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THE NEGRO IN DIXIE.

THE CHARACTERISTICS OF THE
COLORED MAN OF TODAY.

What He is Doing for Himself and What
Education Has Done for Him—The
Social Position of the Colored Race.
The Colored Militia of South Carolina.

[Special Correspondence.]

NEW YORK, Dec. 13.—Within two
years it has been written that "he is no
friend to the colored people who does not
plainly say to them that their position as
citizens, in the enjoyment of all civil
rights, depends quite as much upon their
personal virtue and their acquiring
habits of thrift as it does upon school
privileges." Nothing can be truer than
this widely circulated dogma of a con-
servative New Englander. What Mr.
Charles Dudley Warner saw, and so
freely and honestly wrote of, in 1886, has
been forcibly brought to my own notice
by extended travel through Virginia, the
two Carolinas and Georgia during the
present year. Facts as found will be
briefly given. Completely dissociating
the negro freedman from his position as
a political factor or as an element of
parisian oratory, it shall be my duty, as a
faithful chronicler, to show him on the
plantation or in southern towns and
cities on labor days or when appointed
cessation of work and holiday excitement
has afforded me chances for close
observation.

It has been said that a newspaper man
on the road sees more than the ordinary
tourist. He certainly has a keener,
clearer vision than the traveler whose
only finger board is prejudice. Tearing
off the veils of romance and fiction, I
shall present the colored race as it now
actually is in that section of the United
States most favorable to its social develop-
ment. In the north a negro must work,
steal or starve; but he need not work
or steal in the south to keep from
starving. The climate there is his pro-
tector, feeder and comforter. It is as-
tonishing upon how little the shiftless
plantation laborer can subsist, and it is
equally surprising how much he can eat
when bounty spreads an occasional feast
in the rude, unpainted cabin.

The colored race in Virginia is about
one-third of the total population; in
North Carolina more than 40 per cent. of
the whole; in South Carolina, 60 per
cent., and in Georgia, almost one-half.
These four states have an aggregate popu-
lation equal in numbers to that of New
York alone; but the total negro census
of the great northern commonwealth is
less than 10 per cent. of Virginia's freed
and effusively happy colored inhabi-
tants, while Massachusetts has within its
borders only one-third as many negroes
as are content to live in New York.
Hence it is evident that Dixie, the land
of mild temperature and fruitful har-
vests, is the natural, as it will long
remain the chosen, home of col-
ored people in this country. They live
its most acceptable laborers, whether
working on upland farms or in the river
irrigated meadows. Their wants are
few, their children many. With them
superstition lingers, sloth is a life sap-
ping parasite, immorality a glaring
characteristic, and religion merely a
shield from terrors born of ignorance.
Let out of bondage only a quarter of a
century ago, they inherited civil privi-
leges which a less indolent race would
have solidified into a political menace.
In this world, the negro's present is to
him sufficient concern. He cannot set
his mind upon the possible rainy days of
the future. While the sun shines and the
corn sprouts he is happy. When there
is no ammunition for the shot gun he
can always find bait for his fish hooks.

His woodcraft secures him toothsome
meats, for his skill with game traps is
well known. So, as far as his life in the
rural clearings or on small and unsystem-
atically worked plantations can be de-
picted, the black man is a poor user of
time, snew and opportunity. Wages
become an object to him, not as his right,
but as a means to purchase necessities or
cheap luxuries. He has no native or
acquired thrift. Money, therefore, slips
easily through his fingers. He is willing
to earn more when the larder is empty,
game scarce, or the fish refuse to bite.
This is no overdrawn picture. It vividly
represents the negro in Dixie, as he is
most frequently seen outside the prosper-
ous villages, town or cities. He rather
rusts out than wears out. Not the least
marked among his numerous peculiari-
ties is longevity. When he cannot drag
his rheumatic or age enfeebled limbs out
doors, the crude religion which he has
embraced with so much fervor, or promises
a heaven where all labor is forbidden,
hunger unthought of, and the angels are
neither black nor white, but gilded.

Endowed universities and industrial
training schools for the colored race have
been located in different sections of the
south. Their history and practical influ-
ence, though deeply interesting, will not
be recited in detail here. Education is
the bright browed consort of progress,
but he most prolific fields have not been
found till by the American freedmen.
Yet much good has been accomplished
and greater benefits are assured. No
state has been more liberal in legisla-
tive support of these colleges for the
colored youth than South Carolina.
Today her public schools have
an attendance of nearly 100,000 negro
children. In 1870 the average was less
than 2,000. At Orangeburg, the Claflin
university, founded in 1869, has a farm
of 150 acres and a carpenter shop, where
ambitious colored students can, by
manual labor, partly defray the cost of
their instruction. The reason for the es-
tablishment, in April, 1881, of the Allen
university at Columbia, S. C., was: "To
aid in the development of the highest
type of Christian manhood, to prove the
negro's ability to inaugurate and manage
a large interest, to train him not only
for the pulpit, the bar, the sick room and
school room, but for agriculture, me-
chanics and arts; to educate in the full-
est sense of that comprehensive word."

Colored firemen, policemen, letter car-
riers and militia are seen in all the
larger southern cities. One evening
on the East Battery at Charle-
ton I asked a stalwart negro police guard-
ian how he came to join the force. He
told me that it was less tiresome, more
respectable and better pay than his regu-
lar trade of shoe making. Fifty dollars
a month goes a long way in the mind's
eye of a herculean darky when he is at-
tired in municipal blue with brass but-
tons. It would be a novel sight if the
governor of New York left Albany for
the metropolis to review five regiments
of colored infantry, yet Governor Rich-
ardson, of South Carolina, last Fourth
of July came from the executive man-
sion at Columbia, 130 miles to

Charleston, and stood, dignified and
self possessed, on a hotel balcony
while a full brigade of the state national
guard, all negroes, filed past him on
holiday parade. They looked martial,
stepped lively and kept their eyes
squarely to the front.

As master mechanic or expert artisan,
employer, salesman or clerk; gang boss or
day laborer; barber, porter, waiter, valet
or ice cream peddler, the city bred negro
in the south keeps pace with his most
enterprising northern brother. He often
saves money, dons custom made clothes,
drives his own team and affects all the
airs and graces of the prosperous white
man. In time he becomes a bondholder
and owner of real estate. Mr. William
Alken Kelly, assessor of the city of
Charleston in his latest annual report,
notes the interesting fact that the col-
ored residents are appearing as a factor
in the local tax lists. For exceptional
prominence as a citizen, the southern
negro is yet to be heard from.

HENRY CLAY LUKENS.

LOCATING SUNKEN VESSELS.

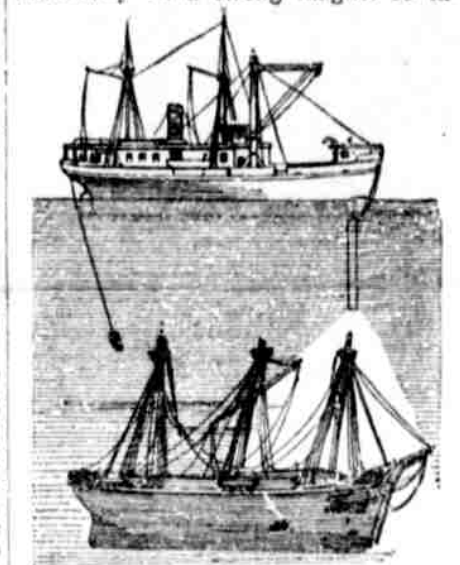
How It Is Done in These Days of Im-
proved Appliances.

[Special Correspondence.]

NEW YORK, Dec. 13.—"The steamer
Iberia was promptly located south of
Long Island, not far from Fire Island
inlet, lying in seven fathoms of water.
A diver sent down reports that the ves-
sel cannot be raised, but that the larger
part of the cargo can be saved. The
work of removing will begin at once, the
consignees having made a contract to
that effect." Thus a recent dispatch.

"It grows easier every day," said one of
the officers of a New York wrecking com-
pany which has charge of the work men-
tioned in the above dispatch, "to locate
sunk vessels. The old method, which is
still described in novels, was to use small
boats, propelled by oars or sails and
fitted with grapnels, grappling irons and
patent hooks. This method was slow,
uncertain and usable only in smooth
water."

"The first great improvement was the
substitution of the steam tug for other
sorts of vessels. A good tug can work
in almost any weather, and will cover a
hundred times as much territory as the
swiftest sailer. The next improvement
was the wrecking tug, which is a fast
and powerful steam tug, equipped with
steam cranes, patent anchors, divers,
divers' outfits, dynamite cartridges and
all the instruments for submarine search-
ing. Among the latter are some remark-
ably ingenious mechanisms, invented, I
believe, by Edison, but improved to meet
the rough work thrown upon them by
use on the ocean. One of these is similar
to the odd electrical contrivance with
which the doctors tried to find the bullet
in President Garfield's body. It consists
essentially in a strong magnet so in-



LOCATING A SUNKEN SHIP.

cased in a frame work that it can only
be moved by the near presence of a large
mass of iron. Then when it moves it
induces a current in a coil of wire which
rings a bell.

"The drag containing the magnet and
coil is towed behind the wrecking tug,
the wire from the tug running to the
pilot house. The moment the drag ap-
proaches a sunken iron ship the magnet
is deflected, the electric bell rings and
the pilot stops the boat and anchors. If
the sea is very rough he buoys the place
and returns when the weather moder-
ates. A diver is sent down to examine
the wreck and the thing is done. Large
size magnetic needles are sensitive to
vast bodies of iron for at least fifty feet,
though some electricians claim that the
sensitivity can be increased to 500. This
is all very well theoretically, but won't
work in practice. The best plan is to
suspend one electrical drag from the
stem of the wrecking tug and one each
from the ends of two masts fifty feet
long placed at right angles to the side
of the boat. This makes three drags, sixty
feet apart, and allowing forty feet for
the sensitiveness of the magnets gives us
a path 200 feet wide under the water.
If any iron ship lie in that path it is
bound to be discovered. The drags
should keep clear of the bottom. This
is very easily done everywhere along the
American coast as the maps survey by
the government of the coast survey
are so thorough in regard to soundings
that a good seaman knows the depth at
any point within sight of land. This is
especially the case in the lower bay of
New York and all along the southern
Long Island and New Jersey shores.

"Another wonderful mechanism is an
apparatus for seeing under water. It is
based upon the old principle of long
tube with a glass submersible which is
lowered into the water. The improve-
ment consists of a second tube, parallel
with the first, at the top of which is an
electric, calcium or magnesium light.
For such work as we have in New York
bay and the Hudson river, where the
water is full of mud and silt in suspen-
sion, we can see down twenty feet; but
in the sound and off the coast we can see
from forty to sixty feet. A curious fea-
ture of it is that when we use it at night
it brings myriads of fishes around below
the two tubes." FALES.

An Unnecessary Operation.

Young Housekeeper (to cook)—What
in the world are you doing to that fish,
Mary?
Cook—Washing it, mum, before I bake
it for our dinner table.
"Wash a fish! You silly creature, don't
you know the fish has been in the water
all its life."—Texas Siftings.

Oilcloths should never be washed in
hot soapsuds; they should first be washed
clean with cold water, then rubbed dry
with a cloth wet in milk. The same
treatment applies to a stone or slate
hearth.

TRAPPED.

How Mr. McPelican Mustered Up Courage
Enough.

"Have you ever experienced the feeling,
Mr. McPelican, said the young lady softly,
"that some great opportunity was within
your grasp, but you had hardly the presence
of mind, the—the courage, as it were, to
avail yourself of it?"

"Why—er—yes, Miss Quickstep, I have
sometimes had a kind of feeling as if I'd been
sort of sent for and couldn't go, you know."
Miss Amanda sighed dreamily and there
was a pause during which the two sat in the
semi darkness of the Quickstep parlor and
exchanged profound silences.

The door opened and Miss Amanda's elderly
female relative looked in.
"The book you are looking for, auntie,"
said the young lady, with entire self posses-
sion and some emphasis, "is probably in the
library."

The elderly female relative withdrew and
Miss Amanda's voice of a trained applicant
for charity.

"She will not disturb us again, Mr. Mc-
Pelican."

"She—the wasn't disturbing me any," he
protested.

And he sat and looked helplessly at the
glowing coals in the grate, with the feeling
that every breath he drew was a mortifying
and ghastly blunder.

"As you were about to say, Mr. McPel-
ican," resumed the young lady, "there are
times when it seems to all of us that we must
speak what is in our hearts—in our minds."

"Yes," vaguely answered the bewildered
youth, and he tried to remember when he
had started to say anything of the kind;
"yes, of course."

"And while I am not sure that I ought to
listen to you, Mr. McPelican," she said, with
downcast eyes, "when you speak to me in
this—in this personal manner, yet"

The young man felt his pulse beating
a tattoo on the drums of his ears, but he sat
like a bound boy at a corn husking and said
nothing.

"By the way," exclaimed Miss Amanda
presently, "I have a new book of engravings,
Mr. McPelican, that I am sure you will en-
joy seeing. It is a large book, and you'll
have to move your chair—why, certainly,
you can sit here with me on the sofa. I
never thought of that!"

The pictures danced before the eyes of the
young man in a rapid, apologetic, smacking
way around the drapery of the Countess of
Florence Dombey and Walter Gay perfectly
lovely?"

"Wh-which is Walt?" he gasped.
"There! Look closer. Don't you see him?"
"Wh-who's he courting?"

"You'll have to come closer, Mr. McPel-
ican. I declare, though," and she looked
archly at the trembling youth, "I'm almost
afraid to let you come any nearer. You look
exactly like Walter in the picture!"

And then the arm of that hapless young
man stole in a timid, apologetic, smacking
way around the drapery of the charming
Amanda Quickstep, her head sunk on his
shoulder, and the book of engravings fell
neglected to the floor.

"Alfred," she said, an hour later, as she
toyed with the button of his coat, "you old
boy! How on earth did you ever muster up
the courage to ask me to be your wife! You
know well enough I never gave you a particle
of encouragement."

The young man patted her condensed
ingly on the head and then spoke proudly,
with the voice of an Ajax defying the light-
ning:

"When I make up my mind to do any-
thing, Amanda, no obstacle on earth can
stop me!"

Innocent young Mr. McPelican—Chicago
Tribune.

A Heroic Girl.



"George, dear," she said, with a pleading
Amelia Rives look upon her face, "surely you
are not going to desert me! Have you ceased to
love me?"

"No, darling, my love for you is as a rock
it will endure," George replied with emotion
"but early, why, it is after 1 o'clock, and"
[dropping heavily into a chair] "the boss says
that if the store isn't open and the steps
washed down hereafter at 6 o'clock I lose my
job."

"Go, go, George," exclaimed the girl with
noble heroism, "the job is about all you will
have to claim as our own."—New York Sun.

Popular Songs.

"What Does Little Birdie Say?" "Polly
wants a cracker."
"Off in the Stilly Night." "Papa, I want
a drink."
"On the Beach at Long Branch." "Clara
"Where is My Boy To-night?" With "Hu
Best Girl," most likely.
"Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep." The
harbor buoy.
"A Fine Old English Gentleman." Minister
West.—Detroit Free Press.

Frightened.

A surgical operation is never a pleasant
thing to anticipate, although it often proves
less painful than was expected.

"I'm not going to school any more," said a
four-year-old to his mother, after his first
day at the kindergarten.

"Why not, my dear? Don't you like to see
the little boys and girls?"
"Yes, but I don't want to go," persisted
the boy, "because the teacher says that to-
morrow she's going to try to put an idea into
my head."—Youth's Companion.

As to Monarchs.

Father—Now, my son, in a government
what is the source of power?
Young America (promptly)—The king.
Father—But in a country like ours what is
even more powerful than a king?
Young America (triumphantly)—Four
kings and an ace.—Life.

Only One Boss.

Peddler—Is the boss of the house in?
Bridget—She is, an' yer talking to her.
"But I mean the other boss."
"Sure, they only keep one girl here."—
Yonkers Statesman.

Not Strange.

One cannot wonder at the blunders made
in Wall street when there are so many bulls
there.—Boston Gazette.



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