

DOWN IN DIXIE.

FOR YOUNG FRIENDS' REVIEW.

In winding up these articles on southern peculiarities, I will give some remaining impressions caught in the southland, that seem to grow. The local government that rules the southern people is an interesting study. No matter how large a city grows, the people are slow to get out of the quaint old way of village rule. In the hustle and bustle of a northern city, if a stranger loses his bearings he turns to a policeman, who points out the way. The walking finger boards are not so numerous in the south, but in their stead one finds free information bureau heads on the shoulders of every negro, and in addition to this politeness, the person asked walks with you a block or two, to see that no mistake is made.

In a northern city, the more policemen one sees, the safer he feels; in the south the more negroes one sees creates the same feeling. One is impressed with the fact that, in the south, the people really govern, that every boy as a rule has been disciplined from the cradle up, and the lessons grow fast to his bones. These teachings are epidemic. As the colored race is by law and sentiment declared inferior, they are as children to the law makers and become submissive to stern rule. Thus the negro is taught politeness, which the white man in turn copies from him, as the whites copy the peculiar tongue of the negro.

I got this impression, that the white people are as a rule good to a good negro, and very mean and ugly to a bad one. The whole south is was again up in arms, this time for the northern people and not against them, and these freaks of universal goodness are being cultivated for the purpose of making good impressions. There is money in it. Again, I was impressed with the belief that a good negro of the "upper tendom" wields an influence over the common class. I got that idea at a business meeting at the close of ser-

vices in a Mobile, Ala., colored church. The pastor announced a special offering for the next Sabbath, to liquidate a church debt. He told them that every dollar must be raised, "each male member \$1, and each female fifty cents." His remarks were unique, and I could almost feel the pews shake at the very thought of disobedience, for what brother would want to be shaken over the burning garbage below until he paid his sacred debt?

I had often heard of separate cars and waiting rooms for colored people on southern roads, and felt somewhat indignant at the discrimination. At a crowded hotel I may accept a stranger as a bed fellow, but if he is black I would certainly object. Is that prejudice or protection? I watched this discriminating process in my travels, and the damage amounted to about the same as suffrage laws do to our women—sentimental, no agitation, no harm.

The drinking waters of the far south are warm. The clear, soft springs gushing from rolling lands give forth no cooling draught. We saw artificial bathing ponds fed fresh from these gushing streams in caves and shady spots, with water just as warm as that between our two bridges on Rock river on a summer mid-day.

These northern colony schemes contain lessons that can be profitably learned. Certain ideas must be cast aside like machines not adapted to southern farms. Fruit Dale, Ala., is a new town on the Mobile & Ohio railroad, fifty five miles north of Mobile. Around it are thirteen thousand acres of land owned by a northern syndicate, and one of the advantages claimed is, that "no land is to be sold to negroes, and whites only are to be employed, if possible."

I listened carefully to the points made by the agent of the syndicate on that claim. Afterwards I had a quiet talk with an old planter who took an opposite view, which left with me the greater impression. The fall of the year is a very interesting time to visit