

lating money and property, but about 1852 he died, when he was planning to sell out and return to his own family. The Negro buried his master, turned the property into cash, displaying unexpected capacity for affairs, went around the camp telling his numerous friends good-bye.

"I'se goin' back home," he said.

This ignorant black man from the South then went to San Francisco, took a steamer, crossed the Isthmus, and ultimately turned up on the plantation, where his dead master's wife and children lived. He told them all about the mines, gave the last messages of the one who was gone, turned over every dollar of the property less his own traveling expenses, and asked his "missus" (as we suppose), "What shall I do next?" In other words, he went back to a slave State, and into slavery. Of course he knew that his own labors had helped to make his master's pile. Of course he especially desired freedom, for all accounts unite in saying that he was active, intelligent, and fully capable of managing his own affairs, so much so that he could have become a leader among free Negroes anywhere.

His own name, and that of his master, are now forgotten, but Californian pioneers still speak of the incident with a sort of admiring surprise. "It took a man to do that, and I only hope it was appreciated back where he came from," is the way that a Tuolumne old-timer once put it. "A regular Uncle Tom," another one called him, "and just as square as any man on earth."

A Johns Hopkins man from California was once a guest of the Westmoreland Club, down in Richmond; he sat there and listened to stories of days before the war. Then he told about this Tuolumne county Negro.

"Does that surprise you, suh?" said an old Colonel, a University of Virginia graduate. "It doesn't surprise any of us down here. We used to raise lots of black boys like that, and we sure did appreciate them."

This is a leaf torn from real life, and one only regrets that the other end of it is lost in ante-bellum obscurities. But the old Southerners of California—a fine lot of men and women—have been heard to say that more than one case of this kind occurred in both the northern and southern mines in pioneer days. "Why not?" they ask; "why not, if there was love between man and master?" All of which merely serves to prove how much better human nature is than some of our human institutions—and of course that is the fundamental reason why the world grows better. It begins in one person's thought, under pressure of circumstances working out into high-minded action; it goes on until it becomes the desire of the majority. One cannot doubt that this Tuolumne black man helped to convince people that Negroes ought to be free.

CHARLES HOWARD SHINN.

THE POET AND HIS SONG.

By Paul Laurence Dunbar.

A song is but a little thing,
And yet what joy it is to sing;
In hours of toil it gives me zest
And when at eve I long for rest,
When cows come home along the bars,
And in the fold I hear the bell,
As night, the shepherd, herds his stars,
I sing my song, and all is well.

There are no ears to hear my lays,
No lips to lift a word of praise;
But still, with faith unaltering,
I live and laugh and love and sing,
What matter yon unheeding throng?
They cannot feel my spirit's spell.
Since life is sweet and love is long,
I sing my song, and all is well.

My days are never days of ease:
I till my ground and prune my trees,
When ripened gold is all the plain,
I put my sickle in the grain.
I labor hard, and toil and sweat,
While others dream within the dell;
But even while my brow is wet,
I sing my song, and all is well.

Sometimes the sun, unkindly hot,
My garden makes a desert spot;
Sometimes a blight upon the tree
Takes all my fruit away from me;
And then with throes of bitter pain
Rebellious passions rise and swell;
But—life is more than fruit or grain,
And so I sing, and all is well.

BOOKS

THE NEW SOUTH.

In Black and White: An Interpretation of Southern Life. By L. H. Hammond, author of "The Master Word." With an Introduction by James H. Dillard, M. A., LL. D., President of the Jeanes Foundation Board, Director of the Slater Fund. Published by Fleming H. Revell Co., New York. 1914. Price, \$1.25 net.

When the South began emerging, after the Civil War and the "carpet bag" regime, from the medieval spell which Mark Twain thought that Sir Walter's "Ivanhoe" had cast upon her, some of her younger leaders proclaimed the advent of a "new South." It was a plutocratic South. In their vision an aristocracy after Scott's model was giving way to a plutocracy of the Yankee order. Chivalry had been crowded out by business, knights of the castle by "boosters" of the burgh, plantation mansions by busy factories; ancestral traditions and noblesse oblige had given way to investments and dividends, the honor of the dueling ground to the honor of the counting room. As the old South

withered under the evil charm of a dead civilization, this new South was stung with the poisons of a spirit of enterprise which, North or South and East or West, knew not the Golden Rule.

But now the plutocratic new South as well as the older aristocratic one is passing. Whoever really knows the people of the great Confederacy as they feel and think today, knows that a South really new and nobly new, is rising from the ashes of the South of high caste chivalry and low caste servitude.

There are few spokesmen for the South which is now in the making. That is why so little is known of it at the North. That is why it knows as yet so little of itself. Southern politicians and newspapers are influenced by the old traditions, the old prejudices, the old dry rot that Mark Twain with such gentle humor and keen perception attributed to their constituencies in the 46th chapter of his "Mississippi," they thinking them still alive. Conversely, the people of the South, by some kind of psychological reaction, encourage those politicians and newspapers. It may be from sheer force of social habit; it may be from traditional influences which they have cast behind them but dread as boys dread churchyard spooks. So this new South, this true South is almost inarticulate, altogether timid and only half conscious of itself.

It cannot stay so. Effective spokesmen for it are springing up in the midst of its people. The author of "In Black and White" is one of them, and the book itself a splendid interpreter. She writes not only of the new South and for the new South and all its interests, but as a Southern woman by birth and family traditions, by affection and aspiration, she writes also with loyal sympathy of and for the old South. Her book voices the moral sense, the social conscience, of a people who with only more or less consciousness of the crisis are breaking through the crusts of their traditions into the open air of a new civilization, which the rest of the world also is only beginning to breathe.

To read Mrs. Hammond is to know the true South from the imitation South. Its heart-beat is here distinguished from its bluster, its new and virile self from its vanishing pose, its people from their distorted shadows. Adopting the author's metaphor at page 211 of her book "a fresh, clean wind stirs over the South before which old mists of prejudice are lifting." When those mists shall have fully lifted, it is no empty compliment to say that the rest of the world may look with confidence for exemplifications of purest democracy, to that enlightened South which has preserved the good of aristocracy while rejecting its evil and where plutocracy has secured no firm foothold.

LOUIS F. POST.



Opportunity knocks at the door of every working-man on election day.—Appeal to Reason.

TWO "STUDIES" OF THE NEGRO.

Democracy and Race Friction. By John Moffatt Mecklin. Published by the Macmillan Co., New York. 1914. Price, \$1.25 net.

In Freedom's Birthplace. By John Daniels. Published by Houghton, Mifflin Co., Boston. 1914. Price, \$1.50 net.

Professor Mecklin's "Study in Social Ethics" sets forth in the latest, properest, sociologically philosophical manner—page references, index, scholarly big words and all—the case against the Negro. There is nothing particularly original in the book, either in idea or expression. The basis of social solidarity, he explains, is the common instincts given rational interpretation and direction in group life. Different races through separation and natural selection have educated different instincts. So the Negro is debarred by the white man from complete social solidarity—which carried out must mean intermarriage. "To what extent this is based upon unreasoning prejudice and to what extent it is due to an instinctive and justifiable effort to safeguard the social heritage of the white," the author is "not concerned to say" in his first chapter. Chapters II and III discuss "race traits" at great length. The Negro is a child, a member of a backward race and should not be left just to "grow"; he should be under tutelage. But this chance he lost when emancipation separated him from the white man's affection and civilizing influence. The Social Heritage of the Negro, described in Chapter IV, is a very black background indeed, as a matter of fact so wholly unsympathetic as to make it essentially untrue. To quote as authority, for instance, the assertion that among savages there is "no such thing as love, merely sex instinct," is to fling an insulting untruth into the face of humanity.

But if the Negro's past was black his future is little less gloomy—unless democracy will moderate itself and not be so determined upon "absolute equality"; unless freedom and equality shall consent to be "relative terms." If only social justice will base itself on "equality of consideration," and with stern, even hand let vigorous, comprehensive competition take her course, "industrial, moral, cultural, even ethnic," then there is hope. Then only the fit will survive. What that survivor's complexion will be, only time can tell—but the author has his money on the white.



A very different book from Mr. Mecklin's is Mr. Daniels' "Study of the Boston Negroes." Here is a real contribution to the literature on the American race problem. It is an historical narrative of the Negroes' life in the community from far back in 1638 when the trading vessel, *Desire*, brought a few slaves to Boston and sold them; on through the Revolutionary, pre-abolition, and Civil War periods when as "Slave, Patriot and Pioneer Freeman" the colored man of Boston made common cause with