; and then he was satisfied. You see, therefore, that you were made last, and that is the reason I call you my youngest brother.

"When the Great Spirit had made the three men, he called them together and showed them three boxes. The first was filled with books, and maps, and papers; the second with bows and

arrows, knives,and tomahawks; the third with spades, axes, hoes, and hammers. 'These, my sons,' said he, 'are the means by which you are to live; choose among them according to your fancy.'

"The white man, being the favorite, had the first choice. He passed by the box of working-tools without notice; but when he came to the weapons for war and hunting, he stopped and looked hard at them. The red man trembled, for he had set his heart upon that box. The white man, however, after looking upon it for a moment, passed on, and chose the box of books and papers. The red man's turn came next; and you may be sure he seized with joy upon the bows and arrows and tomahawks. As to the black man, he had no choice left but to put up with the box of tools.

"From this it is clear that the Great Spirit intended the white man should learn to read and write; to understand all about the moon and stars; and to make everything, even rum and whiskey. That the red man should be a first-rate hunter, and a mighty warrior, but he was not to learn anything from books, as the Great Spirit had not given him any; nor was he to make rum and whiskey, lest he should kill himself with drinking. As to the black man, as he had nothing but working-tools, it was clear he was to work for the white and red man, which he has continued to do."

Tho it is impossible, of course, to impute this Seminole opinion to Irving, it is nevertheless true that the fiction of Irving and his contemporaries in harmony with such a view

portrays the black as the servant and the menial of the white man. Fiction had not yet conceived any other function for the negro.

It is often said that the modern educated negro scorns manual labor; that he imitates the white race in believing that supreme merit belongs to the so-called more genteel occupations. If this be true, it need not be surprising. Two hundred and fifty years of slavery, during which the negro was condemned to the hardest kind of work with his hands, would naturally link labor with servitude in his mind. In fact, labor would seem to him to be the badge of servitude. With the attainment of freedom he would then, of course, seek an outlet for his energy in other channels than those that had suggested such painful memories! Since dignified leisure, otium cum dignitate, had always seemed to be the concomitant of freedom, he would make that the object of his ambition.

Until within recent years, the white man, too, had had an aversion to manual labor. Democracy requires, however, that social conditions shall be so readjusted as to give honor to every kind of work that is well done. Meanwhile, until this condition prevails, no one has any right to complain if the freedman accepts the white man's estimate of relative values.

Two contemporary Southern novelists of the early period are William Gilmore Simms and John Pendleton Kennedy. Altho the novels of Simms are numerous, the best of them are histor-

ical and therefore less important for the purposes of this study than novels of contemporary life. Of Kennedy's three novels, two are historical, -- "Rob of the Bowl" and "Horse Shoe Robinson." The other -- "Swallow Barn" -- is a picture of life in Virginia as the author himself saw it.

"Swallow Barn," published in 1832, accords a large place to descriptions of negro life and character. Kennedy draws his pictures with a bold and free hand. His negroes are not puppets who attract attention by means of chance. Some of them are highly individualized, in this respect differing from the negroes of earlier writers. Seldom if ever is the negro as depicted by Kennedy, morose. He is generally talkative and entertaining. The warmth of his feelings finds expression in picturesque and emotional language. Indeed, he shows at times high oratorical ability, needing only education for its development. The "Swallow Barn" negro shows, also, a familiarity in his conduct with white men amounting frequently to license; and he knows his own mind. Tho sometimes puzzled, he is not long in resolving his doubts, and when they are once resolved, he wavers no more. In this novel Kennedy sets forth the negro's assumption of privileges under the feudal system of the old regime. Carey, an ancient negro, and his master, Mr. Meriwether, "hold grave and momentous consultations upon the affairs of the stable, in such a sagacious strain of equal debate, that it would puzzle a spectator to tell which was the leading

member in the council. Carey thinks he knows a great deal more upon the subject than his master, and their frequent intercourse has begot a familiarity in the old negro which is almost fatal to Meriwether's supremacy. The old man feels himself authorized to maintain his positions according to the freest parliamentary form, and sometimes with a violence of asseveration that compels his master to abandon his ground, purely out of faint-heartedness. Meriwether gets a little nettled by Carey's doggedness, but generally turns it off in a laugh. I was in the stable with him, a few mornings after my arrival, when he ventured to expostulate with the venerable groom upon a professional point, but the controversy terminated in its customary way. 'Who sot you up, Master Frank, to tell me how to fodder that 'ere cretur, when I as good as nursed you on my knee?'

"'Well, tie up your tongue, you old mastiff,' replied Frank, as he walked out of the stable, 'and cease your growling, since you will have it your own way;' -- and then, as we left the old man's presence, he added, with an affectionate chuckle— 'a faithful old cur, too, that snaps at me out of pure honesty; he has not many years left, and it does no harm to humor him!'"

An important book of the early period is Judge Augustus Baldwin Longstreet's "Georgia Scenes, Characters, Incidents, etc., in the First Half Century of the Republic," published in 1835. In one of the sketches, entitled "The Charming Creature as a Wife," Judge Longstreet illustrates the slowness

and the dependence of the negro. George Baldwin had given his wife and servants four days' notice of a dinner he wished to tender to the members of the court and bar of his county and had informed them that the dinner must be ready promptly at two o'clock, because the time from two until three-thirty was as much as could be spared for the purpose. When the meal was not ready at two forty-five, Mr. Baldwin rushed out into the kitchen to discover the cause of the delay. "'You infernal heifer!' said he to Aunt Clay; 'what kind of cooking is this you're setting before my company ?'

"'Eh--eh! Name o' God, Mas George, how anybody gwine cook ting good when you hurry 'em so ?'"

Aunt Clay is a living refutation of the theory that the old-time negro cook was always efficient. Tho she had been in the service of Mrs. Baldwin's father and mother and should have known how to manage better, she spoiled the first supper and the following breakfast for the young bride and groom after they had gone to their new home.

"The Turf," another of the sketches in "Georgia Scenes," shows that by 1835 the negro was no longer negligible, as he had been earlier:- "I observed a group of negroes and boys enter one of the gates of the turf, following, with much seeming interest, a horse which was led by an aged black, by whose side walked a little negro boy about thirteen years of age, dressed in pink throughout. I had no doubt but that the

horse was one which was entered for the day's running; and as I was desirous of seeing all the competitors before the race, I advanced to meet him apart from the crowd. As soon as I approached near enough to distinguish the features of the old negro who led the animal, I discovered that he was a gentleman who, upon that day at least, was to be approached with the most profound respect. His step was martial, his eye looked directly forward, and his countenance plainly indicated that he had many deep things shut up in his brain, which the world had long been trying to pry into, in vain. I concluded, however, that I might venture to ask him a question, which all who had read the morning's Chronicle could have answered. I therefore took the liberty of addressing him, as soon as he came near to me, with,

"'Old man, what horse is that ?'

"The question seemdd to come like a thunderbolt among his contemplations; and, without speaking a word, he bent upon me a look which I perfectly understood to mean,

"'Pray, sir, where were you born and brought up ?'

"Having been thus foiled by the old man, I resolved to try my luck with the rider; accordingly, I repeated the question to him. He stopped, and was in the act, as I thought, of answering, when the old man bawled out to him, in an angry tone,

"'Come along, you Bill; never keep behind you <u>hoss</u> when you <u>fuss</u> (first) come on the ground.'

"Bill obeyed promptly, and took up his position by <u>his</u>

majesty, who observed to him, in an undertone, as he came alongside,

"'Never tell de name you hoss; it's bad luck.'

"Bill's confusion plainly showed that he ought to have known a thing so obvious from his infancy."

In the early literature dealing with the negro there is only slight mention of his vices. He is spoken of as lazy, sluggish, dependent, clownish, but he is seldom represented as criminal. In the sketch just mentioned, "The Turf," he gambles, but in the company of white men and women. Neither is drunkenness recorded as a vice of the negro in early days. This he seems to have learned only from the example of white men.

The patriarchal state of Southern society is portrayed also by Dr. Wm. A. Caruthers of Virginia, whose literary work belongs to the period now under discussion. "The Kentuckian in New York; or The Adventures of Three Southerns," was published in 1834. In this book the negro occupies an important place. His loyalty is shown in the person of Cato, who "was a tall old negro, with a face so black as to form a perfect contrast to his white hair and brilliant teeth. He was well dressed and cleanly in his person, and rather solemn and pompous in his manners. Cato had served the father of his present highly honored young master, and was deeply imbued with that strong feudal attachment to the family, which is a distinguishing characteristic of the Southern negroes who serve

immediately near the persons of the great landholders."

The negro's musical ability is acknowledged in the following passage:- "A mellow distant sound came along the surface of the water, like an exquisitely played Kent bugle. It was decidedly the most enchanting music I ever heard. You will be surprised when I tell you that it was made through a straight wooden tube, about five feet long. The musician was a tall, ebony-colored old African, who stood up in a singular-looking batteaux."

One curious passage in the book displays a new appreciation of the negro and at the same time establishes his connection with his African home:- "The respectable and intelligent blacks of the quarter assembled to entertain us. Many of these negroes, I found, were born in Africa, and one poor tattoed fellow claimed to be of royal blood. He told me that his father, the king, had a hundred children. I asked if any of those present could write; they replied that there was one man who could write in his own language. After being told what was desired, he acknowledged to me that he could write when he last tried, which was many years previous. He took the head of a barrel on his lap, and began, if I recollect right, on the right side of the page." Here follow some hieroglpyhics, of which "the following is a liberal translation into English":- "In the name of God the merciful! the compassionate! God bless our Lord Mohammed his prophet, and his descendants, and

his followers, and prosper them exceedingly. Praise be to God the Lord of all creatures! the merciful, the compassionate king of the day of judgment! Thee we adore, and of thee we implore assistance! Guide us in the right way, the way of those with whom thou art well pleased, and not of those with whom thou art angry, nor of those who are in error. Amen!"

"The Knights of the Horseshoe; A Traditionary Tale of the Cocked Hat Gentry in The Old Dominion," appeared from the pen of Dr. Caruthers in 1845. Altho it is an historical novel whose events occurred in the Virginia of 1714, its pictures are studies from the social life of the author's own day. In the quotation which follows, the author's patronizing attitude toward the negro is the predominating characteristic:-

"In the opposite corner sat a regular hanger-on of the establishment, and one of those who kept a greedy eye always directed toward the flesh-pots whenever he kept them open at all. His name was June, and he wore an old-cast-off coat of the governor's, the waist buttons of which just touched his hips, while the skirts hung down to the ground in straight lines, or rather in the rear of the perpendicular, as if afraid of the constant kicking which his heels kept up against them when walking. His legs were bandied, and set so much in the middle of the foot as to render it rather a difficult matter to tell which end went foremost. His face was of the true African

stamp: large mouth, flat nose, and a brow overhung with long, plaited queues, like so many whip-cords, cut off short and even all round, and now quite gray. The expression of his countenance was full of mirthfulness and good-humor, mixed with just enough shrewdness to redeem it from utter vacuity. There was a slight degree of cunning twinkled from his small terrapin-looking eye, but wholly swallowed up by his large mouth, kept constantly on the stretch. He had the run of the kitchen; and for these perquisites was expected and required to perform no other labor than running and riding errands to and from the capital; * * * * he was the banjo-player to all the small fry at Temple Farm. He had his instrument across his lap on the evening in question, his hands in the very attitude of playing, his eyes closed, and every now and then, as he rose up from a profound inclination to old Somnus, twang, twang went the strings, accompanied by some negro doggerel, just lazily let slip through his lips in half utterance, such as the following:-

'Massa is a wealthy man, and all de nebors know it,

Keeps good liquors in his house,and always says,Here goes it:

"The last words were lost in another declination of the head, until cat-gut and voice became merged in a grunt or snort, when he would start up, perhaps strain his eyes wide open, and go on again:

'Sister Sally's mighty sick; oh, what de debil ails her ?
She used to eat good beef and beans, but now her stomach fails her.'

"Old Essex, the major-domo of the establishment, sat there in all the panoply of state. He was a tall, dignified old negro, with his hair queued up behind and powdered all over, and not a little of it sprinkled upon the red collar of his otherwise scrupulously clean livery. He wore small-clothes and knee-buckles, and was altogether a fine specimen of the gentlemanly old family servant. He felt himself just as much a part and parcel of the governor's family as if he had been related to it by blood. The manners of Essex were very far above his mental culture; this no one could perceive by a slight and superficial observation, because he had acquired a most admirable tact (like some of his betters), by which he never travelled beyond his depth; added to this, whatever he did say was in the most appropriate manner, narrowly discerning nice shades of character, and suiting his replies to every one who addressed him. For instance, were a gentleman to alight at the hall-door and meet old Essex, he would instantly receive the attentions due to a gentleman; whereas, were a gentlemanly dressed man to come, who feared that his whole importance might not be impressed upon this important functionary, Essex would instantly elevate his dignity in exact proportion to the fussiness of his visitor. Alas! the days of Essex's class are fast fading away. Many

of them survived the Revolution, but the Mississippi fever has nearly made them extinct."

James Fenimore Cooper's treatment of the negro is of interest, not because it adds anything new to what other writers had already discovered, but because it was a late development in Cooper's own literary growth. It was not until close to the end of Cooper's life that he found the negro of sufficient importance to occupy a large place in one of his stories. "Satanstoe," published in 1845, and "The Redskins," published in 1846, both make free use of material drawn from negro life and character. Cooper is friendly toward the black man but it is a supercilious friendliness. He accepts the negro's inferiority as a necessary condition and he does not hold out any hope of betterment. Two short quotations from "The Redskins" will suffice to show Cooper's conception of the black race:- "Accustomed to labor from childhood, he (Jaaf, the negro) could not be kept from work, even by his extreme old age. He had the hoe, or the axe, or the spade in his hand daily, many years after he could wield either to any material advantage. The little he did in this way, now, was not done to kill thought, for he never had any to kill; it was purely the effect of habit, and of a craving desire to be Jaaf still, and to act his life over again." Then in a comparison of the negro and the Indian, occurs this passage:- "As men, in the higher meaning of the term, the reader will remember that Sus-

quesus (the Indian) was ever vastly the superior of the black. Jaaf's intellect had suffered under the blight which seems to have so generally caused the African mind to wither, as we know that mind among ourselves; while that of his associate had ever possessed much of the loftiness of a grand nature, left to its native workings by the impetus of an unrestrained, though savage liberty."

Two other major writers, one in the North and one in the South, belong to this period, -- Hawthorne and Poe. The stern New England tradition took so firm a hold upon Hawthorne as practically to exclude the negro from the range of his interests. His merely casual reference to a negro in "Mr. Higginbotham's Catastrophe" is typical. Poe's other-worldliness left him stranded upon the rock of no-man's land. His work is largely without "a local habitation and a name." To be sure, "The Gold Bug," published in 1843, is an exception to the rule, but even "The Gold Bug" adds nothing to our conception of negro character. "Jupiter" is nothing more than the faithful adherent of his master:- "In these excursions he (Legrand) was usually accompanied by an old negro, called Jupiter, who had been manumitted before the reverses of the family, but who could be induced, neither by threats nor by promises, to abandon what he considered his right of attendance upon the footsteps of his young 'Massa Will.'"

Prior to 1852, American fiction found nothing in the negro

out of which to construct a problem. At first the negro was almost overlooked. Slaves were taken for granted, --as a necessary part of the mechanism of life; like the liver, very essential to well-being, but ignored as non-existent in polite society. The next step in the literary appreciation of the negro was made when authors began to look upon him with curiosity and to describe the strangeness of his appearance and the oddity of his manners. At this time the treatment is friendly, good-natured, and patronizing.

In 1852, however, American fiction received an absolutely fresh contribution with the publication of Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe's "Uncle Tom's Cabin; or Life Among the Lowly." Here was a novel with a purpose. As the author says in her preface:- "The scenes of this story, as its title indicates, lie among a race hitherto ignored by the associations of polite and refined society; an exotic race, whose ancestors, born beneath a tropic sun, brought with them, and perpetuated to their descendants, a character so essentially unlike the hard and dominant Anglo-Saxon race, as for many years to have won from it only misunderstanding and contempt.

"But another and better day is dawning; every influence of literature, of poetry, of art, in our times, is becoming more and more in unison with the great master chord of Christianity, 'good will to man.'

"The poet, the painter, and the artist now seek out and em-

bellish the common and gentler humanities of life, and, under the allurements of fiction, breathe a humanizing and subduing influence, favorable to the development of the great principles of Christian brotherhood.

"The hand of benevolence is everywhere stretched out, searching into abuses, righting wrongs, alleviating distresses, and bringing to the knowledge and sympathies of the world the lowly, the oppressed, and the forgotten.

"In this general movement, unhappy Africa at last is remembered; Africa, who began the race of civilization and human progress in the dim, gray dawn of early time, but who, for centuries, has lain bound and bleeding at the foot of civilized and Christianized humanity, imploring compassion in vain.

"But the heart of the dominant race, who have been her conquerors, her hard masters, has at length been turned towards her in mercy; and it has been seen how far nobler it is in nations to protect the feeble than to oppress them. Thanks be to God, the world has at last outlived the slave-trade!

"The object of these sketches is to awaken sympathy and feeling for the African race, as they exist among us; to show their wrongs and sorrows, under a system so necessarily cruel and unjust as to defeat and do away the good effects of all that can be attempted for them, by their best friends, under it."

In fulfilment of this purpose, the author, with vivid realism,

portrays the noble side of the character of the negro and describes the wrongs which he suffers at the hands of cruel, selfish, and immoral men. In her desire to tell the truth, however, Mrs. Stowe presented the unfavorable as well as the favorable traits of the negro. Quimbo and Sambo, the black satellites of the slave-driver, Legree, are poor specimens of humanity. "Legree had trained them in savageness and brutality as systematically as he had his bull-dogs; and, by long practice in hardness and cruelty, brought their whole nature to about the same range of capacities. It is a common remark, and one that is thought to militate strongly against the character of the race, that the negro overseer is always more tyrannical and cruel than the white one. This is simply saying that the negro mind has been more crushed and debased than the white. It is no more true of that race than of every oppressed race the world over. The slave is always a tyrant, if he can get a chance to be one."

The description which is given of Uncle Tom expresses in general the attitude of Mrs. Stowe towards the negro:- "He was a large, broad-chested, powerfully-made man of a full glossy black, and a face whose truly African features were characterized by an expression of grave and steady good sense, united with much kindliness and benevolence. There was something about his whole air self-respecting and dignified, yet united with a confiding and humble simplicity." As the character of Uncle Tom unfolds, he is seen to be patient, loyal, pious, loving, brave, and sympathetic, and endowed

with the best of domestic virtues.

With a true woman's instinct Mrs. Stowe emphasizes the strong affection which negro parents feel for their children. Some of the saddest incidents in the book are those which tell of the separation of children from parents. The mother-love of negro women is tender and beautiful. Tear-stained and broken-hearted these women see their children torn from their arms!

The gross sexual immorality of the slave-owners is vividly portrayed by Mrs. Stowe. Of George Harris it is written that "his mother was one of those unfortunates of her race, marked out by personal beauty to be the slave of the passions of her possessor, and the mother of children who may never know a father," Knowing the danger to which young negro girls were exposed, the mother Susan speaks thus to her daughter while both are in the slave prison waiting to be sold:- "'And Emmeline, if we shouldn't ever see each other again, after to-morrow, -- if I'm sold way up on a plantation somewhere, and you somewhere else, -- always remember how you've been brought up, and all Missis has told you; take your Bible with you, and your hymn-book; and if you're faithful to the Lord, he'll be faithful to you.'

"So speaks the poor soul, in sore discouragement; for she knows that to-morrow any man, however vile and brutal, however godless and merciless, if he only has money to pay for her, may become owner of her daughter, body and soul; and then, how is the child to be faithful ? She thinks of all this, as she holds her

daughter in her arms, and wishes that she were not so handsome and attractive."

Freedom for the negro is, of course, the special plea of Mrs. Stowe's book. "Liberty!-- electric word! What is it ? Is there anything more in it than a name -- a rhetorical flourish ? Why, men and women of America, does your heart's blood thrill at that word, for which your fathers bled, and your braver mothers were willing that their noblest and best should die ?

"Is there anything in it glorious and dear for a nation, that is not also glorious and dear for a man ? What is freedom to a nation, but freedom to the individuals in it ? What is freedom to that young man, who sits there, with his arms folded over his broad chest, the tint of African blood in his cheek, its dark fires in his eye, -- what is freedom to George Harris ? To your fathers, freedom was the right of a nation to be a nation. To him, it is the right of a man to be a man, and not a brute; the right to call the wife of his bosom his wife, and to protect her from lawless violence; the right to protect and educate his child; the right to have a home of his own, a religion of his own, a character of his own, unsubject to the will of another."

Whatever may be the opinion concerning the literary merits of Mrs. Stowe's work, the fact remains that after the publication of her book the negro assumed an importance in life and literature that he had never had before. In the North "Uncle Tom's Cabin" was received with enthusiasm. In the South it was bitterly

attacked and gave rise to several novels intended to correct its errors and counteract its influence.

The most interesting reply to Mrs. Stowe's fiction is Mrs. M. H. Eastman's "Aunt Phillis' Cabin; or, Southern Life As It Is," published in 1852. It bears the marks of passion, and following so soon upon Mrs. Stowe's book, it was written with the energy of anger. The following quotations suffice to show Mrs. Eastman's attitude towards the negro and also towards "Uncle Tom's Cabin."

"I do not mean to say liberty is not, next to life, the greatest of God's earthly gifts, and that men and women ought not to be happier free than slaves. God forbid that I should so have read my Bible. But such cases as Susan's do occur, and far oftener than the raw-head and bloody-bones' stories with which Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe has seen fit to embellish that interesting romance, Uncle Tom's Cabin."

The bitterness of the Southerner toward the whole Abolition movement is well exemplified in the following passage:- "If an Abolitionist sees a slave knocked over, he runs home to tell his mammy; it's enough to bring fire and brimstone, and hail, and earth-quakes on the whole country. A man must have a black skin or his sorrows can never reach the hearts of these gentlemen. They had better look about at home. There is wrong enough there to make a fuss about."

Mrs. Eastman's feeling towards "Uncle Tom's Cabin" is expressed in such a passage as this: "Who, for instance, could

read without an indignant thought, the following description from the pen of Mrs. Stowe:- 'They (their cabins) were rude shells, destitute of any pieces of furniture, except a heap of straw, foul with dirt, spread confusedly over the floor.' 'The small village was alive with no inviting sounds; hoarse, guttural voices, contending at the handmills, where their morsel of hard corn was yet to be ground into meal to fit it for the cake that was to constitute their only supper.' But such statements need no denial; the very appearance of the slaves themselves show their want of truth. Look at their sound and healthy limbs, hear the odd, but sweet and musical song that arrests the traveller as he goes on his way; listen to the ready jest which is ever on his lips, and see if the slavery which God has permitted in all ages to exist, is as here described; and judge if our fair Southern land is tenanted by such friends as they are represented to be, by those who are trying to make still worse the condition of a mass of God's creatures, born to a life of toil, but comparative freedom from care. If it be His will that men should be born free and equal, that will is not revealed in the Bible from the time of the patriarchs to the present day. There are directions there for the master and the slave, when the period of emancipation advances, other signs of the time will herald it, besides the uncalled-for interference, and the gross misrepresentations, of the men and women of the North.

"Sidney Smith said of a man, who was a great talker, that a

few flashes of silence would make a great improvement in him. So of the Abolition cause, a few flashes of truth would make it decidedly more respectable."

"The heart must be steeled against the sweet influences of the Christian religion, which listens not with an earnest pleasure to the voice of the slave, singing the songs of Zion. No matter how kind his master, or how great and varied his comforts, he is a slave! His soul cannot, on earth, be animated to attain aught save the enjoyment of the passing hour. Why need he recall the past ? The present does not differ from it -- toil, toil, however mitigated by the voice of kindness. Need he essay to penetrate the future ? it is still toil, softened though it be by the consideration which is universally shown to the feelings and weaknesses of old age. Yet has the Creator, who placed him in this state, mercifully provided for it. The slave has not the hopes of his master, but he is without many of his cares. He may not strive after wealth, yet he is always provided with comfort. Ambition, with its longings for fame, and riches, and power, never stimulates his breast; that breast is safe from its disappointments. His enjoyments, though few, equal his expectations. His occupations, though servile, resemble the mass of those around him. His eye can see the beauties of nature; his ear drinks in her harmonies; his soul content itself with what is passing in the limited world around him. Yet, he is a slave! And if he is ever elevated above his condition, it is when praising the God of the

white man and the black; when, with uplifted voice, he sings the songs of the redeemed; when, looking forward to the invitation which he hopes to receive, 'Come in,thou servant of the Lord.'

"Christian of the South, remember who it was that bore thy Savior's cross, when, toiling, and weary, and fainting beneath it, he trod the hill of Calvary. Not one of the rich, learned, or great; not one of thine ancestors, though thou mayst boast of their wealth, and learning, and heroic acts — it was a black man who relieved him of his heavy burden; Simon of Cyrene was his name.

"Christian of the North, canst thou emancipate the Southern slave ? Canst thou change his employments, and elevate his condition ? Impossible. Beware then, lest thou add to his burden, and tighten his bonds, and deprive him of the simple enjoyments which are now allowed him."

Mrs. Eastman makes the following defense of social conditions in the South:-

"It is universal, the consideration that is shown to the servants at the South, as regards their times of eating and of rest. Whatever may have occurred, whatever fatigue the different members of the family may feel obliged to undergo, a servant is rarely called upon for extra attendance. In the Northern country the whole labor of a family is frequently performed by one female, while five or six will do the same amount of work in the South. A servant at the South is rarely called upon at night; only in cases

of absolute necessity. Negroes are naturally sleepy-headed — they like to sit up late at night, — in winter over a large fire, nodding and bumping their heads against each other, or in summer, out of doors; but they take many a nap before they can get courage to undress and go regularly to bed. They may be much interested in a conversation going on, but it is no violation of their code of etiquette to smoke themselves to sleep while listening. Few of the most faithful servants can keep awake well enough to be of real service in cases of sickness. There is a feeling among their owners, that they work hard during the day and should be allowed more rest than those who are not obliged to labor. 'Do not disturb servants when they are eating,' is the frequent charge of a Southern mother, 'they have not a great many pleasures within their reach; never do any thing that will lessen their comforts in the slightest degree.'"

The great issue raised in the two books last considered was submitted to "trial by combat" and settled in favor of Mrs. Stowe's contention. Out of the miseries caused by that war the negro emerged a new man. It is one of the curious facts connected with the history of the negro in America that up to the time of the Civil War he had accomplished but little for himself by active endeavor. He had been long-suffering and patient and had passively developed higher qualities, but his advance had been the result of the championship of others. Since his emancipation, however, the negro had problems to solve for himself. Out

of his efforts to meet the conditions freshly imposed upon him, has grown a copious literature, which endeavors to depict him in his new life.

The literary appreciation of the negro has developed side by side with his growth in economic, social, and political importance. In the beginning, when he was a mere atom of society, his place in literature was equally insignificant. Later, when he became a valuable material asset, he attracted greater attention from men of letters. Then, when he became the storm center of political dispute, whole books were devoted to a consideration of his character. He became the object of sentimental regard by one party and the victim of malignant hatred by another. One of the most difficult periods for the negro in his history was that covered by the so-called "Acts of Reconstruction." At this time he lost the friendly personal interest and regard of the old benevolent slave-owning aristocracy, and he fell into the hands of designing politicians who used him for their own selfish ends. It was a time of bitter political controversy, a time of almost inevitable confusion following upon the tyranny of two hundred and fifty years. One result of this turmoil was to bring the negro into the conspicuous position that he has occupied ever since.

Our writers of late years have been turning their thoughts back to this period of Reconstruction and have been finding in it an abundance of rich literary material. The proud Southerners,

conquered in a war in which they had proved their courage, were subjected to the further humiliation of seeing their former slaves set up in political power over them. Stimulated by the possession of authority which they did not understand and which they exercised only to abuse, the negroes assumed an air of arrogance that was unendurable. To the white race it seemed as if they were using their recently-acquired liberty as a stepping stone to achieve social equality, an idea abhorrent to the former slave owners.

The bitterness of this period of strife is reproduced in the works of Thomas Dixon, Jr. What he himself calls "The Trilogy of Reconstruction" was begun with "The Leopard's Spots," published in 1902; continued in "The Clansman," 1905; and concluded with "The Traitor," 1907. In "The Leopard's Spots," a Baptist preacher voices the prevailing sentiment of the South when in conversation with the youthful hero of the story he speaks as follows:- "'When the white race begin to hobnob with the Negro and seek his favour they must grant him absolute equality. That means ultimately social as well as political equality. You can't ask a man to vote for you and kick him down your front doorstep and tell him to come around the back way.'

"'I think you exaggerate the social danger, but I see the political end of it.'

"'I don't exaggerate in the least. I am looking into the future. This social instinct is the ordinance of our life. Lose

it and we have no future. One drop of Negro blood makes a Negro. It kinks the hair, flattens the nose, thickens the lip, puts out the light of intellect, and lights the fires of brutal passions. The beginning of Negro equality as a vital fact is the beginning of the end of this nation's life. There is enough Negro blood here to make mulatto the whole Republic.'

"'Such a danger seems too remote for serious alarm to me,' replied the younger man.

"'Ah! There's the tragedy!' passionately cried the Preacher. 'You younger men are growing careless and indifferent to this terrible problem. It's the one unsolved and unsolvable riddle of the coming century. Can you build, in a Democracy, a nation inside a nation of two hostile races ? We must do this or become mulatto, and that is death. Every inch in the approach of these races across the barriers that separate them is a movement toward death. You cannot seek the Negro vote without asking him to your home sooner or later. If you ask him to your home, he will break bread with you at last. And if you seat him at your table, he has the right to ask your daughter's hand in marriage."

Dixon enforces this last point later in his book when George Harris, a highly educated colored man, a graduate of Harvard, asks Mr. Lowell, one of the distinguished white men of Boston, for permission to marry his daughter. Mr. Lowell has been loud in his advocacy of the doctrines of Equality and has in many ways unconsciously given Harris the right to expect unprejudiced

treatment. When Mr. Lowell bluntly refuses the request, Harris expostulates:- "'And yet,' pleaded Harris, 'you invited me to your home, introduced me to your daughter, seated me at your table and used me in your appeal to your constituents, and now, when I dare ask the privilege of seeking her hand in honorable marriage, you, the scholar, patriot, statesman and philosppher of Equality and Democracy, slam the door in my face and tell me that I am a Negro! Is this fair or manly ?!"

Then after Harris had continued to urge his claims, "Lowell arose with a gesture of impatience.

"'Now you are getting to be simply a nuisance. To be perfectly plain with you, I haven't the slightest desire that my family, with its proud record of a thousand years of history and achievement, shall end in their stately old house in a brood of mulatto brats!'

"Harris winced and pprang to his feet, trembling with pascion. 'I see,' he sneered; 'the soul of Simon Legree (a brutal Southern Scalawag) has at last become the soul of the nation. The South expresses the same luminous truth with a little more clumsy brutality. But their way is after all more merciful. The human body becomes unconscious at the touch of an oil-fed flame in sixty seconds. Your methods are more refined and more hellish in cruelty. You have trained my ears to hear, eyes to see, hands to touch, and heart to feel, that you might torture with the denial of every cry of body and soul and roast me in the flames of

impossible desires for time and eternity.'

"'That will do now. There's the door!' thundered Lowell, with a gesture of stern emphasis. 'I happen to know the important fact that a man or woman of Negro ancestry, though a century removed, will suddenly breed back to a pure Negro child, thick-lipped, kinky-headed, flat-nosed, black-skinned. One drop of your blood in my family could push it backward three thousand years in history. If you were able to win her consent, a thing unthinkable, I would do what old Virginius did in the Roman Forum -- kill her with my own hand, rather than see her sink in your arms into the black waters of a Negroid life. Now go!'"

Dixon describes also the swift vengeance exacted by this mob for the unspeakable crime which negroes of these later years so frequently commit. "Such crimes as Dick (the negro victim) had committed, and for which he had paid such an awful penalty, were unknown absolutely under slavery, and were unkown for two years after the war. Their first appearance was under Legree's regime. Now, scarcely a day passed in the South without the record of such an atrocity, swiftly followed by a lynching, and lynching thus had become the punishment for all grave crimes."

To the suggestion that industrial training might gradually minimize the danger connected with the presence of the negro, Dixon gives the following answer thru the mouth of the Preacher:- "No; it will gradually increase it. Industrial training gives power, If the Negro ever becomes a serious competitor of the

white laborer in the industries of the South, the white man will kill him, just as your Labor-Unions do in the North now where the conditions of life are hard and men fight with tooth and nail for bread. If you train the negroes to be scientific farmers they will become a race of aristocrats, and when five generations removed from the memory of slavery a war of races will be inevitable, unless the Anglo-Saxon grant this trained and wealthy African equal social rights. The Anglo-Saxon cannot do this without suicide. One drop of Negro blood makes a Negro."

Later on, the Preacher adds this thought:- "The more you educate, the more impossible you make his position in a democracy. Education! Can you change the color of his skin, the kink of his hair, the bulge of his lips, the spread of his nose, or the beat of his heart, with a spelling-book ? The Negro is the human donkey. You can train him, but you can't make of him a horse. Mate him with a horse, you lose the horse, and get a larger donkey called a mule, incapable of preserving his species. What is called our race prejudice is simply God's first law of nature -- the instinct of self-preservation."

Elsewhere the Preacher says:- "If the Negro be made master of the industries of the South he will become the master of the South. Sooner than allow him to take the bread from their mouths, the white men will kill him here, as they do North, when the struggle for bread becomes as tragic. The Negro must ultimately leave this continent. You might as well begin to prepare for it."

The Doctor, in "The Clansman," like the Preacher in "The Leopard's Spots," is pessimistic with regard to the future of the negro:- "Education, sir, is the development of that which is. Since the dawn of history the Negro has owned the continent of Africa -- rich beyond the dream of poet's fancy, crunching acres of diamonds beneath his bare black feet. Yet he never picked one up from the dust until a white man showed to him its glittering light. His land swarmed with powerful and docile animals, yet he never dreamed a harness, cart, or sled. A hunter by necessity, he never made an axe, spear or arrow -head worth preserving beyond the moment of its use. He lived as an ox, content to graze for an hour. In a land of stone and timber he never sawed a foot of lumber, carved a block, or built a house save of broken sticks and mud. With league on league of ocean strand and miles of inland seas, for four thousand years he watched their surface ripple under the wind, heard the thunder of the surf on his beach, the howl of the storm over his head, gazed on the dim blue horizon calling him to worlds that lie beyond, and yet he never dreamed a sail! He lived as his fathers lived -- stole his food, worked his wife, sold his children, ate his brother, content to drink, sing, dance, and sport as the ape!"

In 1902, the year in which "The Leopard's Spots" appeared, Joel Chandler Harris published his "Gabriel Tolliver: A Story of Reconstruction." In this book the evils of the Reconstruction Period are portrayed without the bitterness and pessimism that

characterize Dixon's works:- "Gabriel could sit on the fence by the roadside, and see neither portent nor peril in the groups and gangs of negroes passing and repassing, and moving restlessly to and fro, some with bundles and some with none. He watched them, as he afterward complained, with a curiosity as idle as that which moves a little child to watch a swarm of ants. He noticed, however, that the negroes were no longer cheerful. Their child-like gayety had vanished. In place of their loud laughter, their boisterous play, and their songs welling forth and filling the twilight places with sweet melodies, there was ominous silence. Gabriel had no reason to regard this silence as ominous, but it was so regarded by his elders.

"He thought that the restless and uneasy movements of the negroes were perfectly natural. They had suddenly come to the knowledge that they were free, and they were testing the nature and limits of their freedom. They desired to find out its length and breadth. So much was clear to Gabriel, but it was not clear to his elders. And what a pity that it was not! How many mistakes would have been avoided! What a wonderful tangle and turmoil would have been prevented if these grown children could have been judged from Gabriel's point of view! for the boy's interpretation of the restlessness and uneasiness of the blacks was the correct one. Your historian will tell you that the situation was extraordinary and full of peril. Well, extraordinary, if you will, but not perilous. Gabriel could never be brought to believe that

there was anything to be dreaded in the attitude of the blacks. What he scored himself for in the days to come was that his interest in the matter never rose above the idle curiosity of a boy."

Such danger as the situation contained arose largely from the incitements of unprincipled white men:-

"The worst fears of the most timid bade fair to be realized, for the negroes, certain of their political supremacy, sure of the sympathy and support of Congress and the War Deaprtment, and filled with the conceit produced by the flattery and cajolery of the carpet-bag sycophants, were beginning to assume an attitude which would have been threatening and offensive if their skins had been white as snow."

Thru all the turnoil the good sense and the strong affection of some negroes for their old masters kept many true and caused them to exert a restraining influence upon the others. Of these was Uncle Plato, who refused to join in the organization of a Union League because it involved enmity to the white man whom he loved:-

"In what's been said dey's a heap dat I 'gree wid. I b'lieve dat de cullud folks oughter work tergedder, an' stan togedder fer ter he'p an' be helped. But when you call on me fer ter turn my back on my marster,an' go to hatin' 'im, you'll hatter skuzen me. You sho will.'

"'He ain't yo' marster now, B'rer Plato, an' you know it,' said the Rev. Jeremiah.

"'I know dat mighty well,' replied Uncle Plato, 'but ef it don't hurt my feelin's fer ter call him dat it oughtn't ter pester yuther people. How it may be wid you all, I dunno; but me an' my marster wus boys togedder. We useter play wid one an'er, an' fall out an' fight, an' I've whipped him des ez many times ez he ever whipped me -- an' he'll tell you de same.'"

Of the writers who were conspicuous from the close of the Civil War to the end of the century, some gave considerable prominence to the negro, and some neglected him almost entirely. William Dean Howells, for example, one of the most important novelists of the period, has practically nothing to say of the negro. Thus, in "The Undiscovered Country," he merely mentions the fact that at a spiritualistic meeting there is seen the black hand of a jovial spirit, and in "The Lady of the Aroostook" he incidentally refers to the ship's colored cook who comments on the escape of a cockerel from a coopful of chickens.

Louisa M. Alcott, Bret Harte, and Thomas Bailey Aldrich likewise choose their characters mainly from other sources than the negro. Samuel L. Clemens, on the other hand, devotes considerable space to a portrayal of negro character. His pictures are essentially veracious. While the author, in such books as "Huckleberry Finn" and "Pudd'nhead Wilson," evinces sympathy for the negro's unhappy lot in slavery, he displays both lights and shadows on his canvas. He exhibits both the good and the bad traits of the negro. To the white man, however, he chiefly charges the

blame for evil conditions, as when, in "Pudd'nhead Wilson," he excuses the negro's tendency to thievishness on the ground that in the negro's opinion to steal was merely taking military advantage of an enemy who was daily robbing him of an inestimable treasure, — his liberty.

Likewise, in the person of the youthful hero of "Huckleberry Finn," Clemens satirizes the white man's indifference to the negro's claim to simple human rights. Here are the words of the white boy about Jim, the negro, who had run away from his owner:- "Jim talked out loud all the time while I was talking to myself. He was saying how the first thing he would do when he got to a free State he would go to saving up money and never spend a single cent, and when he got enough he would buy his wife, which was owned on a farm close to where Miss Watson lived; and then they would both work to buy the two children, and if their master wouldn't sell them, they'd get an Ab'litionist to go and steal them.

"It most froze me to hear such talk. He wouldn't ever dared to talk such talk in his life before. Just see what a difference it made in him the minute he judged he was about free. It was according to the old saying, 'Give a nigger an inch and he'll take an ell.' Thinks I, this is what comes of my not thinking. Here was this nigger, which I had as good as helped to run away, coming right out flat-footed and saying he would steal his

children — children that belonged to a man I didn't even know; a man that hadn't ever done me no harm."

Several noted writers of the South, especially George W. Cable, Thomas Nelson Page, Joel Chandler Harris, and Ruth McEnery Stuart, have drawn freely upon material from negro life. Their portrayal is kindly and sympathetic.

A distinguishing feature of the work of Cable is his representation of the pathetic situation of the quadroon caste. "The Grandissimes," "Strange True Stories of Louisiana," and "Old Creole Days" reveal the sense of isolation and the insatiable longing from which the quadroon suffers. By his own feeling of superiority he is excluded from fellowship with pure negroes; by an invincible race prejudice he is barred from association with men of pure white blood. The quadroon, according to Cable, is high-tempered, passionate, cunning, intelligent, loving, and self-sacrificing.

Thomas Nelson Page has charmingly reproduced the life of old Virginia. His attitude towards the negro is aristocratic,— the attitude of a benevolent master towards his slaves. In Page's novels the negro is viewed not as an independent being working out his own destiny but as an inferior, doing the will of the white man. The following quotation from "How the Captain Made Christmas", in "The Burial of the Guns", shows the friendly, tho patronizing, spirit which is characteristic of Page:- (The "Captain" is the conductor of a Pullman car.) "His porter, Nicholas, was his

admirable second; not a porter at all, but a body-servant; as different from the ordinary Pullman-car porter as light from darkness. In fact, it turned out that he had been an old servant of the Captain's. I happened to speak of him to the Captain, and he said:- 'Yes, sir, he's a very good boy; I raised him, or rather, my father did; he comes of a good stock; plenty of sense and know their places. When I came on the road they gave me a mulatto fellow whom I couldn't stand, one of these young, new, 'free-issue' some call them, sir, I believe; I couldn't stand him, I got rid of him.' I asked him what was the trouble. 'Oh! no trouble at all, sir; he just didn't know his place, and I taught him. He could read and write a little — a negro is very apt to think, sir, that if he can write he is educated — he could write, and thought he was educated; he chewed a toothpick and thought he was a gentleman. I soon taught him better. He was impertinent, and I put him off the train. After that I told them I must have my own servant if I was to remain with them, and I got Nick. He is an excellent boy(he was about fifty-five). The black is a capital servant, sir, when he has sense, far better than the mulatto.'"

For an intimate, discerning, and sympathetic handling of the negro in fiction, Joel Chandler Harris and Mrs. Ruth McEnery Stuart are supreme among writers of the white race. A reading of their works leaves the impression that, while the negro has elements of weakness in his character, he has also positive virtues which are worthy of the highest respect. Both authors have human-

ized him so effectively that the reader is confronted with a problem of individual manhood rather than with a problem of race. Both, to be sure, do lay emphasis upon the humorous and grotesque side of negro character. Yet in the treatment of this phase of the subject there is a difference between the methods of Harris and those of Mrs. Stuart, for while the humor of Harris is broad, almost farcical, that of Mrs. Stuart is more tender, with pathos and tragedy hovering near.

Harris's "Tales of the Home Folks in Peace and War," "Plantation Pageants," and "The Bishop and the Boogerman," and Mrs. Stuart's "Napoleon Jackson," "George Washington Jones," and "The River's Children" are merely representative of a large number of novels and short stories by which these authors have established a claim to high rank in American fiction.

In addition to the writers just mentioned, many others have introduced the negro into their works. To name them all would be to catalogue a considerable part of the novelists of recent years. There seems to be developing a literary tradition which will accord to the negro no mean place among the characters of fiction.

Up to this time the literary appreciation of the negro has been limited to the white man. It is now pleasant to record that the negro himself has awakened to the literary possibilities in the life of his own race. Paul Laurence Dunbar and Charles W. Chesnutt, both of Ohio, have treated of their own people with sympathy, understanding, and fidelity to the fact. They have not

hesitated to portray the defects of the men and women of their own color. Nor is it possible to read their works without a feeling of pity for the negro on account of the difficulties with which he has had to contend in his aspiration for higher things.

Some of Dunbar's short stories possess rare literary merit, being far better than his novels, which are not well-sustained. In "Uncle Simon's Sundays Out," for example, there is a good study of an old colored preacher, over eighty years of age. Uncle Simon asked his master's permission to be relieved of his labors for a few Sundsys. When he returned to his duties, he had won the consent of a woman, young enough to be his granddaughter, to become his wife. "Now look here, Uncle Simon,", said his master, "I want you to tell me how you, an old, bad looking, half-dead darky won that likely young girl.

"The old man closed one eye and smiled. 'Mastah, I don' b'lieve you looks erroun' you,' he said. 'Now,'mongst white folks, you knows a preachah 'mongst de ladies is mos' nigh i'sistible, but 'mongst col'ed dey ain't no pos'ble way to git erroun' de gospel man w'en he go ahuntin' fu' anything."

In "The Fruitful Sleeping of the Rev. Elisha Edwards," Dunbar portrays two characteristics frequently found in the negro,—his love of sleep and his resourcefulness.

After the Rev. Elisha Edwards, the minister of Zion Church, had been caught napping during the exhortation of one of the deacons, there was great indignation in the congregation and threats

of dismissal were freely made. But the Rev. Mr. Edwards, being forewarned by one of his female friends, proved equal to the occasion. On the next Sunday morning, after pretending to be asleep again, he roused himself at the proper time and announced as the text of his sermon, "Ef he sleep he shell do wekl." Upon this text he preached so powerfully and so convincingly, that he quite won the people over to his side. "The people thronged around the pastor as he descended from the pulpit, and held his hand as they had done of yore. One old woman went out, still mumbling under breath, 'Sleep on, Ed'ards, sleep on.'"

In "The Ingrate" Dunbar refutes a statement frequently heard to the effect that the negro has no particular desire to be free:-

"Unto the body it is easy for the master to say, 'Thus far shalt thou go, and no farther.' Gyves, chains and fetters will enforce that command. But what master shall say unto the mind, 'Here do I set the limit of your acquisition. Pass it not'? Who shall put gyves upon the intellect, or fetter the movement of thought ? Joshua Leckler, as custom denominated him, had tasted of the forbidden fruit, and his appetite had grown by what it fed on. Night after night he crouched in his lonely cabin, by the blaze of a fat pine brand, poring over the few books that he had been able to smuggle in. His fellow-servants alternately laughed at him and wondered why he did not take a wife. But Joshua went on his way. He had no time for marrying or for love; other thoughts had taken possession of him. He was being swayed by ambitions other

than the mere fathering of slaves for his master. To him his slavery was deep night. What wonder, then, that he should dream, and that through the ivory gate should come to him the forbidden vision of freedom ? To own himself, to be master of his hands, feet, of his whole body -- something would clutch at his heart, as he thought of it; and the breath would come hard between his lips. But he met his master with an impassive face, always silent, always docile; and Mr. Leckler congratulated himself that so valuable and intelligent a slave should be at the same time so tractable. Usually intelligence in a slave meant discontent; but not so with Josh. Who more content than he ? He remarked to his wife:- 'You see, my dear, this is what comes of treating even a nigger right.'

"Meanwhile the white hills of the North were beckoning to the chattel, and the north winds were whispering to him to be a chattel no longer. Often the eyes that looked away to where freedom lay were filled with a wistful longing that was tragic in its intensity, for they saw the hardships and the difficulties between the slave and his goal and,worst of all, an iniquitous law, -- liberty's compromise with bondage, that rose like a stone wall between him and hope, -- a law that degraded every free-thinking man to the level of a slave-catcher. There it loomed up before him, formidable, impregnable, insurmountable. He measured it in all its terribleness and paused. But on the other side there was liberty; and one day when he was away at work, a voice came out of the woods and whispered to him 'Courage!' -- and on that night the shadows

beckoned him as the white hills had done, and the forest called to him, 'follow.'" * * * * *

"And on one never-to-be-forgotten morning, he stood up, straightened himself, breathed God's blessed air, and knew himself free!"

"The Tragedy at Three Forks" reveals Dunbar's attitude towards the lynching of negroes in the South. A white girl for revenge had set fire to the house and the barn of a neighbor. Two negroes were caught and accused of the crime. When the prosecutor visited them in jail, he succeeded in convincing them that the only way to save their lives was to confess their guilt. When they had "confessed," the mob took them out of jail and hanged them. "Conservative editors wrote leaders about it in which they deplored the rashness of the hanging but warned the negroes that the only way to stop lynching was to quit the crimes of which they so often stood accused. But only in one little obscure sheet did one editor think to say, 'There was Salem and its witchcraft; there is the South and its lynching. When the blind frenzy of a people condemns a man as soon as he is accused, his enemies need not look for a pretext.'"

Dunbar's "One Man's Fortunes" is the story of a young negro graduate of a state university in the middle west. It is a discouraging presentation of the difficulties which a colored man with education and ideals has to meet in his effort to get on in the world. "Looking at his own position, he saw himself the

member of a race dragged from complacent savagery into the very heat and turmoil of a civilization for which it was in nowise prepared; bowed beneath a yoke to which its shoulders were not fitted, and then, without warning, thrust forth into a freedom as absurd as it was startling and overwhelming. And yet, he felt, as most young men must feel, an individual strength that would exempt him from the workings of the general law."

Back to his old home he went, full of hope, and expecting from men who had known and aided him when a boy that assistance which would enable him to prepare for the practice of law. One of these men in refusing him a place in a law office opened his eyes to the difficulties he would have to encounter:- "You people are having and will have for the next ten or a dozen years the hardest fight of your lives. The sentiment of remorse and the desire for atoning which actuated so many white men to help negroes right after the war has passed off without being replaced by that sense of plain justice which gives a black man his due, not because of, nor in spite of, but without consideration of, his color."

Somewhat later this man who had refused assistance became a candidate for judicial office and found it to his advantage to make a place for the negro, tho at lower wages than the young man was receiving as porter in a factory. After a campaign which the negro's efforts among his own people had

done much to bring to a successful termination, the judge-elect, having no further use for the negro, discharged him to make room for a young white man. Then it was that the disheartened negro wrote to a friend:- "We have little or no show in the fight for life among these people. I have struggled for two years here at Broughton, and now find myself back where I was when I first stepped out of school with a foolish faith in being equipped for something. One thing, my eyes have been opened anyway, and I no longer judge so hardly the shiftless and unambitious among my people. I hardly see how a people, who have so much to contend with and so little to hope for, can go on striving and aspiring. But the very fact that they do, breeds in me a respect for them. I now see why so many promising young men, class orators, valedictorians and the like fall by the wayside and are never heard from after commencement day. I now see why the sleeping-and dining-car companies are supplied by men with better education than half the passengers whom they serve. They get tired of swimming always against the tide, as who would not? and are content to drift."

The conclusion to be drawn from the situation was expressed by the friend when he said:- "Thank heaven, that I have no ideals to be knocked into a cocked hat. A colored man has no business with ideals — not in <u>this</u> nineteenth century."

The short stories and the novels of Charles W. Chesnutt are of a high order of merit. "The Wife of His Youth," and "The House behind the Cedars" are representative, — the first of the

short story and the latter of the novel. Both are concerned with the aspirations of the mulatto and with his anomalous position in society. It would be difficult to praise too highly "The House behind the Cedars." Here is a story of a love which, in attempting to leap over the barrier of race, is stunned by the shock of discovery and falls prostrate before impregnable convention. A beautiful mulatto girl, almost white, is beloved by an aristocratic Southern white man, who does not know the secret which the girl has been prevailed upon by her brother to keep. By chance the young lover makes the fatal discovery, and of course all relations cease. But neither can love any one else. Finally, the young man, having resolved to disregard all the proud traditions of his race, goes to seek the girl, but he arrives only in time to see some one putting crape on her door. She has died of a broken heart.

In the course of the book, Chesnutt expresses some very plain truths without any effort to relieve them of their sting. For example, he is under no illusion about the status of the negro in the South since the War:- "Conditions were changed, so far as the girl was concerned; there was a possible future for her under the new order of things; but white people had not changed their opinion of the negroes, except for the worse. The general belief was that they were just as inferior as before, and had, moreover, been spoiled by a disgusting assumption of equality, driven into their thick skulls by Yankee malignity

bent upon humiliating a proud though vanquished foe."

Chesnutt, further, rejects with scorn the common belief that mulattoes are selfish and treacherous:-

"If there be a dainty reader of this tale who scorns a lie, and who writes the story of his life upon his sleeve for all the world to read, let him uncurl his scornful lip and come down from the pedestal of superior morality, to which assured position and wide opportunity have lifted him, and put himself in the place of Rena and her brother, upon whom God had lavished his best gifts, and from whom society would have withheld all that made these gifts valuable. To undertake what they tried to do required great courage. Had they possessed the sneaking, cringing, treacherous character traditionally ascribed to people of mixed blood -- the character which the blessed institutions of a free slave-holding republic had been well adapted to foster among them; had they been selfish enough to sacrifice to their ambition the mother who gave them birth, society would have been placated or humbugged, and the voyage of their life might have been one of unbroken smoothness."

The limitations which the Southern white man imposes upon his humanitarian impulses are thus explained:-

"No Southerner who loved his poor, downtrodden country, or his race, the proud Anglo-Saxon race which traced the clear stream of its blood to the cavaliers of England, could tolerate the idea that even in distant generations that unsullied current

could be polluted by the blood of slaves. The very thought was an insult to the white people of the South. For Tryon's liberality, of which he had spoken so nobly and so sincerely, had been confined unconsciously, and as a matter of course, within the boundaries of his own race. The Southern mind, in discussing abstract questions relative to humanity, makes always, consciously or unconsciously, the mental reservation that the conclusions reached do not apply to the negro, unless they can be made to harmonize with the customs of the country."

Chesnutt suggests a solution to the vexing race problem that is worthy of careful attention:-

"There are depths of fidelity and devotion in the negro heart that have never been fathomed or fully appreciated. Now and then in the kindlier phases of slavery these qualities were brightly conspicuous, and in them, if wisely appealed to, lies the strongest hope of amity between the two races whose destiny seems bound up together in the Western world. Even a dumb brute can be won by kindness. Surely it were worth while to try some other weapon than scorn and contumely and hard words upon people of our common race, - the human race, which is bigger and broader than Celt or Saxon, barbarian or Greek, Jew or Gentile, black or white; for we are all children of a common Father, forget as we may, and each one of us is in some measure his brother's keeper."

The growth of literary appreciation of the negro is singular-

ly like the growth of appreciation of the common man in all literature. At first, only gods and heroes were admitted into the sanctuary of letters. The poor and the lowly were not welcome at the feasts of the learned. Nor were they ever admitted thru the generous invitation of the selected few. They had first to make themselves useful or necessary in the world of material things before they could count for much in the world of literature. Literary appreciation follows rather than precedes economic importance. In conformity with this rule, it is but natural to find that the negro has received a larger recognition in literature as he has come to occupy a larger part in our social fabric.

Doubtless the growth of democratic feeling and the development of a sense of social duty have assisted also in raising the status of the negro and in causing him to emerge into the literary consciousness. At all events, whereas in the beginnings of fiction in America the negro was wholly ignored, he is now in works of fiction a common figure, not infrequently a principal character.

There is still on the part of even the most generous white authors, something patronizing in attitude toward the negro, as if they were not quite sure of their taste in giving prominence to a race so long neglected and despised. This attitude is especially manifest in the treatment of the negro as humorous and grotesque. For the most serious study of

the negro in fiction, it is still necessary to go to one of his race, - to Dunbar or to Chesnutt.

For the future, it seems likely that, as the negro makes himself more useful to society and increases in self-respect, he will secure a larger place in literature. The faithful delineation of the black man by himself will doubtless do much to attract the attention to him of writers in general. At the same time, it will enable him to realize his new responsibilities and to set for his race the ideals towards which it must strive.

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