

# OUR COLORED BROTHERS.

## PICTURES OF THE SUNNY SOUTH.

Scenes in Tallahassee Just After the Close of the Rebellion as Viewed by Northern Eyes.

When I first came South, many years ago, says a Florida correspondent of the New York Sun, the negroes were a constant source of amusement to me. Their ways were so different from anything I had ever seen, their actions so childlike, and their ideas of freedom so extraordinary, that to me it was better than a circus to observe them. Freedom made a striking revolution in their socially. They tried to drop at once all the catch-words of former familiarity, and adopted the most extravagant and elaborate forms of courtesy. It was "lady" and "gentleman" and "Mr." and "Mrs." among themselves. All the ceremonies and genuflections in use among the former slaveholders aristocracy were home-stered as this.

I was riding through the streets of Tallahassee one morning with Dr. S. B. Conover, then State Treasurer and owner of a fine plantation, when an incident occurred that has never left my memory. It had been reported that the Doctor was looking for hands to work on his plantation. When we got opposite the postoffice, where a crowd was waiting for the mail, we were hailed by an old colored "nautic."

"Oh, Dr. Conover! Oh, Dr. Conover!" she shouted, "stop here a minute, please, sir!"

At her side was a woo-begone-looking negro in complete raggedness. Any respectable Western cornfield scarecrow would have refused to exchange garments with him without a heavy bonus. The old auntie had him by the arm. As we drew up she said:

"Dr. Conover, I done heard you wanted to git some gemman to work on your place, an' I done sent for dis yer gemman to come to town, so's you could hire him."

The "gemman" was all the while looking sheepish, and grinning to an alarming extent. After a little conversation the contract was made, and he went out to the plantation to pick the Doctor's cotton.

The negroes, male and female, were passionately fond of fine clothes and finery of every description. They eagerly invested all the money they could scrape in articles of personal adornment. I was told by one of the most fashionable milliners in the place that the finest and costliest bonnets and hats were purchased by the negro women. White ladies were satisfied to dress more in consonance with the reduced state of their finances, but the recently liberated colored lady must have gorgeous head gear, even if the rest of her person was covered with dirty and ragged calico. A lot of colored ladies on some street corner discussing questions of domestic economy or religious faith would exhibit a dazzling array of ribbons, laces, feathers, and bright colors.

With them freedom meant to step at once from the sphere of the cotton field to the dressing room of the petted darlings of society and fashion. A foot apparently eighteen inches long would often peep coyly out from beneath a flashing blue silk dress. With perfumery, too, they were fascinated. Many a dusky belle, to enhance the value of her personal charms, would invest a hard-earned dollar in cologne, and empty the contents of the bottle on her head and garments.

One beautiful Sunday morning in the early spring, as I was riding out on a pleasant country road, I met a colored Adonis on his way to church. He looked like a piece of animated brick-a-brac. He wore a dress suit of black, palmed off on him by the Hebrew children as broad-cloth. His neck was encircled with a Cal Wagner collar and a flaming-red scarf. A high silk hat crowned his noble brow. But his feet were bare. His wealth had become exhausted by the time he got to his feet. He did not seem to labor under the least embarrassment, however, and stalked along the dusty road in barefootedness, a true child of freedom.

The strong point of the negro has always been his religious fervor. One of their old-fashioned revivals is calculated to fully discourage the devil and all hisimps. After the usual evening service, the pastor, redolent of fried chicken and watermelon, descended from the pulpit, and, surrounded by his staff of deacons, all good men and true, prepared for a pitched battle with the hosts of the evil one. The mourners crowded the altar, groaning and shrieking. Louder and louder rose the singing, exhorting, and praying. The bodies of the saints and mourners swayed in rhythmic measure with the music. Hands were patted as though participating in a breakdown and excited feet stamped the dusty floor. Suddenly, high over all the noise, excitement, and confusion, there was a wild yell. One of the female mourners

became "convicted of sin," and leaped into the swaying circle. The brethren gathered around her, praying, exhorting, and pouring wild promises in her ear. In the twinkling of an eye "all her sins were washed away." She was so happy that she tried to tear her clothing off in the effort to go straight up to heaven. Some converts fell on the floor as if in a trance. The voice of the exhorter took a sterner tone, and the excitement became more intense. A calm succeeded. Nearly all were converted, and nearly all were physically exhausted. As a finale, some happy brother struck up something like the following:

I've got on de back ob de Mevodis' mule—  
Shiner don't you stan' dar lookin' like a fool!  
De bridle hit am silber, de saddle hit am gold,  
An' I'm bound fer to go to Aherham's fold.  
An' I'll ride  
(Yes I will),  
An' I'll ride right on to glory

I've sunk my sins in de savin' pool,  
An' got on de back ob de Mevodis' mule;  
An' here I sticks lak er big black leets (leech)  
Till de ole' mule stomp on de golden streets.  
An' I'll ride  
(Yes I will),  
An' I'll ride right on to glory

Oh, come from de church an' de Sun'ny school,  
An' see me ridin' on de Mevodis' mule,  
Dem Baptisses ain't got no sort o' show,  
An' I make dem 'Piscopal horses blow.  
An' I'll ride  
(Yes I will),  
An' I'll ride right on to glory!

Saturday was the darkeys' holiday. On that day the streets of Tallahassee were crowded with all conditions, ages and sizes. Thrilled with the fever of shopping, they packed the stores of the thrifty descendants of Moses. Impromptu business meetings were held on the corners. Occasionally there was a butting match between two stalwart negroes, unduly excited by cheap liquor. The political situation was discussed with all earnestness and gravity. The negroes spent their money for any article for which they took a fancy, regardless of its value or the benefit that might accrue from it. One of them fell in love with a large bottle of cucumber pickles, price \$1. It had some fancy emblems on that pleased his artistic eye. He bought it. He went out under a tree on the edge of the public square and deliberately sat down, uncorked the bottle, and in the most dignified manner ate every pickle it contained and drank the vinegar. It had no more effect on him than a tumbler of whisky would on a professional carpet-bagger, and I expect that he is still voting "that good ole' 'publian ticket."

Sometimes two good aged colored ladies, old-time friends, would meet unexpectedly, and the conversation would run about like this:

With an elaborate bow: "Why, Mis' Williams, good mornin', ma'am. How is your health dis mornin', ma'am?"

"Right poity, Mis' Brown, h thank you, ma'am. Ise got a sort o' misery in the back, but I don't complain much, thank God. How is you and Mr. Brown an' de chillen, ma'am?"

"Tollable, tollable, only tollable, Mis' Williams. Mr. Brown is jest sorter stikken' together, thank you, ma'am. He has a risin' on his hand, but he put some anarchy on hit, an' hit's right smart better now. I reckon you heard my da'ter 'Liza's gwine get married?"

"Why, now, Mis' Brown, you 'spise me, 'deed you does. Who she gwine marry, Mis' Brown?"

"Why, a young gemman who works on Major Golden's plantation. He's an exhorter, too, and kin beat 'em all hollerin' in prayer. I know de Lord mus' hear him! Good-by, ma'am. You mus' come an' see us."

"Thank you. I feels proud to do so, Mis' Brown, ma'am."

And so they separate, each to her little world.

A favorite amusement among the negroes was to catch a rat, saturate it with kerosene, set fire to it, and then turn it loose where there would be no danger of constructive damage. I once saw the waiters at one of the hotels have a large rat, a regular veteran, which they put to the ordeal of fire. After soaking him thoroughly in kerosene, they took him in the back yard, touched a match to him, and started him on a run down the path. An old gray-headed negro was so heartily amused that he rolled over and over in a spasm of delight.

About 9 o'clock one beautiful moonlight night I was idly strolling along one of the quiet back streets, when I heard the pleasing sound of music, both vocal and instrumental. On turning the nearest corner I saw a colored man and a pickaninny sitting on the edge of the sidewalk. The man had an old battered banjo with only two strings, on which he was playing, accompanied by the boy vocally. The song detailed the troubles of an unfortunate rabbit. It ran thus, as near as I can remember:

De rabbit an a cunning' ting,  
He hide hisself in de briar,  
An' he nebbber know when de trouble come  
Till de broom grass catch on fire!  
Curses [expression of astonishment and condemnation on the part of the rabbit]—  
Big-eyed rabbit, boo!  
Big-eyed rabbit, boo!

The negro very early in freedom developed a surprising enthusiasm for patent medicines, especially when they came in the shape of pills. His faith in them bordered on the sublime. No matter what ailed him, old-fashioned universal "misery," oat finger, headache, cramp, colic, sore toe, or anything else, down went half a dozen pills or a dose of liver regulator. He was always impatient of results, and preferred cathartic medicine to any other kind; and as most of his ills arose from too free indulgence in sugar cane or watermelon, or else were mainly imaginary, the pills answered all purposes.

Music of any kind was the negro's passion. On Saturdays, when the town was full of country darkeys, with their wives, children, sweethearts, uncles, cousins and uncles, let some dusky warrior produce a drum, even if it was made of an empty nail keg with a coon skin stretched over the ends, take his position in the middle of the road and strike up, and a procession was soon formed. They marched steadily hour after hour, with no object in view save to be behind the music. As the drum rolled its stirring notes upon the air, men, women and children swelled the ranks and followed where it led.

Happy in their ore idea of freedom, giving no thought to the morrow, trusting the future with a simple, childlike faith, no happier race ever gave a more picturesque outline to history.

HAMILTON JAY.

### Napoleon's Method of Questioning.

Prony, with his hair nearly in my py dates, was telling me entertaining anecdotes of Bonaparte, and Cuvier, with his head nearly meeting him, talking as hard as he could, not striving to show learning or wit—quite the contrary—frank, open-hearted genius, delighted to be together at home and at ease. This was the most flattering and agreeable thing to me that could possibly be. Harriet was on the off side, and, every now and then, he turned to her in the midst of his anecdotes and made her so completely one of us, and there was such a prodigious noise nobody could hear but ourselves. Both Cuvier and Prony agreed that Bonaparte never could bear to have any but a decided answer. "One day," said Cuvier, "I nearly ruined myself by considering before I answered. He asked me: 'Ought we to introduce beet sugar in France?' 'In the first place, Sir, we must think of the colonies.' 'Shall we have beet sugar in France?' 'But, Sir, we ought to study the subject.' 'Bah, I will have to ask Berthollet.' This despotic, laconic mode of insisting on learning everything in two words had its inconveniences. One day he asked the Master of the Woods at Fontainebleau: 'How many acres of wood here?' The Master, an honest man, stopped to recollect. 'Bah!' and the Under Master came forward and said any number that came into his head. Bonaparte immediately took the Mastership from the first and gave it to the second. 'Qu'arrivait il?' continued Prony. The rogue who gave the guess answer was soon found cutting down and selling quantities of the trees, and Bonaparte had to take the ranger-ship from him and reinstate the honest hesitator.

### Apples for Export.

Painted in black, on a white pine board, in the salesroom of a Dey street firm, was the sign, "Newtown Pippings—For Shipping."

"Are those apples for the European trade?" was asked.

"Yes, but trade is not very brisk. Apples are more plenty on the other side, and are rather scarce on this, as compared with last season."

"Where do the shipping apples come from?"

"The sign there calls for Long Island apples. We get larger and softer ones from West Virginia, but they are a little too soft. Good ordinary apples grow in most of the Middle States, but shipping apples must be very choice. We sort them over as they come in. Then we re-pack them, sometimes in cork dust, sometimes wrapped in fine paper like oranges, and sometimes without anything to separate them from each other. They keep well in either packing for the length of time required for the trip over."

"What is the price of the shipping apples?"

"From \$4 to \$12 a barrel. Exporting apples is a risky business. Sometimes the market is caught and money is made, only to be lost on the next lot. More than 800,000 barrels were exported last season, but those figures will not be reached this winter."—New York Sun.

A MAN going home at a late hour in the night saw that the occupant of a house standing flush with the street had left a window up, and he decided to warn them and prevent a burglary. Putting his head into the window he called out: "Hello! good peop—" That was all he said. A whole paiful of water struck him in the face, and as he staggered back a woman shrieked out: "Didn't I tell you what you'd get if you wasnt home by nine o'clock."

# A STUDY OF A TORNADO.

An Observer who Thinks that Springfield was Demolished by Electricity.

A letter from Springfield, Mo., to the New York Sun says: A tornado, or whatever else it may be called, that will take a hickory tree, sound and young, twenty inches in diameter, and, without uprooting it, twist it to splinters in the twinkling of one's eye—that sort of thing deserves examination from scientific men. Of this description was the late tornado here. Before looking into the matter I was prepared to assert with great confidence that the late disaster was owing entirely to imperfect, slipshod building. After a thorough, critical, and entirely disinterested examination, lasting a week, I am persuaded that all current theories and explanations in reference to this and all tornadoes elsewhere are at fault.

My reasons I will attempt to explain. With the exception of perhaps two buildings, the structures blown down at Springfield are of a sort little qualified to withstand ordinary Atlantic coast gales. Undoubtedly far worse gales than this Springfield tornado, in point of violence, have been familiar to eastern people for generations past.

I maintain that wind did not do the damage. Suppose that you take a group of seven houses, for example, closely bunched together.

A storm comes up; three of the seven, fully as substantial in every particular, are pulverized to atoms by the storm, while the remaining four are entirely uninjured—untouched, in fact! How can we account for such caprice on the part of the elements? Are such caprices characteristic of wind storms?

The woolen mill at Springfield was built, as I am told by its builder, a German of solid, practical experience east and west, of better material and with more lime in the mortar than most brick walls are composed of. The walls were massive; the work was done under critical supervision. This mill building was demolished, while the frailest of frame dwellings, buildings with no larger timber in frame than 3x6, were left uninjured, standing in the track of the tempest.

How can we account for this? The frame dwellings that were destroyed by the tornado do not resemble anything recognizable in the form of timber, lumber, or any building material whatever, in the state of chaotic confusion and demoralization in which the storm has left them. They look, rather, as though Vulcan's hammer had struck them into a mass of formless rubbish. This is fact, not exaggeration.

I have examined carefully several times the remains of Father F. J. O'Neill's Catholic church at North Springfield, entirely demolished by the storm. The building was of firm and thick brick walls; in size, 36x70 feet. It was securely prepared, as to every essential to safety, when the tornado scattered it to the winds. There is scarcely a brick left standing upon another above the ground. The wreck looks as though a great mill had passed it through the hopper, through the runs of stones, and out into formless void.

Father O'Neill's dwelling, a frail cottage of the lightest of light pine lumber, put up in the ramshackle manner usual with the Southern carpenters of twenty years ago, escaped without so much as a shingle being disturbed on the roof. It stood some forty feet, perhaps, to the north of the demolished church.

There were some remarkable, if not miraculous, exemptions from the wreck of this Catholic church. Father O'Neill showed me several things which puzzled the coolest brain. Everything pertaining to the mass was taken from the chaos of rubbish by Father O'Neill unharmed. The altar stone was set in a heavy frame of wood, this frame being ground to splinters by the storm, but not a scratch on the stone, of Italian marble, could be detected. The missal or mass book, a richly bound volume, was perfect. The chalice, a solid silver cup, elaborately engraved, was taken from the wreck uninjured. The blessed sacrament and the tabernacle both were saved intact. The organ was thrown across the street. A little glue will right that.

A man told me of a group of fowl which the storm caught. Every feather was singed from them. They stood bare of feathers, and their skin was turned black.

Here, then, is a clue. These storms are simply a concentrated force of electricity, bursting upon any given object, hurling it asunder, grinding it to powder, in many cases burning, singeing it to a burnt crisp.

What else could take a hickory tree, twenty inches in diameter, and twist it from its roots, leaving it a formless heap of splinters and pulp? C. W. H.

AMONG intelligent people antipathies are more irreconcilable than hates.

THERE are men whose friends are more to be pitied than their worst enemies.

# WIT.

In the mating of the silent partner.

The tramp in the street. It is the

WOMEN loses the looking-glass before the society. "Bill, you're wear!" "No!" heap the worse.

If a man embezzles, no man can help him. An investor always pays the

WHATSOEVER appears to be in a still a certain confidence in all, that

A BURLINGTON cent watch and ring has named it "without works is

DARWINIAN theory. Norristown who key." The mousetrap grinder and at boy.

A YOUNG MAN, who pretty seamstress, business he was in, said: "I am developing chine attachment."

A NEW YORK man has voice because a mustache on his wife's lip. As a man mad to have any wife's lip but his own.—Transcript.

"MARY," said a mother to her, "has Henry proposed yet, yet, ma, but I think he will be days." "What makes you think that?" "Because he asked me if you expect to live with me if I married, and I said no."

DURING the thick fog the other evening Gom Gom took a poor blind man by the hand and led him to his door. Telling the story to a friend on the following day, he cried: "It is terrible to be blind in such a fog!"—Boston Courier.

In order that your husband may not forget to bring in coal, place the hod near the door where he cannot fail to fall over it. The chances are, by all odds, that he'll not try to scuffle out of his duty, after a few mornings' gentle reminder.

"GIVE ME," said the schoolmaster, "a sentence in which the words 'burning shame' are properly applied." Immediately the bright boy at the head of the class went to the blackboard and wrote: "Satan's treatment of the wicked is a burning shame."

SEASONABLE hint to young men: Don't throw any obstacle in the way of your lady friends when they express curiosity about the size of your feet. Christmas is coming, and if you lie about the matter, the chances are your new slippers will be four sizes too small.

SUCH is the encouragement given to flattery, in the present times, that it is made to sit in the parlor, while honesty is turned out of doors. Flattery is never so agreeable as to our blind side; commend a fool for his wit or a knave for his honesty, and they will receive you into their bosom.

At a party the other night a young man got a girl into a corner, and began whispering to her. It was very wearisome to her, and just as she was about to faint she startled the company by the despairing shriek of "a girl over-bored!" and this brought immediate relief.—Philadelphia Chronicle.

### STATIONERY POETRY.

Why did the penholder so light,  
And let the paper cutter so?  
When Papa Terry knew 'twas want write  
To have a ruler for a bean.  
Why did the inkstand idly lie,  
And note that things weren't straight?  
It should have tried to rubber dry,  
And make the paper weight.

—Merchant Traveler.

The director of the mint advises that the coinage of gold dollars and three cent pieces be discontinued. So far as the gold dollar part of the advice is concerned, we do not care; but when the three cent piece is withdrawn from circulation we shall feel that our financial friend has been taken from us.—Ark. Traveler.

"I AM passionately fond of flowers," said Miss Fussanfeather to Algernon, the other evening. "I always have some kind of a flower about me." "Well, I can tell you," replied the devoted Algernon, "that you must have had a mighty mean kind of flower with you last night, for I have worked on the lapel of my coat for an hour and I haven't got it all o' fyet!"

It was bitter cold last night, yet we had a beautiful midsummer dream. We dreamed we were walking in groves and groves with a beautiful dark-eyed maiden with oh! such ruby lips; and as we were about to catch a kiss we felt a shake on the shoulder and heard a voice saying, "Get up, George! Get up and poke the fire." Some women can't let a fellow kiss a girl even in a dream.