

NEGROES IN THE SOUTHERN STATES.—How they sang; how they laughed and grinned; how they scraped, bowed, and complimented you and each other, those negroes of the cities of the Southern parts of the then United States. My business kept me in the towns; I was but in one negro plantation village, and there were only women and little children, the men being out a-field. But there was plenty of cheerfulness in the huts, under the great trees—I speak of what I saw—and amid the dusky bondsmen of the cities. I witnessed a curious quietude, and laughter, and saw on holidays black gentlemen and ladies arrayed in such splendour and comfort as freeborn workmen in our towns seldom exhibit. What a grin and a bow that colonel's man performed, who was the porter at the colonel's, when he said, "You write your name, mass, else I will forget." I am not going into the slavery question, I am not an advocate for "the institution," as I know, madam, but that angry toss of your head, you are about to declare me to be. For domestic purposes, my dear lady, it seemed to me about the dearest institution that can be devised. In a house in a Southern city you will find 15 negroes doing the work which John, the cook, the housemaid, and the help do perfectly in your own comfortable London house; and these 15 negroes are the pick of a family of some 80 or 90. Twenty are too sick or too old for work, let us say; 20 too clumsy; 20 are too young, and have to be nursed and watched by 10 more; and master has to maintain the immense crew to do the work of half-a-dozen willing hands. No, no; let Mitchell, the exile from poor dear enslaved Ireland, wish for a gang of "fat niggers" I would as soon you should make me a present of a score of Bengal elephants, when I need but a single stout horse to "pull my brougham."—*Cornhill Magazine* for December.